THE TEMPEST.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRES ROYAL IN Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By SHAKESPEARE.

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Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

S. C. E. N E, An uninhabited Island.
THE TEMPEST

ACT I.

SCENE, On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Shipmaster, and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN—

Boats. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mast. Good; speak to th' mariners: fall to 't craftily, or we run ourselves aground: beftar, beftar. [Exit.

Enter BOATSWAIN.

Boats. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts: yar, yar, take in the top-fall: tend to the master's whistle; blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the Master! Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do afflit the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence—what care these roarers for the name of king? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace, o' the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long; and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mitchance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts; out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no knocking mark upon him; his complexion is perfect galloway. Stand fast, good fate; to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our doth little advantage; if he be not born to be hanged, our cafe is miserable. [Exit.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast: yar, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-coupe. A plague upon this howling!—[A cry within.

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Seb. A pox o' your throat, thou railing, blafphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; thou whoreson, insolent, noise-maker; we are lest afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unlaunched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-head, a-head; let her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners out.

Mar. All loft! to prayers, to prayers! all loft!

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to A Part of the Incantated Island, near the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art (my dearest father) you have put the wild waters in this roa, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down flinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, Daithes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd,

With thofe that I saw suffer: a brave vessel (Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her) Dath'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart; poor souls, they perish'd! Had I been any god of pow'r, I should Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship fo have swallowed, and The frighting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected; No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O voe the day! Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter) who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I'm more, or better, Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me; fo!

Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The real virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there's no foul loft, No, no to much perdicion as an hair, Betide to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sink; For thou must now know farther. [Exeunt.

Mira. You have often

Began to tell me what I am, but loft, And left me to a bootless inquisition.
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."—

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee one thine ear;
Goe, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or perfon?

Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an affurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women, once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how
is it
That this lives in thy mind? what feeth thou else,
In the dark back-ward and abyssine of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou can't here,
How thou can'tt here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, Miranda; twelve
years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and thou his only heir,
A prince's, no worse issue.

Mira. O, the Heav'n's!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'rt) were we heav'd thence;
But blestly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teenee that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleadeth you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antho-

I pray thee, mark me——(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the dignities it was the first;
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study;)
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me, then.
He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having unto truth. by telling oft,
Made such a finner of his memory,
To credit his own by; he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke: from sublimation,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing——
Doth thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates

(So dry he was for {faw} with' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble flattering.

Mira. O the Heav'n's!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then
If this might be a brother! [tell me

Mira. I should fin,
To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Pro. Now the condition:
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' th' premiers,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should freely extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight,
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthothon open
The gates of Milan; and, 'tis dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying fail.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present busines,
Which now's upon' s; without which, this story
Were most impatient.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the busines'; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd;
Nor tackles, full, nor mast; the very rats
Universely had quit it: there they holst us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to figh
To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waft, that did preferve me: Thou dift smile,
Infus'd with a fortitude from Heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full fall;
Under my burden groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undertaking romach, to bear up
Against what should enufe.

Mira. How came we ahere?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Mayor of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, lines, food, and necessaries,
Which faintly have flead us. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever fee that man!

Pro. Now, attend

And hear the laft of our sea-farrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-mater, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time.
Who, with a charm joint'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left aleep; and for the reef o'th' fleet,
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean floor,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great perfon perish.

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

Ari. Past the mid-sea-season.

Pro. At least two glasses, the time 'twixt fun
And moon, must by us both be spent most precisely.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd of me.

Pro. How now! moody!

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out! no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst pro-
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou li'st, malignant thing! haft thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown, to a hoop? haft thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak;

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so! I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischief's manifold, and forcreries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here she was left by th' sailors; thou, my slave,
As thou report it thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wait a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent minifiers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfuly remain
A dozen hours, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the fen that she did litter here,
A freckled whole, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
THE TEMPEST.

The pines, and let thee out.

