



THE
TEMPEST.
A
COMEDY.

By - S H A K E S P E A R.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Lonso, *King of Naples.*
Sebastian, *his Brother.*
Prospero, *the right Duke of Millan.*
Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of*
Millan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*
Adrian, and Francisco, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*
Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*
Iris,
Ceres,
Juno,
Nymphs,
Reapers,

} *Spirits.*

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*



T H E

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard:
Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.*

M A S T E R.



Boatswain.

Boatsf. Here Master: What cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' Mariners:
Fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves
a-ground, beſtir, beſtir.

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hcy my Hearts, cheerly my Hearts; yare,
yare; take in the Top-tail; tend to th' Maſter's Whiſtle;
Blow 'till thou burſt thy Wind, if room enough.

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

Alon. Good Boatswain have care: Where's the Maſter?
Play the Men.

Boatsf. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the Maſter, Boatswain?

Boat. Do you not hear him? You mar our Labour; Keep your Cabins; you do assist the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boat. When the Sea is; hence. What can these Officers for the Name of King? To Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boat. None that I love more than myself. You are a Counsellor; if you can command these Elements to Silence, and work the Peace of the Present, we will not hand a Rope more; use your Authority: If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long and make yourself ready in your Cabin for the Mischance of the Hour, if it so hap. Cheerly good Hearts; Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks he hath no drowning Mark upon him; his Complexion is perfect Gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own doth little Advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our Case is miserable.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Boatswain.

Boat. Down with the Top-Mast: Yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with Main Course. A Plague —

A cry within. *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.* upon this Howling: they are louder than the Weather, or our Office. Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a Mind to sink?

Seba. A pox o' your Throat, you bawling blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Boat. Work you then.

Ant. Hang Cur, hang, you Whoreson insolent Noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, tho' the Sea were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unflanch'd Wench.

Boat. Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two Courses off to Sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to Prayers, to Prayers! all lost!

Boat. What must our Mouths be cold?

Gon.

Gon. The King and Prince are at Prayers, let's assist them, for our Case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of Patience.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our Lives by Drunkards. This wide chopt Rascal——would thou might'st lie drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Tho' every drop of Water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused Noise within,*
Mercy on us.

We split, we split : Farewel my Wife and Children,
Farewel Brother : We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand Furlongs of Sea
For an Acre of barren Ground : Long Heath, brown Furze
any thing ; the Wills above be done, but I would fain die
a dry Death. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by our Art (my dearest Father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this Roar, allay them :
The Sky it seems would pour down stinking Pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' Welkins Cheek,
Dashes the Fire out O ! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer : A brave Vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble Creature in her)
Dash'd all to Pieces. Oh ! the Cry did knock
Against my very Heart : Poor Souls, they perished,
Had I been any God of Power, I would
Have sunk the Sea within the Earth, or e'er
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Pro. Be collected ;

No more Amazement ; tell your piteous Heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo, the Day !

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my Daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Prospero*, Master of a full poor Cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with thy Thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy Hand,
And pluck my magick Garment from me: So!
Lie there my Art. Wipe thou thine Eyes, have Comfort.
The direful Spectacle of the Wrack, which touch'd
The very Virtue of Compassion in thee,
I have with such Compassion in mine Art
So safely order'd, that there is no Soul lost,
No not so much Perdition as an Hair
Betide to any Creature in the Vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink
For thou must now know farther. [down,

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but flopt,
And let me to the bootless Inquisition;
Concluding, Stay, not yet.

Pro. The Hour's now come,
The very Minute bids thee ope thine Ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three Years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other House, or Person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy Remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a Dream, than an Assurance
That my Remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five Women once that tended me?

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

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro.

Pro. Twelve Year since, *Miranda*, twelve Year since
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pro. Thy Mother was a piece of Virtue, and
She said thou wast my Daughter; and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millan*, and his only Heir
And Princess; no worse issu'd.

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

Pro. Both, both, my Girl:
By foul Play (as thou sayest) were we heav'd thence,
But blessed help hither.

Mira. O my Heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my Remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*——
I pray thee mark me, that a Brother should
Be so perfidious! He, whom next thy self
Of all the World I lov'd, and to him put
The Manage of my State; as at that time
Through all the Signories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In Dignity; and for the Liberal Arts,
Without a Parallel; those being all my Study;
The Government I cast upon my Brother,
And to my State grew Stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret Studies. Thy false Uncle ——
(Dost thou attend me)?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant Suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The Creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd em; having both the Key
Of Officer and Office, set all Hearts o'th' State
To what Tune pleas'd his Ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk.
And suckt my Verdure out on't 'Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me:

I thus neglecting worldly Ends, all dedicated
 To Closeness, and the bettering of my Mind
 With that which but by being retired
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate; in my false Brother
 Awak'd an evil Nature, and my Trust,
 Like a good Parent, did beget of him
 A Falshood in its contrary, as great
 As my Trust was; which had indeed no Limit,
 A Confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
 But what my Power might else exact; like one
 Who having into Truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a Sinner of his Memory
 To credit his own Lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke, but o' th' Substitution
 And executing th' outward Face of Royalty
 With all Prerogative. Hence his Ambition growing---
 Dost thou here?

Mira. Your Tale, Sir, would cure Deafness.

Pro. To have no Screen between this Part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Millan*; me, poor Man, my Library
 Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal Royalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (So dry he was for Sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
 'To give him annual Tribute, do him Homage,
 Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
 The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Millan*!)
 To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the Heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his Condition, and th' Event, then tell me
 If this might be a Brother.

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my Grand-mother:
 Good Wombs have born bad Sons.

Pro. Now the Condition:
 This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
 To me inveterate, harkens my Brother's Suit;
 Which was, That he in lieu o' th' Premises,
 Of Homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine.
 Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Millan*,

With

With all the Honours, on my Brother. Whereon
A treacherous Army levi'd, one Midnight,
Fated to th' Purpose, did *Antonio* open
The Gates of *Millan*, and i' th' dead of Darkness
The Minister for th' Purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack for pity!

I not remembring how I cry'd out then
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine Eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present Business
Which now's upon's, without the which this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That Hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, Wench;

My Tale provokes that Question. Dear, they durst not;
So dear the Love my People bore me: Nor set
A Mark so bloody on the Business; but
With Colours fairer painted their foul Ends,
In few; they hurried us aboard a Bark,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten Carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd,
Nor Tackle, nor Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats
Instinctively had quit it: There they hoist us
To cry to th' Sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' Winds, whose Pity fighting back again
Did us but loving Wrong.

Mira. Alack! what Trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a Cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a Fortitude from Heav'n,
When I have deck'd the Sea with Drops full salt,
Under my Burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing Stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine;
Some Food we had, and some fresh Water, that

A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
 Out of his Charity (who being then appointed
 Master of this Design) did give us, with
 Rich Garments, Linnen, Stuffs, and Necessaries
 Which since have feeded much. So of his Gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furnished me
 From my own Library, with Volumes, that
 I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
 But ever see that Man.

