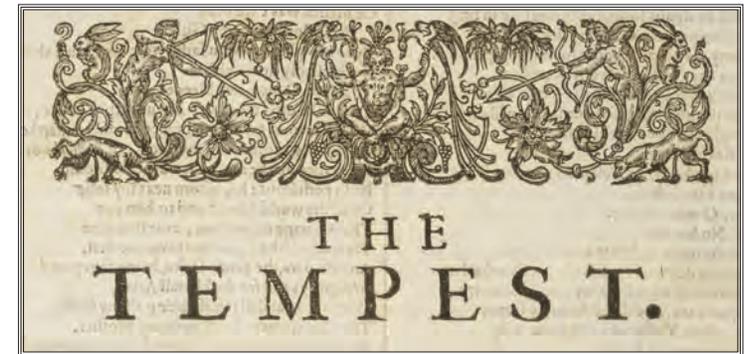


A-B⁶: *The Tempest* is the first play printed in the First Folio. *The Tempest* takes up all of gathering A of this “folio in sixes” and most of the second gathering, B. The first five pages of the next play, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* complete the second gathering. The mixing of play texts within gatherings illustrates a general point for this print job: the individual play was not its own unit of printing. Use the signatures we have added in the bottom margins of each page as a guide to put the sheets in the correct reading order.

Gatherings A and B have the advantage of being well and consistently labeled, with page numbers, signatures, and running heads all contributing as navigational guides. There is one more navigational guide you can find on the printed sheets. In the bottom margin of each page, a “catchword” indicates the next word in the text, as it picks up at the top of the next page.

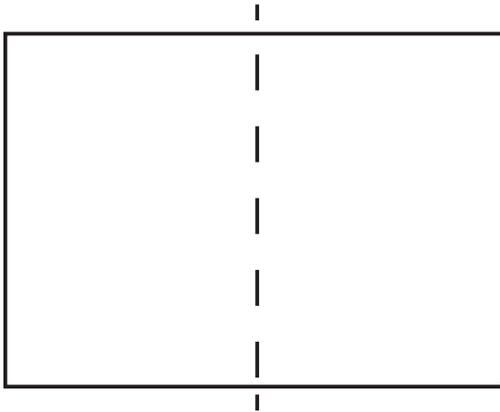
www.folger.edu/publishing-shakespeare

DIY First Folio



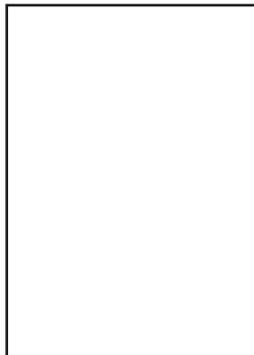
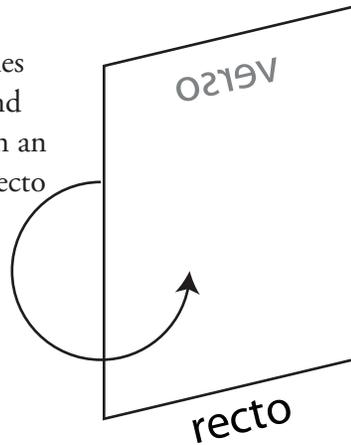
Guide for Assembly

Glossary of Terms



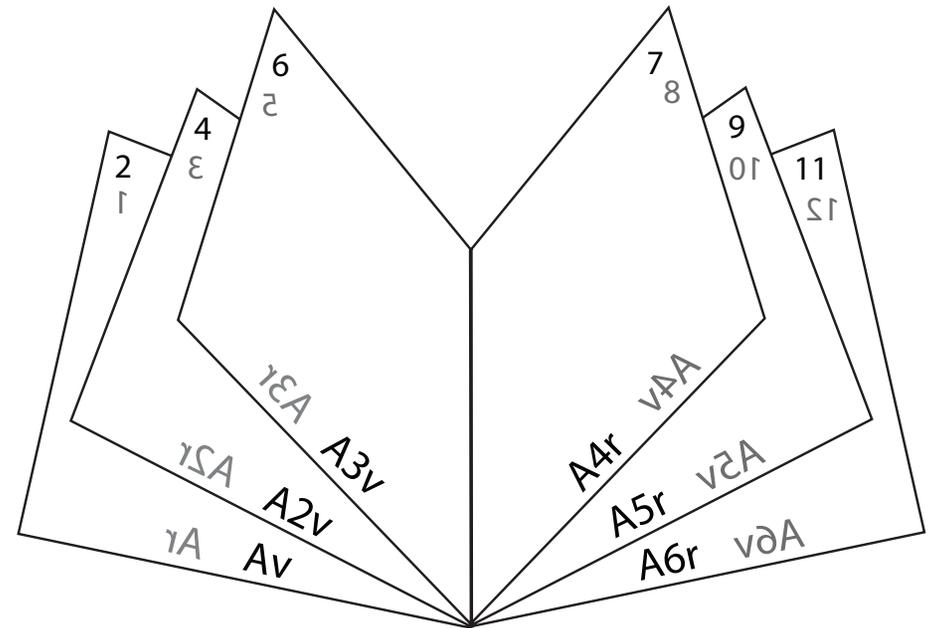
A **SHEET** of paper or parchment when folded once contains two leaves, or four pages. Works made up of such sheets are described as **folios**. Printers set text one side of a sheet at a time

