An Might of Texas Company, No. in the State of Texas, at the front, Texas, 1875-1877.

An Might in the State, Texas, 1875-1877.

[Signature]
THE TEMPEST, A COMEDY;
WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
The Music by PURCEL and Dr. ARNE;
With the ADDITIONAL AIRS and CHORUSSES, by the late Mr. LINLEY, jun.
Marked with the VARIATIONS in the MANAGER'S BOOK, AT THE
Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

LONDON:
[The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved and marked with inverted Commas, as at Lines 13 and 14, Page 6.]
Just published, making 12 handsome Volumes in Duodecimo, ornamented with upwards of 80 Copper-plates, Price 2l. 2s. bound, on Common Paper, or 3l. 12s. on Royal Paper, with Proof Impressions;

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Jane Shore
Isabella
Mourning Bride
Venice Preserv'd.
Dramatis Personæ, 1785

1. Prospero, the rightfull duke of Milan.
2. Stephano, a drunken butler.
3. Trincalo, a jester.
4. Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.
5. Gonzales, king of Naples.
6. Alonzo, another to Prospero. The usurping.
7. Antonio, brother to Prospero.
10. Ferdinand, son to Alonzo.
11. Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
12. Ariel, a youth attending on Prospero.

Drury-Lane.

Men.
- Mr. Bensley.
- Mr. Suett.
- Mr. Badeley.
- Mr. Bannister.
- Mr. Ackin.
- Mr. Wrighten.
- Mr. Phillimore.
- Mr. Wright.
- Mr. Wilson.
- Mr. Barrymore.

Women.
- Miss Phillips.
- Miss Field.
THE TEMPEST.


Maft. Here, master: What cheer?
Boatswain. Good: speak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle;—blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

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

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins; you do affift the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haft aboard.

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

Con. I have great comfort from this fellow: he has no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth
little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our

Re-enter Boat'swain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower;
bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within] this howling! 'they are louder than the
weather, or our office.]

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink;

Seb. A pox of your throat! you bawling, blasphemous,
uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, hang, hang! you whoremonger, insolent noisemaker! we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

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

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to lea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

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

[Exeunt.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Con. The king and prince at prayers! let us afflict
them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. —

This wide-chopp'd rascal; — Would thou might'st lie
drowning!

The washing of ten tides!

Con. He'll be hang'd yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gap at midday to glut him.

[Confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—
Boats. They caught a fish in December. I don't know the lightning really was the real
Boats. I think it is a great
Lake. It seems a week to warm, now, the land. Now in the woods, the wind is very mild.
It flowers magnificently sometimes it blooms,
And burns in burning places, on the banks in the groves, in the hills and in the garden.
The wonderful hundreds more morning
And lights with a promising new voice. They fill and are
Of telephone and running trains the bold summer trees.
I have always wanted to travel and see the world. I have always been fascinated by different cultures and ways of life. I have always been drawn to the beauty of art and architecture. I have always been curious about the mysteries of the natural world. I have always been inspired by the stories of those who have gone before me. I have always been filled with a sense of wonder and excitement. I have always been driven by a desire to explore and understand the world around me.
We split, we split!—Farewel, my wife and children!—Parewel, brother!—We split, we split, we split—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The will above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!

Exit.

Scene before the Cell of Prospero. Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down flaming pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd With th'oe that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dashi'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor fouls! they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship to have swallow'd, and The frightening fouls within her.

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

Mira. O, woe the day!

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

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

Pro. 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me. So; [Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. The delightful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd A 4
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have, with such provision in mine art,
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, Stay, not yet.—

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

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

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

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

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wert my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir
And princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?
THE TEMPEST.

Pro. Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;  
But blededly holp hither.  
Mira. O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.  
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,—  
I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so pernicious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state; as, at that time,  
Through all the signories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime Duke; being so reputed  
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel: Those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,  
And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?  
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.  
 Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping; new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em. Having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts in the state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear: that now he was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,  
And f'd my verdure out on't. —Thou attend'st not.  
Mira. O good Sir, I do.  
Pro. I pray thee, mark me.  
Thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,  
O'er priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsity, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,  
A confidence fans bound.' He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one,  
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
THE TEMPEST.

