Thomas P. Barton

May 17, 1839.

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FINE ET FORTITUDINE

Thomas Pennant Barton.
London.

who held a theatrical monopoly in
post of the Restoration and by Davenant
The Restoration was done by Dryden; Leatine
although some of the time are the same.

TEMPLE which is changed considerably,
This is an alteration of Shakespeare's

THE TEMPEST. London, 1670. 1st Ed.

John Dryden and William Davenant,
THE TEMPEST, OR THE Enchanted Island. A COMEDY.
As it is now Acted at his Highness the Duke of York's THEATRE.

LONDON,
Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman at the Blew Anchor in the Lower-walk of the New-Exchange. MDC LXX.
THE TEMPEST
or
Enchanted Island

1571, 4149
May 1873.

COMEDY

DOVER

Rented to J. M. for Press Printing May 1873
The writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Apostle of the French Eloquence, who uses to make a business of a Letter of gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gayety which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on anything I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did
The Preface.

The honour to joyn me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespear's: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play itself had formerly been acted with success in the Black-Fryers: and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his Sea-Voyage, may easily discern that it was a Copy of Shakespear's Tempest: the Storm, the desart Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only Poet who made use of Shakespear's Plot: Sir John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Regmella being an open imitation of Shakespear's Miranda; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the Design of Shakespear, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counterpart to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me; and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never wrote any thing with more delight.
The Preface.

delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The Comical parts of the Saylors were also his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the style. In the time I writ with him I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremly pleasant and surprizing: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not alwaies the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to myself than was my due in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he has done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest,
The Preface.

The Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfied I could never have receiv'd so much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear and Sir William D'Avenant.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.
Prologue to the Tempest, or the Enchanted Island.

As when a Tree's cut down the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new Branches shoot
So, from old Shakespeare's honor'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
He Monarch-like gave those his subject's law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's Pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the Neighb'ring shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespeare's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespeare's pow'r is sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priest-hood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as people then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youth's are forc'd to employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a transformation you will say
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from man to Woman-kind.
What e'er she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or if your fancy will be further led,
To find her Woman, it must be abed.

Dramatis...
Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo Duke of Savoy, and Usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua.

Ferdinand his Son.

Prospero right Duke of Millain.

Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzalo a Nobleman of Savoy.

Hippolito, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of Mantua.

Stephano Master of the Ship.

Mustacho his Mate.

Trincalo Boatswain.

Ventoso a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

Miranda and Dorinda (Daughters to Prospero) that never saw man.

Ariel an airy Spirit, attendant on Prospero.

Several Spirits Guards to Prospero.

Caliban

Sycorax his Sister

Two Monsters of the Isle.
THE
Enchanted Island.

ACT I.

Enter Mustachio and Ventoso.

Vent. What a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather.

Trinc. The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen!

Trinc. Here, Master what cheer?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have Sea-room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph. Boy!

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle.

Enter Cabin-boy.

Enter Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Heigh, my hearts, cheerly, cheerly, my hearts, yare, yare.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master?

Play the men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour: keep your Cabins, you help the storm.
Gon. Nay, good friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than myself: you are a Counsellour, if you can advise these Elements to silence: use your wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.

[Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.

Gon. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd we shall be drown'd.

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.


Steph. Let's weigh, Let's weigh, and off to Sea. [Ex. Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your main-Capstorn.

Enter Mustacho and Ventolo at the other door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your fere-Capstorn.

Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capstorn-Bar.

Hoa up, hoa up, &c. [Exeunt Mustacho and Ventolo.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;
Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [Exit Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out; turn out all hands to Capstorn?
You dogs, is this a time to sleep?
Heave together Lads. [Trincalo whistles.

[Exeunt Mustacho and Ventolo.

Must. within. Our Viall's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut off the Hamocks! cut off the Hamocks, come my Lads: Come Bullyes, cheer up! heave lustily.

The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc.
Trinc. Is the Anchor a peek?
Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!
Trinc. Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Castle!
Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul:
haul, Catt, haul. Below.

steph. Aft, Aft! and loose the Misen!
Trinc. Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul Aft Misen-sheat!

