THE TEMPEST.

by

WILLIAM SHAKEPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623
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The Tempest

A1

Actus primus, Scena prima.

2 A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter
3 a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.
4 Master.
5 Boteswaine.
6 Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?
7 Mast. Good: Speake to th’ Mariners: fall
too’t, yarely, or we run our selues a ground,
8 bestirre, bestirre. Exit.
9 Enter Mariners.
10 Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
11 yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th’ Masters
12 whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome e-nough.
13 Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando,
14 Gonzalo, and others.
15 Alon. Good Boteswaine haue care: where’s the Ma-ster?
16 Play the men.
17 Botes. I pray now keepe below.
18 Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?
19 Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour,
20 Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.
21 Gonz. Nay, good be patient.
22 Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa-rers
23 for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble
24 vs not.
25 Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboord.
26 Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are
27 a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to si-lence,
28 and worke the peace of the present, wee will not
29 hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot,
30 giue thanks you haue liu’d so long, and make your
31 selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the
32 houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our
33 way I say. Exit.
34 Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks
35 he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion
36 is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han-ging,
37 make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
38 owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang’d, our case is miserable. Exit.

Enter Boteswaine.

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

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

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

Sebas. A poxe o’your throat, you bawling, blasphe-mous incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

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

Gonz. I’le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nut- shell, and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

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

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

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

Sebas. I’am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,

This wide- chopt- rascall, would thou mightst lye drow- ning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee’l be hang’d yet,

Though euery drop of water sweare against it,

And gape at widst to glut him. A confused noyse within.

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,

Farewell brother: we split, we split.

Anth. Let’s all sinke with’ King

Seb. Let’s take leaue of him. Exit.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. Exit.
Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you have put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th’ welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell (Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash’d all to pieces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish’d.
Had I bryn any God of power, I would Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere It should the good Ship so haue swallow’d, and The fraughting Soules within her.

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart there’s no harme done.

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

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

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

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

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

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

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

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

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

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelue yere since (Miranda) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Millaine and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was’t we did?
By fowle- play (as thou saist) were we heau’d thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth’ teene that I haue turn’d you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;
My brother and thy vncele, call’d Anthonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou’d, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
171 And to my State grew stranger, being transported
172 And rapt in secret studies, thy false uncle
173 (Do’st thou attend me?)
174    Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
175    Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suites,
176 how to deny them: who t’ aduance, and who
177 To trash for ouer- topping; new created
178 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang’d ’em,
179 Or els new form’d ’em; hauing both the key,
180 Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i’th state
181 To what tune pleas’d his ear, that now he was
182 The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
183 And suckt my verdure out on’t: Thou attend’st not?
184    Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
185    Pros. I pray thee marke me:
186 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
187 To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
188 with that, which but by being so retir’d
189 Ore- priz’d all popular rate: in my false brother
190 Awak’d an euill nature, and my trust
191 Like a good parent, did beget of him
192 A falsehood in it’s contrarie, as great
193 As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
194 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
195 Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
196 But what my power might els exact. Like one
197 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
198 Made such a synner of his memorie
199 To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
200 He was indeed the Duke, out o’th’ Substitution
201 And executing th’ outward face of Roialtie
202 With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
203 Do’st thou heare ?
204    Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.
205    Pros. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
206 And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
207 Absolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
208 Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
209 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
210 (so drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
211 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
212 Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
213 The Dukedom yet vnbow’d (alas poore Millaine)
214 To most ignoble stooping.
215    Mira. Oh the heauens:
216    Pros. Marke his condition, and th’ euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

_Mira._ I should sinne

To thinke but Noblie of my Grand- mother,

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

_Pro._ Now the Condition.

This King of _Naples_ being an Enemy

To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,

Which was, That he in lieu o’th’ premises,

Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire _Millaine_

With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon

A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid- night

Fated to th’ purpose, did _Anthonio_ open

The gates of _Millaine_, and ith’ dead of darkenesse

The ministers for th’ purpose hurried thence

Me, and thy crying selfe.

_Mir._ Alack, for pitty:

I not remembiring how I cride out then

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes too’t.