_Ari._ I thank thee, master.

_Pro._ If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'rt howl'd away twelve winters,
_Ari._ Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

_Pro._ Do so: and, after two days,
I will discharge thee.
_Ari._ That's my noble master!

What shall I do, say, what? what shall I do?

_Pro._ Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea,
Be subject to no fight, but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in: go hence with diligence.

Exeunt.

Ari._ Mira. The strangeness of your story out
Heaven's in me.

_Pros._ Shake it off: come on;
I'll vist Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
_Mira._ 'Tis a villain, Sir,
Do not love to look on—

_Pro._ But as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—Exeunt Miranda. What, ho;
slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

_Cal._ Within! There's wood enough within.

_Pro._ Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee.

_Come, thou tortoife! when—

_Enter Ariel, like a Water Nymph._

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark, in thine ear.

_Ari._ My lord, it shall be done.

_Exit._

_Pro._ Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

_self._

_Enter Caliban.

_Cal._ As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brushed,
With raven's feather from unhowlseome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

_Pro._ For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-flitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that night of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd;
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more slinging
Than bees that made 'em.

_Cal._ I must eat my dinner,
This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'ft from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stook'st me, and mad'dt much of me; and
would'ft give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'rt thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place, and fer-
Curs'd be I, that I did fof all the charms [tile,
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you fly me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of 'th isle.

_Pro._ Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have
us'd thee

(FLINT as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

_Cal._ Oh, ho; ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

_Pro._ Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodwills wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee, each hour,
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own Meaning, but wouldst'gabble like
A thing mock brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.
_Cal._ Thou taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curfe: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

_Pro._ Ha'g-fed, hence! Fetch us in fuel, and be quick (thou went heff)
To answer other businesse. Shrug'th thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ft, or dost unwillingly,
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts should tremble at thy din.
_Cal._ No, 'pray thee,
I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vaffal of him.

_Pro._ So, fave, hence! Enact severally.

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sed when you have, and kifs,
The wild waves whip:
Foot is feately bore and there,
And, juft vprites, the burden bear.

_Burden disperfedly._

Hark, hark, Bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-waugh.

_Ari._ Hark, hark, I bear
The strain of fretting chanticles,
Cry, cock-a-diddle-ds.

_A Dance of Spirits._

Fer._ Where should this music be? i'th'air, or
earth?
It sounds no more: and fure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrec
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have swall'd it,
Or it hath drawn me, rather—but 'tis gone.

_No, it begins again._

(Music plays)

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them; ding-dong, bell.

_Burden; ding-dong._

_Fer._ The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no found
That the earth owns. [Musick again.] I hear it now
above me.

_Exit Ferd, and Ariel._
SCENE, another Part of the Island.

Enter Ariel and Ferd. on one side; and Prospero and Miranda on the other.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And fly, what thou feel'st yond.
Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But is't a spirit?
Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such fenest
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou feest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something flain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call
him
A goodly perfon. He hath loft his fellows,
And thrys about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
Within two days for this. [thee
Fer. Most sure, the gods
On whom these eyes attend! vouchsafe, my pr'y
May know, if you remain upon this island:
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! Heav'n's!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What worth thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Ye, faith, and all his lords: the duke of
And his brave fon, being twain. [Milan,
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more brave daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do—at the first sight [ToAri.
They have chang'd eyes—
A word, good Sir;
I fear you've done yourself some wrong: a word—
Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? this
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I figh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more—
They're both in either's power: but this swift bu-
[Aside.
I must uneasy make, left too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge
That thou attest me: thou dost here usurp [thee,
The name thou ow'st not, and haftput thyself
Upon this island, as a fly; to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I'm a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair an house, [temple.
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me—
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor.—Come, I'll
manacle thy neck and feet together;

Sea-water shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muskets, wither'd roots, and husk,
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No, I will reft such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[He draws, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I say, my foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who make'lt a shew, but dar'lt not strike, thy con-
science
Is so poif'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disfarn thee with this flick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father. [Kneels.
Pro. Hence: hang it on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his suetyn.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impotter! Hush!
Thou think'lt there are no more such shapes as he,
Having feen 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 have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up,
My father's los's, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats;
To whom I am false, but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid: all corners else o'th'earth,
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou hast done well, fine Ariel:) follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speeche: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' syllable,
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Execute.

