

# THE TEMPEST

## Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

*Master.* **B**oteswaine.

*Botes.* Heere Master: What cheere?

*Mast.* Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selves a ground, bestirre, bestirre.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

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

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

*Alon.* Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Ma ster? Play the men.

*Botes.* I pray now keepe below.

*Anth.* Where is the Master, Boson?

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

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

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

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

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

*Exit.*

*Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han ging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our

owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee  
hang'd, our case is miserable.

*Exit.*

*Enter Boteswaine*

*Botes.* Downe with the top#Mast: yare, lower, lower,  
bring her to Try with Maine#course. A plague#  
*A cry within.*

*Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

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

*Sebas.* A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphe  
mous incharitable Dog.

*Botes.* Worke you then.

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

*Gonz.* I'll warrant him for drowning, though the  
Ship were no stronger then a Nutt#shell, and as leaky as  
an vnstanch'd wench.

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

*Enter Mariners wet.*

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

*Botes.* What must our mouths be cold?

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

*Sebas.* I'am out of patience.

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

*Gonz.* Hee'l be hang'd yet,  
Though euery drop of water sweare against it,  
And gape at widst to glut him.

*A confused noyse within.*

Mercy on vs.

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

*Anth.* Let's all sinke with' King.

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

*Exit.*

*Gonz.* Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea,  
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Brown  
firrs, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I w4  
faine dye a dry death.

**Scoena Sec4.***Enter Pro5 2**Mira.* If by your A2 5

Put the wild waters i1 4

The skye it seems 5

But that th1 Sea, 5 2

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)

Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke

Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.

Had I byn any God of power, I would

Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere

It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and

The fraughting Soules within her.

*Pros.* Be collected,No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart  
there's no harme done.*Mira.* O woe, the day.*Pros.* No harme:

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee

(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who

Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing

Of whence I am: nor that I am more better

Then Prospero, Master of a full poore cell,

And thy no greater Father.

*Mira.* More to know

Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand

And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,

Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,

The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd

The very vertue of compassion in thee:

I haue with such prouision in mine Art

So safely ordered, that there is no soule

No not so much perdition as an hayre

Betid to any creature in the vessell

Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit [downe,

For thou must now know farther.

*Mira.* You haue often

in to tell me what I am, but stopt

And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,

Concluding, stay: not yet.

*Pros.* The howr's now come

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,

Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remember  
 A time before we came vnto this Cell?  
 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not  
 Out three yeeres old.

*Mira.* Certainly Sir, I can.

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

*Mira.* 'Tis farre off:

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

*Pros.* Thou hadst; and more Miranda: But how is it  
 That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els  
 In the dark#backward and Abisme of Time?  
 Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,  
 2w thou c1m'st here thou maist.

3 I doe not.

3 since (Miranda) twelue yere since,

4 2ke of Millaine and

1

5 Father?

5 3ce of virtue, and

6 and thy father

7 heire,

1

2

Or blessed was't we did?

*Pros.* Both, both my Girle.

By fowle#play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,  
 But blessedly holpe hither.

*Mira.* O my heart bleedes

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

*Pros.* My brother and thy vncl, call'd Anthonio:

I pray thee marke me, that a brother should  
 Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe  
 Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put  
 The mannage of my state, as at that time  
 Through all the signories it was the first,  
 And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reputed  
 In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,  
 Without a paralell; those being all my studie,  
 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,

And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
 And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncler  
 (Do'st thou attend me?)

*Mira.* Sir, most heedefully.

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

*Mira.* O good Sir, I doe.

*Pros.* I pray thee marke me:

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

*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

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

*Mira.* Oh the heauens:

*Pros.* Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sinne

To thinke but Noblie of my Grand#mother,  
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

*Pro.* Now the Condition.

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

*Mir.* Alack, for pittie:

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

*Pro.* Heare a little further,

And then I'lle bring thee to the present businesse  
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not

That howre destroy vs?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench:

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

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

*Pro.* O, a Cherubin

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

*Mir.* How came we a shore?