_Pro._ Heare a little further,

And then I’le bring thee to the present businesse

Which now’s vpon’$: without the which, this Story

Were most impertinent.

Wherefore did they not

That howre destroy vs?

_Pro._ Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,

So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set

A marke so blody on the businesse; but

With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.

In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,

Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared

A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg’d,

Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats

Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs

To cry to th’ Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh

To th’ windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe

Did vs but louing wrong.

_Mir._ Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

_Pro._ O, a Cherubin

Thou was’t that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heauen,

When I haue deck’d the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan’d, which rais’d in me
An vndergoing stomache, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

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

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea- sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu’d, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for’t. And now I pray you Sir,
For still ’tis beating in my minde; your reason

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

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

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

Ar. To euyer Article.

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

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?
Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung’d in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand
With haire vp- staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that’s my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?
Ar. Close by, my Master.
Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?
Ar. Not a haire perishd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue dispersd them ’bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o’th’ Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still- vext Bermoothes, there she’s hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep; and for the rest o’th’ Fleet [A2v
(Which I dispers’d) they all haue met againe,
And are vpnon the Mediterranean Flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

_Pro._ Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform’d; but there’s more worke:
What is the time o’th’ day?

_Ar._ Past the mid season.

_Pro._ At least two Glasses: the time ’twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.
_Ar._ Is there more toyle? Since y dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis’d,
Which is not yet perform’d me.
_Pro._ How now? moodie?

What is’t thou canst demand?
_Ar._ My Libertie.

_Pro._ Before the time be out? no more:
_Ar._ I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy servise,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv’d
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

_Pro._ Do’st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?    _Ar._ No.

_Pro._ Thou do’st: & thinkst it much to tread y Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vp on the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o’th’ earth
When it is bak’d with frost.
_Ar._ I doe not Sir.

_Pro._ Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch _Sycorax_, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?
_Ar._ No Sir.

_Pro._ Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:
_Ar._ Sir, in _Argier._

_Pro._ Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn’d Witch _Sycorax_
For mischieves manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from _Argier_
Thou know’st was banish’d: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true?    _Ar._ I, Sir.

_Pro._ This blew ey’d hag, was hither brought with _child,
And here was left by th’ Saylors; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthly, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmitigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison’d, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di’d,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill- wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag- borne) not honour’d with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keepe in servise, thou best know’st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer- angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn’d, which Sycorax
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu’d, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cal. within. There’s wood enough within.

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

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

Pro. Thou poysenous slaue, got by y diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush’d
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

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

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island’s mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak’st from me: when thou cam’st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in’t: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou’d thee
And shew’d thee all the qualities o’th’ Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine- pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs’d be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty- me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o’th’ Island. [A3

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

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would’t had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel’d else
This Isle with Calibans.

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

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on’t
Is, I know how to curse: the red- plague rid you
For learning me your language.

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

Cal. No, ’pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow’r,
It would controll my Dams god Setebos,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slaue, hence. Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curtsied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waues whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch- Dogges barke,
bowgh- wawgh.
At. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere
cry cockadiddle- dow.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I’th aire, or th’ earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o’th’ Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it’s sweet ayre: thence I haue follow’d it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but ’tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
539 Ariell Song. Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
540 Of his bones are Corrall made:
541 Those are pearles that were his eies,
542 Nothing of him that doth fade,
543 But doth suffer a Sea-change
544 Into something rich, & strange:
545 Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
546 Burthen: ding dong.
547 Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
548 Fer. The Ditty do’s remember my drown’d father,
549 This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
550 That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
551 Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
552 And say what thou see’st yond.
553 Mirá. What is’t a Spirit?
554 Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
555 It carries a braue forme. But ’tis a spirit.
556 Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
557 As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
558 Was in the wracke: and but hee’s something stain’d
559 With greefe (that’s beauties canker) y might’st call him
560 A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
561 And strayes about to finde ’em.
562 Mir. I might call him
563 A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
564 I euer saw so Noble.
565 Pro. It goes on I see
566 As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
567 Within two dayes for this.
568 Fer. Most sure the Godsesse
569 On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray’r
570 May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
571 And that you will some good instruction giue
572 How I may beare me heere: my prime request
573 (Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
574 If you be Mayd, or no?
575 Mir. No wonder Sir,
576 But certainly a Mayd.
577 Fer. My Language? Heauens:
578 I am the best of them that speake this speech,
579 Were I but where ’tis spoken.
580 Pro. How? the best?
581 What wer’t thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
582 Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
583 To heare thee speake of Naples: he do’s heare me,
584 And that he do’s, I weep: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack’t.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

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

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

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

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

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

Fer. No, as I am a man.