Mad: such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; out of the sublimation,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Doth thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: Confederates,—
So dry he was for sway, with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble flooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

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

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

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business.

Which
Good women have had cons.
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: There they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

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

Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou waft, that did preserve me! Thou didn't smile,
Infused with a fortitude from Heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By Providence divine.

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

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here, in this island, we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

_Mira._ Heavens thank you for't!—And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

_Pro._ Know thus far forth,—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear Lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my presence,
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most insidious star; whose influence
I know I cou't not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. — Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: — I know thou canst not choose.—

_[Miranda sleeps._

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my _Ariel_, come.

_Enter _Ariel._

_Ariel._ All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, talk
_Ariel._ and all his quality.

_Pro._ Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

_Ari._ To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precurors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And fight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

_Pro._ My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
But to this day,
I am not yet able to tell you why we are so bound to a place. I feel that the boundary is in our soul, and in our soul we are like a plant that is rooted to the earth. For we are not free, like a bird that can fly, but bound to a place where we were born.

So when human beings, from the gods had been freed, for a moment of freedom that would not last. They would not take the earth back, but they would return to their beloved home, where they would be left by the earth. The moment of freedom would come, but it would not last. Soon after we are free from the earth, and I take the earth to follow us upon earth.

In the lower world.

But the comedy is not over yet.

Who is it that
loves me and,

In a garden, in the garden, in the garden,
Where once a house partly landed on the side,
And then the house fell down. Then did I come,
And in their midst, in their midst; in their midst.
I found them in the garden, in the garden,
With his ingeniance, comeliness, and his 5
And found the wall in many places, and
Of which I have walked on foot, as though

It was not in the garden to follow me at all.

That the same beloved was the haunt of beings.

Of more than earthly words. Composed
Of this then knows?
But fell a fever of the mad, and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a fire with me. The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-flaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; 'eried, Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perished.

On their faultaking garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: And, as thou bid'st me,
In troops dispers'd about the isle:
The king's son landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and fitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship, they
The mariners, say how they dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
They call'd me up at midnight to fetch dew.
From the still vex'd Bernice, there she's hid:
The mariners all under-hutches flow'd;
Whom, with the rest, to their suffer'd labour,
Have set asleep: And for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispos'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

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

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let
THE TEMPEST.

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I pray thee,

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistaking, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

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

Ari. No.

' Pro. Thou doft; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze

' Of the salt deep;
' To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
' To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
' When it is bak'd with frost.

' Ari. I do not, Sir.'

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou haft: Where was she born? speak; tell
me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

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

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans:
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this isle,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

**Ari.** Yes; Caliban her son.

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

**Ari.** I thank thee, master,

**Pro.** If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

**Ari.** Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

**Pro.** Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

**Ari.** That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what! what shall I do?

**Pro.** Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it! Go, hence, with diligence.

_Ariel exits._

**Mira.** The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

**Pro.** Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

**Mira.**
THE TEMPEST.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou, speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

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

Come, thou tortoise, when?

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

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

As. My lord, it shall be done.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, go by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

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

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren-place, and fertile;

Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you fly me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me.
THE TEMPEST.

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The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho:—Would it had been done!
Thou didn't prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldn't gabble like
A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: 'But thy vile race,
Though thou didn't learn, had that in't which good na-
tures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wait thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.'

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

Pro. Hag-sheep, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick: Thou wer't best
To answer other business. Shrug'ft thou, malice?
If thou neglect's't, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps:
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: His art is of such power,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[Aside.