Pro. Now I arise,
 Sit still, and hear the last of our Sea-sorrow,
 Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy School-master, made thee more profit
 Than other Princes can, that have more time
 For vainer Hours, and Tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'n's thank you for't; and now I pray you,
 (For still 'tis beating in my Mind) your Reason (Sir,
 For raising this Sea storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By Accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
 (Now my dear Lady) hath mine Enemies
 Brought to this Shore: And by my Prescience
 I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious Star, whose Influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my Fortunes
 Will ever after droop: Here cease more Questions,
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good Dulness,
 And give it way; I know thou can'st not chuse.
 Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
 Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best Pleasure. Be it to fly;
 To swim, to dive into the Fire; to ride
 On the curl'd Clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Qua'ry.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
 Perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the King's Ship: Now on the Beak,
 Now in the Wasse, the Deck, in every Cabin,

I flam'd

I flam'd Amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
 And burn in many Places; on the Top-mast,
 The Yards and Bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet, and join. *Jove's* Lightning the Precursors
 O'th' dreadful Thunder Claps, more momentary
 And Sight out-running were not; the Fire and Cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold Waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread Trident shake.

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

Ari. Not a Soul
 But felt a Feaver of the Mind, and plaid
 Some tricks of Desperation: All but Mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me: The King's Son *Ferdinand*
 With Hair up-staring (then like Reeds, not Hair)
 Was the first Man that leapt; cry'd Hell is empty,
 And all the Devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my Spirit,
 But was not this nigh Shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a Hair perished:
 On their sustaining Garments not a Blemish,
 But fresher than before; and as thou badst me,
 In Troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:
 The King's Son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the Air with Sighs,
 In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
 His Arms in this sad Knot.

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

Ari. Safely in Harbour,
 Is the King's Ship; in the deep Nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at Midnight, to fetch Dew
 From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid:
 The Mariners all under Hatches Rowed,
 Who, with a Charm joined to their suffered Labour,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest 'o' th' Fleet

(Which

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the King's Ship vrackt,
And his great Person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
What is the Time o'th' Day?

Ari. Past the mid Season.

Pro. At least two Glassses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more Toil? Since thou dost give me Pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

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

Ari. My Liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I prethee

Remember I have done thee worthy Service,
Told thee no Lies, made no Mistakings, serv'd
Without or Grudge, or Grumbings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full Year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and thinkest it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt Deep;
To run upon the sharp Wind of the North,
To do me Business in the Veins o'th' Earth
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou liest malignant Thing: Hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

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

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a Month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgettest. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*

For

For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries terrible
To enter human Hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: For one thing she did
They would not take her Life. Is this not true!

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailors: thou my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, was then her Servant,
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd Commands,
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most unmitigable Rage,
Into a cloven Pine; within which Rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen Years, within which Space she dy'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didst vent thy Groans
As fast as Mill wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the Son that she did litter here
A freckel'd Whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human Shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her Son.

Pro. Dull Thing, I say so: He that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in Service. Thou best know'st
What Torment I did find thee in; thy Groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breasts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was a Torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: It was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, Master.

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

Ari. Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to Command,
And do my Spriting gently.

Pro. Do so: And after two Days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble Master:
What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

Pro.

Pro. Go make thyself like to a Nymph o' th' Sea.
Be subject to no Sight but mine: Invisible
To every Eye-ball else. Go take this Shape,
And hither come in't: Go hence
With Diligence. [Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear Heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mira. The Strangeness of your Story put
Heaviness in me.

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

Mira. 'Tis a Villain, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miss him: He does make our Fire,
Fetch in our Wood, and serves Offices
That profit us. What ho! Slave! *Caliban*!
Thou Earth thou! speak.

Cal. (*within.*) There's Wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other Business for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when —

Enter Ariel like a Water Nymph.

Fine Apparition; my quaint *Ariel*,
Heark in thine Ear.

Ari. My Lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd
With Ravens Feather from unwhol'om Fen,
Drop on you both: A South west blow on ye,
And blister ye all e'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to Night thou shalt have Cramps,
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy Breath up, Urchins
Shall, for that Vast of Night that they may work,
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as Honey-comb, each Pinch more stinging
Than 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 came'st first
Thou

Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; Would'st give
 Water with Berries in't; and teach me how [me
 To name the bigger Light, and how the less,
 That burn by Day and Night: And then I lov'd thee,
 And shewed thee all the Qualities o' the Isle,
 The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren Place and fertile.
 Curs'd be I that I did so! All the Charms
 Of *Sycorax*; Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you!
 For I am all the Subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own King: And here you sty me
 In this hard Rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of the Island.

Pro. Thou most lying Slave,
 Whom Stripes may move, not Kindness; I have us'd thee
 (Filth as thou art) with human Care, and lodg'd
 In mine own Cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
 The Honour of my Child.

Cal. Oh, oh, oh, oh, would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave;
 Which any Print of Goodness will not take.
 Being capable of all: I pitied thee,
 Took Pains to make thee speak, taught thee each Hour
 One thing or other: When thou didst not, Savage,
 Know thine own Meaning; but would'st gabble, like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy Purposes
 With Words that made them known. But thy vile Race
 (Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadst
 Deserv'd more than a Prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my Profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse: The Red-plague rid you
 For learning me your Language.

Por. Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in Fuel, and be quick, thou wer't best
 To answer other Business: Shrug'st thou, Malice?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old Cramps,
 Fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,

That

That Beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

I must obey, his Art is of such Power,
It would controul my Dam's God *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Pro. So Slave, hence.

[*Exit Caliban.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL's SONG.

*Come unto these yellow Sands,
And then take Hands,
Curt'sied when you have, and kist,
The wild Waves whist;*

*Foot it featly here and there, and sweet Sprights bear
The Burthen.* [Burthen dispersedly.]

*Hark hark bough-warugh: The Watch-Dogs bark,
Bough-warugh.*

Ari. *Hark hark, I hear
The Strain of strutting Chanticleer,
Cry Cock-adoodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this Musick be? I'th' Air or th'
It sounds no more: And sure it waits upon (Earth?
Some God o'th' Island, sitting on a Bank,
Weeping again the King my Father's Wreck,
This Musick crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
With its sweet Air: Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

*Full Fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his Bones are Coral made:
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea change,
Into something rich, and strange.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his Knell.*

[Burthen: ding-dong.]

Hark now I hear them, ding-dong Bell.

Fer.

Fer. The Ditty does remember my drown'd Father;
This is no mortal Business, nor no Sound
That the Earth owes: I hear it now above me.

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

Mira. What is't, a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Pro. No Wench it eats, and sleeps, and hath such Senses
As we have; such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in this Wreck: And but he's something stain'd
With Grief (that Beauty's Canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly Person. He hath lost his Fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A Thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

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

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these Ayres attend! Vouchsafe my Pray'r
May know if you remain upon this Island,
And that you will some good Instruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime Request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you Wonder,
If you be made or no?

