

T H E
T E M P E S T.

ACtus Primus. Scena Prima.

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter
Ship-master and a Boteswain.*

Master,
BOteswain.

Botes. Here Master : What cheere?

Mast. Good : Speak to th'Mariners :
fall too't, yarely. or we run our selves
a-ground, bestir, bestir. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Hey my hearts, cheerly, cheerly my
hearts : yare, yare : Take in the top-sail : Tend to th'Ma-
sters whistle : Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

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

Alon. Good Boteswain have care: where's the Master ?
Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keep below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour,
Keep your Cabins : you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is : hence: what cares these Roa-
rers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence : trouble
us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more love then my self. You are a
Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to si-
lence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand
a Rope more, use your Authority : If you cannot, give
thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your self ready
in your Cabine for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.
Cheerely good hearts : out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: me thinks
he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is
perfect Gallows : stand fast good Fate to his hanging;
make the Rope of his destiny our Cable, for our own
doth little advantage : If he be not born to be hang'd, our
case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteswain.

Botes. Down with the top-Mast : yare, lower, lower,
bring her to try with Main-course. A plague-----

A cry within. *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio and Gonzalo,*
upon this howling: they are louder then the weather, or
our office: yet again ? What do you here? Shall we give
ore and drown? Have you a mind to sink ?

Sebas. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous
incharitable Dog.

Botes. Work you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noise-
maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship
were no stonger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an un-
stanch'd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to
Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. 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'm out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated out of our lives by Drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascal, would thou mightst lie drowning
the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. He'l be hang'd yet.
Though every drop of water sware against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. *A confused noise 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 sink 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, Brown firs , any
thing ; the wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry
death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your Art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore ; allay them:
The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th'welkins cheek,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brave Vessel
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to pieces : Oh the cry did knock
Against my very heart : poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have sunk the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement : Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O wo, the day.

Pros. No harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my Daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poor Cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis true
I should inform thee farther : Lend thy hand
And pluck my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee :
I have with such compassion in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No not so much perdition as an hair
Betide to any creature in the Vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink:
Sit down, for thou must now know farther,

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a booteless inquisition,
Concluding, stay : not yet.

Pros. The hour's now come,

A

The

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this Cell?
 I doe not think thou canst, for then thou was't not
 Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, 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 far off,
 And rather like a dream, then an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
 Four, or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda* : But how is it
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
 In the dark backward and Abysme of Time?
 If thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
 How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since (*Miranda*) twelve year since,
 Thy Father was the Duke of *Millain*, and
 A Prince of Power :

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of Virtue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy Father
 Was Duke of *Millain*, and his onely heir:
 And Princess ; no worse issued.

Mira. O the Heavens,
 What foul play had we that we came from thence?
 Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girl.
 By foul play (as thou sayest) were we heaved thence,
 But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O my heart bleeds
 To think 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 *Antonio* :
 I pray thee mark me, that a brother should
 Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy self
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The manage 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 Liberal Arts,
 Without a parallel ; those being all my study ;
 The Government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my state grew stranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret studies, thy false Uncle
 (Dost thou attend)?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them : whom t'advance, and whom
 To trash for over-topping; new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key,
 Of Officer, and Office, set all hearts o'th state
 To what tune pleas'd his Ear, that now he was
 The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk,
 And suck't my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee mark me :
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which but by being retired
 Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil Nature, and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falshood in its contrary, as great
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact. Like one
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his Memory

To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Royalty
With all prerogative: hence is Ambition growing :
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Pros. To have no Screen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Millain*, Me (poor man) my Library
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So dry he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, doe him homage,
Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
The Dukedome yet unbowed (alas poor *Millain*)
To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens ?

Pros. Mark his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think but Nobly of my Grand-mother;
Good wombs have born bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's 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 fair *Millain*
With all the honours, on my brother : Whereon
A treacherous Army levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millain*, and ith' dead of darkness
The Ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity :

I not remembring how I cry'd out then
Will cry it o're again : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
VVhich now's upon's : without the which this story
VVere most impertinent.

