

\*\*\*The Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's First Folio\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*The Tempest\*\*\*\*\*

This is our 3rd edition of most of these plays. See the index.

Copyright laws are changing all over the world, be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before posting these files!!

Please take a look at the important information in this header. We encourage you to keep this file on your own disk, keeping an electronic path open for the next readers. Do not remove this.

\*\*Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts\*\*

\*\*Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971\*\*

\*These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations\*

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and further information is included below. We need your donations.

The Tempest

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2235]

\*\*\*The Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's First Folio\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*The Tempest\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*This file should be named 0ws4110.txt or 0ws4110.zip\*\*\*\*\*

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a new NUMBER, 0ws4111.txt  
VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, 0ws4110a.txt

Project Gutenberg Etexts are usually created from multiple editions, all of which are in the Public Domain in the United States, unless a copyright notice is included. Therefore, we usually do NOT keep any of these books in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our books one month in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so. To be sure you have an up to date first edition [xxxxx10x.xxx] please check file sizes in the first week of the next month. Since our ftp program has a bug in it that scrambles the date [tried to fix and failed] a look at the file size will have to do, but we will try to see a new copy has at least one byte more or less.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour this year as we release thirty-six text files per month, or 432 more Etexts in 1999 for a total of 2000+. If these reach just 10% of the computerized population, then the total should reach over 200 billion Etexts given away this year.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only ~5% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 3,333 Etexts unless we manage to get some real funding; currently our funding is mostly from Michael Hart's salary at Carnegie-Mellon University, and an assortment of sporadic gifts; this salary is only good for a few more years, so we are looking for something to replace it, as we don't want Project Gutenberg to be so dependent on one person.

We need your donations more than ever!

All donations should be made to "Project Gutenberg/CMU": and are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law. (CMU = Carnegie-Mellon University).

For these and other matters, please mail to:

Project Gutenberg  
P. O. Box 2782  
Champaign, IL 61825

When all other email fails. . .try our Executive Director:  
Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>  
hart@pobox.com forwards to hart@prairienet.org and archive.org  
if your mail bounces from archive.org, I will still see it, if  
it bounces from prairienet.org, better resend later on. . . .

We would prefer to send you this information by email.

\*\*\*\*\*

To access Project Gutenberg etexts, use any Web browser to view <http://promo.net/pg>. This site lists Etexts by author and by title, and includes information about how to get involved with Project Gutenberg. You could also download our past Newsletters, or subscribe here. This is one of our major sites, please email [hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com), for a more complete list of our various sites.

To go directly to the etext collections, use FTP or any

Web browser to visit a Project Gutenberg mirror (mirror sites are available on 7 continents; mirrors are listed at <http://promo.net/pg>).

Mac users, do NOT point and click, typing works better.

Example FTP session:

```
ftp sunsite.unc.edu
login: anonymous
password: your@login
cd pub/docs/books/gutenberg
cd etext90 through etext99
dir [to see files]
get or mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files]
GET GUTINDEX.?? [to get a year's listing of books, e.g., GUTINDEX.99]
GET GUTINDEX.ALL [to get a listing of ALL books]
```

\*\*\*

\*\*Information prepared by the Project Gutenberg legal advisor\*\*

(Three Pages)

\*\*\*START\*\*THE SMALL PRINT!\*\*FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*\*START\*\*\*  
Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you can distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

\*BEFORE!\* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association at Carnegie-Mellon University (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the Project's "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or

corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

#### LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] the Project (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

#### INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

#### DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

- [1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as  
\*EITHER\*:

[\*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does \*not\* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (\*) and underline (\_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[\*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Project of 20% of the net profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Association/Carnegie-Mellon University" within the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return.

WHAT IF YOU \*WANT\* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

The Project gratefully accepts contributions in money, time, scanning machines, OCR software, public domain etexts, royalty free copyright licenses, and every other sort of contribution you can think of. Money should be paid to "Project Gutenberg Association / Carnegie-Mellon University".

\*END\*THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*Ver.04.29.93\*END\*

Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will \*NOT\* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold  
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

\*\*\*

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart  
Project Gutenberg  
Executive Director

\*\*\*

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that

you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The Tempest

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

Master: Bote-swaine

Botes: Heere Master: What cheere?

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

Enter.

Enter Mariners.

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

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

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

Botes: I pray now keepe below.

Anth: Where is the Master, Boson?