*Pro.* By prouidence diuine,

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

*Mir.* Would I might

But euer see that man.

*Pro.* Now I arise,

Sit still, and heare the last of our sea#sorrow:  
 Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere  
 Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit  
 Then other Princesse can, that haue more time  
 For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so care5

*Mir.* Heuens thank you for't. And now 4

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason  
 For raysing this Sea#storme?

*Pro.* Know thus far forth,

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

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come  
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride  
 On the curld cloudes: to thy strong bidding, taske  
 Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

*Pro.* Hast thou, Spirit,

Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

*Ar.* To euery Article.

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

*Pro.* My braue Spirit,

Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle  
 Would not infect his reason?

*Ar.* Not a soule

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

*Pro.* Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nye shore?

*Ar.* Close by, my Master

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

*Ar.* Not a haire perishd:

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

*Pro.* Of the Kings ship,

The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,  
 And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

*Ar.* S5 in harbor



3 4pe in the deepe 3

5 Other copies of the First Folio have the signature A2 and the catchword "Which" on this page, damaged in this copy.

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,  
And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,  
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge

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

*Ar.* Past the mid season.

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

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

*Pro.* How now? moodie?

What is't thou canst demand?

*Ar.* My Libertie.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more:

*Ar.* I prethee,

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

*Pro.* Do'st thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ar.* No.

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

*Ar.* I doe not Sir.

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

*Ar.* No Sir.

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

*Ar.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pro.* Oh, was she so: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,  
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax

For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible  
 To enter humane hearing, from Argier  
 Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did  
 They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

*Ar.* I, Sir.

*Pro.* This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with (child,  
 child, And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue,  
 As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,  
 And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate  
 To act her earthy, and abhord commands,  
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee  
 By helpe of her more potent Ministers,  
 And in her most vnmittigable rage,  
 Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift  
 Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine  
 A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,  
 And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes  
 As fast as Mill#wheelles strike: Then was this Island  
 (Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,  
 A frekelld whelpe, hag#borne) not honour'd with  
 A hu4 1  
 3 her sonne.

5

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

*Ar.* I thanke thee Master.

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

*Ar.* Pardon, Master,

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

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

*Ar.* That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

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

*Exit.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Cal.*

*within.*

There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:  
Come thou Tortoys, when?

*Enter Ariel like a water#Nymph.*

Fine apparision: my queint Ariel,  
Hearke in thine eare.

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

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poysonous slaue, got by y# diuell himselve  
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

*Enter Caliban.*

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

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

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner:  
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first  
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me  
Water with berries in't: and teach me how  
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse  
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee  
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,

The fresh Springs, Brine#pits; barren place and fertill,  
 Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes  
 Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:  
 For I am all the Subiects that you haue,  
 1 first was min owne King: and here you sty#me  
 3 1ocke, whiles you doe keepe from me  
 3 Island.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Pro.* So slaue, hence.

*Exit Cal.*

*Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.*

*Ariel*

*Song.*

Come vnto these yellow sands, and then take hands:  
 Curtsied when you haue, and kist the wilde waues whist:  
 Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare the burthen.

*Burthen dispersedly.*

Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch#Dogges barke, bowgh#wawgh.

*Ar.* Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere cry cockadidle#dowe.

*Fer.* Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?

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

*Ariell*

*Song*

Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,  
 Of his bones are Corrall made:  
 Those are pearles that were his eies,  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a Sea#change  
 Into something rich, & strange:  
 Sea#Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen:*

ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding#dong bell.

*Fer.* The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,

This is no mortall busines, nor no sound  
 That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

*Pro.* The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,

And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mira.* What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,  
 It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses

As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest  
 Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd  
 With greefe (that's beauties canker) y# might'st call him  
 A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,  
 And straves about to finde 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him

A thing diuine, for nothing naturall  
I euer saw so Noble.

*Pro.* It goes on I see

As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee  
Within two dayes for this.

*Fer.* Most sure the Goddessse

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

*Mir.* No wonder Sir,

But certainly a Mayd.