Mira. No Wonder, Sir,
But certainly a Maid.

Fer. My Language! Heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this Speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: My self am Naples,
Who with mine Eyes (never since at Ebb) beheld
The King my Father wrackt.

Mira. Alack, for Mercy!

Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave Son, being twain.

Pro.

Pro. The Duke of Millan,

And his more braver Daughter could controul thee.
If now 'twere fit to do't: at the first Sight
They have chang'd Eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this. A Word, good Sir,
I fear you have done yourself some Wrong, A Word.

Mira. Why speaks my Father so ungently? This
Is the third Man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: Pity move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

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

Pro. Soft Sir, one Word more.
They are both in either's Pow'r: But this swift Busine's
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the Prize light. One Word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me; thou dost here usurp
The Name thou owest not, and hast put thyself
Upon this Island, as a Spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I a Man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple.
If the ill Spirit have so fair a House,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.
Speak you not for him: He's a Traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy Neck and Feet together;
Sea Water shalt thou drink, thy Food shall be
The fresh-brook Muscles, wither'd Roots, and Husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such Entertainment, 'till
Mine Enemy has more Pow'r.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mira. O dear Father,
Make not too rash a Trial of him; for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pro. What I say,
My Foot my Tutor? Put thy Sword up, Traitor,
Who mak'st a Shew, but dar'st not strike; thy Conscience
Is possess'd with Guilt? Come from thy Ward,

But I can here disarm thee with this Stick,
And make thy Weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, Father.

Pro. Hence: Hang not on my Garment.

Mira. Sir, have Pity;

I'll be his Surety.

Pro. Silence; one Word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What
An Advocate for an Impostor? Hush!

Thou think'st there are no more such Shapes as he,
(Having seen but him and *Caliban*) foolish Wench,
To th'most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My Affections

Are the most humble: I have no Ambition
To see a goodlier Man.

Pro. Come on, obey:

Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up.
My Father's loss, the Weakness which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my Prison once a Day
Behold this Maid: All Corners else o' th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of; Space enough
Have I, in such a Prison.

Pro. It works: Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: Follow me,
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As Mountain Winds; but then exactly do
All Points of my Command.

Ari. To th' Syllable.

Pro. Come follow: Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, *and others.*

Gonz. **B**Eseech you Sir, be merry: You have Cause
(So have we all) of Joy; for our Escape
Is much beyond our Loss; our Hint of Woe
Is common every Day, some Sailor's Wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theam of Woe: But for the Miracle,
(I mean our Preservation) few in Millions
Can speak like us: Then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our Sorrow with our Comfort.

Alon. Prithce Peace.

Seb. He receives Comfort like cold Porridge.

The Visitor will not give over so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the Watch of his Wit.
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On: Tell.

Gon. When every Grief is entertain'd
That's offer'd; comes to the Entertainer——

Seb. A Dolour.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you

Gon. Therefore, my Lord. [should.

Ant. Fie, what a Spend-thrift is he of his Tongue?

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The Wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A Match.

Adr. Though this Island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: You're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Yet.

~~Ant.~~ Yet—

Ant. He could not miss't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate Wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The Air breaths upon us here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Here is every Thing advantagious to Life.

Ant. True. save Means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the Grass looks?

How green?

Ant. The Ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an Eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. Not. He does but mistake the Truth totally.

Gon. But the Rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond Credit—

Seb. As many voucht Rarities are.

Gon. That our Garments, being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt Water.

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

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his Report.

Gon. Methinks our Garment are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the Marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet Marriage, and we prosper well in our Return.

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

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

Ant. Widow? a Pox o'that: How came that Widow in? Widow *Dido*!

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

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

Gon.

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

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His Word is more than the miraculous Harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the Wall, and Houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he Make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his Pocket, and give it his Son for an Apple.

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

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our Garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the Marriage of your Daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, Widow *Dido*? Ay, Widow *Dido*.

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

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your Daughter's Marriage.

Alon. You cram these Words into mine Ears against The Stomach of my Sense. Would I had never Married my Daughter there! For coming thence My Son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine Heir Of *Naples* and of *Millan*, what strange Fish Hath made his Meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the Surges under him,
And ride upon their Backs he trod the Water,
Whole Enmity he flung aside; and breast'd
The Surge most swollen that met him: His bold Head
'Bove the contentious Waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good Arms in lusty Strokes
To th'Shore; that o'er his wave born Basis bow'd
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No; no, he's gone.

Seb.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great Loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your Eye,
Who hath Cause to wet the Grief on't.

Alon. Prethee Peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us: And the fair Soul her self
Weigh'd between Loathness and Obedience, at
Which End the Beam should bow. We have lost your
I fear for ever: *Millan* and *Naples* have [Son
More Windows in them of this business making,
Than we bring Men to comfort them:
The Fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o'th' Loss.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The Truth you speak doth lack some Gentleness
And Time to speak it in: You rub the Sore
When you should bring the Plaister.

Seb. Very Well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

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

Seb. Foul Weather?

Ant. Very Foul.

Gon. Had I the Plantation of this Isle, my Lord.

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

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

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

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would, by contraries,
Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick
Would I admit; not Name of Magistrate;
Letters should not be known; Riches, Poverty,
And use of Service, none; Contract, Succession,
Bourn, Bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none;
No use of Metal, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl;
No Occupation, all Men idle, all,
And Women too; but innocent and pure;
No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without Sweat or Endeavour. Treason, Felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine
Would I not have, but Nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all Foyzon, all Abundance
To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

Ant. None, Man; all idle; Whores and Knaves.

Gon. I would with such Perfection govern, Sir,
T' excell the Golden Age.

Seb. Save your Majesty.

Ant. Long live Gonzalo.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Prithee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness, and did it to
minister Occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such
nimble Lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'I was you we laugh'd at.

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

Ant. What a Blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave Metal; you would
lift the Moon out of her Sphere, if she would continue
in it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel playing solemn Musick,

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

Ant. Nay, good my Lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my Dis-
cretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am
very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine Eyes
Would with themselves, shut up my Thoughts:
I find they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy Offer of it:
It seldom visits Sorrow; when it doth,
It is a Comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord

Will guard your Person, while you take your Rest.

And watch your Safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[*All Sleep but Seb. and Ant.*]

Seb. What a strange Drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the Quality o' th Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our Eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my Spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by Consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy *Sebastian*——O, what might——no more.

And yet, methinks I see it in thy Face:

What thou shoud'st be: The Occasion speaks thee, and

My strong Imagination sees a Crown

Dropping upon thy Head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy Language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou did'st say?

This is a strange Repose, to be asleep

With Eyes wide open: Standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy Fortune sleep; die rather: Wink'st

Whi'lt thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy Snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my Custom. You

Must be so too, if you heed me; which to do,

Troubles thee o'er.

Seb. Well: I am standing Water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary Sloth instructs me,

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the Purpose cherish,

Whi'lt thus you mock it; how in slipping it

You more invest it: Ebbing Men, indeed,

Most often do so near the Bottom run,

By their own Fear or Sloth.

