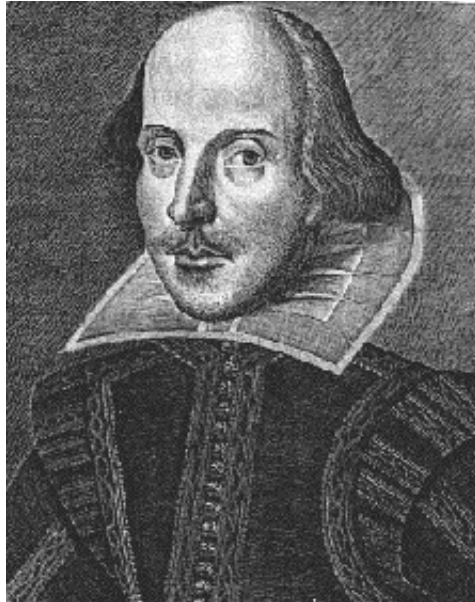


THE
TEMPEST.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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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 Bote-swaine.

6 *Botes.* Heere Master: What cheere?

7 *Mast.* Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall

8 too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground,

9 bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

10 *Enter Mariners.*

11 *Botes.* Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:

12 yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters

13 whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome e-nough.

15 *Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando,*

16 *Gonzalo, and others.*

17 *Alon.* Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Ma-ster?

18 Play the men.

19 *Botes.* I pray now keepe below.

20 *Anth.* Where is the Master, Boson?

21 *Botes.* Do you not heare him? you marre our labour,

22 Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

23 *Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

24 *Botes.* When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa-rers

25 for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble

26 vs not.

27 *Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

28 *Botes.* None that I more loue then my selfe. You are

29 a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to si-lence,

30 and worke the peace of the present, wee will not

31 hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot,

32 giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your

33 selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the

34 houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our

35 way I say. *Exit.*

36 *Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks

37 he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion

38 is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han-ging,

39 make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our

40 owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee

41 hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*
42 *Enter Boteswaine.*
43 *Botes.* Downe with the top- Mast: yare, lower, lower,
44 bring her to Try with Maine- course. A plague —
45 *A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*
46 vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
47 or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
48 giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?
49 *Sebas.* A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphe-mous
50 incharitable Dog.
51 *Botes.* Worke you then.
52 *Anth.* Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse- maker,
53 we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.
54 *Gonz.* I'le warrant him for drowning, though the
55 Ship were no stronger then a Nutt- shell, and as leaky as
56 an vnstanchd wench.
57 *Botes.* Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off
58 to Sea againe, lay her off.
59 *Enter Mariners wet.*
60 *Mari.* All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.
61 *Botes.* What must our mouths be cold?
62 *Gonz.* The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them,
63 for our case is as theirs.
64 *Sebas.* I'am out of patience.
65 *An.* We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
66 This wide- chopt- rascall, would thou mightst lye drow-ning
67 the washing of ten Tides.
68 *Gonz.* Hee'l be hang'd yet,
69 Though euery drop of water sweare against it,
70 And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
71 Mercy on vs.
72 We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
73 Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.
74 *Anth.* Let's all sinke with' King
75 *Seb.* Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*
76 *Gonz.* Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea,
77 for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne
78 firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would
79 faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

81 *Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

82 *Mira.* If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue
83 Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
84 The ſkye it ſeemes would powre down ſtinking pitch,
85 But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
86 Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue ſuffered
87 With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A braue veſſell [A1v
88 (Who had no doubt ſome noble creature in her)
89 Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
90 Againſt my very heart: poore ſoules, they periſh'd.
91 Had I byn any God of power, I would
92 Haue ſuncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
93 It ſhould the good Ship ſo haue ſwallow'd, and
94 The fraughting Soules within her.

95 *Pros.* Be collected,
96 No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
97 there's no harme done.

98 *Mira.* O woe, the day.

99 *Pros.* No harme:
100 I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
101 (Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
102 Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
103 Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
104 Then *Prospero*, Maſter of a full poore cell,
105 And thy no greater Father.
106 *Mira.* More to know
107 Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
108 *Pros.* 'Tis time
109 I ſhould informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
110 And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
111 Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
112 The direfull ſpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
113 The very vertue of compaſſion in thee:
114 I haue with ſuch prouiſion in mine Art
115 So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoule
116 No not ſo much perdition as an hayre
117 Betid to any creature in the veſſell
118 Which thou heardſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſinke: Sit [(downe,
119 For thou muſt now know farther.

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

124 *Pros.* The howr's now come

125 The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
 126 Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remember
 127 A time before we came vnto this Cell?
 128 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
 129 Out three yeeres old.
 130 *Mira.* Certainly Sir, I can.
 131 *Pros.* By what? by any other house, or person?
 132 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
 133 Hath kept with thy remembrance.
 134 *Mira.* 'Tis farre off:
 135 And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
 136 That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
 137 Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?
 138 *Pros.* Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
 139 That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
 140 In the dark- backward and Abisme of Time?
 141 Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
 142 How thou cam'st here thou maist.
 143 *Mira.* But that I doe not.
 144 *Pros.* Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,
 145 Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
 146 A Prince of power:
 147 *Mira.* Sir, are not you my Father?
 148 *Pros.* Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
 149 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
 150 Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
 151 And Princesse; no worse Issued.
 152 *Mira.* O the heauens,
 153 What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
 154 Or blessed was't we did?
 155 *Pros.* Both, both my Girle.
 156 By fowle- play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
 157 But blessedly holpe hither.
 158 *Mira.* O my heart bleedes
 159 To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
 160 Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;
 161 *Pros.* My brother and thy vncl, call'd *Anthonio*:
 162 I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
 163 Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
 164 Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
 165 The mannage of my state, as at that time
 166 Through all the signories it was the first,
 167 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
 168 In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
 169 Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
 170 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,

171 And to my State grew stranger, being transported
 172 And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncl
 173 (Do'st thou attend me?)
 174 *Mira.* Sir, most heedefully.
 175 *Pros.* Being once perfected how to graunt 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 eare, 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 yeilded,
 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 beleeeue
 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 deafenesse.
 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

217 If this might be a brother.
 218 *Mira.* I should sinne
 219 To thinke but Noblie of my Grand- mother, [A2
 220 Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.
 221 *Pro.* Now the Condition.
 222 This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
 223 To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
 224 Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
 225 Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
 226 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 227 Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
 228 With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
 229 A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid- night
 230 Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
 231 The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
 232 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
 233 Me, and thy crying selfe.
 234 *Mir.* Alack, for pittie:
 235 I not remembering how I cride out then
 236 Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
 237 That wrings mine eyes too't.
 238 *Pro.* Heare a little further,
 239 And then I'le bring thee to the present busnesse
 240 Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
 241 Were most impertinent.
 242 *Mir.* Wherefore did they not
 243 That howre destroy vs?
 244 *Pro.* Well demanded, wench:
 245 My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
 246 So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
 247 A marke so bloudy on the busnesse; but
 248 With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
 249 In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
 250 Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
 251 A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
 252 Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
 253 Instinctiuelly haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
 254 To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
 255 To th' windes, whose pittie sighing backe againe
 256 Did vs but louing wrong.
 257 *Mir.* Alack, what trouble
 258 Was I then to you?
 259 *Pro.* O, a Cherubin
 260 Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,
 261 Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
 262 When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,

