THE TEMPEST.

A. i. primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous night of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship master, and a Botet-swaine.

Master.

Oe-swaine.

Botet. Here's Master: What cheere?

Master. Good: Speak to the Mariners: fall to, yarely; we wet our feltes a ground, before, before.

Exit. Enter Mariners.

Botet. Heigh my hearts, cheereely, cheereely my hearts: yare, yare: Take in the topes sale: Tend to the Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if room e-nough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Botet. Before we take care where the Master? Play the men.

Botet. I pray now keep below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Bofon?

Botet. Do you not hear him? you marre our labour, Keep your Cabines: you do affit the Hone.

Gonzalo. Nay, good be patient.

Botet. When the Sea is hest, what care these seares for the name of King? But Cabines: Ross: trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom those fall aboard.

Botet. Notice that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command the Elements to-silence, and worke the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more, vit your authority: If you can, glue thanks you have had so long, and make your selfe rest in your Cabine for the restance of the houre, fit to bap. Cheereely good hearts: out of out way I say.

Gonzalo. I have great comfort from this fellowmethinks he hath no drowning marke on him; his complexion is perfect: Gallowes & stand fast good Paste on his han-thing, make the rope of his quinny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not bome to bee hanged, our cafe is miserable.

Exit. Enter Botet-swaine.

Botet. Owe owne with the top. Maff: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Main-e-court. A plague.

Aery within. Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.

Upon this howling: they are lower then the weather, or our office: ye again? What do you heere? Shall we give ore and drown, have you a mind to sink?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throats; you bawling, blasphe-mous incharitable Dog.

Botet. Wooke you then.

Anth. Hang ear, hang, you whorecon insolent Noyle-maker, we are liefle afraid to be drowned, then thou art.

Gonz. Ile warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nuts-hell, and as leaky as an unbandoned winch.

Botet. Lay her a hold a hold, let her two courses off to Sea again, lay her off.

Exit. Enter Mariners yet.

Maff. All off, to prayers, to prayers, all off.

Botet. What murder our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, in prayers, let's affit them, for our cafe is as theirs.

Sebas. Iam out of patience.

Anth. We are miserably cheated of our lives by standards, This wide ships: in call, would thou mightily by drown-thing the water-thing of ten. Tides.

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of water sweare against it.

And gape at wight to glad him. A confused noise within. Mercy on us.

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

Anth. Let's all split with King Shb. Let's take leave of him, Exit.

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand surlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long sheath, Brown fires, any things: the wills about to be done, but I am famine dye a dry death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Firsts.

Maff. If by your A.

Put the wild waters in The skye it seems.

But that the Sea.
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Did'st all to pieces; the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: those foules, they perished.
Had I by any God of power, I would
Have sunk the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Prof. Be collected, no more amazement: Tell your piteous heart
there's no harm done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Prof. No harm.
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
Of thee my dearest, 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 poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Prof. 'tis time
I should inform thee farther: lend thy hand.
And plucke my Magick grannt from me: So,
Lyce there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The dissolel spectacle of the wrack which touch'd
The very vertue of compaishment in thee.
I have with such providence in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no foulle,
No not so much perdition as a byss.
Betwixt any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sink: Sit
For thou must now know farther,
[downe.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stops
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,
Concluding, stay, not yet.
Prof. The hour's now come
The very minute byds thee one thinke care,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell? I
do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.
Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. This face of...
And rather like a dream, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fewe, or fine women once, that tended me?
Prof. Thou hadst, and more Miranda: But how is it
That this lines in thy minde? What feel thou els
In the dark backward and abufe Time?
Yet thou rememberst ought ere thou canst here,
Now thou canst here thou maist.
I do not.
[aside (Miranda): weare yere face.
Ere she of Milaino and

Father?
A face of vertue, and
And thy father

Or blest wasn't we did?
Prof. Both, both my Girle.
By fowie-play (as thou failest) we were head'd thence,
But blestly holpe lither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oun thee that I have run'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, father?
Prof. My brother and thy wife, call'd Antonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so peridious: he, whom next thy fellow
Of all the world I lost, and to him put
The management of my state, as at that time
Through all the dignities it was the first,
And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reput'd
In dignity, and for the liberal Arts,
Without a paraller; those being all my fludie,
The Government I cft uppon my brother,
And to my State great stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studys, thys false vace
(Dost thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, most benevolly.
Prof. Being once perficte how to graunt furies,
how to deny them: who d'adventure, and who
To traufl for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em, having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, fet all hearts in thy state
To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
The way which had bid my princely Trunck,
And stuck my verdure out on's: Thou attend'st not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To clofenes, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being forretid
Or prize'd all popular rate in my false brother
A wall'd an ennuil nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did begot of him
A falsehood in it's conrastre, as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reverenc yeolded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Whose hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Madd a fire in his memory
To creade his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out oth' Substitution
And executing th'ouyard face of Raislie
With all prerogatieve his Ambition growing:
Do Ithou hearse?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure destenie,
Prof. To have no Scureene between this part he plaied,
And him he plaied it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milaino. Me (poore man) my Libracie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall realties
He thinkes me now incapable. Confederates
(Do stire he was for Savoy) with King of Naples
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and band
The Dukedom yet vnbouly (als poore Milaino)
To most ignoble flopping.
Mira. Oh the heavens:
Prof. Mark's his condition, and the event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I shou'd faine
To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother, Good
The Tempest

Good words have borne bad solemnities.  
Pro. Now the Condit, 
This King of Naples being an Enemy  
To me inept; heat my Brothers fur,  
Which was, That he in lieu of all promissies,  
of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine.  
Out of the Duke's house, and confer faire Marilla  
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon  
A treacherous Artie leaved, one mid-night  
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Marilla, and their death of darkness 
The minifieurs for th' purpose hurrie d thence  
Me, and thy crying selfe.  

Mrs. Alack, for pity:  
I no remembering how I cride out then  
Will cry it o're again: it is a hint 
That wrings mine eyes too.  

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

Mrs. Wherefore did they not  
The hour detenn the preight.  

Pro. Well demanded, wenche,  
My tale prouokes that question: Deere, they durst not,  
So deere the love my people bore me: nor fe 
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but  
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends,  
In few, they hurrie vs a-board: Barke,  
Bore vs home Leagues to Sea, where they prepared  
A rotten carcasse of a Burt, not stigg'd.  

Nor tackle, fylle, nor mast, the very rats  
Inflamabily hate quit it: There they howit vs  
To cry to th' Sea, that toard to vs; to figh  
To th' windes, whose pinty fighing backe again  
Did vs but louing wrong.  

Mrs. Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you?  

Pro. O, a Cherubin  
Thou was't that did preferre me; Thon didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full late,  
Vnder my burnish gore'd, which rai'd me in  
An undergoing stomacke, to beare vp  
Against what should enue.  

Mrs. How came we a shore?  