Seb. Prithee say on,
The setting of thine Eye and Cheek proclaim
A Matter from thee; and a Birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:
Altho' this Lord of weak Remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little Memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a Spirit of Persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King his Son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no Hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no Hope,
What great Hope have you: No Hope that way, is
Another way so high an Hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a Wink beyond,
But doubt Discovery there. Will you grant with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

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

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten Leagues beyond Man's Life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no Note, unless the Sun were Post,
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow, 'till new born Chins
Be rough, and razorable; she from whom
We all were Sea-swallow'd, tho' some cast again,
And by that Destiny to perform an Act;
Whereof, what's past in Prologue, what to come
In your's, and my Discharge——

Seb. What Stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my Brother's Daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she Heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some Space.

Ant. A Space whose ev'ry Cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back by *Naples*? keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were Death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*—

As

As well as he that sleeps; Lords, that can prate
 As amply, and unnecessarily
 As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
 A Cough of as deep Chat; O, that you bore
 The Mind that I do; what a Sleep were this
 For your Advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your Content
 Tender your own good Fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True.

And look how well my Garments fit upon me,
 Much feater than before My Brother's Servants
 Were then my Fellows, now they are my Men.

Seb. But for your Conscience.

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that? If 'twere a Kybe
 I should put me to my Slipper: But I feel not
 This Deity in my Bosom. Twenty Consciences
 They stand 'twixt me and *Millan*, candied be they,
 And melt e'er they molest. Here lyes your Brother;
 No better than the Earth he lyes upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
 Whom I with this obedient Steel, three Inches of it,
 Can lay to Bed for ever: Whilst you doing thus,
 To the perpetual Wink for ay might put
 This ancient Morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our Course. For all the rest
 They'll take Suggestion, as a Cat laps Milk;
 They'll tell the Clock, to any Business that
 We say befits the Hour.

Seb. Thy Case, dear Friend,
 Shall be my President: As thou got'st *Millan*,
 I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy Sword, one Stroke
 Shall free thee from the Tribute which thou payest,
 And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my Hand, do you the like
 To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one Word.

Enter Ariel with Musick and Song.

Ari. My Master through his Art foresees the Danger
That you, his Friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his Project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

While you do here snoring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of Life you keep a Care,

Shake off Slumber, and be-ware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

[They wake.

Alon. Why how now ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly Looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your Repose,
Even now we heard a hollow Burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lions; didn't not wake you?
It strook mine Ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a Din to fright a Monster's Ear,
To make an Earthquake; Sure it was the Roar
Of a whole Herd of Lions.

Alon. Heard you this, *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine Honour, Sir, I heard a Humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me!
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd, as mine Eyes open'd,
I saw their Weapons drawn: there was a Noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our Guard;
Or that we quit this Place; let's draw our Weapons.

Alon. Lead off this Ground, and let's make further
For my poor Son.

(Search

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

Alon. Lead away.

Ari *Prospero*, my Lord, shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy Son.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Caliban with a Burden of Wood, a Noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the Infections that the Sun sucks up,
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proffer* fall, and make him
By Inch-meal a Disease: His Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin Shews, pitch me i' th' Mire,
Nor lead me, like a Firebrand, in the Dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like Hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my Bare foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my Foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven Tongues
Do hiss me into Madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing Wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's heither Bush nor Shrub to bear off any Weather at all, and another Storm brewing: I hear it sing i' th' Wind: Yond same black Cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul Bumbard that would shed his Liqueur. If it should Thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my Head: Yond same Cloud cannot chuse but fall by Pail-fuls. What have we here, a Man or a Fish? dead or alive? A Fish; he smells like a Fish: A very ancient and fish-like Smell. A kind of not of the newest, *Poor John*: A strange Fish; were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this Fish painted, not an Holy-day-fool there but would give a piece of Silver; there would this Monster make a Man; any strange Beast there makes a Man: When they will not give a Doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a Man! and his Fins like Arms! warm o' my troth; I do now let loose my Opinion, hold it no longer; this is no Fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a Thunder-bolt, Alas! the Storm is come

again. My best way is to creep under his Caberdine
There is no other Shelter hereabout; Misery acquaints a
Man with strange Bedfellows: I will here shrowd 'till
the Dregs of the Storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea, here shall I die a shore.
This is a very scurvy Tune to sing at a Man's
Funeral: Well, here's my Comfort. [Drinks.

Sings. The Master, the Sawabber, the Boatswain and I,
The Gunner, and his Mate,

Lo'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a Tongue with a Tang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang:

She lov'd not the Savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where e'er she did itch.
Then to Sea, Boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy Tune too:

But here's my Comfort.

[Drinks.

Cal. Do not Torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the Matter?

Have we Devils here?

Do you put Tricks upon's with Salvages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now
of your four Legs; for it hath been said, as proper a Man
as ever went on four Legs cannot make him give
Ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano*
breathes at his Nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle with four Legs;
who has got, as I take it, an Ague: Where the Devil
should he learn our Language? I will give him some Re-
lief if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and
keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperor that ever trod on Neats-Leather.

Cal. Do not Torment me, prithee; I'll bring my
Wood home faster.

Ste. He's in a Fit now; and does not talk after the
Wiseſt: He shall taste of my Bottle. If he have never
drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit: If
I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take
too

too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy Trembling : Now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your Mouth ; here is that which will give Language to you, Cat ; open your Mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : You cannot tell who's your Friend ; open your Chaps again.

Tri. I should know that Voice
It should be —

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

Ste. Four Legs, and two Voices ; a most delicate Monster : his Forward Voice now is to speak of his Friend ; his backward Voice is to utter foul Speeches, and to de-

Cal. If all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague : Come ! *Amen* ! I will pour some in thy other Mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

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

Tri. Stephano : If thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good Friend *Trinculo*.

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

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

Ste. Prithee do not turn me about, my Stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not Sprights : That's a brave God, and bears Celestial Liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a Butt of Sack, which the Sailors heav'd over-board, by this Bottle! which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own Hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that Bottle, to be thy true Subject; for the Liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: Swear then how thou escap'dst,

Tri. Sworn ashore, Man, like a Duck; I can swim like a Duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the Book.

Tho' thou canst swim like a Duck, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole Butt, Man; my Cellar is in a Rock by th' Sea-side, where my Wine is hid:
How now, Moon-calf, how does thine Ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from Heav'n?

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

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

Ste. Come swear to that; kiss the Book: I will furnish it anon with new Contents, Swear.

Tri. By this good Light, this is a very shallow Monster, I afraid of him? a very shallow Monster:
The Man i' th' Moon?

A most poor credulous Monster:

Well drawn, Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew the every fertile Inch o' th' Isle; and I will kiss thy Foot: I prithee be my God.

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

Cal. I'll kiss thy Foot. I'll swear myself thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then; Down, and swear.

Tri. I shall laugh myself to Death at this Puppy-headed Monster: A most scurvy Monster: I could find in my Heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiss.