ACT II.

SCENE, another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo and Francisco,

Don. B E S E E C H you, Sir, be merry: you have
cauce
(So have we all) of joy! for our escape
Is much beyond our los's; our hint of woe
Is common; every day some tailor's wife,
The matter of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
(I mean our prefervation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our forrow with our comfort.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaims  
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:  

Will you grant, with me,  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.  

Ant. Then tell me  
What's the true heir of Naples!

Seb. What mean you?

Ant. Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse  
Than now they are: there be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps.

O, that you bore,  

The mind that I do; what a sleep was this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,  
You did duple your brother Prospero.  

Ant. True:  
And, look, how well my garments fit upon me,  
Much feeter than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your confidence—  

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?

Ten confidences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,  
Candy's be they and met, e'er they made it.

Here lies your brother.


No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I with this obedient fleet, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for eye might put  
This ancient morrel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say betis the hour.

Seb. Thy cafe, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent: as thou go'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy iword; one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,  
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

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

Seb. O, but one word—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth.  
(Foi else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear—]

While you here do sorrow, by,  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off flamber, and beware;  
Awake! awake!  

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preferre the king!

[Trey wake—]

Ant. Why, how now, ho! awake! why are you  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?  

[drawn—]

Gon. Why, what this matter?  

Seb. While we fold here5 ﬁxing your repose,  
Ev'n now we heard a hollow surft of hallowing,  
Like bull or rattle lions: did not wake you?


\textit{The Tempest.}

\textbf{For he had a tongue with a tang;}

\textbf{Would cry to a falcon, go hang!}

\textbf{She lov'd not the favour of tar nor of pitch,}

\textbf{Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.}

\textbf{Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.}

This is a furious tune, too; but here's my comfort.

\textbf{[Drinks.}

\textbf{Cal. Do not torment me, oh!}

\textbf{Step. What's the matter? have we devils here?}

\textbf{Do you put tricks upon your savages, and men of Inde? ha? I have not fcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be laid to again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.}

\textbf{Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!}

\textbf{Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an auge: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.}

\textbf{Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.}

\textbf{Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wise: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that foundly.}

\textbf{Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.}

\textbf{Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will make your shaking, I can tell you, and that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.}

\textbf{Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!}

\textbf{Step. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine is in my bottle will recover him, I will help his auge come; Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.}

\textbf{Trin. Stephano—}

\textbf{Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long foon.}

\textbf{Trin. Stephano! if thou beft Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.}

\textbf{Step. If thou beft Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leg: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how can't thou to the siege of this moon-call? can he vent Trinculos?}

\textbf{Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke: and art thou living, Stephano? O, Stephano, two Neapolitans fcap'd!}

\textbf{Step. Pr'ythee do not turn me about; my stomach is not confant.}

\textbf{Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not spirits: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.}

\textbf{Step. How did thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast afloat.}
Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.
Step. Here: swear, then, how etap'th thou?
Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.
Step. Here, kids the book. Though thou canst
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.
Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?
Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a
rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How
now, moon-call'd, how does thine age?
Cal. Haft thou not drop't from heav'n?
Step. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was
the man in that moon, when time was.
Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy
buff.
Step. Come, swear to that; kids the book: I
will furnish it anon, with new contents: swear.
Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' life, and
I will kifs thy-foot, I pr'ythee be my god.
Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunk-
ken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his
bottle.
Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck
thee berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve;
I'll bear him no more flicks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a won-
der of a poor drunkard!
Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
grow;
And I with my long nials will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jell'y nef, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet: I'll bring thee
To clut'ring fibers, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young shamans from the rock. Will thou go with me?
Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any
more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our com-
pany else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here,
bear my bottle; fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-
and-by again.
Cal. [Sings drunkely.] Farewell, master; fare-
well, farewell.
Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!
Cal. No more dams I'll make for flies,
Nor fetch in firing at requirings,
Nor scrape trencher, nor sows o'jiff,
Ban' Ban', Cackylban,
Has a new master; get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!
Step. O, brave monster, lead the way.