Enter Ferdinand at the remotest part of the stage, and Ariel,
unseen invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands—

Court's feed—
Foot it stately here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
The watch-dogs bark:  
Hark, hark! I hear.  
The strain of strutting chanted sire.
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou see'st,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompteth it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the queen
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here? My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: Myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, and all his lords; the Duke of Mil-

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do it. — At the first fight
They have chang'd eyes. — Delicate Arie! — A word, good Sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: A word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
THE TEMPEST.

To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir, one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: But this swift business
I must uneasi make, left too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this isle, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [To Ferd.] Follow me.—
Speak not for him; he's a traitor.—
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment 'till
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so posses'd with guilt. Come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! Hush,
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he.
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban;
And they to him are angels.

-Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey. [To Ferdinand.

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.

{To Ariel.} Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

Follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.


Scene III. p. 30.

ACT II. SCENE. Another Part of the Island. Enter
Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonzalo.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: But for the miracle,
I mean
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

'Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

'Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;

by and by it will strike.

'Gon. Sir,-

'Seb. One: Tell.

'Gon. When every grief is entreated, that's offer'd,

Come to the entertainer——

'Seb. A dollar.

'Gon. Dolor comes to him indeed; you have spoken

truer than you purposed.

'Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you

should.

Therefore, my lord,—

'Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

'Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

'Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

'Seb. He will be talking.

'Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good

wager, first begins to crow?

'Seb. The old cock.

'Ant. The cockrel.

'Seb. Done: The wager?

'Ant. A laughter.

'Seb. A match.

'Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

'Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

'Ant. So, you've pay'd.

'Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

'Seb. Yet,

'Adr. Yet——

'Ant. He could not mis't.

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

temperance.

'Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

'Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deli-

ver'd.

'Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

'Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
O, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Here is every thing advantageous to life.

True; fave means to live.

Of that there's none, or little.

How lath and lufty the gras's looks? how green?

The ground, indeed, is tawny.

With an eye of green in't.

He misses not much.

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit)—

As many vouch'd rarities are.

That our garments, being as they were drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt-water.

If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, He lies?

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report?

Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter, Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

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

Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Not since widow Dido's time.

Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

What if he had said, widower Æneas too?

Good lord, how you take it!

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

This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Carthage?

I assure you, Carthage.

His word is more than the miraculous harp.

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

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
24

THE TEMPEST.

"Ay?"

"Why, in good time."

"Sir, We were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen."

"And the nearest that e'er came there."

"Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido."

"O, Widow Dido! ay, Widow Dido."

"Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort."

"That fort was well fish'd for."

"When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?"

"You cram these words into mine ears, again! The stomach of my fencé: 'Would I had never Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost: ' and, in my rate, the too, 'Who is so far from Italy remov'd, 'I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir 'Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish 'Hath made his meal on thee!'"

"Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; ' he trod the water,
' Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
' The surge most s'voln that met him: ' His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lufy stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basins bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

"No, no, he's gone."

"Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't."

"Pr'ythee, peace."

"You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this busines' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them; the fault's  
Your own.  

Alon. So is the dearest o' the los.  

Gen. My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentlenefs,  
And time to speak it in: You rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaifter.  

Seb. Very well.  

Ant. And most chirurgeononly.  

Gen. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.  

Seb. Foul weather?  

Ant. Very foul.  

Gen. Had I the plantation of this ifle, my lord,—  

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle feed.  

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.  

Gen. And were the king of it, what would I do?  

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.  

Gen. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries  
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick  
Would I admit, no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contrast, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:  
No occupation; all men idle, all,  
And women too, but innocent and pure:  
No sovereignty.  

Seb. And yet he would be king on't  

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.  

Gen. All things, in common, Nature should produce,  
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.  

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?  

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.  

Gen. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,  
To excel the golden age.  

Seb. 'Save his Majefty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use 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 given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.'

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Music.

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

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?'

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.


Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I with mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom 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. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy——

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.

Seb. What a strange drowsinesse possesseth them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant.
**Ant.** Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp’d, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastion?—O, what might?—No more:
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should’st be: The occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

**Seb.** What, art thou waking?

**Ant.** Do you not hear me speak?

**Seb.** I do; and, surely,

- It is a sleepy language; and thou speak’st
- Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
- This is a strange repose, to be asleep
- With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving;
- And yet so fast asleep.