A **LEAF** includes front (**recto**) and back (**verso**). In an **opening**, the recto is on the right



A **PAGE** is one side of a leaf

A **GATHERING** is a collection of folded sheets, labeled with a **signature**. **Signature marks** (or **signatures**) are letters and sometimes symbols that help printers and binders put sheets in the correct order. The first half of the leaves in a gathering are **signed** on the recto with that gathering's **signature** and a number to indicate the leaf: A2 would be the second leaf in gathering A. Signatures apply to both sides of a leaf. Gatherings may (or may not) have other navigational aids, such as page numbers, running heads, or catchwords



(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart : poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

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

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme :

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

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time

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

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

Prof. The how's now come
The very minute byds thee open thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

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

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

Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda* : But how is't
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou rememberst ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelve yere since (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milaine* and
A Prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

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

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

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

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

Prof. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Antonio* :
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him pur

The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,

The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

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

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me :
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beger of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Nor onely with what my reuencue yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue
He was indeede the Duke, our o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing :
Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

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

Mira. Oh the heavens :

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

Mira. I should sinne

To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,

Good

hee's safe for these three houres.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mir. Do you loue me?

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

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

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

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
VVhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take
VVhat I shall die to want : But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your seruant
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deere)

And I thus humble eue,
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome : heere's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart i't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more; Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

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

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but fise vpon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th' other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

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

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

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

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

Ste. VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

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

Ste. Moone-calfs, speak once in thy life, if thou bee't
a good Moone-calfs.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shooc :
Ile not serue him, heis not valiant.

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

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

Cal.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Ariell invisible.

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

Ariell. Thou lyest,

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

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed,

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

Ste. That's most certaine.

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

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

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

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

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

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

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

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

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

Trin. I did nor giue the lye: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

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

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

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'ch afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauling first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or pounce him with a flake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sor, as I am; nor hath nor

One Spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,

He ha's braue Vtenils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke wichall.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beaurtie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cal's her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman

But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and shee;

But shee as faire (suppasseth *Sycorax*,

As great't do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warranc,

And bring thee forth braue brood,

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and

I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trin-*

culo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee:

But while thou lin't keepe a good tongue in thy head,

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master,

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs be iocond. Will you trouble the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cut 'em: and sing 'em, and flout 'em,

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

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

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

Trin. O forgiue me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I desie thee;

Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou asfeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not asfeard; the Ile is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:

Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments

Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,

That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and fewe riches

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd

I cri'd to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdom to me,

Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroyed,

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,

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

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena



THE TEMPEST.

Adus primus, Scena prima.

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

Master.

Botswaine. Oce-swaine.
Botswaine. Heere Master: What cheere?
Master. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall
't'woot, yarely, or we run our selues a ground,
bestire, bestire. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botswaine. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my hearts:
Master. Good: Take in the toppe-saile: Tend to th' Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome e-
nough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando,
Gonzalo, and others.*

Alon. Good Botswaine haue care: where's the Ma-
ster? Play the men.

Botswaine. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Befon?

Botswaine. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour,
Keepe your Cabines: you do assault the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botswaine. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these rea-
rers for the name of King? to Cabine: silence: trouble
vs not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

Gonz. I haue great comfort from this fellow: me thinks
he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his han-
ging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Botswaine.

Botswaine. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Mainc-course. A plague
Ary within. *Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.*

upon this howling: they are lower then the weather,
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shall we
giue ore and drown, haue you a minde to sinke?

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

Botswaine. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang eur, hang, you whose son insolent Noyse-
maker, we are lesse afraid to be drown'd, then thou art.

Gonz. Ile warrant him for drowning, though the
Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as
an vnstanched wench.

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

Enter Mariners vs.

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

Botswaine. What must our mouths be cold?

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

Sebas. I am out of patience.

Anth. We are meerey cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chop'd rascall, would thou might'st lye drown-
ing the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,

Though eury drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at widt to glut him. *A confused noise within.*

Mercy on vs.

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

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Sebas. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your Art (my deereft father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rote; lay them:

The skye it seemes would poure downe sincking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes,

Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered

With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell

A

(Who

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

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

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

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

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

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, ser'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread f' Ooze
Of the salt deepe;

To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The foule Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

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

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue, (child,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To acher earthy, and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, the did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefullly remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as fill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A freckled whelpe, hog-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euery angry Beaste; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will read an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

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

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

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

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

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

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yields vs kinde answer.

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

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

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine apparition: my queint Ariel, Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by f' diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam: come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

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

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

Pro. Thou

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.
Gen. Now, good Angels preferre the King.
Ala. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

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

Ala. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eares;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Ala. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?
Gen. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse;
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Ala. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.

Gen. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure'th' Island.
Ala. Lead away. *(done.)*
Ariel. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue
So *(King)* goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noise of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him
By yench-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pinch me 'tch mixe,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but
For every trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that noise and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and moue
Their prickles at my foot-fall: sometime an I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Tramulo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mende me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, 'Tis
sing'it' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bombard 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 pile-fuls, What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: 'a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England*
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o' my touch: I doe now let loose my o-
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Illan-
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter heere-
about: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-
lowes: I will here throw till the dregges of the storme
be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
This is a very scury tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drincke.*

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I,
The Gunner, and his Mate
Loud a Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerite,
But none of vs call'd for Kate,
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She had not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might serue her where ere she did itch,
I bes to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scury tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinck.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh,
Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we duels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Salusges, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your foule legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-
phano* breathes at no'strils.