Mir. VVherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench :

My tale provokes that question : Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me : nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
VVith colours fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a Bark,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkass of a But, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor sail, nor mast, the very Rats
Instinctively have quit it: There they hoist us
To cry to th'Sea, that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To th' Winds, whose pity sighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack ! what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O ! a Cherubim

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 stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

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 design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities

Which

Which since have steeded much, so of his gentleness
 Knowing I lov'd my Books 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 hear the last of our Sea-sorrow :
 Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy School-master, made thee more profit
 Than other Princess can, that have more time
 For vainer hours; and Tutors, not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
 For still 'tis beating in my mind; your reason
 For raising this Sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
 (Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore : And by my prescience
 I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop : Here cease more questions,
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep : 'tis a good dulness,
 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 hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail I come
 To answer thy best pleasure ; be it to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire : to ride
 On the curld clouds : to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.

Pro. Has thou, Spirit,
 Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article.
 I boarded the Kings ship : now on the Beak,
 Now in the Waste, the deck, in every Cabin,
 I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide
 And burne in many places ; on the top-mast,
 The Yards and Bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meete, and joyn. *Joves* Lightning, the precursors
 O'th dreadfull Thunder claps more momentary
 And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit,
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coyl
 Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soul
 But felt a Feaver of the mad, and plaid
 Some tricks of desperation ; all but Mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessel ;
 Then all a fire with me the Kings son *Ferdinand*
 With hair up staring (then like reeds, not hair)
 Was the first man that leapt; cri'd hell is empty, and
 All the Devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my spirit :
 But was not this nigh shore ?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

Ar. Not a hair perishd :
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:
 The Kings son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the Air with sighs,
 In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
 The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o'th' Fleet ?

Ar. Safely in harbour
 Is the Kings ship, in the deep Nook, where once

Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-veit *Bermoothes*, there shee's hid;
The Mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charm joyn'd to their suffered labour
I have left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :
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 toyl? Since thou 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 Liberty.

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 didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st: and thinkest it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To doe me business in the veins o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I do not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing : hast thou forgot
The fowl Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and envy
Was grown into a Hoop? 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 mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd : for one thing she did
They would 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' Saylor; thou my slave, (child,
As thou reportst thy self, was then her servant,
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To Act her earthy, and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years : within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as Mill wheels strike : Then was this Island
(Save for the Sun, that she did littour here.
A frekel'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so : he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in service, [thon] best know'st
VWhat torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe undo : it was mine art,

VWhen I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thank thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty entraile, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting, gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two dayes
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master :
VVhat shall I do? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Go make thy self like a Nymph o'th'Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine :invisible
To every eye-ball else : go take this shape
And hither come in't: go : hence
VVith diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, dear heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangeness of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : Come on,
VVe'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis
VVe cannot miss him : he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves Offices
that profit us : What hoa : slave: *Caliban* :
Thou Earth, thou : speak.

Cal, within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other business for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a Water-*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Heark in thine ear.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam ; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dew, as ere my Mother brush'd
VVith Ravens feather from unwholsome Fen,
Drop on you both : A Southwest blow on ye,
And blister you all o're.

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 work
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as hony-comb, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner :
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
VVhich thou tak'st from me : when thou cam'st first
Thou stroak'st 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 less,
That burn by day, and night : and then I loved thee
And shewed thee all the qualities o'th'Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertil,
Curs'd be I that did so : All the Charms
Of *Sycorax* : Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
VVhich first was mine own King : and here you sty-me
In this hard Rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o'th'Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
VVhom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd
In mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my Child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
VVhich any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill : I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine own meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
VVith words that made them known: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that int't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wa'st thou
Deservedly confin'd into this Rock, 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 Fewel, and be quick thou'rt best
To answer other business: shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
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 control my Dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slave, hence.
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands :
Curt'sied when you have, and kist
the wild waves whist:
*Foot it feattly here, and there, and sweet Sprights bear
the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.*
*Hark, hark, bowgh-wawgh : the watch-Dogs bark,
bowgh-wawgh.*

Ar. Hark, hark, I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleere
cry cock adiddle-dowe.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th air, or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god 'oth'Iland, sitting on a bank,
VVeeping again the King my Fathers wrack.
This Musick crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayr : thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song. Full fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Coral made :
Those are pearl's that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, and strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.

Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall business, nor no sound
That the earth owes : I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't a spirit?
Lord, how it look's about : Believe me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wrack : and but hee's fomething stain'd
With grief (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soul prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess

On whom these ayres attend : Vouchsae my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here : my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be made, or no?

Mir. No wonder sir,
But certainly a Maid.

Fer. My Language? Heavens :
I am the best of them that speak 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 hear Thee speak of *Naples* : he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I weep : my self am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebb) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alack, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millain*
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Millain*
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 self some wrong : A word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that ere I saw : the first
That ere I sigh'd for : pity move my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eithers pow'rs : But this swift business
I must uneasie make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more : I charge thee
That thou attend me : Thou do'st here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Pros. Speak not you for him : he's a Traitor: come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea water shalt thou drink : thy food shall be
The fresh-brook Mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine Enemy ha's more pow'r.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O dear Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearfull.

Pros. VVhat I say,
My foot my Tutor? Put thy Sword up Traitor,
Who makes a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you Father.

Pro. Hence : hang not on my garments,

Mir. Sir have pity,
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence : One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: VVhat,
An advocate for an Impostor? Hush :
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seen but him and *Caliban*): Foolish wench,

To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey :
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up :
My Fathers loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Maid: all corners else o'th'Earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a Prison.
Pro. It works : Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell* : follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better Nature (Sir)
Then he appears by speech: this is unwonted
VVhich now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds, but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ar. To th'syllable.
Pro. Come follow: speak not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena 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 loss; our hint of wo
Is common, every day, some Sailors VVife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theam of woe : But for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.
Alons. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Visitor will not give him o're so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the VVatch of his VVit,
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. On : Tell.
Gon. VVhen every grief is entertain'd,
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 prethee spare.
Gon. VVell, I have done : But yet
Seb/ He will be talking.
Ant. VVhich, of he, or Adrian, for a good VVager,
First begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cock.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done : The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Island seem 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 miss'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 air 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. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse looks?

How green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No : he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity 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'd then stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies ?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Affrick*, at the marriage of the Kings fair Daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

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

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

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

Ant. *VVidow*? a pox o'that : how came that *Vvi*-
dow in? *VVidow Dido*!

Seb. *VV*hat if he had said *VVidower AEneas* too?
Good Lord, how your take it?

Adri. *VVidow 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 Harp.

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

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son 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 seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

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

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

Gon. Is not my Doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. *VV*hen I wore it at your daughters Marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense : *VV*ould I had never Married my daughter there : For comming thence My son is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne're again shall see her : O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Millain*, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water
VWhose Enmity he flung aside : and brested
The surge most swoln that met him : his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th'shore ; that ore his wave-worn basis bowed
As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your self for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather lose her to an *Affrican*.
Where she at least, is banish't from your Eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us: and the fair soul her self
VVaigh'd between loathness, and obedience, at
VWhich end o'th'beam should bow: we have lost your son
I fear for ever: *Millain* and *Naples* have
Mo VVidows in them of this business making,
Then we bring men to comfort them: The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the deer'st o'th'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather? *Ant.* Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle, my Lord.

Ant. He'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)

Execute all things : For no kind of Trafick

Would I admit : No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be known : Riches, poverty,

And use of service, none : Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none :

No use of Mettal, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure :

No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the
beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
VWithout sweat or endeavour : Treason, Felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine
Would I not have : but Nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects ?

Ant. None (man) all idle ; VVhores and Knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern Sir:
T'excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Prethee no more: thou dos't talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness, and did it to mi-
nister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sen-
sible and nimble Lungs, that they always use to laugh at
nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. VVho, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you : so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. VVhat a blow was there given??