Tri. But that the poor Monster's in Drink:
An abominable Monster.

Cal.

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

A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve;
I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous Man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a Wonder of a poor Drunkard.

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long Nails will dig thee Fig-nuts; show thee a Jay's Nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet, I'll bring thee to clustering Filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Seamels from the Rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our Company else being drown'd, we will inherit here; here, bear my Bottle; Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Farewel Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster; a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,
Nor fetch in Firing, at requiring
Nor scrape Trenchering; nor wash Dish.
Ban, Ban, Cacalyban
Has a new Master, got a new Man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day Freedom, Freedom, hey-day Freedom.

Ste. O brave Monster lead the way. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

Fer. **T**Here be some Sports are painful, and their Labour
Delight in them sets off: Some kinds of Baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor Matters
Point to rich Ends; this my mean Task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my Labours Pleasures: O she is
 Ten times more gentle than her Father's crabbed;
 And he's compos'd of Harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs and pile them up,
 Upon a fore Injunction; my sweet Mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says such Baseness
 Had never like Executor; I forget;
 But these sweet Thoughts do even refresh my Labours,
 Most busy least when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a Distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
 Work not so hard; I would the Lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
 Pray set it down and rest you; when this burns
 'I will weep for having weary'd you; my Father
 Is hard at study, pray now rest yourself,
 He's safe for these three Hours.

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

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

Fer. No, precious Creature,
 I had rather crack my Sinews, break my Back,
 Than you should such Dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
 As well as it does you; and I should do it
 With much more Ease; for my Good-will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor Worm, thou art infected,
 This Visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh Morning with me,
 When you are by at Night. I do beseech you,
 Chiefly that I might set it in my Prayers,
 What is your Name?

Mira. Miranda. O my Father,
 I have broke your Hest to say so.

Adm. I'd *Miranda!*

Inced the top of Admiration, worth

What's dearest to the World; full many a Lady
 I have ey'd with best Regard, and many a time
 Th' Harmony of their Tongues hath into Bondage
 Brought my too diligent Ear; for several Virtues
 Have I lik'd several Women, never any
 With so full Soul, but some Defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest Grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the Foil. But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every Creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my Sex; no Woman's Face remember,
 Save, from my Glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More than I may call Men, than your good Friend,
 And my dear Father; how Features are abroad
 I am skilless of; but my Modesty,
 The Jewel in my Dower, I would not wish
 Any Companion in the World but you;
 Nor can Imagination form a Shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of; but I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my Father's Precepts
 I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my Condition,
 A Prince, *Miranda*, I do think a King;
 I would not so, and would no more endure
 This wooden Slavery, than to suffer
 The flesh-flie blow my Mouth. Hear my Soul speak;
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My Heart fly to your Service, there resides
 To make me Slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient Log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O Heav'n, O Earth, bear Witness to this Sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind Event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to Mischief; I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' th' World,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a Fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair Encounter

Of two most rare Affections! Heav'n's rain Grace

On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine Unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger Bulk it shews. Hence bashful Canning,
And prompt me plain and holy Innocence.
I am your Wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your Maid: to be your Fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your Servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My Husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a Heart so willing
As Bondage e'er of Freedom: here's my Hand.

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

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

(*Exeunt.*)

Pra. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my Book,
For yet e'er Supper time must I perform
Much Business appertaining.

(*Exit.*)

S C E N E II.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the Butt is out, we will drink.
Water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board
'em, Servant Monster; drink to me.

Tri. Servant Monster! the Folly of this Island! they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if the other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink, Servant Monster, when I bid thee; thy
Eyes are almost set in thy Head.

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

Ste. My Man-Monster hath drown'd his Tongue in
Sack; for my Part the Sea cannot drown me. I swam,
e'er I could recover the Shore, five and thirty Leagues
off.

off and on; by this Light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant, if you list, he's no Standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like Dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

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

Cal. How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy Shooe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lyest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to juggle a Constable; why thou debosh'd Fish, thou, was there ever Man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sack as I to Day! wilt thou tell me a monstrous Lye, being but half a Fish and half a Monster?

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

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a Monster should be such a Natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to Death, I prithee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good Tongue in your Head; if you prove a Mutineer, the next Tree-- the poor Monster's my Subject, and he shall not suffer Indignity.

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

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

Enter Ariel invisible.

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

Ari. Thou lyest.

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

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's Tale.
By this Hand, I will supplant some of your Teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle,
From me he got it. If thy Greatness will
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not.

Ste.

Ste. That's most certain.

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

Ste. How now, shall this be compass'd?

Can'st thou bring me to the Party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a Nail into his Head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd Ninny's this? Thou scurvy Patch!
I do beseech thy Greatness give him Blows,
And take his Bottle from him; when that's gone
He shall drink nought but Brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further Danger:
Interrupt the Monster one Word further, and by this Hand
I'll turn thy Mercy out o' Doors, and make a Stock-
fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing;
I'll go no further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, [Beats him.
As you like this, give me the Lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the Lye; out o'your Wits
and Hearing too?

A pox o'your Bottle, this can Sack and Drinking do:
A murrain on your Monster, and the Devil take your
Fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale; prithee stand fur-
ther off.

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

Ste. Stand further; come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a Custom with him
I'th' Afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his Books! or with a Log
Batter his Skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
Or cut his Wezand with thy Knife. Remember
First to possess his Books; for without them
He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command. They all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books;
 He has brave Utensils, for so he calls them,
 Which when he has an House, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The Beauty of his Daughter, he himself
 Calls her a Non-pariel: I never saw a Woman
 But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
 But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*
 As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lads?

Cal. Ay, Lord, she will become thy Bed, I warrant
 And bring thee forth brave Brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this Man: His Daughter
 and I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and
Trinculo and thyself shall be Vice-Roys.
 Dost thou like the Plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy Hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
 But while thou liv'st keep a good Tongue in thy Head.

Cal. Within this half Hour will he be asleep;
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my Honour.

Ari. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of Pleasure;
 Let us be jocund: Will you troul the Catch
 You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy Request, Monster, I will do Reason,
 And Reason: Come on, *Trinculo* let us sing. [*Sings.*
Flout 'em, and skout 'em: and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the Tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Taber and Pipe*

Ste. What is the same?

Trin. This is the Tune of our Catch, plaid by the
 Picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a Man, shew thyself in thy Likeness;
 If thou be'st a Devil, take it as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my Sins.

Ste. He that dies pays all Debts: I defy thee.
 Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste.

Ste. No, Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the Isle is full of Noises,
Sounds, and sweet Airs, that give delight, and hurt no.
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine Ears; and sometimes Voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long Sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The Clouds methought would open, and shew Riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

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

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

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

Trin. The Sound is going away;
Let's follow it, and after do our Work.