Cal. The Spirit tormentes me: oh.
Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure leggs,
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the duell
should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my
wood home faster.
Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wits; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
drunke wine afore, it will goe nere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not talke
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prospero* workes
vpon thee.

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

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,

But

But hee is drown'd; and these are diuels; O defend me.

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

Tri. *Stephano.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I leas'd vpon a Bar of Sacke, which the Saylor's heas'd o' y^e board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true Subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Heere: swear then how thou escap'st.

Tri. Sworn ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

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

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

Cal. Ha'st thou not drop't from heauen?

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

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

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I feare'd him? a very weake Monster: The Man th' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster: Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

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

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

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He swears my selfe thy Subiect.
Ste. Come on then: downe and swears.

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

Ste. Come, kisse.

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

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;

I'll beate him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drabbar.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazes: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbarts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scameils from the Rocks: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being drown'd, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

Caliban Sing's drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish,*

Nor fetch in fire, as requiring,

Nor scrape treacherous, nor wash dishes,

'Tis but' ban' Cuckibran

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day, freedom, freedom high-day, freedom.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Task

Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but

The Mistress which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compass'd of harshnesse. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a fore injunction; my sweet Mistress

Weepes when she sees me worke, & faires, such basenesse

Had neuer like Executor: I forget: But these sweet thoughts, doe euen reiect my labours,

Most busie left, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda*

Alas, now pray you *and Prospero.*

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray fet it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

I will weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe.

He's

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition,

This King of Naples being an Enemy

To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,

Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,

Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Milaine*

With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon

A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night

Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open

The gates of *Milaine*, and it's dead of darkenesse

The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence

Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mr. Alack, for pitty:

I not remembering how I ride out then

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse

Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Tray

Were most impertinent.

Mr. Wherefore did they not

That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded; wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,

So deare the love my people bore me: nor set

A marke so bloody on the businesse; but

With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.

In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,

Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared

A rotten carkeasse of a Burt, nor rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats

Insidiously haue quit it: There they hoyst vs

To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to fight

To th' windes, whose pitty fighting backe againe

Did vs but louing wrong.

Mr. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubijn

Thou wast that did preferre me; Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heauen,

When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full of,

Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me

An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp

Against what should enuie.

Mr. How came we a shore?

Pro. By providence diuine,

Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*

Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed

Master of this designe) did giue vs, with

Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities

Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentleness

Knowing I should my bookes, he furnish'd me

From mine owne Library, with volumes, that

I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mr. Would I might

But euer see that man,

Pro. Now I arise,

Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-forrow:

Heere in this Iland we arri'd, and heere

Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit

Then other Princeesse can, that haue more time

For vainer howres; and Tutors, nor so carefull.

Mr. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason

For raying this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*

(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore: And by my prescience

I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon

A most auspicious starre, whose influence

If know I court not; but omit; my fortunes

Will euer after droope: Heere cease more questions,

Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,

And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,

Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Al. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride

On the cild clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske

Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hail thou, Spirit,

Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Al. To eury Article.

I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,

Now in the Waits, the Decke, in eury Cabyn,

I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide

And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,

The Yards and Bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meete, and toyne. Ioues Lightning, the precursors

O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie

And light our running were not; the fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*

Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,

Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,

Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle

Would not infect his reason?

Al. Not a foule

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid

Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners

Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;

Then all a fire with mee the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*

With haire vp-flaring (then like reeds, not haire)

Was the first man that leapt; eride hell is empty,

And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nye shore?

Al. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Al. Not a haire perild:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,

In troops I haue dispers'd them 'bout the Ile:

The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,

Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,

In an odde Angle of the Ile, and sitting

His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship;

The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Al. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once

Thou call'dst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe

From the still-vext *Demnoether*, there she's hid;

The Mariners all vnder hatches flow'd,

Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour

I haue left asleepe: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

A z

Which

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

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

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

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

Mira. Befeech you Father.

Prof. Hence : hang not on my garments,

Mira. Sir haue pity, Ile be his surety.

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

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

Prof. Come on, obey :

Thy Nerues are in their infaney againe, And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :

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

Prof. It workes : Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariell : follow me, Hatke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,

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

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

Ariell. To th' syllable.

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

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Gonz. Befeech you Sir, be merry ; you haue cause, (So haue we all) of ioy ; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse ; our hint of woe Is common, every day, some Saylor's wife, The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant Haue iust our T beame of woe : But for the miracle, (I meane our preseruacion) few in millions Can speake like vs : then wisely (good Sir) weigh Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

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

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One : Tell.

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

Seb. A dollor.

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

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

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

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

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done : But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done : The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,

Ant. So : you'r paid.

Adr. Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible,

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subile, as he most leaedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?

How Greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of Greene in't.

Ant. He missees not much.

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

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

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold nor withstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

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

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon.

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

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said Widdower? *Enter* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adr. Widdow Dido said you? You make me ludy of that : She was of Carthage, nor of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis Sir was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage? *Gon.* I assure you Carthage.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easie next?

