

The Tempest from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. — Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

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THE TEMPEST

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

rem

remMaster.

BOte-swaine.

rem

remBotes.

Heere Master: What cheere?

rem

remMast.

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

Exit.

Enter Mariners.

rem

remBotes.

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

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

rem

remAlon.

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

rem

remBotes.

I pray now keepe below.

rem

remAnth.

Where is the Master, Boson?

rem

remBotes:

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

rem

remGonz.

Nay, good be patient.

rem

remBotes.

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

rem

remGon.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

rem

remBotes.

None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, use 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.

rem

remGon.

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

Exit.

Enter Boteswaine

rem

remBotes.

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

Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

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

rem

remSebas.

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

rem

remBotes.

Worke you then.

rem

remAnth.

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

rem

remGonz.

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

rem

remBotes.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

rem

remMari.

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

rem

remBotes.

What must our mouths be cold?

rem

remGonz.

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

rem

remSebas.

I'am out of patience.

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remGonz.

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.

rem

remAnth.

Let's all sinke with' King.

rem

remSeb.

Let's take leaue of him.

Exit.

rem

remGonz.

Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Brown1 firrs, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I w4 faine dye a dry death.

Scoena Sec4.

Enter Pro5 2

rem

remMira.

*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.

rem

remPros.

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

rem

remMira.

O woe, the day.

rem

remPros.

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.

rem

remMira.

More to know

Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

rem

remPros.

'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.*

rem

remMira.

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

rem

remPros.

*The hour'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.*

rem

remMira.

Certainely Sir, I can.

rem

remPros.

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

rem

remMira.

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

rem

remPros.

*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?

rem

remPros.

Both, both my Girle.

By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,

But blessedly holpe hither.

rem

remMira.

O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

rem

remPros.

My brother and thy vncke, 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 vncke

(Do'st thou attend me?)

rem

remMira.

Sir, most heedefully.

rem

remPros.

*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 Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
 And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?*

rem

remMira.

O good Sir, I doe.

rem

remPros.

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?*

rem

remMira.

Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

rem

remPros.

*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.*

rem

remMira.

Oh the heauen:

rem

remPros.

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

rem

remMira.

I should sinne

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

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remMir.

Alack, for pittty:

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remMir.

*Wherefore did they not
 That howre destroy vs?*

rem

remPro.

*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-board 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.*

rem

remMir.

*Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you?*

rem

remPro.

*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.*

rem

remMir.

How came we a shore?

rem

remPro.

*By providence 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.*

rem

remMir.

Would I might

But euer see that man.

rem

remPro.

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*

rem

remMir.

Heuens thank you for't. And now 4

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

rem

remPro.

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 auspitious 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.

rem

remAri.

*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 clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remAr.

To euery Article.

*I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld 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.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remAr.

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.*

rem

remPro.

Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nye shore?

rem

remAr.

Close by, my Master

rem

remPro.

But are they (Ariell) safe?

rem

remAr.

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.*

rem

remPro.

Of the Kings ship,

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

rem

remAr.

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.*

rem

remPro.

Ariel, thy charge

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

rem

remAr.

Past the mid season.

rem

remPro.

At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

rem

remAr.

*Is there more toyle? Since thou¹ dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.*

rem

remPro.

*How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?*

rem

remAr.

My Libertie.

rem

remPro.

Before the time be out? no more:

rem

remAr.

I prethee,

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

rem

remPro.

*Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?*

rem

remAr.

No.

rem

remPro.

*Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the² 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.*

rem

remAr.

I doe not Sir.

rem

remPro.

¹y

²y

*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?*

rem

remAr.

No Sir.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remAr.

Sir, in Argier.

rem

remPro.

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?*

rem

remAr.

I, Sir.

rem

remPro.

*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-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A 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.*

rem

remAr.

I thanke thee Master.

rem

remPro.

*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.*

rem

remAr.

Pardon, Master,

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

rem

remPro.

Doe so: and after two daies

I will discharge thee.

rem

remAr.

That's my noble Master:

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

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remPro.

Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,

Awake.

rem

remMir.

The strangenes of your story, put

Heauinesse in me.

rem

remPro.