Seb. And it had not fal'n flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of a brave metal: you would

lift

lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musick.

Seb. VVe would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly : VVill you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep and hear us.

Alon. VVhat, all so soon asleep? I wish mine Eyes would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts, I find they are iclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldome visits sorrow; when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. VVe two my Lord, will guard your person, VVhile you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you : wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Climate.

Seb. Why.

Doth it not then our Eye-lids sink ? I find 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, methinks I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be : th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep : What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With Eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving ;

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep : die rather : wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custom : 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 mock it : how in stripping it

You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so near the bottom run

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Prethee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwe thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus Sir :

Although this Lord of weak remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For he's a Spirit of perswasion, only

Professes to perswade) the King his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,

As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he'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 wink 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 heir of *Naples* ?

Seb. Claribell.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis* : she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans Life : she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post :
The Man i'th Moon's too slow, till new-born chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof, what's past in prologue ; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this ? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us back by *Naples* ? keep 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 sleeps : Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzalo* : I my self could make
A Chough of as deep chat : O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:
And look how well my Garments sit upon me,
Much feater then before : My Brother's servants
Were then my fellows, 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 feel not
This Diety in my bosome : 'Twentie Consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millain*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest : Here lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steel (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient morsel : this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course : for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milk,
They'l tell the clock, to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear Friend
Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millain*,
I'll come by *Naples* : Draw thy Sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

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

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musick and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art forsees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

*While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:*

If

*If of Life you keep a care,
Shake of slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alo. Why how now ho ? 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 Bulls, or rather Lyons; did't not wake you ?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters Ear;
To make an earthquake : sure it was the roar
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 cri'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn : there was a noise,
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 and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these Beasts :
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

Ar. *Prospero*, my Lord, shall know what I have done.
So (King) go safely on to seek thy son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

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

Cal. All the infections that the Sun sucks up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease : his Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'l not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless 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
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall : sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Doe hiss me into madness : Lo, now Lo, *Enter.*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me, *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to bear off any wea-
ther at all : and another storm brewing, I hear it sing
ith' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks
like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor : if it
should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to
hide my head: yond same cloud cannot chuse but fall by
pailfulls. What have we here, a man, or a fish ? dead or
alive? a fish, he smells like a fish : a very ancient and f
ish-like smell : a kind of, not of the newest *Poor John*: a
strange fish : were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had
but this fish painted; not an holy-day fool there but would
give a piece 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 Beggar,they will lay out ten
to see a dead *Indian* : Leg'd like a man; and his Fins like
Arms: warme o' my troth : I do 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 storm
is come again : my best way is to creep under his Gaber-
dine : there in no other shelter hereabout : Misery ac-
quaints a man with strange bedfellows : I will here shrowd
till the dregs of the storm 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 man's

Funeral : well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boat-swain & I;

The Gunner, and his Mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor go hang :

She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Taylor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to sea boyes, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter?

Have we Devils here?

Do you put tricks upon's with Salvages, and Men of *In-
de?* ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of
your four legs : for it hath bin said; as proper a man as
ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground :
and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at
nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me : oh.

Ste. This is some monster of the Isle, with four legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague : where the Devil
should he learn our language? I will give him some releif
if it be but for that : if I can recover him, and keep him
tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any
Emperor that ever trod on Neates-Leather.

Cal. Do not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my wood
home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and do's not talk after the wi-
sest ; he shall taste of my Bottle : if he have never drunk
Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit : If I can re-
cover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much
for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that
soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling : Now *Prosper* workes up-
on thee.

Ste. Come on your ways : 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 ; open
your chaps again.

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be, -----

But hee is drown'd ; and these are Devils; O! defend me.