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

Pro. Follow me. [A3v

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

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

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

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

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

*Mira.* Beseech you Father.

*Pros.* Hence: hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir haue pity,
Ile be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think’st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench,

To th’ most of men, this is a *Caliban,*
And they to him are Angels.

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

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

*Fer.* So they are:

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o’th’ Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

*Pros.* It workes: Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell:* follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

*Mira.* Be of comfort,

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

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

*Ariell.* To th’ syllable.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause, (So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife, The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle, (I meane our preseruation) few in millions Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alons. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

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

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

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

Seb. A dollor.

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

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

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

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

Alon. I pre- thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,

First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you’r paid.

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse’t.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks?

Ant. How green?

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

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

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

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

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

Seb. As many voicht varieties are.

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

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

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report. [A4

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

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

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Pa-ragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said Widdower Aeneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

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

Gon. This Tunis Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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.

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

Why in good time.

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

And the rarest that ere came there.

Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido.

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

That sort was well fish’d for.

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

Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the surges vnder him,

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

No, no, hee’s gone.

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

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

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

Seb. Very well. Ant. And most Chirurgeoonly.

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


Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee’d sow’t with Nettle- seed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

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

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

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

Seb. Yet he would be King on’t.

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

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

Seb. No marrying ’mong his subiects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection gourne Sir:
’ Excell the Golden Age.


Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

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

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

Ant. ’Twas 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 giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat- long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

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 discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselues) shut yp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin’d to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir, Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter. [A4v

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,

While you take your rest, and watch your safety.


Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o’th’ Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye- lids sinke? I finde Not my selfe dispos’d to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent They dropt, as by a Thunder- stroke: what might Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:

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

What thou should’st be: th’ occasion speaks thee, and My strong imagination see’s a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak’st Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:

And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let’st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink’st
Whilest thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly,

There’s meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you

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

Trebbles thee o’er.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whilest thus you mocke it: how in stripping it

You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. ’Pre- thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth’d, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee’s a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne’s alive,

’Tis as impossible that hee’s undrown’d,

As he that sleepe here, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee’s undrown’d.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

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

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown’d.

Seb. He’s gone.

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

Seb. Claribell.

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

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples

Can haue no note, vnslesse the Sun were post:

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

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

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

(And by that destiny) to performe an act
947 Whereof, what’s past is Prologue; what to come
948 In yours, and my discharge.
949  Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
950  ’Tis true my brothers daughter’s Queene of Tunis,
951  So is she heyre of Naples, ’twixt which Regions
952  There is some space.
953  Ant. A space, whose eu’ry cubit
954  Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell
955  Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,
956  And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
957  That now hath seiz’d them, why they were no worse
958  Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
959  As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate
960  As amply, and vnnecessarily
961  As this Gonzallo: I my selfe could make
962  A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
963  The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
964  For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?
965  Seb. Me thinkes I do.
966  Ant. And how do’s your content
967  Tender your owne good fortune?
968  Seb. I remember
969  You did supplant your Brother Prospero.
970  Ant. True:
971  And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
972  Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
973  Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
974  Seb. But for your conscience.
975  Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If ’twere a kybe
976  ’Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
977  This Deity in my bosome: ’Twentie consciences
978  That stand ’twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,
979  And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
980  No better then the earth he lies vpon,
981  If he were that which now hee’s like (that’s dead)
982  Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
983  Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
984  To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
985  This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
986  Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
987  They’l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
988  They’l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
989  We say befits the houre.
990  Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
991  Shall be my president: As thou got’st Millaine,
992  I’le come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall loue thee.