*Fer.* My Language? Heauens:

I am the best of them that speake this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How? the best?

What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

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

*Mir.* Alacke, for mercy.

*Fer.* Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine

And his braue sonne, being twaine.

*Pro.* The Duke of Millaine

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

*Mir.* Why speakes my father so vngently? This

Is the third man that ere I saw: the first  
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father  
To be enclin'd my way.

*Fer.* O, if a Virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you  
The Queene of Naples.

*Pro.* Soft sir, one word more.

They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines  
I must vneasie make, least too light winning  
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee

That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe  
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe  
 Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it  
 From me, the Lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

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

*Pro.* Follow me.

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

*Fer.* No,

I will resist such entertainment, till  
 Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

*He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.*

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

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

*Mira.* Beseech you Father.

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

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

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

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

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

*Fer.* So they are:

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

*Pros.* It workes: Come on.

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

*Mira.* Be of comfort,

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

*Pros.* Thou shalt be as free

As mountaine windes; but then exactly do  
 All points of my command.

*Ariell.* To th' syllable.

*Pros.* Come follow: speake not for him.

*Exeunt.*

## **Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.**

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

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

*Alons.* Prethee peace.

*Seb.* He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

*Ant.* The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

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

*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* One: Tell.

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

*Seb.* A dollor.



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

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

*Gon.* Therefore my Lord.

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

*Alon.* I pre#thee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I haue done: But yet

*Seb.* He will be talking.

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

*Seb.* The old Cocke.

*Ant.* The Cockrell.

*Seb.* Done: The wager?

*Ant.* A Laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this Island seeme to be desert.

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* So: you'r paid.

*Adr.* Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

*Seb.* Yet

*Adr.* Yet

*Ant.* He could not misse't

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

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

*Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

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

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfume'd by a Fen.

*Gon.* Heere is euey thing aduantageous to life.

*Ant.* True, saue meanes to liue.

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

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

How greene?

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of greene in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

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

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

*Seb.* As many voucht rarieties are.

*Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) drench in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and

glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Seb.* What if he had said Widdower Æneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

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

*Gon.* This Tunis Sir was Carthage.

*Adri.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

*Ant.* What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

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

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

*Gon.* I.

*Ant.* Why in good time.

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

*Ant.* And the rarest that ere came there.

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

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

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

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence

My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,  
 Who is so farre from Italy remoued,  
 I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire  
 Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fish  
 Hath made his meale on thee?

*Fran.* Sir he may liue,

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

*Alon.* No, no, hee's gone.

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

*Alon.* Pre#thee peace.

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

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

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

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most Chirurgionly.

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

*Seb.* Fowle weather?

*Ant.* Very foule.

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

*Ant.* Hee'd sow't vvith Nettle#seed.

*Seb.* Or dockes, or Mallowes.

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

*Seb.* Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

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

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

*Seb.* Yet he would be King on't.

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

*Gon.* All things in common Nature should produce

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

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subiects?

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

*Gon.* I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

*Seb.* 'Saue his Maiesty.

*Ant.* Long liue Gonzalo.

*Gon.* And do you marke me, Sir?

*Alon.* Prethee no more: thou dost talke nothing to  
 (me.

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

*Ant.* 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

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

*Ant.* What a blow was there giuen?

*Seb.* And it had not false flatlong.

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

*Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a Batfowling

*Ant.* Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

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

*Ant.* Go sleepe, and heare vs.

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

*Seb.* Please you Sir,  
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:  
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

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

*Alon.* Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.

*Seb.* What a strange drowsines possesses them?

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

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not then our eye#lids sinke? I finde  
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I, my spirits are nimble:  
They fell together all, as by consent  
They dropt, as by a Thunder#stroke: what might  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:  
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,  
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination see's a Crowne  
Dropping vpon thy head.

*Seb.* What? art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not heare me speake?

*Seb.* I do, and surely  
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou do'st snore distinctly,  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious then my custome: you  
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,  
Trebbles thee o're.

*Seb.* Well: I am standing water.