**Ant.** Noble Sebastion,
Thou let’st thy fortune sleep: *Die rather: Wink’st*
- Whiles thou art waking.
- Thou dost snore distinctly;
- There’s meaning in thy snores.
- I am more serious than my custom: You
- Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
- Trebles thee o’er.
- Well; I am standing water.
- I’ll teach thee how to flow.
- Do so: To ebb,
- Hereditary sloth instructs me.

**Ant.** O,
- If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
- Whilst thus you mock it! How, in stripping it,
- You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
- Most often, do so near the bottom run,
- By their own fear, or sloth.’

**Seb.** Pr’ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yield.

**Ant.** Thus, Sir:
- Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
- (Who shall be of as little memory,
- When he is earth’d) hath here almost persuaded
- (For he’s a spirit of persuasion, only

B 2  "Professes
THE TEMPEST.

Profeffes to persuade the king, his son's alive; 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd, As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope That he's undrown'd. Ant. O, out of that no hope, What great hope have you! No hope, that way, is Another way so high an hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me, That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone. Ant. Then, tell me, Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples Can have no note, unless the sun were set, (The man i' the moon's too flow) till new-born chins Be rough and razorable; she, from whom We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again; And, by that destiny, to perform an act, Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come, In yours, and my discharge.'

Seb. What stuff is this?—'How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space.'

Ant. 'A space, whose every cubit Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake?'—Say, this were death That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples, As well as he that sleeps; 'lords, that can prate As amplly, and unnecessarily, 'As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A cough of as deep chat.' O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

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

Seb. But, for your conscience —

Ant. Aye, Sir; where lies that? 'if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my flipper; But I feel not
'This deity in my bofom:' Twenty confciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, e'er they moleft. Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: Whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not-upbraid our course. For all the rest,
' They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk; '
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ft Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'lt;
And I the king shall love thee.

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

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.

Enter Ariel, with Music and Song.

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

[Stirs in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant.
Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

Gon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. While we stood here, securing your repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear?
'To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shook'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ant. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.

[Aside.]
[Exeunt.]

Scene another Part of the Island. Enter, Caliban with
a Burden of Wood: A Noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero's fall, and make him,
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are set upon me:

Sometime
Act II, Scene II. See p. 35.

Act I. See p. 21.
The Tempest.

Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And, after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing
i' the wind: Yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one,
looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If
it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to
hide my head: Yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall
by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead
or alive? a fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once
I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool
there but would give a piece of silver: There would this
monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a
man: When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'
my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no
longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately
suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come
again: My best way is to creep under his gaberline;
there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a
man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, till
the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing, a Bottle in his Hand.

Ste. I shal no more to sea, to sea,
Here shal I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a father, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a fear'ty tune too: But here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afraid, now, of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: And it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neat-leather.

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

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

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

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give 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 again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be ——: But he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to de-
If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen. I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou be'lt Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou be'lt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How can't thou to be the sieve of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? 'I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm:' And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Prythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not content.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did't thou 'scape? How can't thou hither?

Swear, by this bottle, how thou canst hither. I escap'd upon a but of sack, which the sailors heav'd overboard, in this bottle— which I made of the bark of a tree, with my own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. How escap'd thou? in

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, lift the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. (°) Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haft thou not dropp'd from heaven, the moon?
Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the
man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will fur-
nish it anew with new contents: swear.

'Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow mon-
ster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The
man in the moon!—a most pernicious, meretricious mon-
ster:—'

Well drawn, monster, in good foot.'(Giving him drink)

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pray thee, be my god.

'Trin. By this light, a most pernicious and drunken
monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

'Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

'Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find
in my heart to beat him—

'Ste. Come, kiss.

