



THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

Master.

Ote-swaine.

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

Enter Mariners.

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

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

Alon. Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Beson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do asist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarrers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vfe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of out way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him; his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague—

Acry within. *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

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

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. Ile warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanchd wench.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's asist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,

Though euery drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.* Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all sinke with King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Brown firrs, any thing; the wills about be done. but I would faine dye a dry death.

Scena Secunda

Enter Prospero

Mira. If by your A
Put the wild waters in
The skye it seemes
But that th' Sea,

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
 Dash'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke
 Against my very heart : poore soules, they perish'd.
 Had I byn any God of power, I would
 Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
 It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
 The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
 No more amazement : Tell your pittious heart
 there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
 I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
 (Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
 Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
 Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
 And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
 Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
 I should informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
 And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,
 Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
 The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
 The very vertue of compassion in thee :
 I haue with such prouision in mine Art
 So safely ordered, that there is no soule
 No not so much perdition as an hayre
 Betid to any creature in the vessell
 Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke : Sit
 For thou must now know farther. [downe,

Mira. You haue often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
 And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
 Concluding, stay : not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come
 The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
 Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remembre
 A time before we came vnto this Cell?
 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
 Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
 And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
 Fewe, or fiewe women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
 That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
 In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
 Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
 Now thou can'st here thou maist.

Mira. I doe not.

Prof. Since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,
 Of *Millaine* and

Father?
 of vertue, and
 and thy father
 heire,

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.
 By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
 But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
 To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio* :
 I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
 Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe
 Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
 The mannage of my state, as at that time
 Through all the signories it was the first,
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
 In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
 Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke
 (Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
 how to deny them : who t'aduaunce, and who
 To trash for ouer-topping; new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
 Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
 To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
 The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
 And suckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me :
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
 with that, which but by being so retir'd
 Ore-priz'd all popular rates in my false brother
 Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
 As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not onely with what my reuenew yeilded,
 But what my power might els exact. Like one
 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a synner of his memorie
 To credit his owne lie, he did beleue
 He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
 And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
 With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing :
 Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Prof. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
 Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
 Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall roalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
 Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
 The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heauens :

Prof. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
 If this might be a brosher.

Mira. I should sinne
 To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiue haue quit it: There they hoyft vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh
To th' windes, whose pittie fighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preferue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princeesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, nor so can

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For rayling this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld cloudes: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

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

Ar. To euery Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Wasse, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyn. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursors
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a foule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

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

Ar. Close by, my Master.

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

Ar. Not a haire perisht:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue disperfd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safe in harbour
... in the deepe

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon 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 worke:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y' dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

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

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread y' Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my slaue, (child,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelp, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A husband, nor her sonne.

To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

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

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spyting, gently.

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

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

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine apparition: my queint Ariel, Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.

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

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by y' diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A South-west blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty-me
In this Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The Island.

Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho; oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Ile with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then 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.

Prof. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse; shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Serebos*,
And make a vassalle of him.

Pro. So slaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curt sied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waues whist:

Foot it featly beere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen disperfedly.

*Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.*

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry cockadiddle-dowe.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariel Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Those are pearles that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

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

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Beleeue me fir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might I call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iland,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heutens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Millaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so vnghently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of Naples.

Pro. Soft fir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vneasiemake, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Iland, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him : hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together :
Sea water shalt thou drinke : thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled . Follow.

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

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

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

Prof. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so posselt with guilt : Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarm thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Prof. Hence : hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his surety.

Prof. Silence : One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee : What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush :
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey :
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp :
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd : all corners else o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vse of : space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

Prof. It workes : Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell* : follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech : this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariell. To th'syllable.

Prof. Come follow : speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry ; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of ioy ; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse ; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe : But for the miracle,
(I meane our preservation) few in millions
Can speake like vs : then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One : Tell.

Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done : But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done : The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So : you'r paid.

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?
How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He missees not much.

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

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte
water.

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

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

Gon.

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

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

Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. I. Ant. Why in good time.

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

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

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

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

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

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For coming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue, I saw him beate the surges vnder him, And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head 'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed As stooping to releue him: I not doubt He came aliue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

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

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

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

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth' losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, And time to speake it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't vvith Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

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

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'dh' Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke Would I admit: No name of Magistrate: Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty, And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession, Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none: No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all: And Women too, but innocent and pure: No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.

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

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I vvould vvith such perfection gouerne Sir: T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty.

Ant. Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

(me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gon. I do vvell beleuee your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

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

Ant. What a blow vv as there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fwe weekes vvithout changing.

Enter *Ariell* playing *solemne Musicke*.

Seb. We vvould so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

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

Alon. Thanke you : Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowlines possesses them?

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

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke ? I finde
Nor my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke : what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more :

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,

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

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st

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

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, mouing :

And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

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

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome : you

Must be so too, if heed me : which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it : how in stripping it

You more inuest it : ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir :

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,

'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd;

As he that sleepees heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis* : she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post :

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom

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

(And by that destiny) to performe an act

Whereof, what's past is Prologue ; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,

So is she heyre of *Naples*, twixt which Regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*

Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse

Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*

As well as he that sleepees : Lords, that can prate

As amply, and vnneccessarily

As this *Gonzallo* : I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat : O, that you bore

The minde that I do ; what a sleepe were this

For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True :

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,

Much feater then before : My Brothers seruants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir : where lies that? If'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper : But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome : 'Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest : Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)

Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer : whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morsell : this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpbraid our course : for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say besits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine*,

I'll come by *Naples* : Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,

And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together :

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzallo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snoaring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If

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

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue 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,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

(done.)