*Ant.* Ile teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it  
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed  
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run  
By their owne feare, or sloth.

*Seb.* 'Pre#thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throws thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded  
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely  
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,  
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,  
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

*Seb.* I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is  
Another way so high a hope, that euen  
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond  
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drown'd.

*Seb.* He's gone.

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

*Seb.* Claribell.

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

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples  
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:  
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new#borne chinnes  
Be rough, and Razor#able: She that from whom  
We all were sea#swallow'd, though some cast againe,  
(And by that destiny) to performe an act  
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come  
In yours, and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stufte is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis.  
So is she heyre of Naples, 'twixt which Regions

There is some space.

*Ant.* A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell  
Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse  
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate  
As amply, and vnnecessarily  
As this Gonzallo: I my selfe could make  
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore  
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this  
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

*Seb.* Me thinkes I do.

*Ant.* And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember

You did supplant your Brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,  
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants  
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But for your conscience.

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

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not  
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences  
That stand 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,  
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,  
No better then the earth he lies vpon,  
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)  
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)  
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,  
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put  
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest  
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,  
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that  
We say befits the houre.

*Seb.* Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st Millaine,  
I'll come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,  
And I the King shall loue thee.

*Ant.* Draw together:

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

*Seb.* O, but one word.

*Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.*

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

*Sings in Gonzaloes eare.*

While you here do snoaring lie,  
Open#ey'd Conspiracie  
His time doth take:  
If of Life you keepe a care,  
Shake off slumber and beware.  
Awake, awake.

*Ant.* Then let vs both be sodaine.

*Gon.* Now, good Angels preserue the King.

*Alo.* Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?  
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

*Alo.* I heard nothing.

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

*Alo.* Heard you this Gonzalo?

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

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

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

*Alo.* Lead away.

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

*Exeunt.*



## Scœna Secunda.

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

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

*Enter Trinculo.*

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

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

*Enter stephano singing.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore. This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

*Drinkes.*

*Sings.*

The Master, the Swabber, the Boate#swaine & I;  
 The Gunner, and his Mate  
 Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,  
 But none of vs car'd for Kate.  
 For she had a tongue with a tang,  
 Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:  
 She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,  
 Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.  
 Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.  
 This is a scuruy tune too:  
 But here's my comfort.

*drinks.*

*Cal.* Doe not torment me: oh.

*Ste.* What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

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

*Cal.* The Spirit torments me: oh.

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

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

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

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

*Ste.* Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

*Tri.* I should know that voyce:

It should be,

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

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

*Tri.* Stephano.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ste.* How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

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

*Cal.* I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true sub

iect, for the liquor is not earthly.

*St.* Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst

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

*Ste.* Here, kisse the Booke.

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

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

*Ste.* The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke  
by th' sea#side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone#Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

*Cal.* Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

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

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

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

*Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake  
Monster:

The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore creadulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* Ile shew thee euey fertill ynch 'oth Island: and  
I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

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

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

*Ste.* Come on then: downe and sweare.

*Tri.* I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi#hea  
ded Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in  
my heart to beate him.

*Ste.* Come, kisse.

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

An abhominable Monster.

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

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;

I'll beare him no more Stickses, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

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

*Cal.* I'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;  
and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig#nuts;  
show thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare

the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring  
Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels  
from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

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

*Caliban Sings drunkenly.*

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

*Tri.* A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

*Cal.*

No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high#day, high#day freedome, freedome high#day, freedome.

*Ste.* O braue Monster; lead the way.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)*

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

*Enter Miranda and Prospero.*

*Mir.* Alas, now pray you

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,  
He's safe for these three houres.

*Fer.* O most deere Mistris

The Sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must striue to do.

*Mir.* If you'l sit downe

Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,  
Ile carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,  
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me

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

*Pro.* Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

*Mir.* You looke wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do beseech you  
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,  
What is your name?

*Mir.* Miranda, O my Father,

I haue broke your hest to say so.