Shake it off: Come on,

Wee'll visit Caliban, my slaue, who neuer

Yeelds vs kinde answere.

rem

remMir.

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

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remCal.

within.

There's wood enough within.

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remAr.

My Lord, it shall be done.

Exit.

rem

remPro.

Thou poysonous slaue, got by y diuell himselfe

Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remCal.

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 Locke, whiles you doe keepe from me
 3 Island.*

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remCal.

Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:

*Thou didst preuent me, I had people'd else
 This Isle with Calibans.*

rem

remMira.

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.*

rem

remCal.

*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.*

rem

remPros.

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.*

rem

remCal.

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.*

rem

remPro.

So slaue, hence.

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

rem

remAriel

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, bough wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke, bough-wawgh.

rem

remAr.

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

rem

remFer.

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

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes upon

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.

rem

remAriell

Song

Full fadom fiae 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-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen:

ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

rem

remFer.

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 aboue me.

rem

remPro.

The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,

And say what thou see'st yond.

rem

remMira.

What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,

It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

rem

remPro.

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) thou³ might'st call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,

And strayes about to finde 'em.

rem

remMir.

I might call him

A thing diuine, for nothing naturall

I euer saw so Noble.

rem

remPro.

It goes on I see

As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee

Within two dayes for this.

rem

remFer.

Most sure the Goddess

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?

rem

remMir.

No wonder Sir,

But certainly a Mayd.

rem

remFer.

My Language? Heauens:

I am the best of them that speake this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

rem

remPro.

How? the best?

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

rem

remFer.

*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.*

rem

remMir.

Alacke, for mercy.

rem

remFer.

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

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remMir.

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

rem

remFer.

O, if a Virgin,

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

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remFer.

No, as I am a man.

rem

remMir.

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.

rem

remPro.

Follow me.

rem

remPros.

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.

rem

remFer.

No,

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

rem

remMira.

O deere Father,

Make not too rash a triall of him, for

Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

rem

remPros.

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.

rem

remMira.

Beseech you Father.

rem

remPros.

Hence: hang not on my garments.

rem

remMira.

Sir haue pity,

Ile be his surety.

rem

remPros.

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.

rem

remMira.

My affections

Are then most humble: I haue no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

rem

remPros.

Come on, obey:

Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.

And haue no vigour in them.

rem

remFer.

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 use of: space enough

Haue I in such a prison.

rem

remPros.

It workes: Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariell: follow me,

Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

rem

remMira.

Be of comfort,

My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)

Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted

Which now came from him.

rem

remPros.

Thou shalt be as free

As mountaine windes; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

rem

remAriell.

To th' syllable.

rem

remPros.

Come follow: speake not for him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

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

rem

remGonz.

Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,

(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe

Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife,

The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant

Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,

(I meane our preseruatiō) few in millions

Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh

Our sorrow, with our comfort.

rem

remAlons.

Prethee peace.

rem

remSeb.

He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

rem

remAnt.

The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

rem

remSeb.

Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,

By and by it will strike.

rem

remGon.

Sir.

rem

remSeb.

One: Tell.

rem

remGon.

When euery greefe is entertaind,

That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

rem

remSeb.

A dollor.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remSeb.

You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you should.

rem

remGon.

Therefore my Lord.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remAlon.

I pre-thee spare.

rem

remGon.

Well, I haue done: But yet

rem

remSeb.

He will be talking.

rem

remAnt.

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

First begins to crow?

rem

remSeb.

The old Cocke.

rem

remAnt.

The Cockrell.

rem

remSeb.

Done: The wager?

rem

remAnt.

A Laughter.

rem

remSeb.

A match.

rem

remAdr.

Though this Island seeme to be desert.

rem

remSeb.

Ha, ha, ha.

rem

remAnt.

So: you'r paid.

rem

remAdr.

Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

rem

remSeb.

Yet

rem

remAdr.

Yet

rem

remAnt.

He could not misse't

rem

remAdr.

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

rem

remAnt.

Temperance was a delicate wench.

rem

remSeb.

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

rem

remAdr.

The ayre breathes upon vs here most sweetly.

rem

remSeb.

As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remGon.

Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

rem

remAnt.

True, saue meanes to liue.

rem

remSeb.