10 THE TEMPEST.

ACT III.

SCENE, before Prospero's Cell.

Ferdinand discover'd, bearing a Log.

Fu. THERE be some sports are painful, but
their labour
Delight in them fets off: some kinds of bafeness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean talk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistrels which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasure: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistrel.
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
Had ne'er like executor; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'r refresh my labour,
Most busylefs when I do it.

Enter Miranda.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoind to pile:
Pray, fet it down, and rest you; when this burns,
'I'll weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's 'safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistrel, The fun will fret before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll set down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature, I'd rather crack my finews, break my back,
Than you should fuch dishonour undergo
While I sit lazy by.

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

You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistrel; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do befeech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father!
I've broke your bent to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with bent regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With fo full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's bent.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I'm skill-les of; but, by my modelly,
In my (thee, my father) I would not with
Any companion in the world, but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me flave to it, and for your sake,
Am I this patient leg-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this found,
And crown what I profess with kind event;
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded to me, to milchief! I
Beyond all limit of what e'er 'tis world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take.
What I shall die to want: but this is tripping;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it swells. Hence, bafhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearer,
And I thus humble ever.
Mrs. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Step. Tell not me; when the butt is out we
shall drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear
up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster; the folly of this island!
they say there's but five upon this island; we are
three of them; if the other two be brain'd like
us, the feast totters.

Step. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
they eyes are almost fit in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set elfe? he was a
brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in jac: for my part, the sea cannot drown me.
I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues off and on; by this light, thou shalt be
my lieutenant, monster, or my standart.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you lift; he's no standard.

Step. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

Step. Moon-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou
be'lt a good moon-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy
floe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lief, most ignorant monster; I am
in cafe to Joll a contable; why, thou debou'd thilf,
thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath
drunk so much as I to-day? wilt thou tell a
monstrous lye, being but half a fish, and half a
monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my
lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! That a monster
should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pray thee.

Step. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in thy head;
if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor
monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indis
guity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Step. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a ty-
rant, a forcerene, by that his cunning hath cheated
me of the island.

Ari. Thou lief.

Cal. Thou lief, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Step. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I lay, by forcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatnes will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'lt,
But this thing dares not—)

Step. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Step. How now shall this be compaflied? canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'lt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lief, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd minny's this! thou scurvy patch!
— I do beseech thy greatnes, give him blows,
And take this bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick frefhea are.

Step. Trinculo run no farther danger; inter
rupt the monfter one word farther, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a
rock-fillet of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
farther off.

Step. Didst thou not say he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lief.

Step. Do I so? take you that. [Beats him.

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

Trin. I did not give thee the lye; out o'your
wits, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! This
can fack and drinking do.—A murraun, you monfter,
and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee,
stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I'lt afternoon, to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having firft feiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his fcaull, or paunch him with a flake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
Firth to poffefs his books; for without them
He's but a fort, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him.
As rootedly as. Burn but his books; he
Has brave utenfils (for fo he calls them),
Which with his hands he'll make him deck withal.
And that moft deeply to confider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himfelf
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er knew woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and the;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax.
As greaterns do the leaf.

Step. Is it so brave a lads?