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda,

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

*Mir.* I do not know

One of my sexe; no womans face remembe1,  
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene  
More that I may call men, then you good friend,  
And my deere Father: how features are abroad  
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie  
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you:  
 Nor can imagination forme a shape  
 Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle  
 Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts  
 I therein do forget.

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

*Mir.* Do you loue me?

*Fer.* O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,  
 And crowne what I professe with kinde euent  
 If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert  
 What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,  
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th world  
 Do loue, prize, honor you.

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

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

*Fer.* VVherefore weepe you?

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

*Fer.* My Mistris (deerest)  
 And I thus humble euer.

*Mir.* My husband then?

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

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

*Fer.* A thousand, thousand.

*Exeunt.*

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

*Exit.*

## **Scœna Secunda.**

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ste.* VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

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

*Ste.* Moone#calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest  
 a good Moone#calfe.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe:

Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

*Enter Ariell inuisible.*

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

*Ariell.* Thou lyeest

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

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

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more: proceed.

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

*Ste.* That's most certaine.

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

*Ste.* How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

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

*Ariell.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

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

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

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

Ile go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lyed?

*Ariell.* Thou liest

*Ste.* Do I so? Take thou that,

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

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

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

A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.

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

*Cal.* Beate him enough: after a little time

Ile beate him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther: Come proceede.

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

I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,

Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not

One Spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,

He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cals her a non#pareill: I neuer saw a woman

But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she;

But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax,

As great'st do's least

*Ste.* Is it so braue a Lasse?

*Cal.* I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and

I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be

Vice#royes:

Dost thou like the plot Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* I on mine honour.

*Ariell.* This will I tell my Master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

*Ste.* At thy request Monster, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

*Sings.*

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

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

*Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

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

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:

If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O forgiue me my sinnes.

*Ste.* He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;

Mercy vpon vs.

*Cal.* Art thou affeard?

*Ste.* No Monster, not I.

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

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

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

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

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

*Trin.* Wilt come?  
Ile follow stephano.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

### [Act 3, Scene 3]

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

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,

My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeed  
 Through fourth#rights, & Meanders: by your patience,  
 I needes must rest me.

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

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

*Seb.* The next aduantage will we take thoroughly.

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

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inuisible:) Enter  
 seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with  
 gentle actions of salutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.*

*Seb.* I say to night: no more.

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

*Gon.* Maruellous sweet Musicke.

*Alb.* Giue vs kind keepers, heau#s: what were these?

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

*Ant.* Ile beleeue both:

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

*Gon.* If in Naples

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

*Pro.* Honest Lord,

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

*Al.* I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing  
 (Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde  
 Of excellent dumbe discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing.

*Fr.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto (macks.  
 Wilt please you taste of what is here?

*Alo.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were (Boyes

Who would beleeeue that there were Mountayneeres,  
 Dew#lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em  
 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
 Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde  
 Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs  
 Good warrant of.

*Al.* I will stand to, and feede,

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

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

*Ar.* You are three men of sinne, whom destiny

That hath to instrument this lower world,  
 And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,  
 Hath caus'd to belch vp you: and on this Island,  
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,  
 Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;  
 And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne  
 Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes  
 Are ministers of Fate, the Elements  
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt#at#Stabs  
 Kill the still closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers  
 Are like#invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,  
 And will not be vplifted: But remember  
 (For that's my businesse to you) that you three  
 From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,  
 Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)  
 Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,  
 The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue

Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures  
 Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonso  
 They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me  
 Lingring perdition (worse then any death  
 Can be at once) shall step, by step attend  
 You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,  
 Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals  
 Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts#sorrow,  
 And a cleere life ensuing.

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

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

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

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

*Exit.*

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

*Ant.* Ile be thy Second.

*Exeunt.*

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

*Ad.* Follow, I pray you.

*Exeunt. omnes.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

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

*Fer.* I doe beleeeue it  
 Against an Oracle.

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

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

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

*Enter Ariell.*

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

*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice  
 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you

In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble  
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:  
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must  
 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple  
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

*Ar.* Presently?

*Pro.* I: with a twincke.