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

Gonz: Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; sil

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

Enter.

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his 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.

Enter.

Enter Boteswaine

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

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

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

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

Botes. Worke you then.

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

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

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

Enter Mariners wet.

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

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

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

Sebas. I'am out of patience

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

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

A confused noyse within.

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

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Enter.

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

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

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

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

Mira. O woe, the day

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

Mira. More to know  
Did neuer medle with my thoughts

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

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

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

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can

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

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

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

Mira. But that I doe not

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

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,  
And Princesse; no worse Issued

Mira. O the heauens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.  
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,  
But blessedly holpe hither

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

Pros. My brother and thy 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?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully

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

Mira. O good Sir, I doe

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

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse

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

Mira. Oh the heauens:

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

Mira. I should sinne  
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,  
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes

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

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

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

Mir. Wherefore did they not  
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:  
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,  
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set  
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but  
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.  
In few, they hurried vs aboard 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  
Instinctiuelly haue quit it: There they hoyst vs  
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh  
To th' windes, whose pittie sighing backe againe

Did vs but louing wrong

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

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

Mir. How came we a shore?

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

Mir. Would I might  
But euer see that man

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

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason  
For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,  
By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune  
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience  
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon  
A most 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Pro. Why that's my spirit:  
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

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

Pro. Of the Kings ship,  
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,  
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour  
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once  
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe  
From the still-vest Bermoothes, there she's hid;  
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,  
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour  
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet  
(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,  
And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote  
Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,  
And his great person perish

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

Ar. Past the mid season

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

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

Pro. How now? moodie?  
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

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

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

Ar. No

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

Ar. I doe not Sir

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

Ar. No Sir

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

Ar. Sir, in Argier

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

Ar. I, Sir

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,  
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 humane shape

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne

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

Ar. I thanke thee Master

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

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

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

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

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

Enter.

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

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

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

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

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

Cal. within. There's wood enough within

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

Enter Ariel like a water Nymph.

Fine apparision: my queint Ariel,  
Hearke in thine eare

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Enter.

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

Enter Caliban.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pro. So slaue, hence.

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

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

Burthen dispersedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,  
bowgh-wawgh

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

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

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

Burthen: ding dong.  
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,  
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound  
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboute me

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,  
And say what thou see'st yond

Mira. What is't a Spirit?  
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,  
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses  
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest  
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd  
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might'st call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,  
And strayes about to finde 'em

Mir. I might call him  
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall  
I euer saw so Noble

Pro. It goes on I see  
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee  
Within two dayes for this

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

Mir. No wonder Sir,  
But certainly a Mayd

Fer. My Language? Heauens:

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

Pro. How? the best?  
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

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

Mir. Alacke, for mercy

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

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

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

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

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

Fer. No, as I am a man

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

Pro. Follow me

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

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

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

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

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

Mira. Beseech you Father

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments

Mira. Sir haue pity,  
Ile be his surety

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

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

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

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

Pros. It workes: Come on.  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariell: follow me,  
Harke what thou else shalt do mee

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

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

Ariell. To th' syllable

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

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

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

Alons. Prethee peace

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so

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

Gon. Sir

Seb. One: Tell

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

Seb. A dollor

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

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

Gon. Therefore my Lord

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

Alon. I pre-thee spare

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking

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

Seb. The old Cocke

Ant. The Cockrell

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter

Seb. A match

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert

Seb. Ha, ha, ha

Ant. So: you'r paid

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench

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

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones

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

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue

Seb. Of that there's none, or little

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

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny

Seb. With an eye of greene in't

Ant. He misses not much

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally

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

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte

water

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

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report

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

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

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

Gon. Not since widdow Dido's time

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

Seb. What if he had said Widdower aeneas too? Good Lord, how you take it?