Of that there's none, or little.

rem

remGon.

How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?

How greene?

rem

remAnt.

The ground indeed is tawny.

rem

remSeb.

With an eye of greene in't.

rem

remAnt.

He misses not much.

rem

remSeb.

No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remSeb.

As many voucht rarieties are.

rem

remGon.

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.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remSeb.

I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

rem

remGon.

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.

rem

remSeb.

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

rem

remAdri.

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

rem

remGon.

Not since widdow Dido's time.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remSeb.

What if he had said Widdower Æneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

rem

remAdri.

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

rem

remGon.

This Tunis Sir was Carthage.

rem

remAdri.

Carthage?

rem

remGon.

I assure you Carthage.

rem

remAnt.

His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

rem

remSeb.

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

rem

remAnt.

What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

rem

remSeb.

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

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remGon.

I.

rem

remAnt.

Why in good time.

rem

remGon.

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.

rem

remAnt.

And the rarest that ere came there.

rem

remSeb.

Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido.

rem

remAnt.

O Widdow Dido? I, Widdow Dido.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remAnt.

That sort was well fish'd for.

rem

remGon.

When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

rem

remAlon.

*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?*

rem

remFran.

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.*

rem

remAlon.

No, no, hee's gone.

rem

remSeb.

*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.*

rem

remAlon.

Pre-thee peace.

rem

remSeb.

*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.*

rem

remAlon.

So is the deer'st oth'losse.

rem

remGon.

*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.*

rem

remSeb.

Very well.

rem

remAnt.

And most Chirurgeonly.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remSeb.

Fowle weather?

rem

remAnt.

Very foule.

rem

remGon.

Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

rem

remAnt.

Hee'd sow't vwith Nettle-seed.

rem

remSeb.

Or dockes, or Mallowes.

rem

remGon.

And were the King on't, what vwould I do?

rem

remSeb.

Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

rem

remGon.

I'th' Commonwealth I vwould (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.

rem

remSeb.

Yet he vwould be King on't.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remGon.

All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, fellony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

rem

remSeb.

No marrying 'mong his subiects?

rem

remAnt.

None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

rem

remGon.

I vvould vvith such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

rem

remSeb.

'Saue his Maiesty.

rem

remAnt.

Long liue Gonzalo.

rem

remGon.

And do you marke me, Sir?

rem

remAlon.

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

rem

remGon.

I do vvell 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.

rem

remAnt.

'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remAnt.

What a blow vvvas there giuen?

rem

remSeb.

And it had not falne flat-long.

rem

remGon.

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

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

rem

remSeb.

We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling

rem

remAnt.

Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remAnt.

Go sleepe, and heare vs.

rem

remAlon.

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.

rem

remSeb.

Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

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

rem

remAnt.

We two my Lord, will guard your person,

While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

rem

remAlon.

Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.

rem

remSeb.

What a strange drowsines possesses them?

rem

remAnt.

It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

rem

remSeb.

Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde

Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

rem

remAnt.

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.*

*rem
 remSeb.*

What? art thou waking?

*rem
 remAnt.*

Do you not heare me speake?

*rem
 remSeb.*

I do, and surely

*It is a sleepe 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.*

*rem
 remAnt.*

Noble Sebastian,

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

*rem
 remSeb.*

Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

*rem
 remAnt.*

I am more serious then my custome: you

*Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
 Trebbles thee o're.*

*rem
 remSeb.*

Well: I am standing water.

*rem
 remAnt.*

Ile teach you how to flow.

*rem
 remSeb.*

Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

rem

remAnt.

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.*

rem

remSeb.

'Pre-thee say on,

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

rem

remAnt.

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.*

rem

remSeb.

I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

rem

remAnt.

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.*

rem

remSeb.

He's gone.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remSeb.

Claribell.

rem

remAnt.

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.

rem

remSeb.

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.

rem

remAnt.

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 understand me?

rem

remSeb.

Me thinkes I do.

rem

remAnt.

And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

rem

remSeb.

I remember

You did supplant your Brother Prospero.

rem

remAnt.

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.

rem

remSeb.

But for your conscience.

rem

remAnt.

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.

rem

remSeb.

Thy case, deere Friend

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

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

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,

And I the King shall loue thee.

rem

remAnt.

Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on Gonzalo.

rem

remSeb.

O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

rem

remAriel.

*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.*

rem

remAnt.

Then let vs both be sodaine.

rem

remGon.

Now, good Angels preserue the King.

rem

remAlo.

*Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?*

rem

remGon.

What's the matter?

rem

remSeb.

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

rem

remAlo.

I heard nothing.

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remAlo.

Heard you this Gonzalo?

rem

remGon.

*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.*

rem

remAlo.

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

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remAlo.

Lead away.

rem

remAriell.

*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.)

rem

remCal.

*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'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.*

rem

remTri.

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 bumbarde 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 paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-Iohn: 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 opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter here about: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter stephano singing.

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remCal.

Doe not torment me: oh.

rem

remSte.

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 proper 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.

rem

remCal.

The Spirit torments me: oh.

rem

remSte.

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-leather.

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remTri.

I should know that voyce:

It should be,

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

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remTri.

Stephano.

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remSte.

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?

rem

remTri.

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?

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSt.

Heere: swear then how thou escap'dst

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remSte.

Here, kisse the Booke. Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

rem

remTri.

O Stephano, ha'st any more of this?

rem

remSte.

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?

rem

remCal.

Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remTri.

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.

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remCal.

Ile kisse thy foot, Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect

rem

remSte.

Come on then: downe and sweare.

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remSte.

Come, kisse.

rem

remTri.

But that the poore Monster's in drinke:

An abhominable Monster.

rem

remCal.

I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee

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

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;

I'le beare him no more Sticke, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

*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 againe.*

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

rem

remTri.

A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

rem

remCal.

No more dams I'le make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

rem

remSte.

O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

rem

remFer.

There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor

Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske

Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but

The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a sore 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.

rem

remMir.

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.

rem

remFer.

O most deere Mistris

The Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must striue to do.

rem

remMir.

If you'l sit downe

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

rem

remFer.

No precious Creature,

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

rem

remMir.

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.*

rem

remPro.

Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

rem

remMir.

You looke wearily.

rem

remFer.

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?*

rem

remMir.

Miranda, O my Father,

I haue broke your hest to say so.

rem

remFer.

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.*

rem

remMir.

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 ieuell 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.*

rem

remFer.

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.*

rem

remMir.

Do you loue me?

rem

remFer.

*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.*

rem

remMir.

I am a foole

To weepe at what I am glad of.

rem

remPro.

Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace

On that which breeds betweene 'em.

rem

remFer.

VWherefore weepe you?

rem

remMir.

At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer

VWhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take

VWhat 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

VWhether you will or no.

rem

remFer.

My Mistris (deereſt)

And I thus humble euer.

rem

remMir.

My husband then?

rem

remFer.

I, with a heart as willing

As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

rem

remMir.

And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell

Till halfe an houre hence.

rem

remFer.

A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remSte.

*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.*

rem

remTrin.

*Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, 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.*

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remSte.

*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.*

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remSte.

VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remCal.

How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe:

Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

rem

remTrin.

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?

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,

I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariell inuisible.

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remAriell.

Thou lyeest

rem

remCal.

Thou lyeest, thou iesting Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

rem

remSte.

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,

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

rem

remTrin.

Why, I said nothing.

rem

remSte.

Mum then, and no more: proceed.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remSte.

That's most certaine.

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSte.

How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

rem

remCal.

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

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

rem

remAriell.

Thou liest, thou canst not.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remTrin.

Why, what did I? I did nothing:

Ile go farther off.

rem

remSte.

Didst thou not say he lyed?

rem

remAriell.

Thou liest

rem

remSte.

Do I so? Take thou that,

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

rem

remTrin.

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.

rem

remCal.

Ha, ha, ha.

rem

remSte.

Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

rem

remCal.

Beate him enough: after a little time

Ile beate him too.

rem

remSte.

Stand farther: Come proceede.

rem

remCal.

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 himselve

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

rem

remSte.

Is it so braue a Lasse?

rem

remCal.

I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood.

rem

remSte.

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?

rem

remTrin.

Excellent.

rem

remSte.

Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

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

rem

remCal.

Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

rem

remSte.