263 Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
 264 An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
 265 Against what should ensue.
 266 *Mir.* How came we a shore?
 267 *Pro.* By prouidence diuine,
 268 Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
 269 A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
 270 Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
 271 Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
 272 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
 273 Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlesse
 274 Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
 275 From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
 276 I prize aboue my Dukedome.
 277 *Mir.* Would I might
 278 But euer see that man.
 279 *Pro.* Now I arise,
 280 Sit still, and heare the last of our sea- sorrow:
 281 Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
 282 Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
 283 Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
 284 For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.
 285 *Mir.* Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
 286 For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
 287 For raysing this Sea- storme?
 288 *Pro.* Know thus far forth,
 289 By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
 290 (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
 291 Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
 292 I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
 293 A most auspitious starre, whose influence
 294 If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
 295 Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
 296 Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
 297 And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
 298 Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
 299 Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel*.
 300 *Ari.* All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
 301 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 302 To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
 303 On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
 304 *Ariel*, and all his Qualitie.
 305 *Pro.* Hast thou, Spirit,
 306 Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.
 307 *Ar.* To euery Article.
 308 I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,

309 Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
 310 I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide
 311 And burne in many places; on the Top- mast,
 312 The Yards and Bore- spritt, would I flame distinctly,
 313 Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursors
 314 O'th dreadfull Thunder- claps more momentarie
 315 And sight out- running were not; the fire, and cracks
 316 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 317 Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
 318 Yea, his dread Trident shake.
 319 *Pro.* My braue Spirit,
 320 Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
 321 Would not infect his reason?
 322 *Ar.* Not a soule
 323 But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
 324 Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
 325 Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
 326 Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
 327 With haire vp- staring (then like reeds, not haire)
 328 Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
 329 And all the Diuels are heere.
 330 *Pro.* Why that's my spirit:
 331 But was not this nye shore?
 332 *Ar.* Close by, my Master.
 333 *Pro.* But are they (*Ariell*) safe?
 334 *Ar.* Not a haire perishd:
 335 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 336 But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
 337 In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
 338 The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
 339 Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
 340 In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
 341 His armes in this sad knot.
 342 *Pro.* Of the Kings ship,
 343 The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
 344 And all the rest o'th' Fleete?
 345 *Ar.* Safely in harbour
 346 Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
 347 Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
 348 From the still- vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
 349 The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
 350 Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour
 351 I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet [A2v
 352 (Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
 353 And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
 354 Bound sadly home for *Naples*,

355 Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
 356 And his great person perish.
 357 *Pro. Ariel, thy charge*
 358 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
 359 What is the time o'th' day?
 360 *Ar. Past the mid season.*
 361 *Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now*
 362 *Must by vs both be spent most preciously.*
 363 *Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y dost giue me pains,*
 364 *Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,*
 365 *Which is not yet perform'd me.*
 366 *Pro. How now? moodie?*
 367 *What is't thou canst demand?*
 368 *Ar. My Libertie.*
 369 *Pro. Before the time be out? no more:*
 370 *Ar. I prethee,*
 371 *Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,*
 372 *Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd*
 373 *Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise*
 374 *To bate me a full yeere.*
 375 *Pro. Do'st thou forget*
 376 *From what a torment I did free thee? Ar. No.*
 377 *Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread y Ooze*
 378 *Of the salt deepe;*
 379 *To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,*
 380 *To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth*
 381 *When it is bak'd with frost.*
 382 *Ar. I doe not Sir.*
 383 *Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot*
 384 *The fowle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Enuy*
 385 *Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?*
 386 *Ar. No Sir.*
 387 *Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:*
 388 *Ar. Sir, in Argier.*
 389 *Pro. Oh, was she so: I must*
 390 *Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,*
 391 *Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax*
 392 *For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible*
 393 *To enter humane hearing, from Argier*
 394 *Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did*
 395 *They wold not take her life: Is not this true? Ar. I, Sir.*
 396 *Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with |child,*
 397 *And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue,*
 398 *As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,*
 399 *And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate*
 400 *To act her earthy, and abhord commands,*

401 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
 402 By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
 403 And in her most vnmittigable rage,
 404 Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
 405 Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
 406 A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
 407 And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
 408 As fast as Mill- wheelles strike: Then was this Island
 409 (Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
 410 A frekelld whelpe, hag- borne) not honour'd with
 411 A humane shape.
 412 *Ar.* Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.
 413 *Pro.* Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
 414 Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
 415 What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
 416 Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
 417 Of euer- angry Beares; it was a torment
 418 To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
 419 Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
 420 When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
 421 The Pyne, and let thee out.
 422 *Ar.* I thanke thee Master.
 423 *Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
 424 And peg- thee in his knotty entrailes, till
 425 Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.
 426 *Ar.* Pardon, Master,
 427 I will be correspondent to command
 428 And doe my spyting, gently.
 429 *Pro.* Doe so: and after two daies
 430 I will discharge thee.
 431 *Ar.* That's my noble Master:
 432 What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
 433 *Pro.* Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
 434 Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
 435 To euery eye- ball else: goe take this shape
 436 And hither come in't: goe: hence
 437 With diligence. *Exit.*
 438 *Pro.* Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
 439 Awake.
 440 *Mir.* The strangenes of your story, put
 441 Heauinesse in me.
 442 *Pro.* Shake it off: Come on,
 443 Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
 444 Yeelds vs kinde answer.
 445 *Mir.* 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
 446 *Pro.* But as 'tis

447 We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
 448 Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
 449 That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban:*
 450 Thou Earth, thou: speake.
 451 *Cal. within.* There's wood enough within.
 452 *Pro.* Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
 453 Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-/Nymph.*
 454 Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel,*
 455 Hearke in thine eare.
 456 *Ar.* My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
 457 *Pro.* Thou poysonous slaue, got by y diuell himselfe
 458 Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
 459 *Cal.* As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
 460 With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
 461 Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
 462 And blister you all ore.
 463 *Pro.* For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
 464 Side- stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
 465 Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
 466 All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
 467 As thicke as hony- combe, each pinch more stinging
 468 Then Bees that made 'em.
 469 *Cal.* I must eat my dinner:
 470 This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
 471 Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
 472 Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
 473 Water with berries in't: and teach me how
 474 To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
 475 That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
 476 And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
 477 The fresh Springs, Brine- pits; barren place and fertill,
 478 Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
 479 Of *Sycorax:* Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
 480 For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
 481 Which first was min owne King: and here you sty- me
 482 In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
 483 The rest o'th' Island. [A3
 484 *Pro.* Thou most lying slaue,
 485 Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
 486 (Filt as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
 487 In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
 488 The honor of my childe.
 489 *Cal.* Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
 490 Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
 491 This Isle with *Calibans.*
 492 *Mira.* Abhorred Slaue,

493 Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
 494 Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
 495 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
 496 One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
 497 Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
 498 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 499 With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
 500 (Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
 501 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 502 Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
 503 Deseru'd more then a prison.
 504 *Cal.* You taught me Language, and my profit on't
 505 Is, I know how to curse: the red- plague rid you
 506 For learning me your language.
 507 *Pros.* Hag- seed, hence:
 508 Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
 509 To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice)
 510 If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
 511 What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
 512 Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
 513 That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.
 514 *Cal.* No, 'pray thee.
 515 I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
 516 It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
 517 And make a vassaile of him.
 518 *Pro.* So slaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*
 519 *Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.*
 520 *Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,*
 521 *and then take hands:*
 522 *Curtsied when you haue, and kist*
 523 *the wilde waues whist:*
 524 *Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare*
 525 *the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.*
 526 *Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch- Dogges barke,*
 527 *bowgh- wawgh.*
 528 *Ar.* Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting *Chanticleere*
 529 *cry cockadidle- dowe.*
 530 *Fer.* Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th' earth?
 531 It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
 532 Some God o'th' Iland, sitting on a banke,
 533 Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
 534 This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
 535 Allaying both their fury, and my passion
 536 With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
 537 (Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
 538 No, it begins againe.