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

Gon. This Tunis Sir was Carthage

Adri. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you Carthage

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe

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

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. I

Ant. Why in good time

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

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido

Ant. O Widdow Dido? I, Widdow Dido

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I

wore it? I meane in a sort

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage

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

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

Alon. No, no, hee's gone

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

Alon. Pre-thee peace

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

Alon. So is the deer'st oth' losse

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

Seb. Very well

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly

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

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes

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

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine

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

Seb. Yet he would be King on't

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

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

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:  
T' Excell the Golden Age

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty

Ant. Long liue Gonzalo

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

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

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at

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

Ant. What a blow was there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long

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

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry

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

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs

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

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

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

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate

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

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

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely  
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:  
And yet so fast asleepe

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

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

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

Seb. Well: I am standing water

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow

Seb. Do so: to ebbe  
Hereditary Sloth instructs me

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

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,  
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throwes thee much to yeeld

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

Seb. I haue no hope  
That hee's vndrown'd

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

Seb. He's gone

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

Seb. Claribell

Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis: she that dwels  
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples

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

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?  
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,  
So is she heyre of Naples, 'twixt which Regions  
There is some space

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

Seb. Me thinkes I do

Ant. And how do's your content  
Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember  
You did supplant your Brother Prospero

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

Seb. But for your conscience

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

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend  
Shall be my president: As thou got'st Millaine,  
I'le come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,  
And I the King ſhall loue thee

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

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.

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

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

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

Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King

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

Gon. What's the matter?

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

Alo. I heard nothing

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

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

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

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

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

Alo. Lead away

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

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

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp  
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By 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

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any  
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it  
sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge  
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his  
licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know  
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailefuls. What haue we here, a man,  
or a fish? dead or alieue? 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 hereabout:  
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes:  
I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme  
be past.

Enter Stephano singing..

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

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkes.

Sings.

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

Drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh

Ste. What's the matter?  
Haue we diuels here?  
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of  
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard  
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as 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

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh

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

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

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

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

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

Tri. I should know that voyce:  
It should be,  
But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend  
me

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

Tri. Stephano

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cal. I'le sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect,  
for the liquor is not earthly

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst

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

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

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

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke  
by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:  
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

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

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

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster:  
I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:  
The Man ith' Moone?  
A most poore creadulous Monster:  
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth

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

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

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

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare

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

Ste. Come, kisse

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

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee  
Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.  
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;  
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou  
wondrous man

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

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;  
and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts;  
show thee a 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?

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

talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company else  
being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my  
Bottle: Fellow Trinculo; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,  
Ban' ban' Cacalyban  
Has a new Master, get a new Man.  
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome highday,  
freedome

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

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

Enter Miranda | and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you  
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:  
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes  
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father  
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,  
Hee's safe for these three houres

Fer. O most deere Mistris  
The Sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must striue to do

Mir. If you'l sit downe  
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,  
Ile carry it to the pile

Fer. No precious Creature,  
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,  
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,  
While I sit lazy by

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

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

Mir. You looke wearily

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

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

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

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

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

Mir. Do you loue me?

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

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

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

Fer. Wherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer  
What I desire to giue; and much lesse take  
What 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  
Whether you will or no

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

Mir. My husband then?

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

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

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who 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.

Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

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

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this 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

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

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

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

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

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster

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

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

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: Ile not serue him, he is not valiant

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Ariell inuisible.

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

Ariell. Thou lyeſt

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

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

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed

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

Ste. That's moſt certaine

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

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?  
Canſt thou bring me to the party?

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

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not

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

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

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:  
Ile go farther off

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyeſt?

Ariell. Thou lieſt

Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that,  
As you like this, giue me the lye another time

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and  
hearing too?  
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:  
A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your  
fingers

Cal. Ha, ha, ha

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

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time  
Ile beate him too

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede

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

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

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

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

Trin. Excellent

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

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

Ste. I on mine honour

Ariell. This will I tell my Master

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

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

Sings.

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

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:  
If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list

Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;  
Mercy vpon vs

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I

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

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd

Ste. That shall be by and by:  
I remember the storie

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

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

Trin. Wilt come?  
Ile follow Stephano.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

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

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,  
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede  
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,  
I needes must rest me

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

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

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly

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

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

Seb. I say to night: no more

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

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaue[n]s: what were these?

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

Ant. 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

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

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

Al. I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing  
(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse

Pro. Praise in departing

Fr. They vanish'd strangely

Seb. No matter, since

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

Alo. Not I

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes  
Who would beleeeue that there were Mountayneeres,  
Dew-lapt, like 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 fiue for one, will bring vs  
Good warrant of

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

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

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny  
That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,  
Hath caus'd to belch vp you: and on this Island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,  
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;  
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne  
Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes  
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs  
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers  
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,  
And will not be vplifted: But remember  
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three  
From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,  
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)  
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,  
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue  
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures  
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonso  
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me  
Lingring perdition (worse then any death  
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend  
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,  
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals  
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,  
And a cleere life ensuing.