Ste. Lead, Monster;
We'll follow. I would I could see this Taborer,
He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
I'll follow *Stephana*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

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

Gon. By'r lak'in, I can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake: Here's a Maze trod indeed
Through Forth rights and Meanders, by your Patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with Weariness
To th' dulling of my Spirits; sit down and rest:
Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterer: He is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate Search of Land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of Hope.
Do not, for one Repulse, forego the Purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb.

Seb. The next Advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to Night;

For, now they are oppress'd with Travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such Vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musick, and Prospero on the Top invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutation, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to Night: No more.

Alon. What Harmony is this? My good Friends, hark.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musick!

Alon. Give us kind Keepers, Heav'n; what are these!

Seb. A living Drollery. Now I will believe

That they are Unicorns; that in *Arabia*

There's one Tree, the Phoenix Throne, one Phoenix
At this Hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want Credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though Fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such Islanders:

(For certes these are People of the Island)

Who tho' they are of monstrous Shape, yet note

Their Manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human Generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost nay.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than Devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such Shapes, such Gesture, and such Sound. expressing,

Although they want the use of Tongue, a kind

Of excellent dumb Discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their Viand behind ; for we have Stomachs.
Wilt please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gen. Faith Sir, you need not fear. When we were Boys,
Who would believe that there were Mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like Bulls, whose Throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of Flesh ? or that there were such Men
Whose Heads stood in their Breasts ! which now we find
Each Putter out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last ; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my Lord, the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel like a Harp, claps
his Wings upon the Table, and with a quaint Ditty the
Banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three Men of Sin, whom Destiny,
That hath no Instrument this lower World,
And what is in't, the never-surfeited Sea
Hath caus'd to belch you up ; and on this Island,
Where Man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst Men
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad ;
And even with such like Valour Men hang and drown
Their proper selves : You Fools, I and my Fellows
Are Ministers of Fate ; the Elements
Of whom your Swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud Winds, or with bemockt-at Stabs
Kill the still closing Waters, as diminish
One Dowle that's in my Plume : My Fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your Swords are now too massie for your Strengths,
And will not be up-lifted, But remember,
For that's my Business to you, that you three
From *Millan* did supplant good *Prospero* :
Expos'd unto the Sea, which hath requit it,
Him add his innocent Child : For which foul Deed
The Powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures,
Against your Peace : Thee of thy Son, *Alonso*,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,

Lingring

Lingring Perdition, worse than any Death
 Can be at once, shall Step by Step attend
 You and your Ways, whose Wraths to guard you from,
 Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else falls
 Upon your Heads, is nothing but Heart's-sorrow,
 And a clear Life ensuing,

*He vanishes in Thunder: Then, to soft Musick, Enter the
 Shapes again, and dance with Mocks and Mowes, and
 carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the Figure of this Harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a Grace it had devouring:
 Of my Instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say: So with good Life,
 And Observation strange, my meaner Ministers
 These several Kind's have done; my high Charmswork,
 And there, mine Enemies, are all knit up
 In their Distractions: They now are in my Power;
 And in these Fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his, and my lov'd Darling.

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

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought the Billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The Winds did sing it to me, and the Thunder,
 That deep and dreadful Organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The Name of *Prosper*: It did base my Trespas,
 Therefore my Son i'th' Ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er Plummets founded,
 And with him there lie mudded.

[*Exit.*

Seb. But one Fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their Legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy Second.

[*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great Guilt,
 Like Poison giv'n to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the Spirits. I do beseech you,
 That are of suppler Joints, follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this Extasy
 May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*
 ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. IF I have too austere^{ly} punish'd you,
Your Compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own Life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy Hand; All thy Vexations
Were but my Trials of thy Love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the Test. Here afore Heav'n
I ratifie this my rich Gift: O *Ferdinand*.
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all Praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my Gift, and thine own Acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter.
If thou dost break her Virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious Ceremonies may
With full and holy Rite, be ministr'd,
No sweet Asperision shall the Heav'ns let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren Hate,
Sour-ey'd Disdain, and Discord shall bestrew
The Union of your Bed with Weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet Days, fair Issue, and long Life,
With such Love as 'tis now, the merkiest Den,
The most opportune Place, the strong'st Suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine Honour into Lust, to take away
The Edge of that Day's Celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus* Steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

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

Enter

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent Master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and my meaner Fellows, your last Service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another Trick; go bring the Rabble,
O'er whom I give thee Power, here, to this Place?
Incite them to quick Motion, for I must
Bestow upon the Eyes of this young Couple
Some Vanity of mine Art; it is my Promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, and Twink.

Ari. Before you can say Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with Mop and Mow,
Do you love me, Master? No?

Pro. Dearly, my Delicate *Ariel*; do not approach
Till thou shalt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give Dalliance
Too much the Rein; the strongest Oaths are Straw
To th' Fire i'th' Blood: Be more Abstemious,
Or else good-night your Vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold Virgin-Snow upon my Heart,
Abates the Ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolary.
Rather than want a Spirit, appear, and perty.

[*Soft Musick.*

No Tongue; all Eyes; be silent.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most beauteous Lady, the rich Leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Pease;
Thy tufty Mountains, where live nibling Sheep,
And flat Meads thatch'd with Stover, them to keep;
Thy Banks with pioned, and tulip'd Brims,
Which spongy *April*, at thy Heat betrimms.
To make cold Nymphs chaffe Crown; and thy Brooms-
Whose Shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves, [*groves,*
Being

Being Lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt Vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge steril, and rocky hand,
 Where thou thy self do'st air; the Queen o'th'Sky,
 Whose watry Arch, and Messenger, am I
 Bids thee leave these, and with her Sov'reign Grace,
 Here on this Grass-plot, in this very place

[*Iris descends.*]

To come, and sport; her Peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd Messenger, that ne'er
 Do'st disobey the Wife of *Jupiter*:
 Who, with thy Saffron Wings, upon my Flowers
 Diffusest Honey Drops, refreshing Showers,
 And with each end of thy blue Bow do'st crown
 My bosky Acres, and my unshrub'd Down,
 Rich Scarf to my proud Earth; why hath the Queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass Green?

Iris. A Contract of true Love to celebrate,
 And some Donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heav'nly Bow,
 If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'st know,
 Do now attend the Queen? since they did plot
 The Means, that dusky *Dis*, my Daughter, got;
 Her and her blind Boy's scandal'd Company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her Society
 Be not afraid; I met her Deity
 Cutting the Clouds towards *Paphos*, and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
 Some wanton Charm upon this Man and Maid,
 Whose Vows are, that no Bed-right shall be paid
 'Till *Hymen's* Torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed Son has broke his Arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right-out.

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

Jun. How does my bounteous Sister? Go with me
 To

To bless this Twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their Issue. [They sing.

Jun. Honour, Riches, Marriage Blessing,
Long Continuance and encreasing,
Hourly Joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her Blessings on you:
Earth's Increase, and Foyson plenty,
Barns and Garner's never empty,
Vines, with clustring Bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly Burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very End of Harvest:
Scarcity and Want shall shun you,
Ceres Blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestick Vision, and
Harmonious charmingly; may I be bold
To ask these Spirits?