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

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

Gon. I.

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

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widow Dido.

Ant. O Widdow Dido? I, Widdow Dido.

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

Ant. That fore was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense : would I had neuer Married my daughter there : For coming thence My Ionne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from Italy remoued, I ne're againe shall see her : O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hatch made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the surges vnder him, And ride vpon their backs ; he trod the water

Whose enmity he slung aside : and brested The surge most swollen that met him : his bold head

'Roue the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke

To th' shore ; that ore his waue-worne brest bowed As flooping to releene him : I not doubt He came ashore to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse, That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an African, Where the at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kinde'd too, & importun'd otherwise By all of vs : and the faire soule her selfe

Waight'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o' th' beame should bow : we haue lost your I feare for euer : *Milaine* and *Naples* haue

Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making, Then we bring men to comfort them :

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer' both losse.

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

And time to speake it in : you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

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

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord,

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

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

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

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries) Execute all things : For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit : No name of Magistracie Letters should not be knowne : Riches, pouderty,

And vse of seruice, none : Contract, Succession, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none :

No vse of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle : No occupation, all men idle, all :

And Women too, but innocent and pure : No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

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

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without sweat or enceauer : Treason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not haue : but Nature should bring forth

Oft owne kinde, all fayre, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying' among his subiects?

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

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

Seb. 'Sate his Majesty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me)

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

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

Ant. 'T was 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 'twas there giuen?

Seb. And it had not false flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue metall : you would lift the Moone out of her sphere, if she would continue in it fweekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musicke.

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

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

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

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes

Would (with them selues) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it :

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you : Wondrous hearty.
Seb. What a strange drowsines possesseth them?
Ant. It is the quality o' th' Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian!* O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heere me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepey Language; and thou speake'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet to fast asleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebastian,*
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'st more distinctly,
There's meaning in thy noyes.
Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more ineffect it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.
Seb. Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheekes proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepe here, swims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, is
Another way to high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand's* drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples?*
Seb. *Claribel.*
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i' th' Moone's too flow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.
Seb. What stufte is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heire of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubic
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure vs backe to *Naples?* keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepe's: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The munde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?
Seb. Me thinks I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollet: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead).
Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir *Prudence*, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say bests the houre.
Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzallo*.
Seb. O, but one word.
Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.
Ariell. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing,
Sings in Gonzallos eare.
*While you here do snoring lie,
Open'd his Coniuracie
His time doth take;*

If

Pro. Thou most lying slauce,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filt as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Ile with *Caliban*.
Mira. Abhorred Slauce,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made thee knowen: But thy wild race
(Thou thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deferredly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then a prison.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Prof. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'r best
To answer other businesse: shrug't thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyo.
Cal. No, pray thee,
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams good *Sebastian*,
And make a vassalle of him.
Pro. So slauce, hence. *Exit Cal.*
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.
Ariell Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curtied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waves whist:
Footst featly loose, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen disperedly.
*Harke, harke, bough wauagh: the watch-Dogges barks,
bough wauagh.*
Ar. Harke, harke, I heare the frame of strutting Quanticlere
cry cock-a-dile-dowe.
Ar. Where shold this Musick be? I' th' aire, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o' th' Island, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke,
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweete ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone,
No, it begins againe.
Ariell Song. Full sadom fine thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corral made:
These are pearles that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich & strange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Ar. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Beleue me fir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleepe's, & hath such sentes
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y' might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.
Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Ar. Most sure the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Ar. My Language? Heauens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Ar. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Ar. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue sonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariell*,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so vngrately? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Ar. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft sit, one word more.
They are both in cythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vneake make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere v'surpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Ar. No, as I am man,
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will sinue to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

A3

Pro.

Ant. He be thy Second.
Gov. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like payson giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extatic
 May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich guilt: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I haue her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleue it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite, be ministr'd,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The vniou of your bed, with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you,
Fer. As I hope

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

Pro. Fairly I spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariell*, my industrious seruāt *Ariell*. Enter *Ariell*.

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

Ar. Presently?*Pro.* I: with a twyncke.

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

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

Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*

Pro. Looks thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the frongest oatches, are straw
 To th' fire it; blood; be more abstentious,
 Or else good night your vow.

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

Pro. Well.
 Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolari,
 Rather than want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musicke.*
 No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thetch'd with Stoner, them to keepe;
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which sponge *April*, at thy heft betrimms;
 To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome-
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
 Being lasse-loone: thy pole-clipe vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge Kirrile, and rockey-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose wary Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leaue these, & with her soursaigne grace, *Inno*
 Here on this grasse-plat, in this very place *descends.*
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks lye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

In. Honor, riches, marriage blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly ioyes, be still vpon you,

Inno

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
 To seale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
 Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
 Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
 How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
 And daily graced by the Emperor;
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
 And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:

Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end:
 I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
 With *Valentine*, in the Emperors Court:
 What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
 Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,
 To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
 Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be to soone provided,
 Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
 No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
 Come on *Pantibus*; you shall be employd,
 To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus haue I stund the fire, for feare of burning,
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
 I fear'd to shew my Father *Julius* Letter,
 Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
 And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my loue.
 Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth
 The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
 Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir *Prothens*, your fathers call'st for you,
 He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
 And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.