I on mine honour.

rem

remAriell.

This will I tell my Master.

rem

remCal.

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

Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

rem

remSte.

At thy request Monster, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout'em, and cout'em: and skout'em, and flout'em,

Thought is free.

rem

remCal.

That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

rem

remSte.

What is this same?

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remSte.

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

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

rem

remTrin.

O forgiue me my sinnes.

rem

remSte.

He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;

Mercy vpon vs.

rem

remCal.

Art thou affeard?

rem

remSte.

No Monster, not I.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remSte.

This will proue a braue kingdome to me,

Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

rem

remCal.

When Prospero is destroy'd.

rem

remSte.

That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

rem

remTrin.

The sound is going away,

Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

rem

remSte.

Leade Monster,

Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

rem

remTrin.

Wilt come?

Ile follow stephano.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

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

rem

remGon.

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.

rem

remAl.

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.

rem

remAnt.

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.

rem

remSeb.

The next aduantage will we take thoroughly.

rem

remAnt.

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.

rem

remSeb.

I say to night: no more.

rem

remAl.

What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

rem

remGon.

Maruellous sweet Musicke.

rem

remAlo.

Giue vs kind keepers, heauen⁴: what were these?

rem

remSeb.

A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleeeue

That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia

There is one Tree, the Phænix throne, one Phænix

At this houre reigning there.

rem

remAnt.

Ile beleeeue 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.

rem

remGon.

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they beleeeue 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

⁴heauēs

*Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.*

rem

remPro.

Honest Lord,

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

rem

remAl.

I cannot too much muse

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

rem

remPro.

Praise in departing.

rem

remFr.

They vanish'd strangely.

rem

remSeb.

No matter, since

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

rem

remAlo.

Not I.

rem

remGon.

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

*Who would beleeeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, 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 fiew for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.*

rem

remAl.

I will stand to, and feede,

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

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

rem

remAr.

*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.

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remAl.

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.

rem

remSeb.

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

rem

remAnt.

Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

rem

remGon.

*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.*

rem

remAd.

*Follow, I pray you.
 Exeunt. omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

rem

remPro.

*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 gift: O Ferdinand,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.*

rem

remFer.

*I doe beleeeue it
Against an Oracle.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remFer.

*As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the 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.*

rem

remPro.

Fairely spoke;

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

What Ariell; my industrious servant⁵ Ariell.

Enter Ariell.

rem

remAr.

What would my potent master? here I am.

rem

remPro.

Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice

Did worthily performe: and I must use 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.

rem

remAr.

Presently?

rem

remPro.

I: with a twincke.

rem

remAr.

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?

rem

remPro.

Dearely, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach

Till thou do'st heare me call.

rem

remAr.

⁵seruāt

Well: I conceiue.

Exit.

rem

remPro.

*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.*

rem

remFer.

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

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remIr.

*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 betrimms;
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.

rem

remCer.

*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?*

rem

remIr.

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

rem

remCer.

*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.*

rem

remIr.

*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.*

rem

remCer.

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

rem

remIu.

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.

rem

remIu.

*Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourely ioyes, be still upon you,
Iuno sings her blessings on you
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, wth 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.*

rem

remFer.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remFer.

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

rem

remPro.

*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.

rem

remIris.

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

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

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

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

rem

remPro.

*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.*

rem

remFer.

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

rem

remMir.

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

rem

remPro.

*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 Cloud-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
 Leauē 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.*

rem

remFer. Mir.

We wish your peace.

Exit.

rem

remPro.

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

Enter Ariell.

rem

remAr.

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

rem

remPro.

Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

rem

remAr.

I my Commander, when I presented Ceres

I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd

Least I might anger thee.

rem

remPro.

Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

rem

remAr.

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.*

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remAr.

I go, I goe.

Exit.

rem

remPro.

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 ouglrier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.*

*Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, all wet.*

rem

remCal.

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

rem

remSt.

*Monster, your Fairy, which⁶ you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.*

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remSte.

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

rem

⁶w

remTrin.

Thou wert but a lost Monster.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remTrin.

I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

rem

remSte.

There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that

Monster, but an infinite losse.

rem

remTr.

That's more to me then my wetting:

Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

rem

remSte.