Ariel. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

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

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: 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 minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing. I heare it
sing i'th winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his
licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pail-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or alieue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

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

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.

This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate

Los'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margeris,
But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:

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

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

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scuruy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be asfeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-*
phano breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

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

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

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

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here
is that which will giue language to you *Cal*; 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 againe.

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

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

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

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* escap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke i'll be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid: How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

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

Cal. I haue scene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

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

A most poore creadulous Monster: Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. He shew'd thee euery fertill yench o'th Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

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

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scuruiue Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

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

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'll beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

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

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

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

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' Cacaliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-day, freedom.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but The Mistris which I serue, quickens whar's dead, And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp, Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes Had neuer like Executor: I forget: But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours, Most busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile: Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes, I will weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strue to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe
He beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
He carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might let it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereft to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd seuerall women; neuer any
VVith so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peetlesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuere
VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief: I
Beyond all limk of what esse i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
VVhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take
VVhat I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, He die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but He be your seruant
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deereft)
And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

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

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: He to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord
em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this lland, they
say there's but fiue vpon this lse; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee set else? hee were a
braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam
ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant
Monster, or my Standard.

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

Ste. VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither.

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

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe:
He not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my
Lord?

Cal.

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

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

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupte the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

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

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

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

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

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtenfils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iacond. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout'em, and count'em: and skomt'em, and flout'em, Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I desie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me, Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

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

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

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

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt. Scena

Scena Tertia.

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

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes : here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders : by your patience,
Ineedes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th'dulling of my spirits : Sit downe, and rest :
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer : he is droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land : well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope :
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemne and strange Musicke : and Prosper on the top (inui-
sible :) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet;
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and
inuiting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I say to night : no more.

Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke.

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens : what were these?

Seb. A liuing *Drolerie* : now I will belecue
That there are Vnicornes : that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile belecue both :
And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true : Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne'em.

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

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

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since (macks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto-
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I. (Boyes

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare : when wee were
Who would belecue that there were Mountayneceers,
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 finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs.
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past : brother : my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps
his wings upon the Table, and with a quient deuice the
Banquet vanishes.*

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't : the neuer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue : I haue made you mad;
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selues : you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be vplifted : But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe : for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They haue bereft ; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, elie fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring :
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life,
And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kindes haue done : my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their distractions : they now are in my powre ;
And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

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

Al. O, it is monstrous : monstrous :
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me : and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prospero* : it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Exit.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

B

Ant.

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
Itender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet asperision shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my industrious seruāt *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
In such another trick: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstentious,
Or else good night your vow.

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

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
And flat Medes therchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which sponge *Aprill*, at thy heft betrimms;
To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome-
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ft rreile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to citate
On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dia*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe wish me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Flourely ioyes, be still vpon you,

Iuno

Iuno sings her blessings on you.

Earths increase, foy on plentie,

Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.

Vines, with clustring bunches growing,

Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:

Spring come to you at the farthest,

In the very end of Haruest.

Scarcity and want shall shun you,

Ceres blessing so is on you.

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

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

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this Greene-Land
Answer your summons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

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

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with
the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
of, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a
strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.*

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

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

Mr. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

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

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

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue 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 haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
Ith' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeyes. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, w^h you say is a harmlesse Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

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

St. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's hush't as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

St. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

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

St. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

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

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

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it. (*meane*)

Cal. The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murther first: if he awake, From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

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

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

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogthead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice: *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixth hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzallo, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*, My Charms Ile breake, their sences Ile restore, And they shall be themselues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hills, brooks, standing lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde (*Weake Masters though ye be*) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes, And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Iones* stowt Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, I'll breake my Rasse, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummer found Ile drowne my booke. *Solemn musick.*

Heere 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 charmd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

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

Didst

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

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,

In a Cowslips bell, I lie,

There I couch when Owles doe crie,

On the Batts backe I doe flie

after Sommer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,

Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not sweare.

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

Seb. The Diuell speaks in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou bee'st *Prospero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir:

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke

You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalper*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest, I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoe'r you haue
Beene iustled from your senses, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Besitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cause.

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

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?)

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, so often I haue heard renoune;
But neuer saw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father.
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiuence?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauinesse that's gon.

Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let grieue and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you ioy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophes'd, if a Gallies were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear'd Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diueritie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them;
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

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

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) Ple resolute you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*

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

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

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

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

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

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

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

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

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

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,

And

And seeke for grace : what a thrice double Ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god ?
And worship this dull foole ?

Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.

Al. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell : where you shall take your rest.
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away. The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Ile : And in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought shall be my graue.

Al. I long

To heare the story of your life ; which must
Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleet farre off : My *Ariel* ; chicke
That is thy charge : Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

spoken by Prospero.

NOW my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.

Which is most faint : now 'tis true

I must be heere confinde by you,

Or sent to Naples, Let me not

Since I haue my Dukedome got,

And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell

In this bare Island, by your Spell,

But release me from my bands

with the helpe of your good hands :

Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes

Must fill, or else my proiect failes,

which was to please : Now I want

Spirits to enforce : Art to inchant,

And my ending is despaire,

Unlesse I be relieu'd by praier

Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of *Millaine*.

Antonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of *Millaine*.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & *Francisco*, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a lester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to *Prospero*.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Iuno

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

FINIS.

THE