Ste. Four legs and two voices ; a most delicate Mon-
ster : his forward voyce now is to speake of his friend; his
backward voyce, is to utter foul speeches, and to detract :
if all the wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help
his Ague : Come : Amen, I will pour some in thy other
mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy !
This is a Devil, and no Monster : I will leave him, I have
no long spoon.

Tri. *Stephano* : if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and
speak to me : for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good
friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo* : come forth : I'll pull thee
by the lesser legs : if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they :
Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed : how cam'st thou to be the
siege of this Moon-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*!

Tri.

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke; but art thou not drown'd *Stephano* : I hope now thou art not drown'd : Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead Moon-Calfs Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm : And art thou living *Stephano* ? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears Celestiall liquor : I will kneel 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 Sack, which the Saylor heaved o'reboard, by this Bottle which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Here : swear then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) lik a Duck; I can swim like a Duck i'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kisse the Book.

Though thou canst swim like a Duck, 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 rock by th'Sea-side, where my wine is hid :

How now Moon-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moon I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her : and I do adore thee: My Mistresse shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that : kisse the Book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster : I afeard of him? a very shallow Monster : The Man ith' Moon ?

A most poor credulous Monster :

Well drawn Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee every fertile inch 'oth Isle : and I will kisse thy foot : I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's asleep he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'll kisse thy foot. I'll swear my self thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then : down and swear.

Tri. I shall laugh my self to death at this puppy-headed Monster : a most scurvie Monster : I could find in my heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poor Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs : I'll pluck thee Berries: I'll fish for thee ; and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve ;

I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a proor drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will dig thee pig-nuts; show thee a Jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet : I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get the young Scamels from the Rock: Wilt thou go with me?

[*Cal.*] I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here: Here; bear my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master ; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster : a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

*Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban*

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O brave Monster ; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; and their labour
Delight in them set off : Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends : this my mean Task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Mistress 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 harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction ; my sweet Mistress
VVeeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like Executor : I forget :
But these sweet thoughts, do even refresh my labours,
Most busie least, when I do it *Enter Mirando*

Mir. Alas, now pray you *and Prospero.*
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those Logs that thou art enjoyned to pile:
Pray set it down, and rest you : when this burns
'Twill weep for having wearied you : my Father
Is hard at study, pray now rest your self,
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear Mistress,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down
Ile bear your Logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Then you should such dishonor undergo,
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. Poor worm, thou art infected,
This visitation shews it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me.
When you are by at night : I do beseech you
Chiefly, 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*,
Indeed the top of Admiration, worth
What's dearest 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 ear : for several vertues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foyle. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no womans Face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own: Nor have I seen
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my dear Father : how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modesty
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides your self, to like of : but I prattle

Something

Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do think a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: hear my soul speak.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Log-man.

Mir. Do you love me!

Fer. O heaven ; O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true : if hollowly, invert
VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief : I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekt to hide it self,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistress (dearest)
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My Husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart so willing
As bondage ere of freedom : here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all ; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more : I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink
water, not a drop, before ; therefore bear up, & boord
'em Servant Monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant Monster ? the folly of this Iland, 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. Drink servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eyes
are almost set in thy heart.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave
Monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
Sack : for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I swam
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty Leagues, off
and on, by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Mon-
ster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Wee'll not run Monsieur Monster.

Trim. Nor go neither : but you'll lye like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoos : I'll 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 Sack as I to day ? wilt thou tell a monstrous lye, being but half a Fish and half a Monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he ? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe again : bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head : If you prove a mutineer, the next Tree : the poor Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd once again to hearken to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I : kneel, and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tyrant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the island.

Ariell. Thou lyeest.

Cal. Thou lyeest, thou jesting Monkey thou : I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I doe 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 Greatness will Revenge it on him, (For I know thou dar'st) But this thing dare Not.

Xiste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou maist knock a nail into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch, I doe beseech thy Greatness give him blows, And take his Bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger : Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o'doors, and make a Stock fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing : I'll go no farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take you that, As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lye : Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sack and drinking do : A murren on you Monster, and the Devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther : Come proceed.