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

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keepe them liuing.
Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snoaring lie,
Open- ey’d Conspiracie
His time doth take: [A5
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What’s the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did’t not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.
Alo. I heard nothing.

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

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak’d you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That’s verily: ’tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let’s draw our weapons.
Alo. Lead off this ground & let’s make further search
For my poore sonne.

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

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue [done.
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. Exeunt.
Scoena Secunda.

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

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By ynych- meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn- shewes, pitch me i’th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire- brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid ’em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg- hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare- foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot- fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, Enter Trinculo.
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I’le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here’s neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing ith’ winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his
liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a
very ancient and fish- like smell: a kinde of, not of the
newest poore- John: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holiday- foole there but would gue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not gue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead Indian: Leg’d like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o’my troth: I doe now let loose my o-pinion;
hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islan-der,
that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-der
his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-bout:
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-lowes:
I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme
be past.
Enter Stephano singing.
Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.*

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

Sings. *The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I; The Gunner, and his Mate*  
*Lou’d Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,*  
*But none of vs car’d for Kate.*  
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*  
*Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:*  
*She lou’d not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,*  
*Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.*  
*Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.*

This is a scuruy tune too:

But here’s my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. *What’s the matter?*

Haue we diuels here?

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

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

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

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

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

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

Ste. *Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you 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 againe.*
Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be, [A5v

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O de-fend me.

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

Tri. Stephano.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ste. How did’st thou scape?

How cam’st thou hither?

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

Cal. I’le swearre vpon that Bottle, to be thy true sub-iect,
for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: swearre then how thou escap’dst.

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

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.

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

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

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke  

by th’ sea- side, where my Wine is hid:  

How now Moone- Calfe, how do’s thine Ague?  

Cal. Ha’st thou not dropt from heauen?  

Ste. Out o’th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the  

Man ith’ Moone, when time was.  

Cal. I haue scene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:  

My Mistris shew’d me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.  

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will  

furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.  

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Mon-ster:  

I afrued of him? a very weake Monster:  

The Man ith’ Moone?  

A most poore creadulous Monster:  

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.  

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynch o’th Island: and  

I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.  

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken  

Monster, when’s god’s a sleepe he’ll rob his Bottle.  

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

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.  

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi- hea-ded  

Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in  

my heart to beate him.  

Ste. Come, kisse.  

Tri. But that the poore Monster’s in drinke:  

An abhominable Monster.  

Cal. I’le shew thee the best Springs: I’le plucke thee  

Berries: I’le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.  

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;  

I’le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou  

wondrous man.  

Tri. A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of  

a poore drunkard.  

Cal. I’prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;  

and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig- nuts;  

show thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare  

the nimble Marmazet: I’le bring thee to clustring  

Philbirts, and sometimes I’le get thee young Scamels  

from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?  

Ste. I pre’thee now lead the way without any more  

talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company else  

being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my  

Bottle: Fellow Trinculo; we’ll fill him by and by a-gaine.
Caliban Sings drunkenly.
Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.
Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.
Cal. No more dams I’le make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban’ ban’ Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day,
freedome.
Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)
Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what’s dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father’s crabbed;
And he’s compos’d of harshnesse. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest, when I doe it. Enter Miranda | and Prospero.
Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
’Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,  [A6
Hee’s safe for these three houres.
Fer. O most deere Mistris
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must striue to do.
Mir. If you’l sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

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

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

Mir. You looke wearily.

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

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

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

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

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer
The flesh- flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.

The verie instant that I saw you, did
1311 My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
1312 To make me slaue to it, and for your sake
1313 Am I this patient Logge- man.
1314   Mir. Do you loue me?
1315   Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
1316 And crowne what I professe with kinde euent
1317 If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert
1318 What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,
1319 Beyond all limit of what else i’th world
1320 Do loue, prize, honor you.
1321   Mir. I am a foole
1322 To weepe at what I am glad of.
1323   Pro. Faire encounter
1324 Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace
1325 On that which breeds betweene ’em.
1326   Fer. Wherefore weepe you?
1327   Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
1328 What I desire to giue; and much lesse take
1329 What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
1330 And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
1331 The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
1332 And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
1333 I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
1334 If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
1335 You may deny me, but Ile be your seruant
1336 Whether you will or no.
1337   Fer. My Mistris (deerest)
1338 And I thus humble euer.
1339   Mir. My husband then?
1340   Fer. I, with a heart as willing
1341 As bondage ere of freedome: heere’s my hand.
1342   Mir. And mine, with my heart in’t; and now farewel
1343 Till halfe an houre hence.
1344   Fer. A thousand, thousand. Exeunt.
1345   Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
1346 Who are surpriz’d with all; but my reioycing
1347 At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
1348 For yet ere supper time, must I performe
1349 Much businesse appertaining. Exit.
Scoena Secunda.