'Trin. But the poor monster's in drink;

An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

'Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder
of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pray thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluff'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pray thee, now, lead the way, without any
more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our company
being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my
bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [Singing drunkenly.] Farewell, master; farewell,
farewell.

'Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.
+ of Act II.
see p. 30.
Cal. No more dams I’ll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring.  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;  
Ban’ Ban’, Ca. Caliban,  
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

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ACT III. SCENE A, before Prospero’s Cell. Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

Ferdinand.

There be some sports are painful; but their labour  
Delight in them seties off: Some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what’s dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father’s crabbed;  
And he’s compos’d of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up.  
Upon a fore injunction: My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness  
Had ne’er like executor. I forget;  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;  
Most busyless, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, ‘and Prospero at a Distance.’

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin’d to pile!  
Pray, set it down, and rest you: When this burns,  
’Twill weep for having weary’d you: My father  
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:  
He’s safe for these three hours.

Ferd. O moft dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

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

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

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

'Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
'This visitation shews it.
'Mira.' You look wearily.

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

Mira. Miranda: — O my father,
I have broke your heart to say so! (aside.)

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

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: How features are abroad;
I am skilful of, but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. "But I prattle
'Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
'I therein do forget.'
Fer. Lam, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, & earth, bear witness to this sound.

Do crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

'Pro. Fair encounter
'Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
'On that which bleeds between them!'

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

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

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: Here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, a thousand! [Exeunt.

'Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be;
'Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing

At
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book:
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[Exit.

III.

Scene another Part of the Island. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a Bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink
water; not a drop before: Therefore bear up, and board'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? The folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: We are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack:
For my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

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

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'ft a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboth'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

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

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

Cal. Lo, lo, again: Bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
Ste. Marry will I? Kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

_Enter Ariel invisible._

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a forcerer, that, by his cunning, hath cheated me of the island: (unseen)
Ari. Thou liest.
Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban.] Proceed.
Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him (for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not—)
Ste. That's most certain.
Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.
Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.
Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.
Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.
Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? Take thou that. [Beats him.]

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

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: After a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: There thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log, Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a so't, as I am; nor ha' th not One spirit to command: They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. E'en but his books; He hath brave utensils (for so he calls them) Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her, a non-pareil. I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But the as far surpassed Sycorax,

As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: His daughter and I will be King and Queen; (fare our grace!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be Vice-roys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

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

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, en mine honour.

Trin. This will I tell my master.

Cal.
Cal. Thou mak’st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.
Flout ‘em, and skout ‘em; and skout ‘em, and flout ‘em;
Thought is free.
Cal. That’s not the tune. [Ariel plays the tune on a
Ste. What is this same? tabor and pipe.
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play’d by the
picture of no-body.
Ste. If thou be’st a man, shew thyself in thy likeness:
If thou be’st a devil, take’t as thou lift.
Trin. O, forgive me my sins!
Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!
Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instrumets
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak’d after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: And then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak’d,
I cry’d to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I
shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroy’d.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away: Let’s follow it,
And after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we’ll follow.—I would I cou’d see
this taborer: He lays it on.

IV.
Scene changes to another Part of the Island. Enter Alon-
so, Sebastian, Anthony, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco,
&c.

Gon. By’takin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: Here’s a maze trod, indeed,
THE TEMPEST.

Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience, I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: Sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: He is drown'd, Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Their frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Sebastian.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say to-night: No more.

Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

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

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

'Tho hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

'Pro. Praise in departing.

[Aside.]

Fran. They vanish’d strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.

Will’t please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear: 'When we were
boys,
'Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
'Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
'em
'Wallets of flesh; or that there were such men,
'Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now, we
'find,
'Each putter out on five for one, will bring us
'Good warrant of.'

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The belt is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. The Table vanishes. Enter Ariel

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
'And what is in’t) the never-surfetted sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [Alonzo, Sebastian, and the rest,
Ye fools! I and my fellows draw their swords.

Are
Are ministers of fate: the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemoak't-at ftabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: My fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too mafty for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember,
(For that's my busines to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: For which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. They, of thy son, Alonfo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall, step by step, attend
You, and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate ifle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing. [He vanishes.