Pro. By providence divine,  
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan Gonzalo  
Out of this Charity, (who being then appointed  
Mater of this designe) did glue vs,  
With rich garments, hwines, fluxes, and necessaries  
Which since haue freitd much, so of his gentillenesse  
Knowing I was't my bookelete, he furnisht me  
From mine owne Liberty, with volumes, that  
I prize above my Dukedom.  

Mr. Would I might  
But dier see that man.  

Pro. Now I arrie,  
Sit still, and haere the last of our fare-forow:  
Heree in this lond we arrie d, and hereee  
Haue I, th y Schoolemaier, isde thee more profit  
Then other Prince of can, that have more time  
For vaine howers; and Tufere, not to can  

Mr. Heauen's thank you for't. And now  

For till'tis beatin in my minde; your reason  
For sayng this Sea-frome?  

Pro. Know thus far forth,  
By accident molt strange, bountiful Fortune  
(Now my deere Lady) hast mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience  
I finde my Seawith doth depend upon  
A molt auspicious faire, whose influence  
If now I couet not, but emir: my fortunes  
Will euer after droope: Heare ceafe more questions,  
Thou art inclinde to fleewe: 'tis a good dullese,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not chufe:  
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,  
Approach my Ariel, Come.  

Ariel. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, haile; I come  
To anwer thy best pleasure: he'c to by,  
To saile, to dine into the fire: to ride  
On the curd clowdes: to thy strong bidding, taske  
Ariel, and all his Qualitie,  

Pro. Haile thou, Spirit,  
Performed to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.  

Ariel. To every Article.  
I boordred the Kings ship: now on the Deke,  
Now in the Wille, the Deke: in ever Cabyn,  
I flond' amazement, longtime I did divide  
And binne in many places; on the Top-mast,  
The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meete, and isoyne. hone Lightning, the precurser  
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie  
And fight out running were not: the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seeme to beeinge, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yes, his dread Trident shakke.  

Pro. My brave Spirit,  
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle  
Would not infect his reason?  

Ariel. Not a fowle  
But felt a Feauer of the malle, and plaid  
Some tricks of deperation; all but Mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming bryme, and quit the vessell;  
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand  
With haire vp-floating (then like reeds, not haire)  
Was the first man that leapt: cride hell is empy,  
And all the Dukes are keere.  

Pro. Why that's my spirit:  
But was not this nye shore?  
Ariel. Cloie by, my Master.  

Pro. But are they (Ariel) safe?  

Ariel. Not a haire perilous:  
On their suftaining garments not a blemish,  
But frether then before: and as thou badst me,  
In troops I haue dispeserd them 'bout the Isle:  
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,  
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with figthes,  
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting  
His armes in this sad knox.  

Pro. Of the Kings ship;  
The Mariniers, say how thou haft dispossed,  
And all the rest of th' Fleece?  

Ariel. In a harbour  
Hope in the depe
The Tempest.

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

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more worke
What is the time of th' day? 

Ar. Past the mid feafton.

Pro. At least two Glaces: the time 'twill sit & now
Muff by vs both be spent most Preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since you do not give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haft promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie? What is the thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out no more.

Ar. I prechee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no misadventures, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promis
To bate me a full yeare,

Pro. Do't thou forget
From what a torment I did freed thee?

Ar. No. Pro. Thou dost not & think'st it much to tread 
Of the fault deep;
To run upon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me bufferie in the veins of ch's earth
When it is bak'd with foot.

Ar. I do not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing: haft thou forgot
The fawle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Enemy
Was growno into a hoape? haft thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou haft where was the born? speak'st me:

Ar. Sir, in Ariel.

Pro. Oh, was the so: I must once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin,
Which thou forgetest. This damn'd Witch Sycorax
For mischiefes manifold, and ofceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from Ariel

Thou know'tst it was buffeld's: for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was lither brought with

And here was left by th' Sylars; thou thy mable, (child)
As thou represt thy felfe, was then her feument,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate.

To set her earthy, and abode commannes,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee
By helps of her more potent Miniflers,

And in her molt unmitigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine

A dozen yeares: within which space the di'd,

And left thee there, where thou di'dst vent thy groanes

As fast as Mill-wheels strike; Then was this Island

(Save for the Son, that he did liittour herece,
A freckeld white, haple, bag-borne) not honoure'd with
A hundreth somme:

Pro. Thou wouldst
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not againe vn.do; it was mine Art,
When I arri'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thank thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haft howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master.

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

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

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

Pro. Go make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no fight but thine, and mine: insuffizible
To euer eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in its: goe: hence

With diligence. 

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

Mrs. The strangeness of your story, put
Hedtineffe in me,

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my flave, who never
Yields vs kinde answer.

Mrs. 'Tis a villain Sir, I do not louse to looke on,
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot mischiefe: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices
That profit vs. What haue a flave: Caliban:
Thon Earth, thou speake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

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

Enter Ariel like a water- 

Fine apparition: my queent Ariel,
Nymph, 
Heare in this ear.

Ar. My Lord, it shal be done.

Pro. Thou provious flave, get by 's dittell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as e're my mother brusht'd

With Raun's feather from ynwholeome Pen
Drop on you both: A Southweste blow on yee,
And blither you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, 
Vrchnas Shal for that vaft of night, that they may work.
All exercize on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more flinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner :

This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou canst not livest
Thou shouldest me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
A berry with thees: and teach me how to

To name the bigger Light, and how to eleffe
That burne by day, and night: and then I loud thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The freshe Springs, Birch-pits; barren place and terrill,

Curs'd be that did so: All the Charnes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Bat's light on you:

For I am all the Sibylics that you haue,

A shrift was mine owne King; and here you flye-

Thee clockes, while you doe keep on me,

Island.

Pro. Thou
The Tempest.

Pro. Thou tellst wild fancies.
Whom flippes thine eye, and makest thee fear thee
(Fifth as thou art with humane care); and lodgeth thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst extol to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would I had bene done;
Thou didst prevent me, I had propell'd thee.
This ill with Calibos.

Mrs. Abbot, Sir, a Slane.
Which any print of good-nature wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I printed thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sane)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabbble, like
A thing most brutish, I endeavor thy purposes
With words that made them knowne. But thy wild race
(Thou didst learn) had that in's, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wait thou
Deferred more then a prison.

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

Pro. Hag-geed, he's dead.
Fetch us in Fowell, and be quicke thou'st beff
To answer other buxias: shagt'lt thou (Malice).
If thou neglectst, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll racke thee with old Cramps.
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beastly thall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, no, pray thee.
I must obey, his Artis of buckpow's;
It would control my Dams god Sheers,
And make a vaile of him.

Pro. So flate, hence.
Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand and Ariel, insubstit paint playing and singing.