1351 Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.
1352    Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
1353    water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord
1354    em’ Servant Monster, drinke to me.
1355    Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
1356    say there’s but fiue vpon this Isle; we are three of them,
1357    if th’ other two be brain’d like vs, the State totters.
1358    Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy
1359    eies are almost set in thy head.
1360    Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a
1361    braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.
1362    Ste. My man- Monster hath drown’d his tongue in
1363    sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam
1364    ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues
1365    off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant
1366    Monster, or my Standard.
1367    Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee’s no standard.
1368    Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster.
1369    Trin. Nor go neither: but you’l lie like dogs, and yet
1370    say nothing neither.
1371    Ste. Moone- calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
1372    a good Moone- calfe.
1373    Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe:
1374    Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.
1375    Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case
1376    to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh’d Fish thou,
1377    was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
1378    Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
1379    but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?
1380    Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my
1381    Lord?   [A6v
1382    Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such
1383    a Naturall?
1384    Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.
1385    Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If
1386    you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Mon-ster’s
1387    my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.
1388    Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas’d
1389    to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?
1390    Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
1391    I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.
1392    Enter Ariell inuisible.
1393    Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant,
1394    A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in’s tale,

By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle

From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will

Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar’st)

But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That’s most certaine.

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

Ste. How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

What a py’de Ninnie’s this? Thou scuruy patch:

I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,

And take his bottle from him: When that’s gone,

He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him

Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:

Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this

hand, Ile turne my mercie out o’ doores, and make a

Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:

Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,

As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o’your wittes, and

hearing too?

A pox o’your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:

A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your

fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand

further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time

Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come procee. 
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee’l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non- pareill: I neuer saw a woman
But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax,
As great’st do’s least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

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

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

Trin. Excellent.

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

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

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

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

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

Sings.

