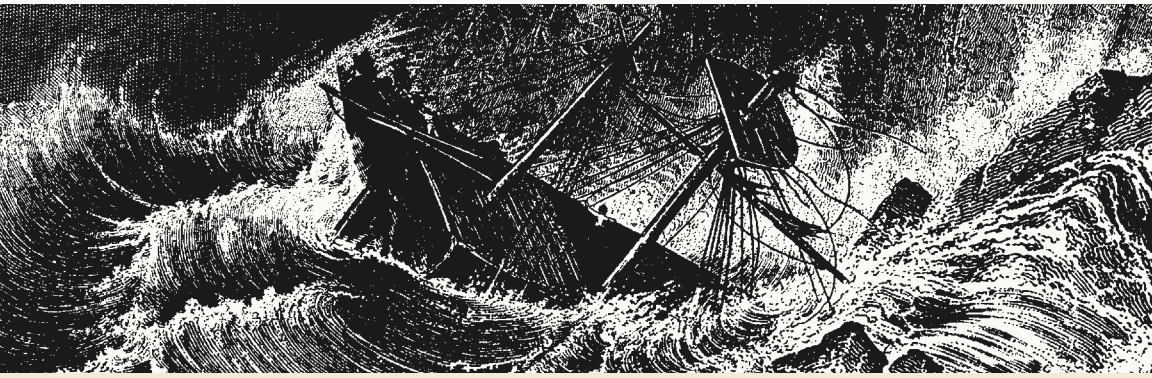


William Shakespeare

THE
TEMPEST



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William Shakespeare

THE
T E M P E S T

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.*

Spirits: Iris

Ceres

Iuno

Nymphes

Reapers

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 storme.

Gonz: Nay, good be patient.

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

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vsee 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 lower 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 vnstanched 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 swea-
re 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 sincke: 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 assu-
rance 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 hea'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, far-
ther;

Pros. My brother and thy vnclē, 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 man-
nage 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 vnclē (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 offi-
ce, 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 confiden-
ce sans bound. He being thus Lorded, Not onely with what my
reuenew 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' out-

ward 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 tem-
porall 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'll bring thee to the pre-
sent 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 Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh To th' windes, whose pitty 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 about 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 raying this Sea-storme?

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

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come To answer
thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to diue into the fire: to
ride On the curld cloud: 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 boorded 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 precur-
sers O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie And sight
out-running were not; the fire, and cracks Of sulphurous roa-
ring, 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 Mar-
riners 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
Mediterranian 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 per-
form'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' Saylors; thou my slaue, As thou reportst thy
selfe, was then her seruant, And for thou wast a Spirit too deli-
cate 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 painfully
 remaine A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd, And left
 thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes As fast as Mill-
 wheelles strike: Then was this Island (Saue for the Son, that he
 did littour heere, A frekelld whelp, 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 dili-
 gence.

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 quaint 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 Sout-
hwest 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 cockadidle-dowe

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

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

cancker) 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 vnghently? This Is the third man that ere I saw: the first That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father To be enclin'd my way

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, euey 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 preseruacion) 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 euey 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 daugh-
ter, 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 sto-
macke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter
there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate)
she too, Who is so farre from Italy remoued, I ne're againe shall
see her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Millaine, what
strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

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

Alon. No, no, hee's gone

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

Alon. Pre-thee peace

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & 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, Tilt, Vineyard none: No vse of Mettall, Corne, or
Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all: And Women
too, but innocent and pure: No Soueraignty

Seb. Yet he would be King on't

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

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

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. 'Saeue 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 sil-dome 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 aliue, 'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd, As he that sleepes heere, swims

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

Ant. O, out of that no hope, What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is Another way so high a hope, that euen Ambi-

tion cannot pierce a winke beyond But doubt discouery there.
Will you grant with me That Ferdinand is drown'd

Seb. He's gone

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

Seb. Claribell

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

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

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

Seb. Me thinks 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 snoring 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 ho; awake? why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, (Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like Buls, 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 ear-quake: sure it was the roare Of a whole heard of Lyons

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

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

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

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

Alo. Lead away

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

Exeunt.