Cal. Aye, lord; he will come thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Step. Monfter, I will kill this man: his daughter
And I will be king and queen, fave our graces; and
Trinculo and thyelf shall be viceroys. Doft thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
but while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head,
The Tempest

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Step. Ay, on my honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master.
Cal. Thus make him merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you trawl the catch,
You taught me but whiles ere?
Step. At thy request, monftr, I will do reason,
any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Song]

Flout 'em, and flout 'em: and flout 'em; thought it free.
Cal. That's not the tune.

[Sea-notes]

Step. What is this fame?

Trinculo. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of nobody.
Step. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the
likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trinculo. O, forgive my sins!
Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.

Mercy upon us!
Cal. Art thou afraid?
Step. No, monftr, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the ill is full of noises,
Sounds, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging Instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, will open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; then, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be, by-and-by: I remember the
story.

Trinculo. The sound is going away; let's follow it,
and after do our work.

Step. Lead, monftr; we'll follow. I would I
could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trinculo. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzolo, Franciscu, 
&c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, Sir,
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your pardon,
I needs must rest me.

[Interjacients.

Alono. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with wearines.
To th' dulging of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
E'en here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flutterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we fliny to find, and the sea mocks
Our fruthe fearch on land. Well, let him go.

Antonio. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forget the purpose
That you revolvd'd effect.

Sebastian. The next advantage
We take throughev.

Alono. Let us be a-going;
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh.

Sebastian. I say, to-night: no more.

Sebi. What harmony is this? my good friends.

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Gen. Give us kind keepers, Heaven! what were
thieves?

[Advance of fantastic spirits.

Sebastian. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia,
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Antonio. I'll believe both,
And what does elfe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lye,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gen. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw fuch inslanders,
(For, certes, they're of the people of the island)
Who, tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Alono. I cannot too much mufe,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such found, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb difcourse.

Franco. They vanish strangely.

Thunder.

Two Devils rise out of the Stage, with a Table
decorated.

Sebastian. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have flou-
Will't please you taste of what is here? [macks.

Alono. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear.

Alono. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my lust; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

[The Devils vanish with the Table.

[Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. You are three men of fin, whom deftiny
The never-furtheated fea
Hath caufed to belch up: and on this ifland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being moft unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like value men hang and crown
Their proper felves.

Petro. Alonso, &c. draw their fwords.

Ye fools! I and my fellos
Are minions of fate; the elements,
Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at flabs,
Kill the full-clothing waters, as diminifh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniflers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your fwords are now too many for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did fuppoft good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child; for which foul dead,
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and thores, yes, all the creatures,
Against your peace; thee of thy fon, Alono,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perfecution, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall ftep by ftep attend
You and your whole woman, that guard you from
(Which here in this moft defolate elfe falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's forrow,
And a clear life enfuing.

[Exit Ariel.

Gon. I' th' name of fomething holy, Sir, why
In this strange fcare?

Alono. O, it is monftrous! monftrous!
Methought the hillows fpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
THE TEMPEST.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punished you, Your compensation makes amends; for I have given you here a thread of mine own life; Or that for which I live: all thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou hast shown to me all my faults. Here, therefore, Heaven, I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me, that I boast her off; For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise, And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it.

Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition, Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But if thou dost break her virgin-knot, before All fantastical ceremonies may, With full and holy rite, be minister'd, No sweet affections shall the heaven's let fall, To make this contract grow; but barren hate, Sour-e'y'd disdain, and disdail, shall be the union of your bed with weeds so loathly, That you shall hate it both: the cress take heed, As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope.

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life, With such love as its noble, the mucklest den, The most opportune place, the longest legation, Our worser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into lust; to take away The edge of that day's celebration, When I shall think or Phoebus' feet are founder'd, Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she's thine own. What, Ariel? my indulgent servant, Ariel—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am. Why dost thou weep, my lord? what's the matter? Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick: go, bring the rabble, O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place: Incite them to quick motion, for I must Behold upon the eyes of this young couple, Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twinkle.

Ariel sings.

A R. B.