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

Cal. That’s not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:
If thou beest a diuell, take’t 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. No Monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afraid, the Isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
The clouds 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 Musicke 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. Will come?
I'll follow Stephano. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[B1]
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.
Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeed
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes must rest me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attache'd with wearinesse
To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
1528 Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
1529 That you resolu’d t’ effect.
1530 Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.
1531 Ant. Let it be to night,
1532 For now they are oppress’d with trauaile, they
1533 Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
1534 As when they are fresh.
1535 Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inui-sible:)
1536 Enter seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket;
1537 and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and
1538 inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.
1539 Seb. I say to night: no more.
1540 Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.
1541 Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke.
1542 Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heauen: what were these?
1543 Seb. A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleue
1544 That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia
1545 There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
1546 At this houre reigning there.
1547 Ant. Ile beleue both:
1548 And what do’s else want credit, come to me
1549 And Ile besworne ’tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
1550 Though fooles at home condemne ’em.
1551 Gon. If in Naples
1552 I should report this now, would they beleue me?
1553 If I should say I saw such Islands;
1554 (For certes, these are people of the Island)
1555 Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
1556 Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
1557 Our humaine generation you shall finde
1558 Many, nay almost any.
1559 Pro. Honest Lord,
1560 Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
1561 Are worse then diuels.
1562 Al. I cannot too much muse
1563 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
1564 (Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde
1565 Of excellent dumbe discourse.
1566 Pro. Praise in departing.
1567 Fr. They vanish’d strangely.
1568 Seb. No matter, since
1569 They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto-{|macks.
1570 Wilt please you taste of what is here?
1571 Alo. Not I.
1572 Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were |{Boyes
1573 Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,
1574 Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at ’em
1575 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
1576 Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde
1577 Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
1578 Good warrant of.
1579  *Al.* I will stand to, and feede,
1580 Although my last, no matter, since I feele
1581 The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
1582 Stand too, and doe as we.
1583 *Thunder and Lightning.* Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps
1584 *his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the*
1585 *Banquet vanishes.*
1586  *Ar.* You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
1587 That hath to instrument this lower world,
1588 And what is in’t: the neuer surfeited Sea,
1589 Hath caus’d to belch vp you: and on this Island,
1590 Where man doth not inhabit, you ’mongst men,
1591 Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
1592 And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
1593 Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
1594 Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
1595 Of whom your swords are temper’d, may as well
1596 Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt- at- Stabs
1597 Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
1598 One dowle that’s in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
1599 Are like- invulnerable: if you could hurt,
1600 Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
1601 And will not be vplifted: But remember
1602 (For that’s my businesse to you) that you three
1603 From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero,*
1604 Expos’d vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
1605 Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
1606 The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
1607 Incens’d the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
1608 Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
1609 They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
1610 Lingring perdition (worse then any death
1611 Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
1612 You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
1613 Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
1614 Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts- sorrow,
1615 And a cleere life ensuing.
1616 *He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the*
1617 *shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and moves) and*
1618 *carrying out the Table.*
1619  *Pro.* Brauely the figure of this *Harpie,* hast thou
1620 Perform’d (my Ariell) a grace it had deuouring:
1621 Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
1622 In what thou had’st to say: so with good life,
1623 And observation strange, my meane ministers
1624 Their seuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
1625 And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
1626 In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
1627 And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit
1628 Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun’d)
1629 And his, and mine lou’d darling.
1630  Gon. I’th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
1631 In this strange stare?
1632  Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
1633 Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
1634 The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
1635 (That deepe and dreadfull Organ- Pipe) pronounc’d
1636 The name of Prosper: it did base my Trespasse,
1637 Therefore my Sonne i’th Ooze is bedded; and
1638 I’le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
1639 And with him there lye mudded. Exit.
1640  Seb. But one feend at a time,
1641 Ile fight their Legions ore.  [B1v
1642  Ant. Ile be thy Second. Exeunt.
1643  Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
1644 (Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
1645 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
1646 (That are of supplier ioynts) follow them swiftly,
1647 And hinder them from what this extasie
1648 May now prouoke them to.
1649  Ad. Follow, I pray you. Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

1651 Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.
1652  Pro. If I haue too austerely punish’d you,
1653 Your compensation makes amends, for I
1654 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
1655 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
1656 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
1657 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
1658 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
1659 I ratifie this my rich guift: O Ferdinand,
1660 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
1661 For thou shalt finde she will out- strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeue it

Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition

Worthily purchas’d, take my daughter: But

If thou do’st breake her Virgin- knot, before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy right, be ministred,

No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall

To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,

Sower- ey’d disdaine, and discord shall bestrew

The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly

That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,

As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,

With such loue, as ’tis now the murkiest den,

The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,

Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt

Mine honor into lust, to take away

The edge of that dayes celebration,

When I shall thinke, or Phoebus Steeds are founderd,

Or Night kept chain’d below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;

Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;

What Ariell; my industrious serua[n]t Ariell. Enter Ariell.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice

Did worthily performe: and I must vse you

In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble

(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:

Incite them to quicke motion, for I must

Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple

Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,

And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,

And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:

Each one tripping on his Toe,

Will be here with mop, and mowe.

Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach

Till thou do’st heare me call.


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

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

Pro. Well.
Now come my Ariell, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit: appear, & pertly. Soft musick.