539 *Ariell* Song. Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
 540 *Of his bones are Corral 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- Nymphs 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 about me.
 551 *Pro.* The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
 552 And say what thou see'st yond.
 553 *Mira.* 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 strays 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 Goddess
 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 weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,

585 Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
 586 The King my Father wrack't.
 587 *Mir.* Alacke, for mercy.
 588 *Fer.* Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
 589 And his braue sonne, being twaine.
 590 *Pro.* The Duke of *Millaine*
 591 And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
 592 If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
 593 They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
 594 Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
 595 I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.
 596 *Mir.* Why speakes my father so vnghently? This
 597 Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
 598 That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father
 599 To be enclin'd my way.
 600 *Fer.* O, if a Virgin,
 601 And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
 602 The Queene of *Naples*.
 603 *Pro.* Soft sir, one word more.
 604 They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
 605 I must vneasie make, least too light winning
 606 Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
 607 That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
 608 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
 609 Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
 610 From me, the Lord on't.
 611 *Fer.* No, as I am a man.
 612 *Mir.* Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
 613 If the ill- spirit haue so fayre a house,
 614 Good things will striue to dwell with't.
 615 *Pro.* Follow me. [A3v
 616 *Pros.* Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
 617 Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
 618 Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
 619 The fresh- brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
 620 Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
 621 *Fer.* No,
 622 I will resist such entertainment, till
 623 Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
 624 *He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.*
 625 *Mira.* O deere Father,
 626 Make not too rash a triall of him, for
 627 Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
 628 *Pros.* What I say,
 629 My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
 630 Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience

631 Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
632 For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
633 And make thy weapon drop.
634 *Mira.* Beseech you Father.
635 *Pros.* Hence: hang not on my garments.
636 *Mira.* Sir haue pity,
637 Ile be his surety.
638 *Pros.* Silence: One word more
639 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
640 An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
641 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
642 (Hauing seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench,
643 To th' most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
644 And they to him are Angels.
645 *Mira.* My affections
646 Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
647 To see a goodlier man.
648 *Pros.* Come on, obey:
649 Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
650 And haue no vigour in them.
651 *Fer.* So they are:
652 My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
653 My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
654 The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
655 To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
656 Might I but through my prison once a day
657 Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
658 Let liberty make vse of: space enough
659 Haue I in such a prison.
660 *Pros.* It workes: Come on.
661 Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
662 Harke what thou else shalt do mee.
663 *Mira.* Be of comfort,
664 My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
665 Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
666 Which now came from him.
667 *Pros.* Thou shalt be as free
668 As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
669 All points of my command.
670 *Ariell.* To th' syllable.
671 *Pros.* Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

673 *Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,*
674 *Francisco, and others.*
675 *Gonz.* Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
676 (So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
677 Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
678 Is common, euery day, some Saylor's wife,
679 The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
680 Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
681 (I meane our preseruatiō) few in millions
682 Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
683 Our sorrow, with our comfort.
684 *Alons.* Prethee peace.
685 *Seb.* He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
686 *Ant.* The Visitor will not giue him ore so.
687 *Seb.* Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
688 By and by it will strike.
689 *Gon.* Sir.
690 *Seb.* One: Tell.
691 *Gon.* When euery greefe is entertaind,
692 That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.
693 *Seb.* A dollor.
694 *Gon.* Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
695 truer then you purpos'd.
696 *Seb.* You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you
697 should.
698 *Gon.* Therefore my Lord.
699 *Ant.* Fie, what a spend- thrift is he of his tongue.
700 *Alon.* I pre- thee spare.
701 *Gon.* Well, I haue done: But yet
702 *Seb.* He will be talking.
703 *Ant.* Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
704 First begins to crow?
705 *Seb.* The old Cocke.
706 *Ant.* The Cockrell.
707 *Seb.* Done: The wager?
708 *Ant.* A Laughter.
709 *Seb.* A match.
710 *Adr.* Though this Island seeme to be desert.
711 *Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.
712 *Ant.* So: you'r paid.
713 *Adr.* Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.
714 *Seb.* Yet
715 *Adr.* Yet
716 *Ant.* He could not misse't.

717 *Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
718 temperance.
719 *Ant.* *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
720 *Seb.* I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.
721 *Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.
722 *Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
723 *Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
724 *Gon.* Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
725 *Ant.* True, saue meanes to liue.
726 *Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.
727 *Gon.* How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?
728 How greene?
729 *Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.
730 *Seb.* With an eye of greene in't.
731 *Ant.* He misses not much.
732 *Seb.* No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.
733 *Gon.* But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
734 beyond credit.
735 *Seb.* As many voucht rarieties are.
736 *Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
737 in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
738 glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte
739 water.
740 *Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speake, would
741 it not say he lyes?
742 *Seb.* I, or very falsely pocket vp his report. [A4
743 *Gon.* Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as
744 when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage
745 of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.
746 *Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in
747 our returne.
748 *Adri.* *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Pa-ragon
749 to their Queene.
750 *Gon.* Not since widdow *Dido's* time.
751 *Ant.* Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Wid-dow
752 in? Widdow *Dido*!
753 *Seb.* What if he had said Widdower *Aeneas* too?
754 Good Lord, how you take it?
755 *Adri.* Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study
756 of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.
757 *Gon.* This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.
758 *Adri.* *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.
759 *Ant.* His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.
760 *Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
761 *Ant.* What impossible matter wil he make easy next?
762 *Seb.* I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his

763 pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.
 764 *Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring
 765 forth more Islands.
 766 *Gon.* I. *Ant.* Why in good time.
 767 *Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme
 768 now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage
 769 of your daughter, who is now Queene.
 770 *Ant.* And the rarest that ere came there.
 771 *Seb.* Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.
 772 *Ant.* O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.
 773 *Gon.* Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I
 774 wore it? I meane in a sort.
 775 *Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.
 776 *Gon.* When I wore it at your daughters marriage.
 777 *Alon.* You cram these words into mine eares, against
 778 the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer
 779 Married my daughter there: For comming thence
 780 My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,
 781 Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,
 782 I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
 783 Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish
 784 Hath made his meale on thee?
 785 *Fran.* Sir he may liue,
 786 I saw him beate the surges vnder him,
 787 And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water
 788 Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
 789 The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
 790 'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared
 791 Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
 792 To th' shore; that ore his waue- worne basis bowed
 793 As stooping to releuee him: I not doubt
 794 He came aliue to Land.
 795 *Alon.* No, no, hee's gone.
 796 *Seb.* Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
 797 That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
 798 But rather loose her to an Affrican,
 799 Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
 800 Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.
 801 *Alon.* Pre- thee peace.
 802 *Seb.* You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
 803 By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe
 804 Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
 805 Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost your |(son,
 806 I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue
 807 Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
 808 Then we bring men to comfort them:

809 The faults your owne.
 810 *Alon.* So is the deer'st oth' losse.
 811 *Gon.* My Lord *Sebastian*,
 812 The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
 813 And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
 814 When you should bring the plaister.
 815 *Seb.* Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.
 816 *Gon.* It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
 817 When you are cloudy.
 818 *Seb.* Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.
 819 *Gon.* Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.
 820 *Ant.* Hee'd sow't with Nettle- seed.
 821 *Seb.* Or dockes, or Mallowes.
 822 *Gon.* And were the King on't, what would I do?
 823 *Seb.* Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
 824 *Gon.* I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
 825 Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
 826 Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
 827 Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
 828 And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,
 829 Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
 830 No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
 831 No occupation, all men idle, all:
 832 And Women too, but innocent and pure:
 833 No Soueraignty.
 834 *Seb.* Yet he would be King on't.
 835 *Ant.* The latter end of his Common- wealth forgets
 836 the beginning.
 837 *Gon.* All things in common Nature should produce
 838 Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, fellony,
 839 Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
 840 Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
 841 Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
 842 To feed my innocent people.
 843 *Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subiects?
 844 *Ant.* None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,
 845 *Gon.* I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:
 846 T' Excell the Golden Age.
 847 *Seb.* 'Saue his Maiesty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.
 848 *Gon.* And do you marke me, Sir?
 849 *Alon.* Pre- thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to (me.
 850 *Gon.* I do well beleeeue your Highnesse, and did it
 851 to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of
 852 such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse
 853 to laugh at nothing.
 854 *Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

855 *Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
 856 to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
 857 *Ant.* What a blow was there giuen?
 858 *Seb.* And it had not falne flat- long.
 859 *Gon.* You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would
 860 lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue
 861 in it fiue weekes without changing.
 862 *Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.*
 863 *Seb.* We would so, and then go a Bat- fowling.
 864 *Ant.* Nay good my Lord, be not angry.
 865 *Gon.* No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my
 866 discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I
 867 am very heauy.
 868 *Ant.* Go sleepe, and heare vs.
 869 *Alon.* What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes
 870 Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts,
 871 I finde they are inclin'd to do so.
 872 *Seb.* Please you Sir,
 873 Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
 874 It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter. [A4v
 875 *Ant.* We two my Lord, will guard your person,
 876 While you take your rest, and watch your safety.
 877 *Alon.* Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.
 878 *Seb.* What a strange drowsines possesses them?
 879 *Ant.* It is the quality o'th' Clymate.
 880 *Seb.* Why
 881 Doth it not then our eye- lids sinke? I finde
 882 Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.
 883 *Ant.* Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
 884 They fell together all, as by consent
 885 They dropt, as by a Thunder- stroke: what might
 886 Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
 887 And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
 888 What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
 889 My strong imagination see's a Crowne
 890 Dropping vpon thy head.
 891 *Seb.* What? art thou waking?
 892 *Ant.* Do you not heare me speake?
 893 *Seb.* I do, and surely
 894 It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st
 895 Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
 896 This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
 897 With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
 898 And yet so fast asleepe.
 899 *Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,
 900 Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st

901 Whiles thou art waking.
 902 *Seb.* Thou do'st snore distinctly,
 903 There's meaning in thy snores.
 904 *Ant.* I am more serious then my custome: you
 905 Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
 906 Trebbles thee o're.
 907 *Seb.* Well: I am standing water.
 908 *Ant.* Ile teach you how to flow.
 909 *Seb.* Do so: to ebbe
 910 Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
 911 *Ant.* O!
 912 If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
 913 Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
 914 You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
 915 (Most often) do so neere the bottome run
 916 By their owne feare, or sloth.
 917 *Seb.* 'Pre- thee say on,
 918 The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
 919 A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
 920 Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
 921 *Ant.* Thus Sir:
 922 Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
 923 Who shall be of as little memory
 924 When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
 925 (For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
 926 Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
 927 'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
 928 As he that sleepes heere, swims.
 929 *Seb.* I haue no hope
 930 That hee's vndrown'd.
 931 *Ant.* O, out of that no hope,
 932 What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
 933 Another way so high a hope, that euen
 934 Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
 935 But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
 936 That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
 937 *Seb.* He's gone.
 938 *Ant.* Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?
 939 *Seb.* *Claribell*.
 940 *Ant.* She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels
 941 Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
 942 Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
 943 The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new- borne chinnes
 944 Be rough, and Razor- able: She that from whom
 945 We all were sea- swallow'd, though some cast againe,
 946 (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 sleepes: Lords, that can prate
 960 As amply, and vnneccessarily
 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 vpbraide 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

993 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
 994 And I the King shall loue thee.
 995 *Ant.* Draw together:
 996 And when I reare my hand, do you the like
 997 To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
 998 *Seb.* O, but one word.
 999 *Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.*
 1000 *Ariel.* My Master through his Art foresees the danger
 1001 That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
 1002 (For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.
 1003 *Sings in Gonzaloes eare.*
 1004 *While you here do snoaring lie,*
 1005 *Open- ey'd Conspiracie*
 1006 *His time doth take: [A5*
 1007 *If of Life you keepe a care,*
 1008 *Shake off slumber and beware.*
 1009 *Awake, awake.*
 1010 *Ant.* Then let vs both be sodaine.
 1011 *Gon.* Now, good Angels preserue the King.
 1012 *Alo.* Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
 1013 Wherefore this ghastly looking?
 1014 *Gon.* What's the matter?
 1015 *Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
 1016 (Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 1017 Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
 1018 It strooke mine eare most terribly.
 1019 *Alo.* I heard nothing.
 1020 *Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
 1021 To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
 1022 Of a whole heard of Lyons.
 1023 *Alo.* Heard you this *Gonzalo*?
 1024 *Gon.* Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
 1025 (And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
 1026 I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
 1027 I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
 1028 That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
 1029 Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
 1030 *Alo.* Lead off this ground & let's make further search
 1031 For my poore sonne.
 1032 *Gon.* Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
 1033 For he is sure i'th Island.
 1034 *Alo.* Lead away.
 1035 *Ariell.* *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue |(done.
 1036 So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

1038 *Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of*
 1039 *thunder heard.)*
 1040 *Cal.* All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
 1041 From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
 1042 By ynch- meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
 1043 And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 1044 Fright me with Vrchyn- shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
 1045 Nor lead me like a fire- brand, in the darke
 1046 Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but
 1047 For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
 1048 Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 1049 And after bite me: then like Hedg- hogs, which
 1050 Lye tumbling in my bare- foote way, and mount
 1051 Their pricks at my foot- fall: sometime am I
 1052 All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
 1053 Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter | Trinculo.*
 1054 Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
 1055 For bringing wood in slowly: I'le fall flat,
 1056 Perchance he will not minde me.
 1057 *Tri.* Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
 1058 weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
 1059 sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
 1060 one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his
 1061 licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
 1062 not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
 1063 choose but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
 1064 or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a
 1065 very ancient and fish- like smell: a kinde of, not of the
 1066 newest poore- Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England*
 1067 now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
 1068 a holiday- foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
 1069 there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
 1070 beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
 1071 doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
 1072 a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
 1073 Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my o-pinion;
 1074 hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islan-der,
 1075 that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
 1076 the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-der
 1077 his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-bout:
 1078 Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-lowes:
 1079 I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme
 1080 be past.
 1081 *Enter Stephano singing.*