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 aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer;

this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: 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 scury 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 scury 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'll 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 dro- und; 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 Spoo- ne

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

Ste. If thou bee'st Trinculo: come forth: I'll 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 Saylors 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 swear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly St. Heere: swear 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, swear to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear

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 euery fertill ynych 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 swear my selfe thy Subiect

Ste. Come on then: downe and swear

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 Sticks, 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 wildly, 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 hollo-

wly, inuert What best is boaded me, to mischief: 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 desi-
re 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 mar-
rie 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 busin-
esse 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 Natural?

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

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

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

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

Enter Ariell inuisible.

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

Ariell. Thou lyeest

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

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed

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

Ste. That's most certaine

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

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

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

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not

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

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

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

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest

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

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

Cal. Ha, ha, ha

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

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

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke

withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax, As great'st do's least

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

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

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be 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 Banquet; 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 beleue 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 beleue me? If I should say I saw such Islands; (For certes, these are people of the Island) Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of Our humaine generation you shall finde Many, nay almost any

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

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

Pro. Praise in departing

Fr. They vanish'd strangely

Seb. No matter, since They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue 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 beleue 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 quient 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 mas- sie for your strengths, And will not be vplifted: But remember (For that's my businesse to you) that you three From Millaine did supplant good Prospero, Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed, The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonso They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me Lingring perdition (worse then any death Can be at once) shall step, by step attend You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from, Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow, And a cleere life ensuing. He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

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

Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is dround) 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 toAd. 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 compensati-
on makes amends, for I Haue giuen you here, a third of mine
owne life, Or that for which I liue: who, once againe I tender to
thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy loue, and
thou Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen I ratifie
this my rich gift: O Ferdinand, Doe not smile at me, that I
boast her of, For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her

Fer. I doe beleeeue it Against an Oracle

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition Worthi-
ly purchas'd, take my daughter: But If thou do'st breake her Vir-
gin-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 rockey-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 diso-
 bey the wife of Iupiter: Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my
 flowres Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres, And with
 each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne My boskie acres, and
 my vnshrubd downe, Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath
 thy Queene Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

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

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

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

Cer. Highest Queene of State, Great Iuno comes, I know her
 by her gate Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me To

blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be, And honourd
in their Issue.

They sing.

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing, Long continuance, and
increasing, 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 char-
mingly: 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 loo-
kes, Leaue your criske channels, and on this green-Land
Answere your summons, Iuno do's command. Come tempera-
te 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 euey one In
Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they 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 wor-kes 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 dismayd: 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 Leauē not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe As dreames are made on; and our little life Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext, Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled: Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie, If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell, And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke To still my beating minde

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Enter.

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

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleauē 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 ouglie growes, So his minde cankers: I will plague them all, Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparel, &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 Ier-
kin? 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 gar-
ment 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 king-
dome: 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 Convulti-
ons, 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 kinder 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
themselves

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Enter.

Pro. Ye Elues of hills, 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 com-
mand 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, atten-
ded by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by
Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had
made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speakes.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsetled fancie,
Cure thy braines (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there
stand For you are Spell-stopt. Holy Gonzallo, Honourable

man, Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act, Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition, Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong) Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee, Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariell, Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, I will discase me, and my selfe present As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit, Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

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

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 trifle to abuse me, (As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee, Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue (And if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero Be liuing, and be heere?

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

Gonz. Whether this be, Or be not, I'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 pre-se-ruation, 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 discourers 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 cur-
s'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 adui-
se: nor thought I had one: She Is daughter to this famous Duke
of Millaine, Of whom, so often I haue heard renoune, 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 forgiuenance?

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 voya-ge Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis, And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife, Where he himselfe was lost: Prospero, his Dukedome In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues, When no man was his owne

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

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.

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

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

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

Pro. My tricksey Spirit

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

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake, I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe, And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches, Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses Of roing, 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 Spi-
rit, 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 Cor-
agio

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 flo-

wes, 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 dar-
 kenesse, I Acknowledge mine

Cal. I shall be pincht to death

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

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

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

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

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 Euey
third thought shall be my graue

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

Pro. I'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.

FINIS. THE TEMPEST.

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