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

Cer. Haile, many- coloured Messenger, that nere
Do’st disobey the wife of Iupiter:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest honie drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do’st crowne
My boskic acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras’d Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles’d Louers.
Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do’st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie Dis, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind- Boyes scandald company,
I haue forsworne.
Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her; here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymens Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

_Cer._ Highest Queene of State,
Great _Iuno_ comes, I know her by her gate
_Iu._ How do’s my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. _They sing._

_Iu._ Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
_Hourelly ioyes, be still vpon you, _[B2
_Iuno_ sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
_Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty._
_Vines, with clustring buncbes growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Haruest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.
_Fer._ This is a most maiestick vision, and
Harmonious charmissly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?
_Pro._ Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call’d to enact
My present fancies.
_Fer._ Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.
_Pro._ Sweet now, silence:
_Iuno_ and _Ceres_ whisper seriously,
There’s something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar’d.
_Iuno_ and _Ceres_ whisper, and send _Iris_ on employment.
_Iris._ You Nymphs cald _Nayades_ of y windring brooks,
With your sedg’d crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this green-Land
Answere your summons, _Iuno_ do’s command.
Come temperate _Nimphes_, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.
Enter Certaine _Nimphes_.

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1754 Doue- drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
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1756 Whose vowes are, that no bed- right shall be paid
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1799 Enter Certaine _Nimphes_.

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1800    You Sun-burn’d Sicklemen of August weary,  
1801    Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,  
1802    Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,  
1803    And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one  
1804    In Country footing.  
1805    Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with  
1806    the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-of,  
1807    Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a  
1808    strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.  
1809    Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy  
1810    Of the beast Calliban, and his confederates  
1811    Against my life: the minute of their plot  
1812    Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.  
1813    Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion  
1814    That workes him strongly.  
1815    Mir. Neuer till this day  
1816    Saw I him touch’d with anger, so distemper’d.  
1817    Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou’d sort,  
1818    As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,  
1819    Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,  
1820    (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and  
1821    Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
1822    And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision  
1823    The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
1824    The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,  
1825    Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
1826    And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded  
1827    Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe  
1828    As dreames are made on; and our little life  
1829    Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,  
1830    Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:  
1831    Be not disturb’d with my infirmitie,  
1832    If you be pleas’d, retire into my Cell,  
1833    And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke  
1834    To still my beating minde.  
1835    Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. Exit.  
1836    Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariell: come.  
1837    Enter Ariell.  
1838    Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what’s thy pleasure?  
1839    Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.  
1840    Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres  
1841    I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear’d  
1842    Least I might anger thee.  
1843    Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?  
1844    Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,  
1845    So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback’t colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc’d their eye- lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm’d their eares
That Calfe- like, they my lowing follow’d, through
Tooth’d briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I’th’ filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th’ chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore- stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues.  Ar. I go, I goe. Exit.
Pro. A Deuill, a borne- Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.
Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.
Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.
St. Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse- pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.
Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.
Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All’s husht as midnight yet.
Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.
Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.
Tr. That’s more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o’re eares for my labour.
Cal. Pre- thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o’th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.
Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King Stephano. [B2v
Ste. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand Ile
haue that gowne.
Tri. Thy grace shall haue it.
Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you (meane
To doate thus on such luggage? let’s alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee’l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe.
Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my jerkin? how is the jerkin vnder the line: now ler-kin
you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald jerkin.
Tri. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and’t
like your grace.
Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer’s a garment for’t:
Wit shall not goe vn- rewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe
of pate: there’s another garment for’t.
Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fin-gers,
and away with the rest.
Cal. I will haue none on’t: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn’d to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.
Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.
Tri. And this.
Ste. I, and this.
A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape
of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.
Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.
Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.
Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Convultions, shorten vp their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch- spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o’ Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little

Follow, and doe me service. Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do’s my Proiect gather to a head:

My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time

Goes vpright with his carriage: how’s the day?

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord

You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais’d the Tempest: say my Spirit,

How fares the King, and’s followers?

Ar. Confin’d together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,

Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir

In the Line- groue which weather- fends your Cell,

They cannot boudge till your release: The King,

His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning ouer them,

Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term’d Sir, the good old Lord Gonzallo,

His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops

From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works ’em

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,

One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be kindlier mou’d then thou art?

Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th’ quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie

Doe I take part: the rarer Action is

In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them Ariell,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. Exit.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, sta[n]ding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chase the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy- Puppets, that
By Moone- shine doe the greene sour[e] Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight- Mushrumps, that reioyce
To heare the solemn Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn’d
The Noone- tide Sun, call’d forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur’d vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted Ioues stowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass’d promontorie
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak’d their sleepers, op’d, and let ’em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiate: and when I haue requir’d
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie- charm is for, I’le breake my staffe,
Ile drowne my booke. Solemne musick.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick ge-sture,
attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in
like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all
enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand
charm’d: which Prospero obseruing, speaks.