Val. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who had you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue
 learn'd (like Sir *Prothens*) to wreath your Armes like a
 Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Rubin*-red-
 breast: to walke alone like one that had the penitence;
 to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
 weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
 to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
 feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-
 low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
 like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
 Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
 when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
 now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistis, that when I
 looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? Nay, that's certaine: for with-
 out you were so simple, none else would: but you are
 so without these follies, that these follies are within you,
 and thine through you like the water in an Vriall: that
 not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment
 on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and
 yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What do'st thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fa-
 uour'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
 but her fauour infinite.

Speed. That's because shee is painted, and the o-
 ther out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire; that no
 man counts of her beauty?

Val. How esteem'd of you? account of her beauty.

Speed. You neuer saw her since shee was deform'd.

Val. How long hath shee bene deform'd?

Speed. Euen since you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her quiet since I saw her,
 And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine
 eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
 to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Prothens*, for going vn-
 garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing de-
 formitie: for hee being in loue, could not see so garter
 his hose; and you, being in loue, cannot see to put on
 your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mor-
 You could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke
 you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
 bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were fet, for your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoy'd me.

To write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here she comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet: Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ey'n': hee's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

Val. As you itioynd me; I haue writ your Letter.

Vnto the secreet, names friend of yours:

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladishipp. (done.)

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you I will write

(Please you command) a thousand times as much:

And yet —

Sil. A pretty period: well; I ghesse the sequell;

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanees your Ladishipp?

Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, He write your Ladishipp another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so: if not: why for?

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Seruant. Exi. Sil.

Speed. Oh Iest yncense: inscrutable: inuisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wether cocke on a steple:

My Master sues to her: and the hath taught her Tutor,

He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nays: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spoke-man from Madam *Silvius*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue theiest?

Val. No, beleuee me.

Speed. No beleueing you indeede sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why shee hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. He warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,

Or fearing els some messenger, y might her mind discouer

Her self hath taught her Loue himselfe, to write vnto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.)

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dy'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue

can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my

virtualls: and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like

your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Enter *Prothens*, *Julia*, *Panthion*.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Julia*:

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Jul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

Jul. And scale the bargaine with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:

My father staies my coming: answer me not:

The tide is now; nys, nor thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should.

Julia, farewell: what, goe without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir *Prothens*: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Launce*, *Panthion*.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done

weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*; haue this very

fault: I haue receu'd my proportion, like the prodigious

sonne,

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Alonso*, *Sebastian*, *Antonio*, *Gonzallo*,

Adrian, *Francisco*, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,

My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through foule rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
Ineedes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse

To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it

No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd

Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:

Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose

That you resolu'd effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,

For now they are apprehend with trauails, they

Will not, nor cannot vye such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musicks: and Prosper on the top (inui-

sible:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet;

and dance about it with good actions of salutations; and

insuing the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

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

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heads: what were these?

Seb. A liuing *Drolerie*: now I will beleuee

That there are *Vnicornes*: that in *Arabia*

There is one *Tre*, the Phoenix throe, one Phoenix

At this houre reigning there.

Ant. He beleuee both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me

And he be worne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,

Though fooles at home condemne'd em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleuee me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the vfe of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since (macks.)

They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto-

Wit please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were

Who would beleuee that there were Mountaynes,

Dew-lap, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em

Walters of flesh? or that there were such men Exit.

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde
Each putter out of siue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter *Ariell* (like a Harpy) claps

his wings upon the Table, and with a quient deuise the

Banquet vanishes.

Al. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny

That hath to instrument this lower world;

And what is in't: the neuer forsighted Sea,

Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you' mongst men,

Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;

And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

Their proper felues: you fooles, I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt at, Stabs

Kill the still clouding waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume: My fellow ministers

Are like-invalorable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too masie for your strengths,

And will not be vplified: But remember

(For that's my business to you) that you three

From *Athens* did supplant good *Prospero*,

Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent child: for which foule deed,

The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue

Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures

Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*

They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

Lingring perdition (worse then any death

Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,

Which here, in this most desolate Ile, else falls

Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,

And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the

shapes againe, and dance (with mockes and minnes) and

carry on the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpy, hast thou

Perform'd (my *Ariell*) in grace it had denouing:

O my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated

In what thou had't to say: so with good life,

And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers

Their severall kiodes haue done: my high charmes work,

And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their distractions: they now are in my powre;

And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit

Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is drown'd)

And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I' th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you

In this strange state?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:

Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it;

The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder

(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd

The name of *Prospero*: it did bale my Trepass,

Therefore my Sonne with *Ooze* is bedded; and

I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,

And wish him there lye mudded. Exit.

Seb. But one feend at a time,

I'le fight their Legions ore: Exit.

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

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it. (meane
Cal. The dropke drowneth this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murther first; if he awake, From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange stuffe.

See. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistress line, is not this my Terkin? now is the Terkin vnder the line; now Terkin you are like to lose your haire, & prone a bald Terkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and'e like your grace.
See. I thank thee for that iest; heere's a garment for'te: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for'te.