I will fetch off my bottle,

Though I be o're eares for my labour.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remSte.

Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

rem

remTrin.

O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,

Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

rem

remCal.

Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remTri.

Thy grace shall haue it.

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remTrin.

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

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remCal.

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.

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remTri.

And this.

rem

remSte.

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.

rem

remPro.

Hey Mountaine, hey.

rem

remAri.

Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remAri.

Harke, they rore.

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remPro.

Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:

My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time

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

rem

remAr.

On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord

You said our worke should cease.

rem

remPro.

I did say so,

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

How fares the King, and's followers?

rem

remAr.

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.*

rem

remPro.

Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

rem

remAr.

Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

rem

remPro.

And mine shall.

*Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that rellish all as 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.*

rem

remAr.

Ile fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

rem

remPro.

Ye Elues of hils, brooks, standing⁷ lakes & groues,

⁷stāding

*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 Ioues stowt Oke
 With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
 Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
 Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
 I heere 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'le 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 uselesse) 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,
 Expelld 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.*

rem

remPro.

*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.*

rem

remAr.

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

Exit.

rem

remGon.

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

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remAlo.

*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?*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remGonz.

*Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not sweare.*

rem

remPro.

*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.*

rem

remSeb.

The Diuell speakes in him:

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remAlo.

If thou beest Prospero

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

rem

remPro.

I am woe for't, Sir.

rem

remAlo.

Irreparable is the losse, and patience

Saies, it is past her cure.

rem

remPro.

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.*

rem

remAlo.

You the like losse?

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remAlo.

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?

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remMir.

Sweet Lord, you play me false.

rem

remFer.

No my dearest loue,

I would not for the world.

rem

remMir.

Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should (wrangle,

And I would call it faire play.

rem

remAlo.

If this proue

*A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.*

rem

remSeb.

A most high miracle.

rem

remFer.

Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,

I haue curs'd them without cause.

rem

remAlo.

Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compasse thee about:

Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

rem

remMir.

O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?

How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has such people in't.

rem

remPro.

'Tis new to thee.

rem

remAlo.

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?

rem

remFer.

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.

rem
remAlo.

I am hers.

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

rem
remPro.

There Sir stop,

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

rem
remGon.

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.*

rem
remAlo.

I say Amen, Gonzallo.

rem
remGon.

*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.*

rem
remAlo.

Giue me your hands:

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

rem
remGon.

Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.
O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,*

*That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?*

rem

remBot.

*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.*

rem

remAr.

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

rem

remPro.

My tricksey Spirit.

rem

remAlo.

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

rem

remBot.

*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.*

rem

remAr.

Was't well done?

rem

remPro.

Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

rem

remAlo.

*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.*

rem

remPro.

Sir, my Leige,

*Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
 The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
 (Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolue you,
 (Which to you shall seeme probable) of euey
 These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
 And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
 Set Caliban, and his companions free:
 Vnty 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.

rem

remSte.

Euey man shift for all the rest, and let

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

rem

remTri.

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

rem

remCal.

O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:

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

rem

remSeb.

Ha, ha:

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

rem

remAnt.

Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

rem

remPro.

*Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knave;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could 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.*

rem

remCal.

I shall be pincht to death.

rem

remAlo.

Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

rem

remSeb.

He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

rem

remAlo.

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

rem

remTri.

*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.*

rem

remSeb.

Why how now Stephano?

rem

remSte.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSte.

I should haue bin a sore one then.

rem

remAlo.

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

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remCal.

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?

rem

remPro.

Goe to, away.

rem

remAlo.

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

rem

remSeb.

Or stole it rather.

rem

remPro.

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'le bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall

Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,

And thence retire me to my Millaine, where

Euery third thought shall be my graue.

rem

remAlo.

I long

To heare the story of your life; which must

Take the eare strangely.

rem

remPro.

I'le 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 usurping 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 Iester.*
- *Stephano, a drunken Butler.*
- *Master of a Ship.*
- *Boate-Swaine.*
- *Marriners.*
- *Miranda, daughter to Prospero.*
- *Ariell, an ayrie spirit.*
- – *Iris* }
- *Ceres*
- *Iuno*
- *Nymphes*
- *Reapers*

Spirits.

FINIS.