Ariel Song. Come onto these yellow sands,
And there take hands:
Cart feed when you hose, and kiss
The wide wanton whiff:
Foot it fearfully, and there, and sweet Sprights hear
The burnish. Burnish differedly.

Harke, harke through meanes: the watch Dogs harke,
Bump-bump, bump.
At. Harck-hark, I hear the frame of stripting Chanticleer very oddedited done.

Ferd. Where should this Muffick be? I'm ase, or the earth?
It founds no more, and sure it weyres upon
Some God's th'Land, fitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my fathers wracke,
This Muffick crepe' by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre, thence I have follow'd is
(Or it hath dranwe me rather) but it's gone,
No, it begins again.

Ariel Song. Full sadlumly I say the King's lori,
Of his bones are Corthall made:
Those are pearles that were his eier,
Nothing of him that dust faile,
But dust itower a Sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell.

Burneth, ding dong.

Ferd. It's now I hear them, ding dong.

Pro. The Devil do's remember my crownd father,
This is no mortal bluses, none so found

That the earth owes: I hear it bowe about me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance;
And say whathou see'st yond.

Mrs. What is a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Belene me now,
It carries a brasse forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it ears, and thumps, & hath thrice thrice.
As we have such, This Gallance which thou seest?
Was in the wracke: and heath's something staint'd
With greese (that's a beauties causer) straight Te call him
A goodly person; he hath lost his fellows,
And flays about to finde 'em,

Mrs. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw to Noble.

Pro. It goes on:

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

Ferd. Mofire the Goodesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my prayer.
May know if you remaine upon this isle, &
And that you will come good instruction give
How I may bease the present immages renece:
(Which I do ask with all my heart) if you wondrer
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mrs. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Ferd. My Language? Heatens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech;
Were I but where his fitches.

Pro. How the best?

Ferd. What wert thou if the King of Naples hear thee?

Pro. A sngle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear he speake of Naples, he do's have me,
And that he do's, I wepe: my felo am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbes) beheld
The King my Father wracke.

Mrs. Alacke, for never.

Ferd. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaise
And his brathe fone, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Millaise
And his more brathe daughter, could control thee
If now 'twere fit to do: At the first light
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
Ile let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haste done your felo done wrong:
A word.

Mrs. Why speakes my father so vengently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: she first
That cress light for: pitty mose my father
To be enclit'd my way.

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

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift butines
I must veneer, leat lest too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me; Thou do'tl heare vifurpe
The same thou owl't not, and hast put thy selfe
Upon this Illad, as a spyke, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Pro. No, as I am a man.
Aft. Thet's nothing ill, it can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit have to layre a houle,
Good things will fruite to dwell with it.

Pro. Follow me.
The Tempest

Prof. Speake not you for him: he's a Traitor, come, ile manacle thy necke and fetce togeth: Sea water still thou drink: thy food shall be, The freth-brooke Muffles, wiser'd roots, and huskes Wherein thy shosome cradled. Follow.

For. No, I will reftuch entertainment, till Mine enemy has more power's.

He follows, and is charg'd from hearing.

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

Prof. What I say, My foute my Tutor: Put thy sword vp Traitor, Who mak'st a fiew, but dare't not strike thy confidence Is fo poift with guilt: Come, come, from thy ward, For I can here difame thee with this fickie, And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeech you Father,

Prof. Hence shung not on my garments, Mira. Sir hauie pitty, Ile be his furety.

Prof. Silence: One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What, An advocate for an Impoftor? Huf: Thou think’st there is no more fuch fapces as he, (Hauing feene but him and Caliban) Foolifh wench, To th’moft of men, this is a Caliban, And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affeotions Are then moft humble: I haue no ambition To fee a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey: Thy Nereus are in their infancy againe, And haue no vigour in them.

Frt. So they are: My sprits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp, My Fathers love, the weakneffe which I feele, The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats, To whom I am subdue, are but light to me, Might I but through my prifon once a day Behold this Mayd: all cornes elle e of Earth Let liberty make vfe of: space enough Haue I in such a prifon.

Prof. It workes: Come on.

Thou haft done well, fine Ariel: follow me, Harke what thouelle shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir) Then he appears by speech: this is vnwonted Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free As mountain winde: but then exactly do All points of my command.

Ariel. To th’syllable.

Prof. Come follow: speake not for him. Exeunt.

Is much beyond our loffe; our hint of woe Is common, every day, some Saylers wife, The Maf ters of some Merchant, and the Merchant Haue loft our Theame of woe: But for the miracle, (I mean our prefervation) few in millions Speake like us: then whyfely (good Sir) weigh Our forrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prefee peace.

Sib. He receues comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Vifitor will not give him ore fo.

Sib. Looke, he's wending vp the watch of his wit, By and by it will strike.

Gan. Sir.

Sib. One: Tell.

Gan. When every greese is entertain'd, That's offer'd comes to th'entertainment.

Sib. A dollar.

Gan. Dole our comes to him indeed, you haue spoken truer then you purpof'd.

Sib. You haue taken it wifelier then I meant you should.

Gan. Therefore my Lord,

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

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gan. Well, I haue done: But yet

Sib. He will be talking.

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

First begins to crow?

Sib. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Sib. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laugher.

Sib. A match.

Ant. Though this 10and seeme to be descart.

Sib. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid,

Sib. Vninhabitable, and almost inacceffible,

Sib. Yet.

Ant. He could not misse's.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Sib. I and a subtile, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpyn vs here most sweetely.

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

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

Gan. Here is every thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

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

Gan. How luifh and lufty the grasse lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is rawy.

Sib. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misse not much.

Sib. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

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

Sib. As many vouch rarities are.

Gan. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their frethneffe and glosses, being rather new dy'd then flain'd with falt water.

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

Sib. 1, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Gane. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue caufe,
So haue we all: of joy; for our escape.
The Tempest

Gon. Me thinkes our garnments 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 Tonis.
Sch. 'Twas a sweete marriage, and we prosper well in our reigne.

Adri. Tonis was never graec'd before with such a Pa
gragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow Diado's time.

Adri. Widow? A pox o' that! how came that Widd

dow in? Widdow Diado?

Sch. What if he had said Widdowew Exeunt all.***

Gon. Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow Diado said you? You make me fludy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tonis.

Gon. This Tonis Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Sch. He hath raid'd the wall, and heuies too,

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Sch. I think hee will carry this Island home in his

pocket, and give it his sone for an Apple.

Ant. And fowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islanndes.

Gon. 1. Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garnments seeme now as fresh as when we were at Tonis now in the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the raccle that ere came there.

Sch. Bate (I beeleece you) widdow Diado.


Gon. Is not Sir my doubler as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meene in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Gon. You cram these words into mine ears again, against the stomacke of my sene: would I had never Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sone is loft, and (in my rate) the too, Who is to fare from Italy remoued, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine lieue Of Napiers and of Millanee, what strange figh Hatha made his ence on thee?