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

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

See. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or Ile tume you out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.
See. I, and this.
A noise of Hunters heard. Enter diuine Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.
Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.
Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: batke, batke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their soynts With dry Conuulsions, shorten vp their finewes With aged Cramps, & more pinche-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

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

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

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

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

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

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them: all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot bounde till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

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

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that relifish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend, Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*, My Charms Ile breake, their senses Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*
Pro. Ye Elues of hills, brooks, flieding lakes & groues,

And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foete Doe chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: ye demy-Puppets, that By Moore-shine doe the greene sower Ringlets make,

Whereof the Ewe-not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Musbrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the murenon windes, And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread rattling Thunder

Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Iones* Rowle Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bali'd promontorie Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magiecke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummet sound Ile drown my booke. *Solemn musicke.*

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vncledd fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vlesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes e'en sociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night (Melting the darkness) so their rising Sences Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo* My true preferuer, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be once-charge'd, you were best sicke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pia? sold it ouer and ouer, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;

And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Hauiug nothing but the word voddy for my paines.

Pro. Bestrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could't thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:

And being so hard to me, that brought your minde; I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.

Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as Steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy paines: (me; To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cester'd In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe: And so Sir, Ile commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack, Which cannot perish hauiug thee aboarde, Being defin'd to a drier death on shore: I must goe send some better Messenger, I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines, Receiuing them from such a worthless post. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter *Julia* and *Lucentia*.

Jul. But say *Lucentia* (now we are alone) Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen, That euer day with paine encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, Ile shew my minde, According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What thinkest thou of the faire *St. Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine; But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

Jul. What thinkest thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Jul. What thinkest thou of the gentle *Prothens*?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.

Jul. How now? what meane this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame, That I (vaworthy body as I am) Should censure thus on leuely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Prothens*, as of all the rest?

Luc. I then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I haue no other but a womans reason: I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Jul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

Luc. I: if you thought your loue not cast away,

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

Jul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

Jul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.

Luc. Oh, thy loue least, that let men know their loue.

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruse this paper Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

Luc. *Sir Valentines* pages: & sent I thinke from *Prothens*; He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker: Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper, and confesse against my youth?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the paper: see it be return'd; Or else returne no more into my fight.

Luc. To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter; It were a shame to call her backe againe, And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid, And would not force the letter to my view? Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that, Which they would haue the profferer construe, I, Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue; That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse, And presently; all humbled kisse the Rod?

How churlishly, I chid *Lucentia* hence, When willingly, I would haue had her here? How angerly I taught my brow to frowne, When inward ioy enforce'd my heart to smile?

My penance is, to call *Lucentia* backe And aske remission, for my folly past.

What hoe: *Lucentia*, What would your Ladiship?

Jul. Is't neere dinner time?

Luc. I would it were, That you might kill your stomacke on your meat, And

And not vpon your Maid.

In. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingely?

Lu. Nothing.

In. Why didst thou stoop then?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

In. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

In. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,

Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

In. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune;

Giue me a Note, your Ladship can see.

In. As little by such toyes, as may be possible;

Best sing it to the tune of *Lights O, Lono.*

Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

In. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it.

In. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach to high.

In. Let's lce your Song:

How now Minton?

Lu. Keepe tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet me thinks I do not like this tune.

In. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

In. You (Minion) are too fauice.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat:

And marre the concord, with too harsh a tickant;

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

In. The meane is dround with you vnuly bafe.

Lu. Indeepe I bid the bafe for *Protheus*.

In. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation.

Goe, get you gone; and let the papers lye.

You would be singing them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it strage, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so angry with another Letter.

In. Nay, would I were so angry with the same.

Oh hatefull hands, to reare such louing words;

Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet honey,

And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;

He kille each feuerall paper, for amends.

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: you kinde *Julia*;

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name, against the bruizing-stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *Lone wounded Protheus*.

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I teach it with a foeraigne kille.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe;

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I haue found each letter, in the letter.

Except mine own name: That some while, winde beare

Vnto a ragged, fearefull, haunging Rooke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ.

Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus

To the sweete Julia: that he teare away

And yet I will not, till so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father stais.

In. Well, let vs goe.

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

In. If you respect them; best to take them vp.

Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

In. If see you haue a months minde to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what fights you see;

I see things too, although you iudge I winke.

In. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino, *Protheus*.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wonderd that your Lordship

Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation

Put forth their Sottes, to seeke preferment out,

Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover Islands farre away:

Some, to the studious Vniuersities;

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need't thou much importune me to that

Whereon, this month I haue bin hammering,

I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tryed, and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is, by industry achiue'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,

Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well. *(thither.)*

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him

There shall he practise Tiles, and Turnaments;

Hear sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,

And be in eye of euery Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:

And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Euen with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,

With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are iourning, to salute the Emperour.

And to commend their seruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:

And in good time: now will we breake with him.

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for loue, her honors paines.

Iuno sings her blessings on you.

Earths increase, for you plenty,

Barnes, and Garner's, neuer empty.

Vines, with clustering bunches growing,

Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,

Spring come to you at the farthest,

In the very end of Harvest.

Scarcity and want shall stain you,

Ceres blessing so is on you.

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

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

Fer. Let me lue here euer.

So rare a wonderd Father, and a wife

Makes this place Paradise:

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

Iuno and *Ceres* whisper softly,

There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute

Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nymphes call *Nayades* of winding brooks,

With your leg'd crownes, and euer-harmelie looks,

Leaue your crisp channels, and on this Greene-Land

Answer your summons, *Iuno* do's command.

Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate

A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter certaine Nymphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sickenen of August weary,

Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,

Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,

And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one

In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited): they come with the Nymphes in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks, after which to a

strange hollow and confused noise, they heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy

Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates

Against my life: the minute of their plot

Is almost come; Well then, auoid no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion

That workes him strongly.

Ant. Neuer till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,

As if you were disdain'd: be cheerefull Sir,

Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,

(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and

Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,

And like the baseless fabrick of this vision

The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,

The solemn Temples, the great Globe it selfe,

Yea, all which in inherit, shall dissolve,

And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded

Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe

As dreames are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vex'd,

Beare with my weaknesse, my bld braine is troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmities,

If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,

And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke

To fill my beating minde.

Fer. *Ant.* We with your peace. *Exit.*

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

Enter Arzell.

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

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

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*

I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd

Least I might anger thee.

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

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,

So full of valour, that they smote the ayre

For breathing in their faces: beate the ground

For kissing of their fetere; yet alwaies bending

Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,

As which like ynback't colts they prickt their eares,

Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses

As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares

That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through

Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,

Which entred their fraile skins: at last I left them

I th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,

There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake

Out-stuck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape inuisible remaine thou fill:

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither

For stale to catch thee. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature

Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,

And, as with age, his body ouglter growes,

So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,

Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Arzell, laden with glistering apparell, etc. Enter

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may

not heare a foot fall: we now are nere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, you say is a harmlesse Fairy.

Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which

My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should

Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour still,

Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too

Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,

All's hush as midnight yet.

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

St. There is not enely disgrace and dishonor in that

Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:

Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,

Though I be o're eases for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere

This is the mouth o th' Cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island

Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody thoughts,

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy

That has such people in it.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alc. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
 Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours:
 Is she the goddess that hath feuer'd vs?
 And brought vs thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortall
 But by immortal providence, she's mine:
 I chose her when I could not aske my Father
 For his aduice nor thought I had one: She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
 Of whom, so often I have heard renouwe,
 But neuer say before: of whom I have
 Receiv'd a second life; and second Father:
 This Lady makes me to me.
Alc. Lambers.
 But O, how odly will it sound, that I
 Must aske my childe forgiuence?
Pro. There Sir stop,
 Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
 A heatinesse that's gon.
Gon. I haue inly wept,
 Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
 And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
 For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
 Which brought vs hither.
Alc. I say Amen, Gonzallo.
Gon. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that his Issue
 Should become Kings of Naples? Or ioyce
 Beyond a common ioy, and let it drowne
 With gold on lading Pillers: In one voyage
 Did *Cliribell* her husband finde at Tunis,
 And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
 Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
 In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
 When no man was his owne.
Alc. Give me your hands:
 Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 That doth not wish you ioy.
Gon. Be it so, Amen.
*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
 amaz'dly following.*
 O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
 I prophesid, if a Gallowes were on Land
 This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
 That swear'd Grace ore-board, not an oare on shore,
 Hast thou no mouth by land?
 What is the newes?
Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
 Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
 Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
 Is yte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
 We first put out to Sea.
Alc. Sir, all this seruice
 Haue I done since I went.
Pro. My trickey Spirit.
Alc. These are not naturall euents, they strengthen
 From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd faine to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
 And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
 Where, but euen now, with strange, and feuerall noyse
 Of roring, shrieking, howling, gngling chaimes,
 And mo dmerstie of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
 Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
 Capring to eye her: on a trice, to please you,
 Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
 And were brought moaping hither.
Alc. Was't well done?
Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free,
Alc. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men strod,
 And there is in this businesse, more then nature
 Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
 Must rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
 Doe not ipest your minde, with beating on
 The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
 (Which shall be shortly single) Ple resolve you,
 (Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
 These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
 And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
 Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
 Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
 There are yet missing of your Companie
 Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.
*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
 Trinculo in their holne Apparrell.*
Ste. Every man thist for all the rest, and let
 No man take care for himselfe; for all is
 But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.
Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
 here's a goodly sight.
Cal. O *Scribbor*, these be braue Spirits indeede:
 How fine my Master is: I am afraid
 He will chaillise me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
 What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*?
 Will money buy em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
 Is a plaine Fish, and no donbr marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
 Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue,
 His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
 That could controule the Moone; make flowers, and ebs,
 And deale in her command, without her power:
 These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
 To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
 Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
 Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.
Alc. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunke now;
 Where had he wine?
Alc. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
 Finde this grand Liqueur that hath gilded 'em?
 How cam'it thou in this pickle?
Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
 That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
 I shall not feare fly-blowing:
Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'd be King o' the Isle, Sirha?
Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.
Alc. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
 As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
 Take with you your Companions: as you looke
 To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,

And

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Ass
 Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
 And worship this dull fool?
Pro. Goe to, away.
Alc. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
 See. Or stie it rather.
Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
 To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
 For this one night, which part of it, Ile walle
 With such discourtse, as I not doubt, shall make it
 Goe quicke away: The lloy of my life,
 And the particular accidents, gon by
 Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
 Ile bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
 Of these our deere-below'd, solemnized,
 And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
 Euery third thought shall be my graue.
Alc. I long
 To heare the story of your life; which must
 Take the care strangely.
Pro. Ile deliuer all,
 And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
 And faile, so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your Royall fleet farre off: My *Ariell*; chicke
 That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
 Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,
 spoken by Prospero.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island
 Names of the Actors.