A solemn Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell- stopt.
Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev’n sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charm disollues apace,
And as the morning steales vpon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo
My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow’st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly [B3
Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch’d for’t now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here haue kill’d your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnatural though thou art: Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariell,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.
Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flieth
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.
Why that’s my dainty Ariell: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so,
To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre’thee.
Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate. Exit.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.
Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:
For more assurance that a liuing Prince
Do’s now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alo. Where thou bee’st he or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th’ affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero
Be liuing, and be heere?

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

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

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

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:
For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

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

Pro. I am woe for’t, Sir.

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

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

Alo. You the like losse?

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

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

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

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, play-ing
at Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.
Fer. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should |(wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.
Alo. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.
Seb. A most high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs’d them without cause.
Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam’st heere.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world [B3v
That has such people in’t.
Pro. ’Tis new to thee.
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was’t at |(play?
Your eld’st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer’d vs,
And brought vs thus together?

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

_Alo._ I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?

_Pro._ There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauinesse that’s gon.

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

_Alo._ I say _Amen_, _Gonzallo_.

_Gon._ Was _Millaine_ thrust from _Millaine_, that his Issue
Should become Kings of _Naples_? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did _Claribell_ her husband finde at _Tunis_,
And _Ferdinand_ her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: _Prospero_, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
When no man was his owne.

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

_Gon._ Be it so, _Amen_.

_Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine_ amazedly following.

_O_ looke _Sir_, looke _Sir_, here is more of vs:
I prophesi’d, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear’st Grace ore- boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

_Bot._ The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tye, and yare, and brauely rig’d, as when
We first put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this servise
Haue I done since I went.
_Pro._ My tricksey Spirit.
_Alo._ These are not naturall euents, they strengthen
_From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?
_Bot._ If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I’ld striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak’d: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
_Ar._ Was’t well done?
_Pro._ Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.
_Alo._ This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.
_Pro._ Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I’le resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set _Caliban_, and his companions free:
_Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.
Enter Ariell, driuing in _Caliban_, _Stephano_, and
_Trinculo in their stolne Apparell._
_Ste._ Euery man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: _Coragio Bully- Monster Coragio._
_Tri._ If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here’s a goodly sight.
_Cal. O Setebos_, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong

That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:

These three haue rob'd me, and this demy-duell;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:

I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

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

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

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then.

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

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter, [B4

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse

Was I to take this drunkard for a god?

And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you |(found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine

To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest

For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste

With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
2302  Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
2303  And the particular accidents, gon by
2304  Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
2305  I’le bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
2306  Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
2307  Of these our deere- belou’d, solemnized,
2308  And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
2309  Evry third thought shall be my graue.
2310    Alo. I long
2311  To heare the story of your life; which must
2312  Take the eare strangely.
2313    Pro. I’le deliuer all,
2314  And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
2315  And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
2316  Your Royall fleete farre off: My Ariel; chicke
2317  That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
2318  Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.
2319  Exeunt omnes.

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EPILOGVE,

spoken by Prospero.

2322  Now my Charmes are all ore- throwne,
2323  And what strength I haue’s mine owne.
2324  Which is most faint: now ’tis true
2325  I must be heere confinde by you,
2326  Or sent to Naples, Let me not
2327  Since I haue my Dukedome got,
2328  And pardon’d the deceiuer, dwell
2329  In this bare Island, by your Spell,
2330  But release me from my bands
2331  With the helpe of your good hands:
2332  Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
2333  Must fill, or else my proiect failes,
2334  Which was to please: Now I want
2335  Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
2336  And my ending is despaire,
2337  Vnlesse I be relieu’d by praier
2338  Which pierces so, that it assaults
2339  Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
2340  As you from crimes would pardon’d be,
2341  Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.
The Scene, an vn- inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K[ing]. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Anthonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.

Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a saluage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate- Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Iuno

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

FINIS.

THE

TEMPEST.