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

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

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

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

Enter.

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

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

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

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,  
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe  
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen

I ratifie this my rich guift: O Ferdinand,  
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,  
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise  
And make it halt, behinde her

Fer. I doe beleeeue it  
Against an Oracle

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But  
If thou do'st breake her 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 vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,  
As Hymens Lamps shall light you

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

Pro. Fairely spoke;  
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;  
What Ariell; my industrious serua[n]t Ariell.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice  
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you  
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble  
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:  
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must  
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple  
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke

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

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

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Enter.

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

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

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

Soft musick.

No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Iris.

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

Iuno descends.

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

Enter Ceres.

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

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

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,  
If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,

Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot  
The meanes, that duskie Dis, my daughter got,  
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall'd company,  
I haue forsworne

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

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

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

They sing.

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,  
Long continuance, and encreasing,  
Hourely ioyes, be still vpon you,  
Iuno sings her blessings on you.  
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,  
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.  
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,  
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:  
Spring come to you at the farthest,  
In the very end of Haruest.  
Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
Ceres blessing so is on you

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

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

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

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

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald Nayades of y windring brooks,  
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,

Leaue your crispe channels, and on this green-Land  
Answere your summons, Iuno do's command.  
Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate  
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Enter.

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

Enter Ariell.

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

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban

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

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

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

Pro. This was well done (my bird)  
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither  
For stale to catch these theeues

Ar. I go, I goe.

Enter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,  
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too  
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,

All's husht as midnight yet

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tri. And this

Ste. I, and this.

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

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer

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

Ari. Harke, they rore

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

Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:  
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time  
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord  
You said our worke should cease

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

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

Would become tender

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane

Pro. And mine shall.

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

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Enter.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, sta[n]ding lakes & groues,  
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote  
Doe chase the ebbing Neptune, and doe flie him  
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that  
By Moone-shine doe the greene 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 comforth,  
To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines  
(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand  
For you are Spell-stopt.  
Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,  
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine  
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,  
And as the morning steales vpon the night  
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences  
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo  
My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,  
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly  
Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,  
Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,  
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,  
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian  
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)  
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,  
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding  
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them  
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariell,  
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,  
I will discase me, and my selfe present  
As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

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

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

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

Enter.

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

Pro. Behold Sir King  
The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:

For more assurance that a liuing Prince  
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,  
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid  
A hearty welcome

Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted triffle to abuse me,  
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse  
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which  
I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue  
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.  
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero  
Be liuing, and be heere?

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

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

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

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

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

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

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir

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

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

Alo. You the like losse?

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

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

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

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at  
Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false

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

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

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

Seb. A most high miracle

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

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

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

Pro. 'Tis new to thee

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:  
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,  
And brought vs thus together?

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

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

Pro. There Sir stop,  
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with  
A heauinesse that's gon

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

Alo. I say Amen, Gonzallo

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

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

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.

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

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found  
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,  
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when  
We first put out to Sea

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

Pro. My tricksey Spirit

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

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

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free

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

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

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

Ste. Euery man shift for all the rest, and let  
No man take care for himselfe; for all is  
But fortune: Coragio Bully-Monster Coragio

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

Cal. O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:  
How fine my Master is? I am afraid  
He will chastise me

Seb. Ha, ha:  
What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?  
Will money buy em?

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

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

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;  
Where had he wine?

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

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

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

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

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

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then

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

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

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

Pro. Goe to, away

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

Seb. Or stole it rather

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine  
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste  
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it  
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,  
And the particular accidents, gon by  
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne  
I'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

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

Pro. 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.

Enter.

The-, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K[ing]. of Naples:  
Sebastian his Brother.  
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Antonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.  
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.  
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.  
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.  
Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.  
Trinculo, a Iester.  
Stephano, a drunken Butler.  
Master of a Ship.  
Boate-Swaine.  
Marriners.  
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.  
Ariell, an ayrie spirit.  
Iris  
Ceres  
Iuno  
Nymphes  
Reapers  
Spirits.

FINIS. THE TEMPEST.

This is a demo version of txt2pdf v.9.5  
Developed by SANFACE Software <http://www.sanface.com/>  
Available at <http://www.sanface.com/txt2pdf.html>