Pro. Spirits which by mine Art
I have from all their Confiners call'd, enact
My present Fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd Father, and a Wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, Silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our Spell is marr'd.

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

Iris. You Nymphs call'd *Navades* of the winding Brooks,
With your sedg'd Crowns and ever harmless Looks,
Leave your crisp Channels, and on this Green-land
Answer your Summons, *Juno* does Command:
Come, temperate Nymphs, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

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

Enter

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which to a strange hollow and confused Noise, they beautifully vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foul Conspiracy
Of the Beast *Caliban*, and his Confederates,
Against my Life; the Minute of that Plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange; your Father's in some Passion
That Works him strongly.

Mira. Never 'till this Day
Saw I him touch'd with Anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my Son in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir,
Our Revels now are ended. These our Actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And like the baseless Fabrick of their Vision,
The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
Yea, all which is inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Rack behind; we are such Stuff
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my Weakness, my old Brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my Infirmary;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose; a Turn or two I'll Walk
To still my beating Mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you Peace.

[*Exe.*

Pro. Comewith a Thought; I thank thee, *Ariel*: Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy Pleasure?

Pro. Spirit, we must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these Varlets?

Ari.

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking?
 So full of Valour, that they smote the Air
 For breathing in their Faces; beat the Ground
 For killing of their Feet; yet always bending
 Towards their Project: Then I beat my Tabor,
 At which, like unbackt Colts, they prickt their Ears,
 Advanc'd their Eye-lids, lifted up their Noses,
 As they smelt Musk; so I charm'd their Ears,
 That, Calf like, they my Lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd Briers, sharp Furzes, pricking Goss and Thorns
 Which enter'd their frail Shins: At last I left them
 Ith' filthy and mantled Pool beyond your Cell,
 There dancing up to th' Chins, that the foul Lake
 O'er stunk their Feet.

Pro. This was well done, my Bird;
 Thy Shape invisible retain thou still;
 The Trumpery in my House, go bring it hither,
 And I'll catch these Thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[Exit.]

Pro. A Devil, a born Devil, on whose Nature
 Nature can never stick; on whom my Pains,
 Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And as, with Age, his Body uglier grows,
 So his Mind cankers; I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this Line.

*Enter Ariel loaden with glistening Apparel, &c. Enter
 Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind Mole may not
 Hear a Foot fall; we now are near his Cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you says a harmless *Fairy*,
 Has done little better than paid the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all Horse-piss, at which
 My Nose is in great Indignation.

Ste. So is mine: Do you hear, Monster? If I should
 Take a Displeasure against you; look you——

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy Favour still:
 Be patient, for the Prize I'll bring thee to
 Shall hood-wink this Mischance; therefore speak softly
 All's hush't as Midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our Bottles in the Pool.

Ste. There is not only Disgrace, and Dishonour in that
 Monster,

Monster, but an infinite Loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wedding:
Yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle,
Tho' I be o'er Ears for my Labour.

Cal. Prethee, my King, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the Mouth o'th' Cell; no Nose, and no Enter;
Do that good Mischief which may make this Island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy Foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy Hand;
I do begin to have bloody Thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*!
Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou Fool, it is but Trash.

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

Ste. Put off that Gown, *Trinculo*, by this
have that Gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The Dropsie drown this Fool; what do you mean
To doat thus on such Luggage? Let's alone,
And do the Murder first: If he awake,
From Toe to Crown he'll fill our Skins with Pinches;
Make us strange Stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, Monster. Mistress Line, is not this
my Jerkin? Now is the Jerkin under the Line: Now Jer-
kin you are like to lose your Hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by Line and Level, and't like
your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that Jest, here's a Garment for't;
Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steal by Line and Level, is an excellent Pass
of Pate; there's another Garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come put some Lime upon your Fin-
gers, and away with the rest.

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

Ste. Monster, lay to your Fingers; help to bear this
away, where my Hogshead of Wine is, or I'll turn you
out of my Kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin.

Trin. And this,

Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey

Ari. Silver, silver, goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there Tyrant, there; hark, hark; Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their joints With dry Convulsions, shorten up their Sinews With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them, Than Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this Hour Lie at my Mercy all mine Enemies: Shortly shall all my Labours end, and thou shalt have the Air at Freedom; for a little time I do my Service.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Prospero in his Magick Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. **N**OW does my Project gather to a head; My Charms crack not; my Spirits obey, and Goes upright with his Carriage: How's the Day? (Time

Ari. On the sixth Hour, at which time, my Lord, You said our Work should cease.

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

Ari. Confin'd together In the same Fashion as you gave in charge, Just as you left them, all Prisoners. Sir, In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your Cell. They cannot budge 'till you release. The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted; And the remainder mourning over them, Brim-ful of Sorrow and Dismay; but chiefly Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo. His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter Drops

From

From Eaves of Reeds; your Charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your Affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but *Ariel*, Feeling
Of their Afflictions, and shall not my self,
One of their Kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high Wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler Reason, 'gainst my Fury,
Do I take part; the rarer Action is
In Virtue than in Vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole Drift of my Purpose doth extend
Not a Frown further: Go release them, *Ariel*;
My Charms I'll break, their Senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, standing Lakes and Groves,
And ye that on the Sands with printless Foot
Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you Demy Puppets that
By Moon shine do the green four Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites; and you whose Pastime
Is to make Midnight Mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn Curfew, by whose Aid,
Weak Masters that ye be, I have be-dimm'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War; To the dread rattling Thunder
Have I given Fire, and risted *Jove's* stout Oak
With his own Bolt: The strong bas'd Promontory
Have I made Shake, and by the Spurs pluckt up
The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my Command
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Musick, which even now I do,
To work mine End upon their Senses, that
This airy Charm is for, I'll break my Staff,
Bury it certain Fathoms in the Earth,

And

And deeper than did ever Plummet sound
I'll drown my Book.

(Solemn Musick.)

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick
Gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio,
in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco.*

*They all enter the Circle which Prospero had made, and
there stand charmed, which Prospero observing, speaks:*

A solemn Air, and the best Comforter
To an unquieted Fancy, cure thy Brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy Skull; there stand,
For you are spell-stop.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable Man,
Mine Eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowy Drops: The Charm dissolves apace,
And as the Morning steals upon the Night,
Melting the Darknefs, so their rising Senses

shall chase the ignorant Fumes that mantle
Thy clearer Reason. O good Gonzalo,

My true Preserver, and a loyal Sir

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy Graces

Home both in Word and Deed. Most cruelly

Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me, and my Daughter:

Thy Brother was a Furtherer in the Act;

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*. Flesh and Blood,

You, Brother mine, that entertain'd Ambition,

Expell'd Remorse and Nature, who with *Sebastian*,

Whose inward Pinches therefore are most strong,

Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,

Unnatural tho' thou art. Their Understanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching Tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable Shore,

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me; *Ariel*,

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell;

I will discase me, and myself present,

As I was sometime *Millan*: Quickly, Spirit;

Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I:

In a Cowslip's Bed I lie:

There I couch when Owls do cry,

On the Bat's Back I do fly

After Summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee
But yet thou shalt have Freed *Sir* so.