Pow. Sir, he may live, I

saw him beate the surges under him, And ride upon their backes; he trod the water Whose enmity he flung aside: and breveted The surges most twelwe that met him: his bold head Boute the contentious waves he kept, and eased Himselfe with his good armes in luffy stroke To thither: that ere his wane-worne bas was bow'd As fooping to releue him: I not doubt He came alioe to Land.

Alon. Noo, noo, he's gone.

Sch. Sir you may thank your selle for this great lisse, That would not bleste our Europe with your daughter, But rather loose her to an African, Where the least, is banish'd from your eyes, Who hath cafe to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Prise-thee peace.

Sch. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwie

By all of vs; and the faire foule her selle Waig'd be thee weahtinhefe, and obedience, at

Which end o'theane should bow: we have loyf your If ear for ever: Millanee and Napiers have (ton, No widdowes in them of this businefe making, Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer's othlisse.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian, The truth you speake doth lacke some gentience,

And time to speake it in: you rub the foie,

When you shoule bring the platter.

Sch. Very well. Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sirs,

When you are cloudy.


Gon. Had I plantacion of this ife my Lord,

Ant. Hee'd fow't wivth Nettle-feed.

Sch. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

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

Sch. scape being drunkes, for want of Wine.

Gon. Th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kindes of Traffick

Would I assent; No name of Magistrate.

Letters should not be knowne: Ritches, povertie,

And vif of servisice, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard note.

No vif of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all;

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

Sch. Yet be he King on't.

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

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without sweat or endeaver; Teason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth Of owne kindes, all for mon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Sch. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection governe Sirs:

T'Excels the Golden Age.

Sch. 'Nauke his Maiestie. Ant. Long live Gonzalo.

Gon. And do you markke, Sir? (me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost take nothing to

Gon. I do aall believe your Highor, and did it to minitfer occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such fensible and nimble Lungs, that they always vie to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you've laugh'd at,

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

Ant. What a blow vwas ther egiven?

Sch. And it had not false flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her shere, if the woule continue in sixe weakes with out changing.

Enter Arrel playing sirme Malleck.

Sch. We would do, and then go a Bawle-allowing,

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angrey.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heay.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all fo soone asleep? I with mine eyes Would,(with themelu) furp vs my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Sch. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heafer offer of it.

If itdeme visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforther.
The Tempest.

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

Alon. Thank you, I, Wondrous heavy.

Set. What a strange dreamtime pothes they've
    Drown'd your eyes in, with delirium.

Act. 'Tis the quality o'th' Clymene.

Set. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I finde
Not my felicitous to steep.

Act. Not I, my spirits are nimble;
    They fell together all, as by consent
They drop, as by a Thunder-stroke; what might
    Worthy Sotolía! O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be; thou occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.

Set. What art thou waking?

Act. Do you not heare me speake?

Set. Yes, and fully.

It is a deep observance and thou speakst:
    Out of thy sleepe! What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange report, to be asleep:
    With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, mooting:
And yet to fast asleep.

Act. Noble Sebastian,
    Thou lest thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink it
    While thou art waking,

Set. Thou dost more difficultly,
    There's meaning in thy stares.

Act. I am no more serious then my custome: you
    Must be so too, if needed: which to do,
Treble thee o'ce.

Set. Well: I am standing at a water.

Act. He teach you how to how.

Set. Do so; to thee.

Hereby Sloth influencest me.

Act. O!
    If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
While thus you mooke it: how in stripping it
    You more inuent it: ebbing men, indeed:
(Most often) doo to near the bottom run
By their owne fearre, or floul.

Set. Pre-thee say on

The testing of thine eye, and checke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeld.

Act. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of a little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almo't perswaded
    (For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, truly)
Perswades to perswade: the King his sonne's alue,
'Tis as imposible that shee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepest here, swimm's.

Set. I have no hope
That shee's vndrown'd,

Act. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope huse you? No hope that way, Is
Another way to high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot piece a winke beyond
But doubt discoverie there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd.

Set. He's gone.

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

Set. Clarinell.

Act. She that is Queen of Tunis: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life: the that from Naples
Can laue no, note, till the Sun were poist:
The Man i'th Moone's too foow, till new-bornne chunes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were se-swellow'd, though some caft againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Set. What stufte is this? How lay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So is the heyre of Naples, twist which Regions
There is some space.

Act. A space, whose ceyr' cubit
Seemes to cry our, how flatl that Clarinell
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 worfe
Then now they are: There be those that can rule Naples
As well as be that sleepe: Lords, that can prate
As slyly, and vnecessary
As this Gonzaloso: I my selfe could make
A Chough of a deepe chest: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For you advancement? Do you understand me?

Set. Me thinks I do.

Act. And how do your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

Set. I remember
You did suppliant your Brother Prospero.

Act. True:

And looke how well my Garments fit upon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers levants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men,
Set. But for your content.

Act. Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twoulde put me to my flippers: But I feel no
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twente confidences
That stand 'twixt mee, and Milanae, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollet: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If the 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 ever; whilst you doing thys,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbrayd our course; for all the rest
They'll take suggesse, as a Cat laps milke,
They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We sayfetts the houre.

Set. Thy cafe, decrees Friend
Shall be my presidant: As thou got'th Milanae,
'Ile come by Naples: Draw thy iword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall loue thee.

Act. Draw together:

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

Set. O, but the word
Enter Ariel with Musick and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foreseies the danger
That you (his friends) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them lying.

Sings in Gonzalos ear.

While you here do louring lies,
Open ye'd Conspiration
His time douth take:
The Tempest

Scene Second.

Enter Caliban, with a bundle of Wood (a sort of Thunder-head.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne stiche vp
From Dogg, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By ynh-meze a diseate: his Spirits heare me,
And I encheed must suffe: but they can't pull me,
Fright me with Vrchn-threwes, pitch me Ix mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darkes.
Out of my way, vntile he bid'em; but
For every trille, are they yet vpon me,
Sometime like Ape, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-longs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount.
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who wish clowen tongues.
Does happe me into maddeffe: Lo, now Lo,
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.
For bringing wood in lowly: I fell flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bath, nor shroud to bede off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
finge hit: winde: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge
ones: looks like a foule bumbard that would fix
louer: ift should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my heads: yond fame cloud cannot
choosse but fall by pale-suls. What have we here, a man,
or a fife? dead or alive? a fife, heemeln like a fife: a
very ancient and fife-like fmall: a kinde of, not of the
newset poore-John: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and bad this fish painted; not
a holiday-foole thereby but would give a piece of silver;
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not glue a
dote to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to fee
a dead Indian: leg'd like a man; and his Fannes like
Armes; warme o'my truth: I doe now let loose my op-
position; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Illan-
der, that hath lately fuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my beet way is to creepe un-
der his Gablestone: there is no other shelter herea-
about: Misyap acquaints a man with strange bedfellow-
es: I will here throw till the dragees of the storme
be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, so sea, here shall I dye offore,
This is a very feerey tune to sing at a man's
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks. 
Sings. To the Maister, the Sw咆er, the Boote-siters & I;
The Gunner, and the Mate.
Lord's and Moll, Mead and Marriner, and Margerise,
But none of you can do for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tonge,
Would cry to a Sailor goo hang:
She sent out the sonne of Tarue of Pitch,
To a Talar might scratch her where er she did itch,
'How to Sea Boys, and let her goo hang.
This is a furray tune too:
But here's my comfort.

drink.