Pro. [Aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: So, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: They now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd),
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

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

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounce'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i’ the oose is bedded; and
I’ll seek him deeper than e’er plummet founded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.
  Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I’ll fight their legions o’er.
  Ant. I’ll be thy second. [Exeunt.
  Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now ’gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ACT III. SCENE. Prospero’s Cell. Enter Prospero,
Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Prospero.

If I have too aufterely punish’d you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; ‘ whom once again
‘ I tender to thy hand;’ all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love; and thou
Haft strangely stood the test: Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
  Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
  Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas’d, take my daughter! But,
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister’d,
No sweet aspersions will the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey’d disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed
As Heaven’s lamps shall light you.
**THETEMPEST.**

_Fer._ As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phoebus' deeds are found'red,
Or night kept chained below.

_Pro._ Fairly spake:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—

What, _Ariel_; my industrious servant _Ariel_!—

_Enter Ariel._

_Ari._ What would my potent master? Here I am.

_Pro._ Thou and thy meaner fellows, your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place;
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Beflow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

_Ari._ Presently?

_Pro._ Ay, with a twink.

_Ari._ Before you can say, Come and go,
And breath twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe;
Do you love me, master? No.

_Pro._ Dearly, my delicate _Ariel_: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

_Ari._ Well, I conceive.

_Pro._ Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

_Fer._ I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

_Pro._ Well.

'Now come, my _Ariel_; bring a corollary.'
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.

No tongue; all eyes; be silent.


Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stovever, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy heft betruits,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves.
Whose shadow the dismissed bach-lot loves,
Being lais-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marsh, sterl, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; The queen o'the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: Her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-gras'd green?

Iris. A contrast of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
The Tempest.

Dove-drawn with her: Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: But in vain;
Mar's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twin, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Recitative.

Hither Hymen, speed your way,
Celebrate this happy day;
Hither, Ceres, haste away,
Celebrate this happy day:
With blithsome look, and fecund mien,
Come, and tread this short grass green,
Leave behind your grief and care,
Come, and bless this happy pair.

Enter Hymen and Ceres.

Hym. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon ye.

Cer. Earth's increase, and fullness plenty,
Barns and garnerers never empty;
Vines in clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burdens bowing.

Both.

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

Duet.

Cer. Scarcity and want shall soon ye,
Ceres sings her blessings on ye.

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

Recit.
You sun-burn'd sickle-men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.

Duet.

Hymen and Ceres.
Away, away, make holiday,
Your rye-straw hats put on;
Bring each his lass, and beat the grass,
Let toil and care be gone.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.
Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on Employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brook,
With your fagg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channel, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contrast of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.
You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: Your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.
The Tempest.

Danec — towards the End whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks.

Pro. Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [To the spirits.] Well done;—avoid; —
no more. [Exit Danec.]

Fer. This is strange: Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so dislender'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd fort,
As if you were dismay'd: Be cheerful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: 'Tis we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is round'd with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace.

[Exeunt Fer. and Mira.

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank thee:
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit.
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Left I might anger thee.

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

Ari.
Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For killing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd,
Through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gos, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: At last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell.

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
drank their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never flick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible.

Enter Ariel with glittering Apparel; also Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: We now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: Therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trin. Ay, but to loose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Se'fst thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!
Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frigippery;—O, king Stephano!
Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.
Trin. Thy grace shall have it.
Cal. The dreary-drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: If he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches; Make us strange stuff.
Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.
Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.
Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: Wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: Steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.
Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.
Cal. I will have none on't: We shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes With foreheads villainous low.
Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: Go to, carry this.
Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in Shape of Hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

'Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!
'Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!'
'Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!'

[To Ariel.] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their finews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

'Ari. Hark, they roar.
'Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: For a little,
Follow, and do me service.

{Exeunt.

ACT V. Scene, before the Cell. Enter Prospero in his Magic Robes, and Ariel.