1082 *Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.*
 1083 This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
 1084 Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*
 1085 *Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate- swaine & I;*
 1086 *The Gunner, and his Mate*
 1087 *Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,*
 1088 *But none of vs car'd for Kate.*
 1089 *For she had a tongue with a tang,*
 1090 *Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:*
 1091 *She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,*
 1092 *Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.*
 1093 *Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.*
 1094 This is a scuruy tune too:
 1095 But here's my comfort. *drinks.*
 1096 *Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.*
 1097 *Ste. What's the matter?*
 1098 Haue we diuels here?
 1099 Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of
 1100 Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
 1101 now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-per
 1102 a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
 1103 giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-phano*
 1104 breathes at' nostrils.
 1105 *Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.*
 1106 *Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;*
 1107 *who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell*
 1108 *should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-liefe*
 1109 *if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe*
 1110 *him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre-sent*
 1111 *for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates- lea-ther.*
 1113 *Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my*
 1114 *wood home faster.*
 1115 *Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the*
 1116 *wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer*
 1117 *drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:*
 1118 *if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take*
 1119 *too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,*
 1120 *and that soundly.*
 1121 *Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-non,*
 1122 *I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper workes*
 1123 *vpon thee.*
 1124 *Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here*
 1125 *is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your*
 1126 *mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and*
 1127 *that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open*
 1128 *your chaps againe.*

1129 *Tri.* I should know that voyce:
 1130 It should be, [A5v
 1131 But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O de-fend
 1132 me.
 1133 *Ste.* Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate
 1134 Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of
 1135 his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches,
 1136 and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer
 1137 him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will
 1138 poure some in thy other mouth.
 1139 *Tri. Stephano.*
 1140 *Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy:
 1141 This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I
 1142 haue no long Spooone.
 1143 *Tri. Stephano:* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and
 1144 speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy
 1145 good friend *Trinculo*.
 1146 *Ste.* If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'le pull
 1147 thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges,
 1148 these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how
 1149 cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone- calfe? Can
 1150 he vent *Trinculo's*?
 1151 *Tri.* I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder- strok; but
 1152 art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art
 1153 not dround: Is the Storme ouer- blowne? I hid mee
 1154 vnder the dead Moone- Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of
 1155 the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*,
 1156 two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?
 1157 *Ste.* 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke
 1158 is not constant.
 1159 *Cal.* These be fine things, and if they be not sprights:
 1160 that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will
 1161 kneele to him.
 1162 *Ste.* How did'st thou scape?
 1163 How cam'st thou hither?
 1164 Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd
 1165 vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board,
 1166 by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
 1167 a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'-shore.
 1169 *Cal.* I'le swear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true sub-iect,
 1170 for the liquor is not earthly.
 1171 *St.* Heere: swear then how thou escap'dst.
 1172 *Tri.* Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim
 1173 like a Ducke i'le be sworne.
 1174 *Ste.* Here, kisse the Booke.
 1175 Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made

1176 like a Goose.
 1177 *Tri.* O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?
 1178 *Ste.* The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke
 1179 by th' sea- side, where my Wine is hid:
 1180 How now *Moone*- Calfe, how do's thine Ague?
 1181 *Cal.* Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?
 1182 *Ste.* Out o'th *Moone* I doe assure thee. I was the
 1183 Man ith' *Moone*, when time was.
 1184 *Cal.* I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
 1185 My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.
 1186 *Ste.* Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will
 1187 furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.
 1188 *Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow Mon-ster:
 1189 I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
 1190 The Man ith' *Moone*?
 1191 A most poore creadulous Monster:
 1192 Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.
 1193 *Cal.* Ile shew thee euery fertill ynych o'th Island: and
 1194 I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.
 1195 *Tri.* By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken
 1196 Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.
 1197 *Cal.* Ile kisse thy foot, Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect.
 1198 *Ste.* Come on then: downe and sweare.
 1199 *Tri.* I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi- hea-ded
 1200 Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in
 1201 my heart to beate him.
 1202 *Ste.* Come, kisse.
 1203 *Tri.* But that the poore Monster's in drinke:
 1204 An abhominable Monster.
 1205 *Cal.* I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee
 1206 Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.
 1207 A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;
 1208 I'le beare him no more Sticke, but follow thee, thou
 1209 wondrous man.
 1210 *Tri.* A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of
 1211 a poore drunkard.
 1212 *Cal.* I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;
 1213 and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig- nuts;
 1214 show thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare
 1215 the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring
 1216 Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels
 1217 from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?
 1218 *Ste.* I pre'thee now lead the way without any more
 1219 talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else
 1220 being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my
 1221 Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

1223 *Caliban Sings drunkenly.*
 1224 Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.
 1225 *Tri.* A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.
 1226 *Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish,
 1227 Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
 1228 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
 1229 *Ban' ban' Cacalyban*
 1230 *Has a new Master, get a new Man.*
 1231 Freedom, high- day, high- day freedom, freedom high-day,
 1232 freedom.
 1233 *Ste.* O braue Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

1235 *Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)*
 1236 *Fer.* There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
 1237 Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse
 1238 Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters
 1239 Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
 1240 Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
 1241 The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,
 1242 And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
 1243 Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
 1244 And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue
 1245 Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
 1246 Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris
 1247 Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
 1248 Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
 1249 But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
 1250 Most busie lest, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda | and Prospero.*
 1251 *Mir.* Alas, now pray you
 1252 Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
 1253 Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
 1254 Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
 1255 'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
 1256 Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe, [A6
 1257 Hee's safe for these three houres.
 1258 *Fer.* O most deere Mistris
 1259 The Sun will set before I shall discharge
 1260 What I must striue to do.
 1261 *Mir.* If you'l sit downe
 1262 Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
 1263 Ile carry it to the pile.
 1264 *Fer.* No precious Creature,

1265 I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
1266 Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
1267 While I sit lazy by.
1268 *Mir.* It would become me
1269 As well as it do's you; and I should do it
1270 With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
1271 And yours it is against.
1272 *Pro.* Poore worme thou art infected,
1273 This visitation shewes it.
1274 *Mir.* You looke wearily.
1275 *Fer.* No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
1276 When you are by at night: I do beseech you
1277 Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
1278 What is your name?
1279 *Mir.* *Miranda*, O my Father,
1280 I haue broke your hest to say so.
1281 *Fer.* Admir'd *Miranda*,
1282 Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
1283 What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady
1284 I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
1285 Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
1286 Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
1287 Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
1288 With so full soule, but some defect in her
1289 Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
1290 And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
1291 So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
1292 Of euerie Creatures best.
1293 *Mir.* I do not know
1294 One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
1295 Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
1296 More that I may call men, then you good friend,
1297 And my deere Father: how features are abroad
1298 I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
1299 (The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
1300 Any Companion in the world but you:
1301 Nor can imagination forme a shape
1302 Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
1303 Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
1304 I therein do forget.
1305 *Fer.* I am, in my condition
1306 A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
1307 (I would not so) and would no more endure
1308 This wodden slauerie, then to suffer
1309 The flesh- flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
1310 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 mischief: 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 denie me, but Ile be your seruant
1336 Whether you will or no.
1337 *Fer.* My Mistris (dearest)
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' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

1355 *Trin.* Seruant 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 seruant 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