Cdl. Does not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Have we duels here?

Cdl. Does not torment me: oh.
Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with four feet:
which hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the duell
should heare our language? I will give him some re-
liers: if it be but for that, I can recover him, and keep
him tame, and get to Naples with him; he's a Pre-
tent for any Empoycr that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cdl. Does not torment me: prethee: Ile bring my
wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now: and does not talk after the
wise, hee shall taffe of my Bottle: if hee have newer
drunk wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit:
I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that foundly.

Cdl. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-
on, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth: here
is that which will give a tongue to you: Cast open
your mouth: this will shake yourisking, I can tell you, and
that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open
your chaps againe

Tri. I should know that voyce?

It should be.
But hee is dround; and thefe are diailes: O defend me.

Ste. Fourie legges and two voyces: a most delicate Monister: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend: his backward voice is to vcte foule speeches, and to detrac: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other moult.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diaile, and no Monister: I will leave him, I have no long Spone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beft Stephano, touchme, and speake to me; for I am Trinculo: be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beft Trinculo, come forthe: I'll pull thee by the leffer legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, there are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeed: how canst thou to be the siege of this Moone-calle? Can he be Trinculo?

Tri. I tooke him to be kill'd with a thumb-froak: but art thou not dround Stephano? I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid thee under the dead Moone: Callas Gaberdine, for feete of thee: And art thou living Stephano? O Stephano, two Neptune's cap'd? Stephano.

Ste. Preshee doth not turn me about, my flamce is not confant.

Cal. These be like things, and if they be not prifons: what a braue God, and beares Celestial liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How canst thou hither?

Sware by this Bottle how thou canst hither: I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Sayers headed o'beard, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was caft a-sore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earely.

Ste. Here: I swear then how thou escap'd.

Tri. Sworne afore (man) like a Duck: I can swim like a Ducke I'll be fworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.

Thought thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goole.

Tri. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Collar is in a rocke by chills-nick, where my Winnick is.

How now Moone-Calle, how do's shine Ague?

Cal. Has he't not drop from heauen?

Tri. Out of this Moone I doe assure thee, I was the Moony's, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I doe adore thee: My Miztris shewed me thee, and thy Dog and thy Bath. I swear, swear to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furnish thee with new Contents: Sware.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monister: I afeard of him? a very weake Monister: The Moony's Moone?

A most puerile and dreadful Monister: We'll drawne Monister, in good ftoffe.

Cal. He sheweth every vertue to the Island, and I will kiffe thy foote: I prethee be my god: By this height, a most puerile, and drunken Monister, when's God's thee he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'll kiffe thy foot. I'll swear my felty Subiect.

Ste. Come on there: downe and fware.

Tri. I shall laugh my felty to death at this puppe-head Monister: a most furious Monister: I could find in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiffe.

Tri. But that the poore Monister's in drinkes: An abominable Monister.

Cal. I'll shew thee the bett Springe: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fishe for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ferue: I'll beare him no more Stuckes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monister, to make a wonder of a poore drankard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; thou see a laie in neft, and instruct thee how to fare the nimble Marmazer: I'll bring thee to clitting Philibirts, and sometimmes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Will thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company eile being a-round, wee will in be here: Here beare my Bottle: Fellow Trinculo: we'll fill him by and by and a-gaine.

Cudhban Sings drunkenly:

Farewell Master: farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monister is a drunken Monister.

Cal. No more damn'd I'll make for fishes, Not fetch in frogs, at requiring, Nor scrape throbbing, nor walk about, Bath not Content

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

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

Ste. O braue Monister: lead the way.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log).

Fer. There be some Sports are painful, & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kinde of bacchanelle Are nobly vndergoe; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meanes Taake Would be as heauenly to me, as obious, but The Miztris which I ferue, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours, pleasures: O she is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabb'd; And he's compos'd of hartfrence. I must remove Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp. I'll call ye introduction; my sweet Miztris Weepes when she sees me worke, & faces, such basenes Had never like Executors: I forgets; But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours, Moft buft left me, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda, Alas, now pray you, and Proserpine. Wotke not for hard: I would the lightning had Burnt vp those Logs that you are enjoy'd to pile: Pray let it downe, and rett you: when this burnes, T'will wepe for having warried you, my Father. Is hard at study: pray now rett your selfs, He's.
The Tempest.

Here's fate for thee these three hours.
For. O most deere Milfris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mr. If you'll sit downe
Ile bear your Logges the whiler pray gie me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Firr. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my finewes, breake my backe,
Then you should shuch dishonor undergoe;
While I sit lazy by.
Mr. It would become me
At well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more eale: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Firr. Poor worne man that art infected,
This visitation thewes it.
Mr. You lookke wearely.
For. No, noble Milfris, 's fresh: morning with me
When you are by at night: I do befeech you
Cheerfully, that I might let it my prayers,
What is your name?
Mr. Miranda, O my Father,
I have broke your heft to say so.
For. Admi're Miranda,
Indece the top of an Admittion, worth
What's decret to the world: full many a Lady
I have eyd with beft regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongyes, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent care: for seuell virtues
Have I lik'd seuell women, never any
With so full foule, but some defect in her.
Did quarrel with the noblest grace the eyd's,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peetelesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures beft.
Mr. I do not know
One of my fexe; no womans face remember.
Statte from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I frene
More that I may callen, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleff of: but by my modell
(The jewell in my dowre) I would not with
Any Compassion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildeely, and my Fathers precepts
I therfore do forget.
For. I am in my condition
A Prince (Miranda) I do think a King
(I would not so) and would noe more endure
This woddell flatterie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth; brasse my foule speake.
The verie infant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your servcie, there resides.
I make my owne to it, and fee your fake
Am I this patient Leaguer-man.
Mr. Do you love me?
For. O heauen; O earth, beares witness to this found,
And crowne what I prouffle with kinde event
If I speake true: if hollowly: intire
What befts is loadde me, to mistichie: I,
Beyond all limm of what else I th world.
Do love, prise, honor you.
Mr. I am a foule
To weeppe at what I am glad of.
Trin. Lord, quoth he: that a Monster should be such a Natural?
Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a succincter, the next Tree is the more Monster's my Lubick, and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once againe to the fitte I made to thee?
Ste. Many will I: kinde, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

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

Ariel. Thou lyest.
Cal. Thou lyest, thou calling Monkey thou: I would my valiant Masuer would destroy thee. I do not lyse.