Before you can say, Come, and go; And breathe twice, and cry, ho, sit, Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with map and mouse, Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Why, that's my delicate Ariel; do not approach.

Till thou dost hear me call. [Exit Ariel.]

—Lock, thou be true; do not give dalliance Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are strung To the fire 'tis blood: be more submissive, Or else a good night your vow! Fer. I warrant you, Sir; The white, cold, virgin-knot upon my heart. Abates the ardour of my liver. Pro. Well. No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [To Ferdinand, Soft music.]

MASQUE. Enter June.

Recitative.

Hither, Hymen, spread your way, Celebrate this happy day; Hither, Ceres, haste away, Celebrate this happy day: With blithe and sweet look, and sound mien, Come, and tread this short grass green; Leave behind your grief and care, Come, and bless this happy pair. Enter Hymen and Ceres.

Hym. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing, Long continuance and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon ye, Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

Cer. Earth's increasement, and joyson plenty, Barns and garneres never empty, Fines in cliff ring buncbes growing, Plants with goodly burdens bowing.

Both. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing, Long continuance and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon ye, Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

Duett.

Cer. Scarcity and want small fear ye, Ceres sings her blessings on ye.

Hym. Hourly joy be still upon ye, Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

Recitative.

You sun-burnt sicker men, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.

Duet.

Hymen and Ceres.

Away, away, make holiday, Your eyes on these arts put on Bring each his labs, and beat the grass, Let trial and care be gone.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks.

Pro. Break off, break off, I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the base Caliban, and his confederates; Against my child the minute of their plot: It almost comes: Well done, avoid: no more. [Exeunt Dancers, &c.

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some That works him strangely. [passion.]

Mir. Never till this day, Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look'd on my son, in a mad's fort, C "Now you shall look at me."
As if you were difmay'd. Be chearful, Sir! Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I for told you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air; into thin air: And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded, The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itselfs; Yea, all which it inherit, shall dislive: And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a rack behind!—Sir, I am next; Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled; Be not disturb'd with my inimitry, If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell, And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, To fill my beating mind.

Pro. Mira. We with your peace.

Exit Ferdin. and Miranda.

Pro. Come, with a thought—Thank you—Ariel—come.

Prospero comes forward; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure? Pros. Spirit. We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Ari. Ay, my commander; when I prefented Ceres, I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Let, I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking; So full of valour, that they fmore the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For killing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor; At which, like unback'd colts, they prick't their ears, Advancing their eye lides, lifted up their noses, As they smelt music; to I charm'd their ears; That cail-like, they my loving follow'd, through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, prickling goss and thorns, Which enter'd their frail limbs: at last I left them 1' th' filthy mantled poor, beyond your cell. Pro. This was well done, my bird; Thy shape invi'table retain thou still; The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humaneely taken; all, all lost, quite lost; And, as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers; I will plague them all, Even to roaring; come, hang them on this line. [Prospero remains invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo all out.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole Swoon'st not. I have not heard a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy; has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do flern all horse-pits, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine—Do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you—Trin. Thou wert but a loft monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still; Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischief; therefore, speak All's hush'd as midnight yet. [softly.

Trin. Ay, but to loose our bottles in the pool—Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet; feest thou here, This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban, For thy sty foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee! Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery—O, King Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I' ll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The deep'dy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a baid jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we feel by line and level, an't like your grace.

Step. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the stuff.

Step. We will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes, With forehead villainous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

Thunder.

Enter divers Spirits; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, driven our, roaring.

Pro. Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their fine wits With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [Roaring within.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour, Lie at my mercy all mine enemies; Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little Fellow, and do me service. [Exeunt.
Their clearer reason.—Sir—Most cruelly
Didd thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother, was a furtherer in this act;
Thou't pinch'd it for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'l thou art.—Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me your hat and sapier in my cell;
I will dif-cape me, and myself present,
As I was sometime, Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long become free.' [Prosero goes in.
Ariel, sings.
Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a conflag'st Nest I sit;
There I touch, when evils do cry;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Enter Prospero, dreefed.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall mis
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep,
Under the hatches; the master and boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry'thee,

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Ex. Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze
ment,
Inhabit here; some heavy power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prosero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body.