Prospero.

NOW does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
'Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
'Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?
'Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, Sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till you release. The king.
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd The good old lord, Gonzalo,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: Your charm so strongly works out,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ft thou think so? spirit?

Al. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Halt thou, which art but sir, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, relieve them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [Exit.

Pro. Ye-eyes of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and

groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; You demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the eke not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curlew; by whose aid
(Weak matters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun. call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: The strong-bos'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pruck'd up
The pine and cedar: Graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth

By
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: And, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [solemn music]

Re-enter Ariel; after him Alonfo, with a frantic Gesture,
attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like Manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco, They all en ve.
for the Circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero referring, speaks.

'A solemn air, and the best comforter
'To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains.
'Now unloose, boil'd within thy skull! There stand;
For you are spell'd, opp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even fociable to the hew of thine,
Fall fellowiwy drops.—The charm dissolves a pace.
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising lenses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle:
Their clearer reason.' O good Gonzalo,
'My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
'To him thou follow'd; I will pay thy graces
'Home, both in word and deed.'—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonfo, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expel'd remorse, and nature; 'who, with Sebastian,
'(Whole inward pinches therefore are most strong)
'Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approach ng tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore.
That now lies foul and muddy. — Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapiers in my cell:—
I will dif case me, and myself present. [Exit Ariel.]
As I was sometime Milan:—Quickly, spirit; Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel enters singing, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: 'So, so, so.'—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatchets; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presenty, I pr'ythee.

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

[Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabits here: Some Heavenly Power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.'

Alon. Whe'r thou be'ft he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: Thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Com. Whether this be, 
Cr whether be, I’ll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste

Some subtleties o’ the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Anth.

I here could pluck his highness’ frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I’ll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be’st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck’d upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for’t, Sir,

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not fought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, ’as late; and, supportable
‘To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
‘Than you may call to comfort you;’ for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O Heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were muddied in that oozy bed.

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords,
At this encounter, do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think

C 5

Their
Their eyes do offices of truth; their words
Are natural breath. But, howso'er you have
Been juftled from your fenses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrill'd forth of Milan; who, most strangely,
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord o'n't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court: Here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: Pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaft bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The Entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falfe.
Fer. No, my deareft love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play,
Alon. If this prove
A vifion of the island, one dear fon
Shall I twice lose.

Sb. A moft high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'lt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has fuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waft at play?
Your eld'ft acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath ferv'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Song Adolf. &c.

Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and increasing;
Health and joys be still upon ye,
Heaven's blessing to be on ye.

Earth's increase and joyson plenty,
Barns and garner's never empty;
Vines in clustering branches growing,
Plants with gradually burden bowing.

Chorus.

Honour, riches, &c.
THE TEMPEST

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Ter. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, oh, how oddly will it found, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, tlop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.'

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy d, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: Now, blasphemy,
That swear'd grace o'erboard, not a death on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: The next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

**Ari.** Sir, all this service

**Pro.** My trickly spirit!  

**Ari.** These are not natural events: they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

**Pro.** If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, glingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, where we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

**Ari.** Was't well done?

**Pro.** Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be

**Ari.** This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

**Pro.** Sir, my liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: Till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither,

**Ari.** Set Caliban and his companions free:

**Pro.** Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.
Re-enter Ațiel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed! 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 them?
· "Antb. Very like; one of them
· "Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable."

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true:—This mis-shapen knave, —
His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs.
· "And deal in her command without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them To take my life: Two of these fellows, you Must know, and own; this thing of darkness, I! Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now; where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?— How cam'lt thou in this pickle?

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

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

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

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [Pointing to Caliban:

Pro. He is as disproportionate in his manners,
As in his shape;—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wife hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double afs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, kind,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

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

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

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

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

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

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE:
EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrow'n,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: Now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the decei-ver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours, my fails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaul'ts
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

THE END.
List of the Plays which compose the Twelve Volumes of the New English Theatre.

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Conscious Lovers
Miser
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