Cal. Why as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I'th afternoon to sleep : there thou maist brain him,
 Having first seiz'd his Books : Or with a Log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy Knife. Remember
 First to possess his Books ; for without them
 He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
 One Spirit to command : they all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books,
 He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calls them)
 Which when he has a house, he'l deck withall.
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The beauty of his Daughter : he himself
 Cals her a non-pareil : I never saw a woman
 But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
 But she as far surpasseth *Sycorax*,
 As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass?

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 Queen, save our Graces : and *Trin-*
culo and thy self shall be Vice-royes :
 Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beat thee:
 But while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep,
 VVilt 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 troul the Catch
 You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do Reason,
 And reason : Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, ad cout'em : and skowt'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture
 of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy self in thy likeness :
 If thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sins.

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defie thee;
 Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard, the Isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:
 Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
 Will hum about mine Ears ; and sometime voices,
 That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
 The Clouds me thought would open, and shew Riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
 I cri'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdom to me,
 Where I shall have my musik for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
 I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away.
 Lets follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead Monster,
 Wee'l follow : I would I could see this Taborer,
 He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights, and Meanders : by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alo. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my self attach'd with weariness
To th'dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterers : he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on Land: well: let him go.

Ant. I am right glad, that [he s] so out of hope :
Do not for one repulse forgo 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 travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemn and strange Musick : and Prosper on the top (invi-
sible). Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a*

*Banquet ; and dance about it with gentle actions of
salutations, & inviting the King, &c. to
eat, they depart.*

Seb. I say to night : no more.

Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musick !

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens: what are these?

Seb. A living *Drollery* : now I will believe
That there are Unicorns: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both :
And what do's else want credit, come to me
And I'll be sworne 'tis true : Travellers nere did lie,
Though fools at home condemn'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such Islanders:
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind then of
Our humane generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present,
Are worse then Devils.

Alo. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their Viands behind; for wee have stomachs.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear: when we were
Who would believe that there were Mountaineers,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of Flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last, no matter, since I feel

The best is past : brother : my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy)
claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quaint
device the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
That hath to instruments 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 drown
Their proper selves : you fools, I and my fellows
Are Ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plumb : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for you strengths,
And will not be up-lifted : but remember
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From *Millain* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Son, *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 ways, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musick).

Enter the shapes again, and dance (with mocks and
mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpy*, 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 kinds have done: my high charms work
And these (mine Enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare ?

Alo. O, it is monstrous: monstrous !
Me thought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deep and dreadfull Organ-pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper* : it did base my Trespass,
Therefore my Son i'th Ooze is bedded ; and
I'le seek him deeper then ere plummer sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'le fight their Legions o're.

Ant. Ile be thy second. *Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson given to work a great time after)
Now 'gins to bite the spirits : I do 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 austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live : who, once again
I render to thy hand : All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the rest : here afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift : O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter :
If thou dost break her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious Ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersions shall the heavens let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren hate,
Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that days celebration,
When I shall think, or *Phoedus* steeds are founderd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke ;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own ;
What *Ariel*; my industrious servant *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel.*

Ar. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service
Did worthily perform : and I must use you
In such another trick : go bring the rabble
(O're whom I give thee power) here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently ?

Pro. I: with a twink.

Ar. Before you can say come, and go,
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. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel* : do not approach
Till thou do'st hear me call.

Ar. Well: I conceive.

Exit.

Pro. Look thou be true : doe not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths, are straw
To th' fire ith' blood : be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.

Pro. VVell.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a spirit; appear, and pertly. *Soft Musick.*
No tongue : all eyes : be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, the rich Leas

Of

Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Pease;
 Thy Turphy Mountaines, where live nibling Sheep,
 And flat Medes thatchd with Stover, them to keep:
 Thy banks with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which spungy *April*, at thy hest betrimms;
 To make cold Nymphs cast crowns ; and thy broom
 VVhose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves, (groves;
 Being laff-lorn : thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge stiril, and rocky-hard,
 VVhere thou thy self do'st aire, the Queen o'th Skie,
 VVhose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, *Juno*
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place (*descends.*
 To come, and sport : here Peacocks fly amain :
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Hail, many-coloured Messenger, that ne're
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showers,
 And with each end of thy blew bow do'st crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrubd down,
 Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queen
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Green ?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bow,
 If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queen ? since they did plot
 The means, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter got:
 Her, and her blind Boye scandal'd company,
 I have forsworn.