To the King's Ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the Mariners asleep
Under the Hatches; the Master and the Boatwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this Place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the Air before me, and return
Or e'er your Pulse twice beat. *(Exit.)*

Gon. All Torment, Trouble, Wonder and Amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly Power guide us
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Millan*, *Prospero*:
For more Assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy Body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty Welcome.

Alon. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted Trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy Pulse
Beats as of Flesh and Blood, and since I saw thee
Th' Affliction of my Mind amends, with which
I fear a Madness held me; this must crave,
And if this be at all, a most strange Story:
The Dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my Wrongs; But how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine Age, whose Honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

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

Pro. You do yet taste
Some Subtilties o' th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my Friends all;
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness frown upon you,

And

And justify you Traitors; at this time
I will tell no Tales.

Seb. The Devil speaks in him.

Pro. No!

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call Brother
Would even infect my Mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest Breaches; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest *Prospero*,
Give us Particulars of thy Preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three Hours since
Were wrackt upon this Shore? where I have lost,
(How sharp the Point of this Remembrance is!)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am wo for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the Loss, and Patience
Says it's past her Cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not fought her Help, of whose soft Grace,
For the like Loss, I have her Sovereign Aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like Loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable
To make the dear Loss, have I Means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my Daughter.

Alon. A Daughter?

O Heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that Oozy Bed
Where my Son lies. When did you lose your Daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this Encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their Reason, and scarce think
Their Eyes do Offices of Truth, their Words
Are natural Breath; but howsoever you have
Been justified from your Senses, known for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millan*, who most strangely
Upon this Shore, where you were wrack't, was landed
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a Chronicle of Day by Day;

Not

Not a Relation for a Breakfast, nor
 Besitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
 This Cell's my Court; here have I few Attendants,
 And Subjects none abroad; pray you look in;
 My Dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least, bring forth a Wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my Dukedom.

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

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest Love.

I would not for the World.

Mira. Yes, for a score of Kingdoms you should wrangle
 And I would call it fair Play. [gle.

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

Seb. A most high Miracle.

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

Alon. Now all the Blessings
 Of a glad Father compass thee about;
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! Wonder!

How many goodly Creatures are there here?
 How beautiful Mankind is! O brave new World,
 That has such People in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this Maid with whom thou wast at play?
 Your eld'st Acquaintance cannot be three Hours,
 Is she the Goddess that hath serv'd us,
 And brought us thus together.

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine;
 I chose her when I could not ask my Father
 For his Advice; nor thought I had one: She
 Is Daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard Renown,
 But never saw before; of whom I have
 Receiv'd a second Life; and second Father.
 This Lady makes him to me.

Alon.

Alon. I am hers ;
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my Child Forgiveness ?

Pro. There, Sir, stop,
Let us not burthen our Remembrance with
An Heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have for this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this Couple drop a blessed Crown :
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the Way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Millan*, thrust from *Millan*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples* ! O rejoice
Beyond a common Joy, and set it down
With Gold on lasting Pillars : In one Voyage
Did *Claribel* her Husband find a *Tunis* ;
And *Ferdinand* her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himself was lost ; *Prospero*, his Dukedom,
In a poor Isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no Man was his own.

Alon. Give me your Hands :
Let Grief and Sorrow still embrace his Heart,
That doth not wish you Joy.

Gon. Be it so, *Amen*.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look Sir, look Sir, here is more of us !
I prophesy'd, if a Gallows were on Land
This Fellow could no drown : Now, Blasphemy,
That swear't Grace o'er-board, not an Oath on Shore.
Hast thou no Mouth by Land ?
What is the News ?

Boatsf. The best News is that we have safely found
Our King and Company ; the next, our Ship,
Which but three Glasses since we gave our split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ari. Sir, all this Service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alon. These are not natural Events ; they strengthen
From strange to strange : Say, how came you hither ? *Bo.*

Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you: We were dead or sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under Hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several Noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling Chains;
And more diversity of Sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at Liberty;
Where we, in all our Trim, found our Ship;
Our royal, good, and gallant Ship; our Master
Capring to eye her; on a trice, to please you,
Even in a Dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a Maze as e'er Men trod,
And there is in this business more than Nature
Was ever Conduct of; some Oracle
Must rectify our Knowledge.

Pro. Sir, Liege,
Do not infest your Mind with beating on
The strangeness of this Business; at pickt Leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd Accidents; 'till when, be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, Spirit,
Set *Caliban* and his Companions free:

Untie the Spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every Man shift for all the rest, and let
No Man take care for himself; for all is
But Fortune, *Coragio*, Bully-Monster, *Coragio*.

Trin. If these be true Spies which I wear in my Head,
Here's a goodly Sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeed!
How fine my Master is! I am fraid.
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*!
Will Money buy 'em?

Ant.

Ant. Very like ; one of 'em ?

Is a plain Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the Badges of these Men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true : This mishapen Knave,
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs,
And heal in her Command without her Power :
These three have woo'd me, and this Demy-Devil,
For he's a Bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my Life ; two of these Fellows you
Must know and own, this thing of Darknes I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to Death.

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

Seb. He is drunk now :

Where had he the Wine ?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe ; where should they
Get this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em ?
How can it thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never be out of my Bones :
I shall not fear 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'th' Isle, Sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his Shape : Go, Sirrah, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions ; as you look
To have my Pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for Grace. What a thrice double Ass
Was I to take this Drunkard for a God ?
And worship this dull Fool ?

Pro. Go to, away.

[found it.]

Alon. Hence, and bestow your Luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cell ; where you shall take your Rest
For this one Night, which, Part of it, I'll waste
With such Discourse, as I not doubt shall make 't
Go quick away ; the Story of my Life,

And

And the particular Accidents gone by
 Since I came to this Isle : and in the Morn
 I'll bring you to your Ship ; and so to Naples.
 Where I have hope to see the Nuptials
 Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ;
 And thence retire me to my Millan, where
 Every third Thought shall be *Gr.*

Alon. I long

To hear the Story of your Life, which must
 Take the Ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm Seasons, auspicious Gales,
 And Sail so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your Royal Fleet far off : My *Ariel*, Chick,
 This is thy Charge ; then to the Elements
 Be free, and fare thou well. Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my Charms are all o'er-thrown,
 And what Strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint : Now 'tis true
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or send to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my Dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the Deceiver, dwell
 In this bare Island by your Spell ;
 But release me from my Bands,
 With the help of your good Hands.
 Gentle Breath of yours, my Sails
 Must fill, or else my Project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, Art to enchant ;
 And my ending is Despair,
 Unless I be reliev'd by Prayer ;
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy it self, and frees all Faults.
 As you from Crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your Indulgence set me free.

F I N I S.