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum then, and no more I proceed.
Cal. I say by Sorcery he gets this life From me, he gets it. If thy Greatness will revenge it on him, (for I know thou dost it) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.
Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.
Ste. How now, shall this be compat?
Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, he yelds he thee asleep, Where thou maist knocke a nake into his head.

Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not.
Cal. What's a py de Nimtie's this? Thou felth my patch! I do beconsh thy Greatness give him blows, And take his bottle from him: When that's done, He shall drink noghee but beer, for he not shew him Where the quicke Fireliere are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interred the Monster one word furthest; and by this hand, I'll turne my musket out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariel. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? Take thythat,
As you like this, give me the lyke another time.
Trin. Didst not give the lyke: Our o' your witter, and hearing too? A pox of your bottle, this can Sake and drinking too: A murren on your Monster: and the dwell't take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tales—preach stand fur.
Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
He beate him too.

Ste. Stand further: Come proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'd attorne to sleepes there thou maist braine him, Hauing first tied his bottes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or pounsh him with a staffe, Out his visage and with thy knife. Remember First to postice his Masuer: for without them

He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as J. Burke but his Brookes,
He's ha's brave Venvilis (for so he calls them)
Which when he ha's house, he'll decke withall
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daugther: he himselfe
Cals her a non-parel: I never saw a woman
But onely Sp囤re my Dam, and she;
But she affarre surpassed Sp囤re;
As great it do's leaff.

Ste. Is it to braxe a Laise?
Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

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

Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee:
But while thou li'l it keeps a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this halfe hour will he be asleep,
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.
Ariel. This will I tell my Master.
Cal. Thou wilt, and very merry. I am full of pleasures,
Let vs be incord. Will you trouble the Catcher You caught me but whereas?

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

Sung. Draw'em, and come'em, now draw'em, and now come'em, Thought is free.

Ste. That's not the tune.

Ariel. plaint the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this tune?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:
If thou beest a dwell': take at thou lift.

Trin. O forgive me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies pays all devils. I defice thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid, the life is full of noysles,
Sounds, and fierer aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hurry about mine ears, and sometime voices,
That is then had wak'd after long sleepes,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and thee riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I'd be to sleepe again.

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

Cal. When throtters is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by.

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away.

Let's follow it, and after do our workes.

Ste. Lead Monster.

We'll follow: I would I could see this Tabber,
He lays it on.

Trin. Will come?

Ile follow Stephano.

Exeunt.

Scene.


Whose heads flood in their breasts: which now we finde  
Each putter out of flue for one, will bring vs.  

Good warrant of,  
Al. I will hand to, and feede,  
Although my left no matter, since I feel  
The bell is pull. Brother my Lord, the Duke,  
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Atriell (like a Harpy) claps  
his wings upon the Table, and with a quient dence the  
Banquet vanishes.

Srt. You are three men of iniue, whom destiny  
That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is it: the never infeited Sea,  
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, youmongst men,  
Being most visibl to live: I have made you mad;  
And even with such like valor, men hang, and crowne;  
Their proper places: you foole, and I my fellows.  
Are minions of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winde, or with bomeckt at. Stabs  
Kill the still closing waters, as diminih  
One dowlas that's in my plumbe: My fellow minions  
Are like-insensible: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too masifie for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted: But remember  
(For that's my business to you) that you thre  
From Mexicand did flappant good Prospero,  
Expos'd to the Sea, whose wish requit it  
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,  
The Powers. delaying (not forgetting) bave  
Incent'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures  
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alens  
They have benefit, and doe prouence by me  
Lingering prediction (wore then any death  
Can be at once)shall fly, by step attend  
You, and your wayes, whose wish do guard you from  
Which here, in this most defolate ille, else fails  
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-frown,  
And a cleere life enting.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (as left Musick.) Enter the  
shapes againe, and dance (with mockes and moves) and  
carrying out the Table.

Pro. But surely the figure of this Harpy, how thou  
Perform'd my Austin grace it had deposing  
Of my Instruction, hath thon nothing bared  
In what thou hadst't to say; so with goodlife,  
And observation strange, my manner minions  
Their feater all hipes have done: my high charnes work  
And these (mine enemies) are all knive vp  
In their obstraction: they now are in my powre;  
And in the flees, I loose them, while I live  
Yong Ferdinand (whom they toppoe is drount)  
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I thinke name of something holy Sir, why stand you  
In this strange face?  

Al. O it is monstrous: monmouth:  
Me thought the billows spoke, and told me of it,  
The winde did fing to me: and the Thunder  
(That depe and dreadful Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bale my Trepale,  
Therefore my Sonne Ith Ooze is bedded; and  
I fecke him deeper then ere plummet founded,  
And with him there ly'e mudded,

Skt. But one feed at a time,  
I fight their Legions ote.
The Tempest.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too audaciously pun't d you, Your compensation makes amends, for I Have given you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I line: who, once again I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Haft in thyself a enemy, and made heaven Reclaim this my rich guilt. O Ferdinand, And dost not smile at me, that I boast her of, For thou shalt finde the will on't chip all praises And make it halt, behind her.

Fer. I do beleue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition Worthyly purchas'd, take my daughter: But if thou dost it break her Virgin-knot, before All sanctimonious ceremonies may With fall and holy rights, be ministr'd, No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall To make this contract grow; but barraine hate, Sower'er-yd'd ditude, and dirstard will befrew The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly That you shall hate it both; Therefore take heed, As Hyllena Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope For quiet days, faire Ifue, and long life, With such love, as 'tis now the muskietest, The moft oppurtune place the strongest tuggefullion, Our worfer Genus can, shall never melt Mine honor into luft, to take away The edge of that days celebration, When I shall thinke, or Phoebus Steeds are founded, Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What Arie, my indifensible terrace. Arie. Enter Arie.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy menere fellows, your last service Did worthyly performe; and I shall use you In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble [Ore whom I give thee power] here, to this place: Incite them to quicke motion, for I must Bellow upon the eyes of this yong couple Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Ar. Preferably?

Pro. 1: with a twincle.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe, And breathe twice; and cry, so, lo: Each one tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop, and mowe.

Do you love me Matter so? and

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Arie; do not approach Till thou don'tt hear me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Pro. Looke thou true: do not give dalliance Too much the raigne: the strongest oaths, are straw To th' fire th' blood: be more abstemious, Or else thou hast now made thy vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir, The white cold virgin Snow, upon my head Abates the ardour of my Lieder.

Pro. Well.