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the main Top-sail!

steph. Furle him again, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loose Fore-sail! Haul Aft both sheats! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! Aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must. A Mackrel-Gale, Master.

steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind grows scant, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no neerer you cannot come.

Enter Ventofo.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are loose.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump! [Exit. Must.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump!

Enter Mustacho at the other door.

Must. O Master! fix foot Water in Hold.

steph. Clap the Helm hard aboard! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-sheat there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-boling.

steph. Brace in the Lar-board.

A curse upon this howling, [A great cry within.
They are louder than the weather. [Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.
Yet again, what do you here! shall we give o're, and drown? ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Trinc. Work you then.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorson insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Brace off the Fore-yard.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd Wench.
Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alonzo. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by use, is so to me: but, Ferdinand, I grieve my subjects loss in thee: Alas! I suffer justly for my crimes, but why thou shouldst---O Heaven! [A cry within. Heark, farewel my Son! a long farewel!}

Ferd. Some lucky Plank, when we are lost by shipwreck, waft hither, and submit it self beneath you. Your blessing, and I dye contented. [Embrace and Exeunt.

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trinc. What must our mouths be cold then?
Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.
Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'ne pray too; our case is now alike.
Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by Drunkards. This wide chot Rascal: would thou might'st lye drowning The long washing of ten Tides.

[Exeunt Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Gonz. He'll he hang'd yet, though every drop of water swears against it; now would I give ten thousand Furlongs of Sea for one Acre of barren ground, Long-heath, Broom-furs, or any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. [A confused noise within.

Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split.
Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince. [Exeunt.

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [A new cry within.
Steph. Run her ahore!
Trinc. Luffe! luffe! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Star-board Bow.
Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves. [Exeunt.
Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosp. Miranda! where's your Sister?

Mirand. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the walks end, on the huge beat of Waters.

Prosp. It is a dreadful object.

Mir. If by your Art, my dearest Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.

Had I been any God of power, I would have sunk the Sea into the Earth, before it should the Vessel so have swallowed.

Prosp. Collect your self, and tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O woe the day!

Prosp. There is no harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than Prospero, Master of a narrow Cell;
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne're indeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd
to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther: wipe thou thine Eyes,
have comfort; the direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
the very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such a pity
safely order'd, that not one creature in the Ship is lost.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stoppt.

Prosp. The hour's now come;
Obey, and be attentive, Canst thou remember a time before 
we came into this Cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou 
wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me, the image then of any thing which thou dost:
keep in thy remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Prosp. Thou hast, and more, Miranda: what see'st thou else
in the dark back-ward, and abyss of Time?

If thou remembrest ought e'er thou cam'st here, then, how
thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.
Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen Years since, Miranda, thy Father was the Duke of Millan, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sifter too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came, or was't a blessing that we did?

Prosp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have suffer'd. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd Antonio, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle (do'st thou attend me Child?)

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Prosp. Having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and suckt my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature:
He did believe
He was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward face of Soveraignty. Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your story would cure deafness.

Prosp. To have no screen between the part he plaid, and whom he plaid it for; he needs would be Absolute Millan, and Confederates (so dry he was for Sway) with Savoy's Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

Mir. False man!

Prosp. This Duke of Savoy being an Enemy, To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's suit.
And on a night Mated to his design, Antonio opened the Gates of Millan, and i'th' dead of darkness hurri'd methence with thy young Sifter, and thy crying self.
Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prosp. They durst not, Girl, in Millan. For the love my people bore me; in short, they hurri'd us away to Savoy, and thence aboard a Bark at Nisz's Port: bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten Caraks of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats instinctively had quit it: they hoist'd us, to cry to Seas which roar'd to us; to fight to Winds, whose pity fighting back again, did seem to do us loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Prosp. Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infus'd with fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we a-shore?

Prosp. By Providence Divine, Some food we had, and some fresh Water, which a Noble man of Savoy, called Gonzalo, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments, and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of his gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnisht me from mine own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that man.

Prosp. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find that my mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here cease more question, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [She falls asleep. Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach My Ariel, Come. [Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding, task Ariel and all his qualities.