Now my Charms are all ore-throwne,
 And what strength I haue's mine owne.
 Which is most faire: new'tis true
 I must be heere confinde by you,
 Or sent to Naples, Let me hear
 Since I haue my Dukedome got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare Island, by your Spell,
 But release me from my bonds
 With the helpe of your good hands:
 Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
 Must fill, or else my proiect failes,
 which was to please: Now twaine
 Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
 And my ending is despaire,
 Vnlesse I be reliou'd by praier
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your Indulgence set me free.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & *Francisco*, Lords.
Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a Iester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to *Prospero*.
Ariell, an ayrie spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno
Nymphes
Reapers } Spirits.

FINIS.



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine; Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Vase to periwade, my loving Proteus;
 Home-keeping, youth, haue euer homely wits,
 We're not affection chames thy tender dayes
 To the sweet glauces of thy honour'd Loue,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Then (living dully sluggish'd at home)
 Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse,
 But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thine therein,
 Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine ad ew,
 Thinke on thy Proteus, when thou (haply) seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy wayes,
 With me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou do'it meet good hap; and in thy danger,
 (If euer danger doe enuie thee)
 Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beades-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,

How yong Leander crost the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,

For he was more then ouer-shoos'd in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-boots in loue,

And yet you neuer swim the Hellespont.

Pro. Ouzt the Bootes? nay giue me not the Bootes.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? (groines)

Val. To be in loue; where (scorne is bought with

Coy looks, with hatt-fore sighes; one fading moments

With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,

If haply won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;

If loit, why then a grieuous labour won;

How euer; but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you esuall at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is fo yoked by a foolle,

Me thinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,

The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue

Inhabits in the sweet wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,

Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,

Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,

And all the faire effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road

Expedis my coming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no: Now let vs take our leaue;

To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters

Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else

Betideth here in absence of thy Friend;

And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happaenies bechance to thee in Millaine.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. Exit.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;

He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;

Howe my telle, my friends, and all for Loue:

Thou Italia thou hast metamorphis'd me:

Made me neglect my Studies, loofe my time;

Ware with good counsaile; set the world at naught;

Made Wit with musing, weak; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Six Proteus's: 'saue you; saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Millaine.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,

And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indede a Sheepe doth very often lize,

And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,

and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I

wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the

Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my

Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,

the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou

for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages

followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooue will make me cry ba.

Pro. But do'st thou heare; gau'st thou my Letter

to Iulia?

Sp. I

Did thou *Alonso*, we me, and my daughtes;
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act.
 Thou art punish'd for a blow *Sebastian*. Fleas, and bloud;
 You, brother mine, that euer taine ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*.
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here haue kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tides
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now is foule, and muddy: not one of them
 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell;
 I will defeat me, and my selfe present
 As I was some time *Milaine*: quickly Spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be freed:

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.
 Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a Cuckoo's nest, I sit,
 There though when Owles doe cry,
 On this Batt's backe I doe flye,
 After Summer merrity.
 Meryly, meryly, shall I lize now,
 Vnder the blessing that hangs on the Bow!

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse
 Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedom: so, so, so,
 To the King's ship, inuincible thou art,
 There shalt thou finde the Morriners sleepe
 Vnder the Matches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
 Or ere your pulse twice beate. Exit.
Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide vs
 Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
 The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospere*:
 For more assurance that a lying Prince
 Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
 And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
 A hearty welcome.

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

Pro. First, noble Friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
 Be measured, or confin'd.
Gen. Whether this be
 Or be not, Ile not sweare.

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

Seb. The Diuell speaks in him:
Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
 Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rank'd fault; all of them: and require
 My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
 Thou must restore.

Al. If thou best'st *Prospere*
 Giue vs particulars of thy preferation,
 How thou hast met vs heere, whom thoue showes since
 Were wracke vpon this shore: where I haue lost
 (How sharp the point of this Remembrance is)
 My deere Ioune *Ferdinand*:

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.
Al. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
 Saies, it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather thinke
 You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
 For the like losse, I haue leaue fourer signe aid,
 And rest my selfe content.

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

Al. A daughter?
 Oh heavens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
 The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
 My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
 Where my some lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
 At this encounter doe so much admire,
 That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
 Their eyes doe offices of Truth: Their words
 Are naturall breath; but how often you haue
 Benee iustled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am *Prospere*; and that very Duke
 Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
 Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
 To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a break-fast, ner
 Boiting this first meeting: Welcome, Sirs,
 This Cell's my Court; heere haue I sew attendants,
 And Subiects none abroad; pray you looke in:
 My Dukedome since you haue giuen me a gaine,
 I will require you with as good a thing,
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospere discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.
Mr. Sweet Lord, you play me false.
Fer. No my dearest Ioue,
 I would not for the world. (wrangle,
Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
 And I would call it faire play.
Al. If tis proue
 A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
 Shall I twice loose.
Seb. A most high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
 I haue cur'd them without cause.
Al. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father, compass thee about:
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.
Mr. O wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there heere?
 How beautous mankind is? O braue new world!

B 3 That