Now come my Arie, bring a Coroly, Rather then want a Spirit; appear, and periety. Soft musick, No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceri, moft bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fitches, Oates and Pease; Ty Turphie-Mountains, where liue nibling Shepe, And flat Medes threatned with St over, them to keep He banks with pioned, and twilled brims Which spangles April, at thy heft brents; To make cold Nymphes chaff crownes: & thy brome. Whole shadow the disfigur'd Bachelor louses, (groues; Being like heer, they pole-clipt vineyard, And thy Sea-marsh yltrue, and rockey-hard, Where thou thy self do nott aye, the Queenes o'th Skie, Who was Arch and Meffenger, am I. 

Bids thou let alone, & with her loving grace. Iris Here on this graffe-plot, in this very place defendes. To come, and spare: here Peacocks eye amane; Appoint, rich Ceri, her to entertaine.

Enter Ceri.

Cer. Halle, many-coloured Meffenger, that here Doft disbelive the wife of top stes: Who, with thine faction wings, upon my flower Diffused hony drops, refreshing thowres, And with each end of thy blew bowe do'tt crowne My bosick acres, and my vnfrudt bowne, Rich scarphe to my proud earth: why hath thy Queenes Summoned me hither, to this short grace? Greeks! Iris. A contrat of true Loue, to celebrare, And some donation freely to erate On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heacently Bowe, If thine or her Sonne, as thou do'tt know, Doe now attend the Queeness since they did plot The means, that shekke Day, my daughter got, Her, and her blind Hoyes scandalous company, I love forworne.

Iris. Of her societie Be not afraid; I met her deitie Curting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son Douse'd drawen with her: here thought they to base, done Some wanton charmes, upon this Man and Maid, Whose eyes were, that no bed-right shall be paid Till Hyllene Torch be lighted, but in vainens, Marsters hot Minion is returnd again, Her wipshd headed fonne, has broke his arrowes, Swears he will shooe no more, but play with Sparrows, And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Higheft Queenes of State, Great luna comes, I know her by her gate.

In. How doth my bounteous litter? goe with me To bleffe this twillight, that they may prosperous be, And honord in their Iuee, They Sing.

In. Honor riches marriage, blissful.

Long continuance, and encreasing.

Hourly joys, be still upon you,
The Tempest

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee. Enter ArieII.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit: We must prepare a meet with Caliban.
Ar. I am Commander, when I preferred Ces. I thought I had told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leafi I might anger thee.
Pro. Say, again, where didst thou leave these varlets? Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the slyre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kisling of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their private: then I beat my Tabar,
At which like ymback't colts they pricket their eares,
Aduan'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noves
As they fretted mutickly, so I charmed their eares
That Calfie-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tootli'd bratrs, sharpe frizles, pricking goffe, & thorns,
Which entered their fraile thins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancings vp to th' chims, that the thoule Lake
Ore-funch their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape imissible retaine thou till:
The trumpety in my boule, gue bring his hither
For flate to catch thees thees, Ar. I go, goe. Exeit.
Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose natures
Nature can never lutsche me with my pains.
Humane they tak'n, all ast, sotto lute.
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde canker's: I will plague them all,
Even to roasting: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter ArieII, laden with glistening appar'd. Exeit.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, ad nos.
Cal. Pray, thou readest fealty, that the blind Mole
not have a foot fall: we are now nere his Cell.
St. Monnfer, your Faiy, you say is a harresd Faiery;
Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monftr, I do smell all horse-piss, at which
My nose is in great indignation.
St. Sois mint, Do you heare Monfer: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: I looke you.
Trin. Thou went but a litle Monfer.
Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favoure fil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall budwinkle this mischance; therefore speake softly,
All's hushed at midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.
Stp. There is not onely disgrace and disdaine in that
Monfer, but an infinite losse,
Tr. That's more to me then my wettings.
Yet this is your harresned Faiery, Monfer.
Stp. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labours.
Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. See thou heare
This is the mouth of this Cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban
For eye thy foot-stomcker.
Stp. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,
Look what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
Cal. Let it alone thou fool, it is but trash.
Tre. Oh, ho, Monfer: we know what belongs to a
Frippery, O King Stephano.

B 2
Stp. Pri.
The Tempest

Sit. Put off that gowne (Trinco) by this hand I haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (meane
Cal. The draperie drowne this foolie, what doe you to dote thus on such luggage I let's alone
And doe the marther first if he awake,
From toe to crown bee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange and tumble.

Ste. Be you quiet. (Monfier) Mistirs line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are to lose your hair, suppose a bald Jerkin.

Tri. Doe, doe; we thee by lyne and leuell, and like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that left; here's a garment for't.

Wt shall not goe unwarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent puse of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monfier, come put some Lime upon your finge
And with the away.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turned to Barneacle, or to Apes.

With smooths vicious whloe, this low.

Ste. Monfier, lay to your finge: help to bear this away,
Where my heehead of wine is, or else turne you out of my kingdom: goe to; carry this.

Tri. And this,

Ste. 1, and this.

A wing of Camping heard. Enter Demus in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hearing about them: enter Prospero and Ariel letting them out.

Pros. Hey Mountaine, hey

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pros. Furry, Furry, there Tyrant, there: harke, harke,

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grind their joynts
With dry Convulsions, thorden vp their finewers
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-sposted make them, Then Pard, or Carr o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they roar.

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly: at this house
Lies at my mercy all my enemies
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at freedom: for a little
Follow, and doe me feruite.

Exit.

A Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (with his Magiciare voice) and Ariel.

Pros. Now doe my Projekt gather to a head:
My charms cracke not my Spirtis obey, and Time
Goes wright with his carriage: how the day?

Ari. It's five, on the clock, by which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease,

Pros. Tid'd thy say fo,
When first Trias the Tempest say my Spirit,
How faires the King, and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion, as you gue in charge,
Lift as you left them: all prisoners Sir.

Ari. The Limne-goose which weather-sends you Cell,
They cannot budge till your releafe: The King
His Brother, and yours, abide all these diuised,
And the remainder mounting over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and difmay: but chiefly

Ari. Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo,
His teares runs downe his beare like winters drops
From esse of reeds: you charm so strongly works'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Doft thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humana.

Pros. And mine shall,

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflications, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinds, that reellis all as sharpe,
Passion as they, be kindlier mod'd then thou art?

Thogh with their high wrongs I am frowk to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my curie
Doe I take part: the raer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sol drif of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them Ariel,
My Charmes Ile breake, their fenes Ile restore,
And they shall me themelves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir,

Pros. Ye Elses of his brooks, flidding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foole
Doe chase the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: ye deny: Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greate towre Kingless make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whole paftime
Is to make midnight-Musihumps, that rejoyce
To hear the solenne Cuffew, by wholeasledge
(Wherein Masters though you be) I have bed_MATH
The Noone-side Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winde,
And twist the greene Sea, and the azurd'vaunt
Set roaring warre: To the dread rating Thunder
Hau'e I guen fire, and ritst Iovis flor Oke
With his owne Bolf: The strong baud'd promonterie
Hau'e I made flake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The Pyne, and Cedar. Groans at my command
Hau'e wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my Potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abare: and when I haue requird
Some heavenly Musike (which eu'n now I do)
To worke mine end upon their Sences, that
This Ayre-charme is for, Ile breake my Stafe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plumer found
Ile drowne my booke.