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

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

*Ar.* Well: I conceiue.

*Exit.*

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

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

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

*Enter Iris.*

*Ir.* Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas  
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;  
 Thy Turphie#Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,  
 And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:  
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims  
 Which spungie Aprill, at thy hest betrim;,  
 To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome# (groues;  
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,  
 Being lasse#lorne: thy pole#clipt vineyard,  
 And thy Sea#marge st1rrile, and rocky#hard,  
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,  
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.  
 Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace,

*Iuno descends.*



Here on this grasse#plot, in this very place  
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine.

*Enter Ceres.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*They sing.*

*Iu.*  
 Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,  
 Long continuance, and encreasing,  
 Houerly ioyes, be still vpon you,  
 Iuno sings her blessings on you  
 Earths increase, foyzon plentie,

Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.  
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,  
 Plants, wtth with goodly burthen bowing:  
 Spring come to you at the farthest,  
 In the very end of Haruest.  
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
 Ceres blessing so is on you.

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

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

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

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

*Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

*Iris.* You Nimphs cald Nayades of y# windring brooks,  
 With your sedg'd crownes, and euer#harmelesse lookes,  
 Leaue your crisper channels, and on this green#Land  
 Answere your summons, Iuno do's command.  
 Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate  
 A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

*Enter Certaine Nimphes.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Fer. Mir.* We wish your peace.

*Exit.*

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

*Enter Ariell.*

*Ar.* Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

*Pro.* Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ar.* I my Commander, when I presented Ceres  
 I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd  
 Least I might anger thee.

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

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

*Pro.* This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither  
For stale to catch these theeues.

*Ar.* I go, I goe.

*Exit.*

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

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

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

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

*St.* Monster, your Fairy, w# you say is a harmles Fairy,  
Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

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

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

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost Monster.

*Cal.* Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,  
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too  
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,  
All's husht as midnight yet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tri.* Thy grace shall haue it.

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

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

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

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

*Tri.* Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fin  
gers, and away with the rest.

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

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

*Tri.* And this.

*Ste.* I, and this.

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

*Pro.* Hey Mountaine, hey.

*Ari.* Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

*Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts  
With dry Convultions, shorten vp their sinewes  
With aged Cramps, & more pinch#spotted make them,  
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

*Ari.* Harke, they rore.

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

*Exeunt.*

## Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

*Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.*

*Pro.* Now do's my Project gather to a head:

My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time  
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

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

You said our worke should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,

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

*Ar.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,  
Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir  
In the Line#groue which weather#fends your Cell,  
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,  
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning ouer them,  
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly  
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzallo,  
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops  
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

*Ar.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

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

*Ar.* Ile fetch them, Sir.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye Elues of hils, brooks, st#ding lakes & groues,  
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote  
Doe chase the ebbing#Neptune, and doe flie him  
When he comes backe: you demy#Puppets, that

By Moone#shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,  
 Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight#Mushrumps, that reioyce  
 To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde  
 (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd  
 The Noone#tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,  
 And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder  
 Haue I giuen fire, and rifted loues stowt Oke  
 With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie  
 Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp  
 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command  
 Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
 By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke  
 I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd  
 Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)  
 To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that  
 This Ayrie#charme is for, I'll breake my staffe,  
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,  
 And deeper then did euer Plummet sound  
 Ile drowne my booke.

*Solemne musicke.*

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture,  
 attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended  
 by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had  
 made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speakes.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,  
 To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines  
 (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand  
 For you are Spell#stopt.  
 Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,  
 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine  
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,  
 And as the morning steales vpon the night  
 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences  
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo  
 My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,  
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
 Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly  
 Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,  
 Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,  
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian  
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)  
 Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,  
 Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding  
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them  
 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariell,  
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,  
 I will discase me, and my selfe present  
 As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,  
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,  
 On the Batts backe I doe flie  
 after Sommer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,  
 Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

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

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

*Exit.*

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

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

*Alb.* Where thou bee'st he or no,  
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
 (As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse  
 Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,  
 Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which



I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue  
 (And if this be at all) a most strange story.  
 Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat  
 Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero  
 Be liuing, and be heere?