Prosp. Haft thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article. I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Wa-
the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement, and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-Maft, the Yards and Bore-spirit; I did flame distinctly.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a Fever of the mind, and play'd some tricks of desperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Veſtel: the Duke's Son, Ferdinand, with hair upstairs (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit?

But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Close by my Master.

Prosp. But, Ariel, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perisht.

In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the air with sighs, in an olde angle of the Isle, and sitting, his arms he folded in this sad knot.

Prosp. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet.

Ariel. Safely in Harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'dst Me up at midnight to fetch Dew from the Still vext Bermoothes, there she's hid,
The Mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep, and for the rest o' th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean Float,
Bound sadly home for Italy;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

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

Ariel.
Ariel. Past the mid-season.

Prosp. At least two Glasses: the time 'tween six and now must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? since thou dost give me pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Prosp. How now, Moodie? What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Prosp. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethlee!

Remember I have done thee faithful service, Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, Serv'd without or grudge, or grumblings: Thou didst promise to bate me a full year.

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

Ariel. No.

Prosp. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze Of the salt deep:
To run against the sharp wind of the North,
To do my business in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosp. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! haft thou forgot the foul Witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was grown into a Hoop? haft thou forgot her?

Ariel. No Sir!

Prosp. Thou hast; where was she born? speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in Argier.

Prosp. Oh, was she so! I must
Once every Month recount what thou hast been, which thou forgettest. This damn'd Witch Sycorax for mischiefs manifold, and sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from Argier thou knowst was banisht: but for one thing she did, they would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. I Sir.

Prosp. This blew-e'y'd Hag was hither brought with child, And
And here was left by th' Saylors, thou, my slave,
As thou report'ft thy self, wast then her servant,
And 'cause thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands;
Refusing her grand Hefts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whose rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
Groans, as fast as Mill-wheels strike.
Then was this Isle (save for two Brats, which she did
Litter here, the brutish caliban, and his twin Sifter,
Two freckel'd-hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ariel. Yes! Caliban her Son, and Sycorax his Sifter.

Prosp. Dull thing, I say so; he, that caliban, and she that
Sycorax, whom I now keep in service. Thou best know'st
what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves
howl, and penetrate the breasts of ever angry Bears, it was a
torment to lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax could ne're
again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee,
that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Prosp. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak,
And peg the in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Hast howld away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command, and be
A gentle spirit.

Prosp. Do so, and after two days I'lle discharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble Master.


Prosp. Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible to
Every eye-ball else: hence with diligence.

My daughter wakes. Anon thou shalt know more. [Ex. Ariel.

Thou hast slept well my child.

Mir. The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.
Prosp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call Caliban, my slave, who never yields us a kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that profit us: what hoa! Slave! Caliban! thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

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

Come thou Tortoise, when? [Enter Ariel.
Fine apparition, my quiet Ariel, Hark in thy ear.

Ariel. My Lord it shall be done. [Exit.

Prosp. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e're my Mother brush'd with Raven's Feather from unwholesome Fens, drop on you both: A South-west blow on you, and blister you all o're.

Prosp. For this before, to night thou shalt have Cramps, side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up; Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st: thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-Combs, each pinch more stinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by Sycorax my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities of the Isle, the fresh-Springs, brine-Pits, barren places, and fertile. Curs'd be I, that I did so: All the Charms of Sycorax, Toads, Beetles, Batts, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep from me the rest o' th' Island.

Prosp. Thou most lying Slave, whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate the honour of my Children.

Calib.
Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would t'had been done: thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else this Isle with Calibans.

Prosp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne're would any print of goodness take, being capable of all ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one thing or other; when thou didst not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me language, and my profit by it is, that I know to curse: the red botch rid you for learning me your language.

Prosp. Hag-feed hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To answer other business: shrugst thou (malice)
If thou neglecest or dost unwillingly what I command,
I'lle wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble
At thy Din.

Calib. No prethee!
I must obey. His Art is of such power,
It would controul my Dam's God, Setebos,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So Slave, hence.

[Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh Sister! what have I beheld?
Mir. What is it moves you so?
Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had bin between themselves, but strait I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.
Dor. Isn't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above;
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the wind,
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtsey'd down so low,
I could not see him: till, at last, all side long
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perisht
Had not my Father's magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if we two
Had two young Fathers.