1395 Of the Island.
 1396 *Ariell.* Thou lyeest.
 1397 *Cal.* Thou lyeest, thou iesting Monkey thou:
 1398 I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
 1399 I do not lye.
 1400 *Ste. Trinculo,* if you trouble him any more in's tale,
 1401 By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
 1402 *Trin.* Why, I said nothing.
 1403 *Ste.* Mum then, and no more: proceed.
 1404 *Cal.* I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
 1405 From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
 1406 Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
 1407 But this Thing dare not.
 1408 *Ste.* That's most certaine.
 1409 *Cal.* Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.
 1410 *Ste.* How now shall this be compast?
 1411 Canst thou bring me to the party?
 1412 *Cal.* Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
 1413 Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.
 1414 *Ariell.* Thou liest, thou canst not.
 1415 *Cal.* What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch:
 1416 I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,
 1417 And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
 1418 He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
 1419 Where the quicke Freshes are.
 1420 *Ste. Trinculo,* run into no further danger:
 1421 Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this
 1422 hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a
 1423 Stockfish of thee.
 1424 *Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing:
 1425 Ile go farther off.
 1426 *Ste.* Didst thou not say he lyed?
 1427 *Ariell.* Thou liest.
 1428 *Ste.* Do I so? Take thou that,
 1429 As you like this, giue me the lye another time.
 1430 *Trin.* I did not giue the lie: Out o' your wittes, and
 1431 hearing too?
 1432 A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
 1433 A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your
 1434 fingers.
 1435 *Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.
 1436 *Ste.* Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand
 1437 further off.
 1438 *Cal.* Beate him enough: after a little time
 1439 Ile beate him too.
 1440 *Ste.* Stand farther: Come procede.

1441 *Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
 1442 I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
 1443 Hauling first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
 1444 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 1445 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
 1446 First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
 1447 Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
 1448 One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
 1449 As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
 1450 He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them)
 1451 Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
 1452 And that most deeply to consider, is
 1453 The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
 1454 Cals her a non- pareill: I neuer saw a woman
 1455 But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
 1456 But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
 1457 As great'st do's least.
 1458 *Ste.* Is it so braue a Lasse?
 1459 *Cal.* I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 1460 And bring thee forth braue brood.
 1461 *Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
 1462 I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trin-culo*
 1463 and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:
 1464 Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?
 1465 *Trin.* Excellent.
 1466 *Ste.* Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:
 1467 But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.
 1468 *Cal.* Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,
 1469 Wilt thou destroy him then?
 1470 *Ste.* I on mine honour.
 1471 *Ariell.* This will I tell my Master.
 1472 *Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,
 1473 Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch
 1474 You taught me but whileare?
 1475 *Ste.* At thy request Monster, I will do reason,
 1476 Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.
 1477 *Sings.*
 1478 *Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,*
 1479 *Thought is free.*
 1480 *Cal.* That's not the tune.
 1481 *Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*
 1482 *Ste.* What is this same?
 1483 *Trin.* This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the pic-ture
 1484 of No- body.
 1485 *Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:
 1486 If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

1487 *Trin.* O forgiue me my sinnes.
 1488 *Ste.* He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
 1489 Mercy vpon vs.
 1490 *Cal.* Art thou affeard?
 1491 *Ste.* No Monster, not I.
 1492 *Cal.* Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
 1493 Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
 1494 Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
 1495 Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
 1496 That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
 1497 Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
 1498 The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
 1499 Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
 1500 I cri'de to dreame againe.
 1501 *Ste.* This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
 1502 Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.
 1503 *Cal.* When *Prospero* is destroy'd.
 1504 *Ste.* That shall be by and by:
 1505 I remember the storie.
 1506 *Trin.* The sound is going away,
 1507 Lets follow it, and after do our worke.
 1508 *Ste.* Leade Monster,
 1509 Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,
 1510 He layes it on.
 1511 *Trin.* Wilt come?
 1512 Ile follow *Stephano*. *Exeunt*.

Scena Tertia.

[B1
 1514 *Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo,*
 1515 *Adrian, Francisco, &c.*
 1516 *Gon.* By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
 1517 My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
 1518 Through fourth- rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
 1519 I needes must rest me.
 1520 *Al.* Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
 1521 Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
 1522 To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
 1523 Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
 1524 No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
 1525 Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
 1526 Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.
 1527 *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 aduantage 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 Banquet;*
 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, heaue[n]s: what were these?
 1543 *Seb.* A liuing *Drolierie*: now I will beleeeue
 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 beleeeue 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 beleeeue 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 humane 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 beleeeue 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 quiet device 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 mowes) 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 obseruation strange, my meaner 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 suppler 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

1662 And make it halt, behinde her.
 1663 *Fer.* I doe beleeeue it
 1664 Against an Oracle.
 1665 *Pro.* Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 1666 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 1667 If thou do'st breake her Virgin- knot, before
 1668 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 1669 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 1670 No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
 1671 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 1672 Sower- ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 1673 The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
 1674 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 1675 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.
 1676 *Fer.* As I hope
 1677 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 1678 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 1679 The most oportune place, the strongst suggestion,
 1680 Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt
 1681 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 1682 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 1683 When I shall thinke, or *Phoebus* Steeds are founderd,
 1684 Or Night kept chain'd below.
 1685 *Pro.* Fairely spoke;
 1686 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 1687 What *Ariell*; my industrious serua[n]t *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell*.
 1688 *Ar.* What would my potent master? here I am.
 1689 *Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
 1690 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
 1691 In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 1692 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 1693 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 1694 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 1695 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 1696 And they expect it from me.
 1697 *Ar.* Presently?
 1698 *Pro.* I: with a twincke.
 1699 *Ar.* Before you can say come, and goe,
 1700 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 1701 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 1702 Will be here with mop, and mowe.
 1703 Doe you loue me Master? no?
 1704 *Pro.* Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
 1705 Till thou do'st heare me call.
 1706 *Ar.* Well: I conceiue. *Exit*.
 1707 *Pro.* Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance

1708 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 1709 To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstenious,
 1710 Or else good night your vow.
 1711 *Fer.* I warrant you, Sir,
 1712 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
 1713 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
 1714 *Pro.* Well.
 1715 Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
 1716 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
 1717 No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*
 1718 *Ir.* *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 1719 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 1720 Thy Turphie- Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
 1721 And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
 1722 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 1723 Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy hest betrimms;
 1724 To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-(groues;
 1725 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,
 1726 Being lasse- lorne: thy pole- clipt vineyard,
 1727 And thy Sea- marge stirrile, and rocky- hard,
 1728 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 1729 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 1730 Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno* / *descends.*
 1731 Here on this grasse- plot, in this very place
 1732 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 1733 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
 1734 *Cer.* Haile, many- coloured Messenger, that nere
 1735 Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
 1736 Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
 1737 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
 1738 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 1739 My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
 1740 Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 1741 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?
 1742 *Ir.* A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 1743 And some donation freely to estate
 1744 On the bles'd Louers.
 1745 *Cer.* Tell me heauenly Bowe,
 1746 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 1747 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 1748 The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
 1749 Her, and her blind- Boyes scandald company,
 1750 I haue forsworne.
 1751 *Ir.* Of her societie
 1752 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 1753 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son