*Pro.* First, noble Frend,

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

*Gonz.* Whether this be,

Or be not, I'lle not sweare.

*Pro.* You doe yet taste

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

*Seb.* The Diuell speakes in him:

*Pro.* No:

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

*Alo.* If thou beest Prospero

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

*Pro.* I am woe for't, Sir.

*Alo.* Irreparable is the losse, and patience

Saies, it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather thinke

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

*Alo.* You the like losse?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late, and supportable

To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker  
 Then you may call to comfort you; for I  
 Haue lost my daughter.

*Alo.* A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in Naples

The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish  
 My selfe were mudded in that oo#zie bed  
 Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

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

*Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chesse.*

*Mir.* Sweet Lord, you play me false.

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

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

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

*Seb.* A most high miracle.

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

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

*Mir.* O wonder!  
 How many goodly creatures are there heere?  
 How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world  
 That has such people in't.

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alo.* What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at (play?  
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,  
And brought vs thus together?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortall;

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

*Alo.* I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I  
Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?

*Pro.* There Sir stop,

Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with  
A heauinesse that's gon.

*Gon.* I haue inly wept,

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

*Alo.* I say Amen, Gonzallo.

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

*Alo.* Giue me your hands:

Let grieffe and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you ioy,

*Gon.* Be it so, Amen.

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

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

*Bot.* The best newes is, that we haue safely found

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

*Ar.* Sir, all this seruice

Haue I done since I went.

*Pro.* My tricksey Spirit.

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

*Bot.* If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,  
I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,  
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,  
Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses  
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,  
And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.  
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;  
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld  
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master  
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,  
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,  
And were brought moaping hither.

*Ar.* Was't well done?

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

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

*Pro.* Sir, my Leige,

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

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

*Ste.* Euery man shift for all the rest, and let

No man take care for himselfe; for all is  
But fortune: Coragio Bully#Monster Corasio.

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

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:

How fine my Master is? I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?  
Will money buy em?

*Ant.* Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

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

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

*Cal.* I shall be pincht to death.

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

*Seb.* He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

*Alo.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

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

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:  
I shall not feare fly#blowing.

*Seb.* Why how now Stephano?

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

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

*Ste.* I should haue bin a sore one then.

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

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,  
Take with you your Companions: as you looke  
To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

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

*Pro.* Goe to, away.

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

*Seb.* Or stole it rather.

*Pro.* Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine  
 To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest  
 For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste  
 With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it  
 Goe quicke away: The story of my life,  
 And the particular accidents, gon by  
 Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne  
 I'lle bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
 Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall  
 Of these our deere#belou'd, solemnized,  
 And thence retire me to my Millaine, where  
 Euey third thought shall be my graue.

*Alo.* I long  
 To heare the story of your life; which must  
 Take the eare strangely.

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

*Exeunt omnes.*

## EPILOGVE, spoken by Prospero.

NOw my Charmes are all ore#throwne,  
 And what strength I haue's mine owne.  
 Which is most faint: now 'tis true  
 I must be heere confinde by you,  
 Or sent to Naples, Let me not  
 Since I haue my Dukedome got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell  
 In this bare Island, by your Spell,  
 But release me from my bands  
 With the helpe of your good hands:  
 Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes  
 Must fill, or else my proiect failes,  
 Which was to please: Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,  
 And my ending is despaire,  
 Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier  
 Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your Indulgence set me free.

*Exit.*

## The Scene, an vn#inhabited Island

- Alonso, K. of Naples:
  - Sebastian his Brother.
  - Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
  - Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.
  - Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
  - Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
  - Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
  - Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.
  - Trinculo, a lester.
  - Stephano, a drunken Butler.
  - Master of a Ship.
  - Boate#Swaine.
  - Marriners.
  - Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
  - Ariell, an ayrie spirit.
  - • Iris }
  - Ceres
  - Iuno
  - Nymphes
  - Reapers
- Spirits.

FINIS.