Alon. Be't thou he or no,
Or some enchant'd tribute to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affection of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should Prof
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be mefur'd or confin'd.

Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet take
Some sulphur's o'th'file, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all;
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults, all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which performe, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be't Prosero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since
Were wreck't upon this shore; where I have lost
(How harsh the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

C. §
16 THE TEMPEST.

_Alon._ Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
_Pro._ I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her low-reign aid,
And reft myself content.
_Alon._ You the like loss?
_Pro._ As great to me; for I
Have loft my daughter.
_Alon._ A daughter?
O, Heav'n! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozing bed
Where you fon lies. When did you lose your daugh-
ter?
_Pro._ In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been juffling from your senes, know, for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, 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 breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subject none abroad; pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As you be men of my dukedom.

S C E N E I. Opens to the Entrance of the Cell.
Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
Playing at Chefs.
_Mira._ Sweet lord, you play me false.
_Fer._ No, my dear love,
_I_ would not for the world.
_Mira._ Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And I would call it fair play. [wrangle,
_Alon._ If this prove
A vision of the isle, one dear fon
Shall I twice lose.
_Seb._ A most high miracle!
_Fer._ Though the seas threaten, they are merci-
ful:
I've curs'd them without cause. [Ferd. kneels.
_Alon._ Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compafs thee about!
_Ariel._ Fare, and say how thou cam'lt here?
_Mira._ O wonder!
How many moreely creatures are here here!
How beauteous mankind Is! o brave new world,
That has such people in'
_Pro._ 'Tis new to thee.
_Alon._ What is this maid, with whom thou wait
at play?
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours,
Is she the goddess that happen'd us,
And brought us thus together?
_Fer._ Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receive'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
_Alon._ I am her's;
But, oh, how oddly will it found, that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!
_Pro._ There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.
_Gen._ I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke, ere this. Look down, you
And on this couple drop a blessed crown; [gods,
For it is you that have chal'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
_Alon._ I say, amen, Gonzalo!
Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not with you joy!
_Gen._ Be's to, amen!
_Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
Amazedly following.
_O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallowes were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
Not an oath on shore?
_Haft thou no mouth by land? what is the news?
_Boats._ The bell news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave our split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
_Ari._ Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
_Pro._ My trickfey spirit!
_Alon._ These are not natural events; they streng-
then,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hi-
there?
_Boats._ If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches;
Where but e'en now, with strange and few'ral noises,
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jelling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, all in her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capi'ng to eye her; on a trice, fo please you,
E'en in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
_Ari._ Was't well done?
_Pro._ Bravely, my diligence; thou shalt be free.
_Alon._ This is so strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business, more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
_Must reveal our knowledge.
_Pro._ Sir, my liege.
Do not fill your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at picket leisure,
(Which shall be shortly) singe I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be cheerful,
And think of every thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Until the spell.—How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.
_Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their Fled Apparel.
_Step._ Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio, bully-maier, Coragio!
_Trim._ If these be true spirits, which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly light.
_Cal._ O, Setebos, thefe be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my matters! I am afraid
He will chaffie me.
_Pro._ Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap’d knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebb’s.
These three have robb’d me; and this demy-devil
(For he’s a bastard one) had plotted with them,
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch’d to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He’s drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded ’em?
How can’t thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Step. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You’d be king o’th’ isle, sirrah?

Step. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. ’Tis a strange thing as e’er I look’d on.

Pro. He is at disproportion’d in his manners,
As in his shape: go, sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I’ll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double asf
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beflow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I’ll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I’ll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials,
Of these our dear beloved, solemniz’d;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I’ll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And fail to expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off—My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near,

[Exeunt omnes.]