Ir. Of her society
 Be not afraid : I met her diety
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos* : and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm, upon this man and maid
 VVhose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vain
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again,
 Her waspish headed Son, has broke his Arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a boy right-out.

Cer. Highest Queen of State,
 Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Ju. How do's my bounteous sister ? go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 And honour'd in their issue. *They sing.*

Ju. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Hourly joyes, be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you.
 Earths increase, foyzon plenty,
 Barns, 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 majestick vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly : may I be bold
 To think 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 do : hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on Imployment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
With your sedge'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green-land
Answer your summons, *Juno* do's command
Come temperate *Nymphs*, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love : be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphes.

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

*Enter certain Reapers (properly habited :) they joyn with the
Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof,
Prospero starts suddenly and speaks; after which to a
strange hollow and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his Confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come : Well done avoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange : your Father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

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

Pro. You do look (my son) in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be chearful Sir,
Our Revels now are ended : These our Actors
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And like the baseless Fabrick of their Vision
The Cloud capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe it self,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial Pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep: Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turn or two, I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

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
Lest 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 air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project : then I beat my Tabor,
At which like unback't colts they prickt their Ears,
Advanc'd their Eye-lids, lifted up their Noses
As they smelt musick, so I charm'd their Ears,
That Calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp firzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entred their frail shins : At last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the foul Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ariel. I go, I go.

Exit.

Pro. A Devil, a born-devil, on whose Nature
Nurture can never stick : on whom my pains
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,

B

So

So his mind cankers : I will plague them all ,
Even to roaring : Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering Apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind Mole may not hear a foot fall : we now are near his Cell. *(Fairy,*

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless Has done little better then plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear Monster ? If I should Take a displeasure against you : Look you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour still, Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischance : therrefore speak softly, All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to lose our bottles in the Pool.

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that *(Monster)* but an infinite loss.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting : Yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, Though I be o're Ears for my labour.

Cal. Prethee *(my King)* be quiet. Seest thou here This is the mouth o'th' Cell : no noise, and enter : Do that good mischief, which may make this Island Thine own 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 Peer ! O worthy *Stephano* ! Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou fool, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster : we know what belongs to a Frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gown *(Trinculo)* by this hand I'll have that gown.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drown this fool, what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage ? Let's alone And doe the Murder first : if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet *(Monster)* Mistris Line, is not this my Jerkin? Now is the Jerkin under the Line : now Jerkin you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Do, do ; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this Country : Steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate : there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes, With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers : help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my Kingdom : go to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about : Prosper and Ariell setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver : there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury : there Tyrant, there : hark, hark. Go, charge my Goblins that thou grind their joynts With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly : At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine Enemies :
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magick Robes) and Ariell.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charms crack not: my Spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage : how's the day?

Ar. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work 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 budge 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 *Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard like Winter 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 think 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 self,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho with their high wrongs I am struck to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler Reason, gainst my Fury
Do 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 frown further : Go release them *Ariell*,
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ar. I'll fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, standing-Lakes & Groves,
And ye that on the Sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back : you demy-Puppets that
By Moon-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushromes, that rejoyce
To heare the solemn Curfew, by whose aid
(Weak Masters though ye be) I have be-dimn'd
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea, and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War : To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove's* stout Oke
With his own bolt. The strong bass'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The Pine 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 Magick
I here abjure : and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Musick (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadomes in the Earth,

And

And deeper then did ever Plummert found

I'll drown my Book. *Solemn Musick.*

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick 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, speaks:

A solemn Air, and the best comforter,
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
(Now useless) boil within thy, skull : there stand
For you are spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes even sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops : The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night
(Melting the darkness) so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer Reason. O good *Gonzalo*,
My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deed: Most cruelly
Didst 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 blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd Ambition,
Expell'd Remorse and Nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your King : I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art : their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy : not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell;
I will discase me, and my self present
As I was some time *Millain*: 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 crouch when Owles do cry;
On the Bats back I do fly
after Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall miss thee
But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
To the Kings Ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou find the Mariners asleep
Under the Hatches : the Master and the Boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently I prethee.

Ar. I drink the air before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearfull Countrey.

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

Alo. Where thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have been) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood : and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me : this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,

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

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o'th' *Isle*, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness frown upon you,
And justifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Devil speaks 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 Dukedom 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 here, whom three hours since
Were wrackt upon this shore ? where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am wo for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alo. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable
To make the dear loss, have I means 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 *Naples*
The King and Queen there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that Oo-zy bed
Where my Son 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 devour their Reason, and scarce think
Their Eye do Offices of truth : their words
Are naturall breath : but howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millain*, 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 breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting : Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court : heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you look in:
My Dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my Dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,
playing at Chess.*

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world. (gle,

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdoms, you should wran-
And I would call it fair play.

Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear Son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high Miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compass thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid with whom thou was't at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess 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 ask my Father
For his advise : nor thought I had one : She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millain*,
Of whom, so often I have heard renown,
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 ask my child forgiveness?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this : look down you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alo. I say *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Millain* thrust from *Millain*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting Pillars : In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her Husband find at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand*, her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himself was lost : *Prospero*, his Dukedom
In a poor *Isle* : and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his own.

Alo. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so, *Amen*.

*Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look Sir, look, here is more of us !
I prophesi'd, if a Gallows were on Land
This fellow could not drown: Now blasphemy,
That swear'st grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by Land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The best news is, that we have safe found
Our King, and company : The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tite, 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 natural Events, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger : say, how came you hither ?

Bot. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you : we were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noises
Of roing, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd : straight way at liberty ;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Ar. This is as strange a Maze, as e're men trod,
And there is in this business more than Nature
Was ever conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your mind, with beating on
The strangeness of this business, at pickt seizure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,
And think 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 Company
Some few odd Lads, that you remember not,
Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trin-
culo, in their stoln Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care of him selfe ; for all is
But fortune : *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits indeed:
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 plain Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true : This mishapen knave;
His Mother was a VVitch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil,
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellows you
Must know, and own, this Thing of darkeness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now ;
Where had he Wine ?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe : where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear flie-blowing.

Seb. VVhy how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the *Isle*, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alo. 'Tis a strange thing as e're I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape: Go Sirrah, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and I'll be wife hereafter,
And seek for grace : what a thrice double Ass
VVas I to take this drunkard for a god ?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away. (it.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor Cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, I'll waste
VVith such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away : The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this Isle : And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship , and so to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to see the Nuptials
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my *Millain*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alo. I long

EPILOGUE,

spoken by *Prosper*.

NOw now my Charms are all ore-thrown,
And what strength I hav's mine own.
Which is most faint : now 'tis true
I must be here consin'd by you,
Or sent to *Naples*: Let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant:
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it self, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.

To hear the story of your life ; which must
Take the Ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm Seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royal fleete far off : My *Ariell* (Chick)
That is thy charge : Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw near.
Exeunt omnes.

The Scene an, uninhabited Island.

Names of the Actors.

ALonso, King of Naples.
Sebastian *his brother.*
Prospero, *the right Duke of Millain.*
Anthonio *his brother, the usurping Duke of Millain.*
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*
Adrian and Francisco, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship.
Boate-Swain.
Marriners.
Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*
Ariel, *an ayrie spirit.*
Iris. \
Ceres. \
Juno. > *Spirits.*
Nymphs. /
Reapers. /