Solems musick.

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alano with a frondish ge-
skue, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Antonio in
light manner attended by Adriano and Francisco: They all
enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand
charmed: which Prospero observing, ake.

A solenne Ayre, and the best sommets,
To an vaulted fance, Cuts thy brains,
(Now vetylike) boile wth thy skull: there stand
For you are Spelle-fipt.

Holy Gonzalo, Honoursbleman,
Mine eyes estriscable to the view of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves space,
And as the morning flaries upon the night
(Melting the darkness) in their rising fenses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo:
My true pricier, and a loyal Sir.
To him thou follow it: I will pay thy grace
Home both in word, and deed: Mol't cruelly.
Did thou, my lord, say she, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,
Thou art pinch'd for's now Sebastian, Fleth, and blood,
You, brother mine, think earnestly in him.
Expedit remorses, and nature, whom, with Sebastian
(Who in inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would hearken base kill'd if ye, King: I do forgive thee.
Vain natural through th'irises: Their vndercutting
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the ressource more.
That now joyful, and mudy: One of them
That yet looks out, or, would know mine Arriel,
Percy me the East, and Raper in my cell.
I will discourse of me, and my title present
As I was sometime Adeline: quite Spirit,
Thou shall see long be free;
Arriel sings, and helps to address
Where the Bees flack, there throw, I,
In a Canopy bed, I lay,
There I saw, when Owls do cry,
Upon the Bottom, I do sit
After Summer mercies,
Merris, merris, shall I live now,
Vnder the blossoms that hang on the bow.

Pro. Why that's my daunty Arriel: I shall miff
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom: go, go,
To the Kingsship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou find the Mariner's apple
Vnder the Hatches: the Matter and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prethee.

Ar. I drink thee the airc before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beats.

Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country.

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

Ar. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Of some incontinent rifle to abuse me
(As late I have beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood; and since I saw thee,
Tha'affliction of my mindes amends, with which
I fear a madness held me: this must cease
(And this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Duke done I resign, and do entreate
Thou pardon me my wronges: But how shall Prospero
Belling, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be mean'd, or cont'd.

Corne. Whether this be,
Or be not, Fle not swear.

Pro. You do yet call me
Some substantie of life, that will not let you
Believe things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his Highnesse frome vpont you
And suffide you Tractors in this time.

I will tell no tale.

Seb. The Dutell speaks in him?

Pro. No:
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis now to thee.

Alb. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours?
Is the goddesse that hath feuer'd us,
And brought vs thus to gather

Fer. Sir, she is mortal:
But by immortall providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice: nought thought: I had one;
She is daughter to this famous Duke of Miland,
Of whom, so often I have heard renownes,
But never saw: before of whom I have
Receive'd second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alb. I am hers.
But O, how oddly will it found, that I
Might ask my childe forgiuenesse?

Pro. There Sir floup,
Let vs not bathe our remembrances, with
A beautifie that's gone:

Gon. I have injoy wept,
Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods;
And on this couple do a blestted crowne;
For it is you, that have chalke'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Alb. I say Amen, Gonnado.

Gon. Was Miland thriht from Miland, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O resopce
Beyond a common joy, and let it downe;
With gold on lading: Billers: In one voyage
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where his selfe was left: Profess, his Duke's dome
In a poore life: and all of us, our sches,
When no man was his owne.

Alb. Give me your hands:
Let grieue and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you soy,

Gon. Be it so, Amen,
Enter Arbuth, with the Mafter and Bentyne
amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesied, it's a Gallows was on land.
This Fellow could not drowne: Now blisphemy,
That swear'd Grace ere boorde, not an oath on shore.
Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?
But the best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: out Ship,
Which but three miles since, we gave out split,
Is rye, and yare, and bruil Cyber'd as, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this servitude,
Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My trickeley Spirits.

Alb. There are not natural events, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

'Her. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd thrive to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatchets,
Where, but even now, with strange, and football noyset
Of roaring, throcken bowlders, glistening chaunces,
And mo diversifie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freely beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Mafter
Caring to eye her: on arixe, to please you,
Euen in a drame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thon shalbe free.

Alb. This is as strange a minde, as men trode:
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was eruer conduct of: some Oracle
Must recitifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Do not infeele your minde, with beating on
The strange event of this businesse, at piickte failure
(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'le recolle you,
(Which to you shall ferme probable) of euer
These happen accidents: till when, he be cheerefull
And think of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free.

Vaty the Spell: How fares my graciouse Sir?
There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odd Lads, that you remembre not.

Enter Arbric, Ewing in Caliban, Stephano,
And Trinculo in New Fellow Apparel.

Ste. Every man fielk for all the rest, and let
No min take care for himselfe; for all is
If these be true spyes which I weare in my head,
Here's a godly fight.

Cal. O Sterne, these be bragge Spiritus indeede
From bee my master I am afraid
He will chalifie me.

Sorb. Ha, ha,
What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark it but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mihipen knaue,
His Mother was a Witch, and one to strong
That could controul the Moore; make flowers, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
Their three haue robed me, and this demy-duell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Might know, and owne, this Thing of darkenne, I
Aknowledged mine.

Cal. I shalbe pinet to death.

Alb. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?
Sorb. He is drunken now;
Where had he wine?

Alb. And Trinculo is feeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded'em?
How can't thon in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will sober out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Sorb. Why how now Stephano?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha?
Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.

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

Pro. He is a disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his face: Goe Sinha, to my Cell.
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,
And seake for grace: what a thrice double Aske
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pre. Go to, away, and bring your luggage where you
Sh. Or I'll have it rather.

Pre. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poor Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this onnight, which passe on, I haste
With such discourse, as I am sure, shall make it
Goe quickly away: I the Body of my life,
And the particular accidents, go by
Since I came to this Isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples.

Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of thee and my dear beloved, solemnized.
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Al. I long
To hear the story of your life; which must
Take the care hardly.

Pre. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And health, to expeditions, that shall catch
Your Royal Hencet hare off: My Arie shicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: I please you draw nearer

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are all re-thrown,
And what strength have I now on one.
Which doth amaze me how true
It was before confound by you,
Or sent to Naples, let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got.
And pardoned the deceit, and dwell
This bare land, by your Spell,
But release me from my hands
With the hepe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Statue.
Must fill, or else my project faile.
Which was to pleasse: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to incant,
And my ending is despaire,
Pleasid be resem'd by praser.
Which pieces so, that it assuets
Mercy it is, ife, 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
Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milaine.
Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Milaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counseller.
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.
Stephano, a drunken Nailer.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an ayre spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Juno
Nymphs
Reapers

FINIS.

THE