1754 Doue- drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 1755 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 1756 Whose vowes are, that no bed- right shall be paid
 1757 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
 1758 *Marses* hot Minion is returnd againe,
 1759 Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 1760 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 1761 And be a Boy right out.
 1762 *Cer.* Highest Queene of State,
 1763 Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate
 1764 *Iu.* How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 1765 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 1766 And honourd in their Issue. *They sing.*
 1767 *Iu.* Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 1768 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 1769 Hourely ioyes, be still vpon you, [B2
 1770 *Iuno* sings her blessings on you.
 1771 Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
 1772 Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
 1773 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 1774 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
 1775 Spring come to you at the farthest,
 1776 In the very end of Haruest.
 1777 Scarcity and want shall shun you,
 1778 *Ceres* blessing so is on you.
 1779 *Fer.* This is a most maiesticke vision, and
 1780 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 1781 To thinke these spirits?
 1782 *Pro.* Spirits, which by mine Art
 1783 I haue from their confines call'd to enact
 1784 My present fancies.
 1785 *Fer.* Let me liue here euer,
 1786 So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
 1787 Makes this place Paradise.
 1788 *Pro.* Sweet now, silence:
 1789 *Iuno* and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
 1790 There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
 1791 Or else our spell is mar'd.
 1792 *Iuno* and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.
 1793 *Iris.* You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of y windring brooks,
 1794 With your sedg'd crownes, and euer- harmelesse lookes,
 1795 Leauē your criske channels, and on this green- Land
 1796 Answere your summons, *Iuno* do's command.
 1797 Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
 1798 A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.
 1799 *Enter Certaine Nimphes.*

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 Nimphes encounter euey one
 1804 In Country footing.
 1805 *Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with*
 1806 *the Nimphes, 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 Leauue 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

1846 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 1847 For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
 1848 Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
 1849 At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
 1850 Aduanc'd their eye- lids, lifted vp their noses
 1851 As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
 1852 That Calfe- like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 1853 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 1854 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 1855 I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 1856 There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
 1857 Ore- stunck their feet.
 1858 *Pro.* This was well done (my bird)
 1859 Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
 1860 The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
 1861 For stale to catch these theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*
 1862 *Pro.* A Deuill, a borne- Deuill, on whose nature
 1863 Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
 1864 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
 1865 And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
 1866 So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
 1867 Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.
 1868 *Enter* Ariell, *loaden with glistering apparell, &c.* *Enter*
 1869 Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*
 1870 *Cal.* Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
 1871 not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.
 1872 *St.* Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy,
 1873 Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.
 1874 *Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse- pisse, at which
 1875 My nose is in great indignation.
 1876 *Ste.* So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
 1877 Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.
 1878 *Trin.* Thou wert but a lost Monster.
 1879 *Cal.* Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
 1880 Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
 1881 Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
 1882 All's husht as midnight yet.
 1883 *Trin.* I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.
 1884 *Ste.* There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
 1885 Monster, but an infinite losse.
 1886 *Tr.* That's more to me then my wetting:
 1887 Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.
 1888 *Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle,
 1889 Though I be o're eares for my labour.
 1890 *Cal.* Pre- thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
 1891 This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:

1892 Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
 1893 Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
 1894 For aye thy foot-licker.
 1895 *Ste.* Giue me thy hand,
 1896 I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.
 1897 *Trin.* O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
 1898 Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
 1899 *Cal.* Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.
 1900 *Tri.* Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
 1901 frippery, O King *Stephano*. [B2v
 1902 *Ste.* Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile
 1903 haue that gowne.
 1904 *Tri.* Thy grace shall haue it.
 1905 *Cal.* The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you |(meane
 1906 To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
 1907 And doe the murther first: if he awake,
 1908 From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
 1909 Make vs strange stuffe.
 1910 *Ste.* Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
 1911 my Ierkin? how is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ier-kin
 1912 you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.
 1913 *Trin.* Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't
 1914 like your grace.
 1915 *Ste.* I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't:
 1916 Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this
 1917 Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe
 1918 of pate: there's another garment for't.
 1919 *Tri.* Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fin-gers,
 1920 and away with the rest.
 1921 *Cal.* I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,
 1922 And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
 1923 With foreheads villanous low.
 1924 *Ste.* Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
 1925 away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
 1926 out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.
 1927 *Tri.* And this.
 1928 *Ste.* I, and this.
 1929 *A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape*
 1930 *of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero*
 1931 *and Ariel setting them on.*
 1932 *Pro.* Hey *Mountaine*, hey.
 1933 *Ari.* *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.
 1934 *Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
 1935 Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
 1936 With dry Convultions, shorten vp their sinewes
 1937 With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,

1938 Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.
 1939 *Ari.* Harke, they rore.
 1940 *Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
 1941 Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
 1942 Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
 1943 Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
 1944 Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

1946 *Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.*
 1947 *Pro.* Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
 1948 My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
 1949 Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?
 1950 *Ar.* On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
 1951 You said our worke should cease.
 1952 *Pro.* I did say so,
 1953 When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
 1954 How fares the King, and's followers?
 1955 *Ar.* Confin'd together
 1956 In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
 1957 Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir
 1958 In the *Line- groue* which weather- fends your Cell,
 1959 They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
 1960 His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
 1961 And the remainder mourning ouer them,
 1962 Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
 1963 Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
 1964 His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
 1965 From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
 1966 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 1967 Would become tender.
 1968 *Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?
 1969 *Ar.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
 1970 *Pro.* And mine shall.
 1971 Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
 1972 Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
 1973 One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharply,
 1974 Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
 1975 Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
 1976 Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
 1977 Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
 1978 In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
 1979 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

1980 Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
 1981 My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
 1982 And they shall be themselues.
 1983 *Ar.* Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*
 1984 *Pro.* Ye Elues of hils, brooks, sta[n]ding lakes & groues,
 1985 And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
 1986 Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
 1987 When he comes backe: you demy- Puppets, that
 1988 By Moone- shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
 1989 Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
 1990 Is to make midnight- Mushrumps, that reioyce
 1991 To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
 1992 (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
 1993 The Noone- tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
 1994 And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
 1995 Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
 1996 Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke
 1997 With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
 1998 Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
 1999 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
 2000 Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 2001 By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
 2002 I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
 2003 Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
 2004 To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
 2005 This Ayrie- charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
 2006 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 2007 And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
 2008 Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*
 2009 *Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke ge-sture,*
 2010 *attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in*
 2011 *like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all*
 2012 *enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand*
 2013 *charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speakes.*
 2014 A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
 2015 To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 2016 (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 2017 For you are Spell- stopt.
 2018 Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
 2019 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
 2020 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,
 2021 And as the morning steales vpon the night
 2022 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
 2023 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 2024 Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo*
 2025 My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,

2026 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 2027 Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly [B3
 2028 Did thou *Alonso*, vse me, and my daughter:
 2029 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
 2030 Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
 2031 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 2032 Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 2033 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 2034 Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
 2035 Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
 2036 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 2037 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 2038 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
 2039 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
 2040 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
 2041 I will discase me, and my selfe present
 2042 As I was sometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
 2043 Thou shalt ere long be free.
 2044 *Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.*
 2045 *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,*
 2046 *In a Cowslips bell, I lie,*
 2047 *There I cowch when Owles doe crie,*
 2048 *On the Batts backe I doe flie*
 2049 *after Sommer merrily.*
 2050 *Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,*
 2051 *Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*
 2052 *Pro.* Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse
 2053 Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so,
 2054 To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,
 2055 There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
 2056 Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat- swaine
 2057 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 2058 And presently, I pre'thee.
 2059 *Ar.* I drinke the aire before me, and returne
 2060 Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*
 2061 *Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 2062 Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
 2063 Out of this fearefull Country.
 2064 *Pro.* Behold Sir King
 2065 The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*:
 2066 For more assurance that a liuing Prince
 2067 Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
 2068 And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
 2069 A hearty welcome.
 2070 *Alo.* Where thou bee'st he or no,
 2071 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