Mir. No Sister, no, if they were young, my Father
Said that we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come that we two are not Bro-
thers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, and grew
within the ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? pray Sister let you
and I look up and down one day, to find some little ones for
us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which seizeth all who are in open Air.
Th' effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.
   Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.

ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, Attendants.

Gonz. Beseech your Grace be merry; you have cause, so
   have we all, of joy for our strange escape: then
   wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace! you cram these words into my
   Ears against my stomack, how can I rejoyce, when my dear Son,
   perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange
   Fish?

Ant. Sir, he may live,
I saw him beat the billows under him, and ride upon their
backs; he trod the Water, whose enmity he flung aside, and
breasted the most swoln surge that met him, his bold head 'bove
the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd himself with his
strong arms to shore, I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone, and you and I, Antonio, were
those who caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou be-
   trayedst thy Brother Prospero, and Mantua's Infant, Sovereign
to my power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force ano-
thers right; then lost we Ferdinand, then forfeited our Navy
to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke truce with Heav'n;
   You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the waves have lost an only Son;
I did usurp my Brother's fertile lands, and now
   Am cast upon this desert Isle.

Gonz. These, Sir, 'tis true, were crimes of a black Dye,
   But both of you have made amends to Heav'n,
By your late Voyage into Portugal,
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your valour has repuls'd the Moors of Spain.

Alonz. O name it not, Gonzalo.
No act but penitence can expiate guilt,
Must we teach Heaven what price to set on Murthers?
What rate on lawless power, and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And fell by weight a good deed for a bad?  [Musick within.

Gonz. Musick! and in the air! sure we are shipwrack't on the
Dominions of some merry Devil.

Ant. This isle's enchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my Ear, and groans
Of lamenting Ghosts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood pursu'd my hand; O Hea-
ven! deliver me from this dire place, and all the after actions
of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty.
Heark!  [A Dialogue within sung in parts.
The sounds approach us.

I D. Where does proud Ambition dwell?
2. In the lowest Rooms of Hell.
1. Of the damn'd who leads the Host?
2. He who did oppress the most.
1. Who such Troops of damned brings?
2. Most are led by fighting Kings.
Kings who did Crowns unjustly get,
Here on burning Thrones are set.

Chor. Kings who did Crowns, &c.

Ant. Do you hear, Sir, how they lay our Crimes before us?
Gonz. Do evil Spirits imitate the good,
In shewing men their sins?

Alonz. But in a different way,
Those warn from doing, these upbraid 'em done.

1. Who are the Pillars of Ambitions Court?
2. Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it support.

r. What:
1. What lies beneath her feet?
2. Her footsteps tread,
   On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead.
1. Can Heaven permit such Crimes should be
   Rewarded with felicity?
2. Oh no! uneasily their Crowns they wear,
   And their own guilt amidst their Guards they fear.
   Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep,
   And we in visions lord it o're their sleep.

cho. Oh no! uneasily their Crowns, &c.

Alonz. See where they come in horrid shapes!

Enter the two that sung, in the shape of Devils, placing
themselves at two corners of the Stage.

Ant. Sure Hell is open'd to devour us quick.
1. D. Say Brother, shall we bear these mortals hence?
2. First let us shew the shapes of their offence.
1. We'll muster then their crimes on either side:

Appear! appear! their first begotten, Pride.  [Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo! I am here, who led their hearts astray,
And to Ambition did their minds betray.  [Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And guileful Fraud does next appear,
Their wandering steps who led,
When they from virtue fled,
And in my crooked paths their course did steer.  [Enter Rapine.

Rap. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive.  [Enter Murther.

Murd. There long they cannot stay,
Down the deep precipice they run,
And to secure what they have done,
To murder bend their way.

After which they fall into a round encompassing the

Around, around, we pace
About this cursed place,
Whilst thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.  Dance.

[All the spirits vanish.