2072 (As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse
 2073 Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
 2074 Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which
 2075 I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue
 2076 (And if this be at all) a most strange story.
 2077 Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
 2078 Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
 2079 Be liuing, and be heere?
 2080 *Pro.* First, noble Frend,
 2081 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
 2082 Be measur'd, or confin'd.
 2083 *Gonz.* Whether this be,
 2084 Or be not, I'le not sweare.
 2085 *Pro.* You doe yet taste
 2086 Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you
 2087 Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
 2088 But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
 2089 I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
 2090 And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
 2091 I will tell no tales.
 2092 *Seb.* The Diuell speakes in him:
 2093 *Pro.* No:
 2094 For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
 2095 Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
 2096 Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
 2097 My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
 2098 Thou must restore.
 2099 *Alo.* If thou beest *Prospero*
 2100 Giue vs particulars of thy preseruacion,
 2101 How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since
 2102 Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost
 2103 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
 2104 My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.
 2105 *Pro.* I am woe for't, Sir.
 2106 *Alo.* Irreparable is the losse, and patience
 2107 Saies, it is past her cure.
 2108 *Pro.* I rather thinke
 2109 You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
 2110 For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
 2111 And rest my selfe content.
 2112 *Alo.* You the like losse?
 2113 *Pro.* As great to me, as late, and supportable
 2114 To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
 2115 Then you may call to comfort you; for I
 2116 Haue lost my daughter.
 2117 *Alo.* A daughter?

2118 Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
 2119 The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
 2120 My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
 2121 Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?
 2122 *Pro.* In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
 2123 At this encounter doe so much admire,
 2124 That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
 2125 Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
 2126 Are naturall breath: but howsoeu'r you haue
 2127 Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain
 2128 That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
 2129 Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
 2130 Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
 2131 To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
 2132 For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
 2133 Not a relation for a break- fast, nor
 2134 Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
 2135 This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
 2136 And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
 2137 My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
 2138 I will requite you with as good a thing,
 2139 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 2140 As much, as me my Dukedome.
 2141 *Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, play-ing*
 2142 *at Chesse.*
 2143 *Mir.* Sweet Lord, you play me false.
 2144 *Fer.* No my dearest loue,
 2145 I would not for the world.
 2146 *Mir.* Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should |(wrangle,
 2147 And I would call it faire play.
 2148 *Alo.* If this proue
 2149 A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
 2150 Shall I twice loose.
 2151 *Seb.* A most high miracle.
 2152 *Fer.* Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
 2153 I haue curs'd them without cause.
 2154 *Alo.* Now all the blessings
 2155 Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
 2156 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.
 2157 *Mir.* O wonder!
 2158 How many goodly creatures are there heere?
 2159 How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world [B3v
 2160 That has such people in't.
 2161 *Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.
 2162 *Alo.* What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at |(play?
 2163 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:

2164 Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,
 2165 And brought vs thus together?
 2166 *Fer.* Sir, she is mortall;
 2167 But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
 2168 I chose her when I could not aske my Father
 2169 For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
 2170 Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
 2171 Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
 2172 But neuer saw before: of whom I haue
 2173 Receiu'd a second life; and second Father
 2174 This Lady makes him to me.
 2175 *Alo.* I am hers.
 2176 But O, how odly will it sound, that I
 2177 Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?
 2178 *Pro.* There Sir stop,
 2179 Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
 2180 A heauinesse that's gon.
 2181 *Gon.* I haue inly wept,
 2182 Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
 2183 And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
 2184 For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
 2185 Which brought vs hither.
 2186 *Alo.* I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.
 2187 *Gon.* Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
 2188 Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
 2189 Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
 2190 With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
 2191 Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
 2192 And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
 2193 Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
 2194 In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
 2195 When no man was his owne.
 2196 *Alo.* Giue me your hands:
 2197 Let grieffe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 2198 That doth not wish you ioy.
 2199 *Gon.* Be it so, Amen.
 2200 *Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine*
 2201 *amazedly following.*
 2202 O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
 2203 I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
 2204 This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
 2205 That swear'st Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,
 2206 Hast thou no mouth by land?
 2207 What is the newes?
 2208 *Bot.* The best newes is, that we haue safely found
 2209 Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

2210 Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
 2211 Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
 2212 We first put out to Sea.
 2213 *Ar.* Sir, all this seruice
 2214 Haue I done since I went.
 2215 *Pro.* My tricksey Spirit.
 2216 *Alo.* These are not naturall euent, they strengthen
 2217 From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?
 2218 *Bot.* If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
 2219 I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
 2220 And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
 2221 Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses
 2222 Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
 2223 And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.
 2224 We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
 2225 Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
 2226 Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
 2227 Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
 2228 Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
 2229 And were brought moaping hither.
 2230 *Ar.* Was't well done?
 2231 *Pro.* Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.
 2232 *Alo.* This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
 2233 And there is in this businesse, more then nature
 2234 Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
 2235 Must rectifie our knowledge.
 2236 *Pro.* Sir, my Leige,
 2237 Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
 2238 The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
 2239 (Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolute you,
 2240 (Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
 2241 These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
 2242 And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
 2243 Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
 2244 Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
 2245 There are yet missing of your Companie
 2246 Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.
 2247 *Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and*
 2248 *Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*
 2249 *Ste.* Euery man shift for all the rest, and let
 2250 No man take care for himselfe; for all is
 2251 But fortune: *Coragio* Bully- Monster *Coragio*.
 2252 *Tri.* If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
 2253 here's a goodly sight.
 2254 *Cal.* O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede:
 2255 How fine my Master is? I am afraid

2256 He will chastise me.
 2257 *Seb.* Ha, ha:
 2258 What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio*?
 2259 Will money buy em?
 2260 *Ant.* Very like: one of them
 2261 Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.
 2262 *Pro.* Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
 2263 Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;
 2264 His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
 2265 That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
 2266 And deale in her command, without her power:
 2267 These three haue robd me, and this demy- diuell;
 2268 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
 2269 To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
 2270 Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
 2271 Acknowledge mine.
 2272 *Cal.* I shall be pincht to death.
 2273 *Alo.* Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
 2274 *Seb.* He is drunke now;
 2275 Where had he wine?
 2276 *Alo.* And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
 2277 Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 2278 How cam'st thou in this pickle?
 2279 *Tri.* I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
 2280 That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
 2281 I shall not feare fly- blowing.
 2282 *Seb.* Why how now *Stephano*?
 2283 *Ste.* O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
 2284 *Pro.* You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha?
 2285 *Ste.* I should haue bin a sore one then.
 2286 *Alo.* This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.
 2287 *Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
 2288 As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
 2289 Take with you your Companions: as you looke
 2290 To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.
 2291 *Cal.* I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter, [B4
 2292 And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
 2293 Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
 2294 And worship this dull foole?
 2295 *Pro.* Goe to, away.
 2296 *Alo.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you |(found it.
 2297 *Seb.* Or stole it rather.
 2298 *Pro.* Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
 2299 To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
 2300 For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
 2301 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 Euery 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.*

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

- 2343 *Names of the Actors.*
2344 *Alonso, K[ing]. of Naples:*
2345 *Sebastian his Brother.*
2346 *Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.*
2347 *Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.*
2348 *Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.*
2349 *Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.*
2350 *Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.*
2351 *Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.*
2352 *Trinculo, a Iester.*
2353 *Stephano, a drunken Butler.*
2354 *Master of a Ship.*
2355 *Boate- Swaine.*
2356 *Marriners.*
2357 *Miranda, daughter to Prospero.*
2358 *Ariell, an ayrie spirit.*
2359 *Iris*
2360 *Ceres*
2361 *Iuno*
2362 *Nymphes*
2363 *Reapers*
2364 *Spirits.*
2365 **FINIS.**
2366 **THE**
TEMPEST.
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