Ant.
Ant. Heav’n has heard me! they are vanish’d.
Alonz. But they have left me all unman’d;
I feel my sinews slacken’d with the fright,
And a cold sweat trills down o’er all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into Water.
O Prospero! my crimes’gainst thee fit heavy on my heart.
Ant. And mine, ’gainst him and young Hippolito.
Gonz. Heav’n have mercy on the penitent!
Alonz. Lead from this cursed ground;
The Seas, in all their rage, are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of despair and death.
Gonz. Shall we not seek some food?
Alonz. Beware all fruit but what the birds have peid,
The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too:
A secret venom slides from every branch.
My conscience doth distract me, O my Son!
Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy fortune? [Exeunt.

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

Ariel’s Song:

Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands.

Curtsy’d when you have and kiss’d,
The wild waves whist.
Foot it fealty here and there, and sweet sprights bear
the Burthen. [Burthen dispersedly.

Hark! hark! Bow-waugh; the watch-dogs bark,
Bow-waugh.
Ariel. Hark! hark! I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? ’th’ Air, or th’ Earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon some God
O’th’ Island, sitting on a bank weeping against the Duke
My Father’s wrack. This musick hover’d o’re me
On the waters, allaying both their fury and my passion
With charming airs; thence I have follow'd it (or it
Hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone;
No, it begins again.

Ariel. Song.

Full Fathoms five thy Father lyes,
Of his bones is Coral made:
Those are Pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade,
But does suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his,
Heark now I hear 'em, Ding dong Bell.

[Burthen, Ding dong.

Ferd. The mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father,
This is no mortal business, nor a sound which the
Earth owns: I hear it now before me,
However I will on and follow it. [Ex. Ferd. and Ariel.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

Vent. The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated
after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it.
And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
I prethee fill a loof, and let it go round.
Where haft thou laid the Runlet?

Must. 'Tis the hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace;
We cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may
Take a loof before death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

Must. This is prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs no-
thing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.
Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! Mustacho weeps. Hang losses as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his eyes: he shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful day with old Befr. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But as you say, hang losses. Prithee fill agen.

Vent. Befhrow thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife, I had not thought of mine else, Nature will shew itself, I must melt. I prithee fill agen, my Wife's a good old jade, And has but one eye left: but she'll weep out that too, When she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting in thought of mine. But well, If I return not in seven years to my own Country, she may marry aget, and 'tis from this Island thither at least seven years swimming.

Must. O at least, having no help of Boat nor Bladders.

Steph. Whoe'er she marries, poor soul, she'll weep a nights when she thinks of Stephano.

Vent. But Master, sorrow is dry! there's for you aget.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the comfort we get ashore: O for any old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor heart! that would soon make you dry aget: but all is barren in this Isle: here we may lye at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South, e're we can cry a Sail, a Sail at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another loop to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home aget: we must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive the Shipwracks ashore to make us all rich, therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.
Steph. Whoever eats any of my subjects, I'll break out his
Teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be
Duke on Land: you Mussacho have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke you may choose your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me the other spoon.

Steph. whispering. Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my voice for myself.

Muss. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content Ventoso shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak good people, are you well agreed? what, no man answer? Well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the people, Mussacho? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one word and all; that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Muss. You declare for the people, who never saw your face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [Both draw.

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil war during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo with a great bottle, half drunk.

Vent. How! Trincalo our brave Bosun!

Muss. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. Sings. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I shall dye a shore.

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

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang:  
She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,  
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where e're she did itch.

This is a scurvy 'Tune too, but here's my comfort agen.

[Drinks.]

Steph. We have got another subject now; welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack
Boys: the King of good fellows can be no subject.
I will be Old Simon the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Saylors
Threw overboard: but are you alive, hoa! for I will
Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand Mustacho,
And thine Ventofo: the storm has done its worst:
Stephano alive too! give thy Bosenth thy hand, Master.

Vent. You must kifs it then, for, I must tell you, we have cho-

sen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, man. Oh Trincalo we are all made, the
Island's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will speak to his
Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island; and when
we are weary of Governing thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, Ventofo, I will succeed you in both your
places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. Trincalo, sleepe and be sober; and make no more up-
roars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free election, and you Trincalo are
not your self; but we pardon your first fault,
Because it is the first day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against
me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of
the people of this Island.
Muft. Art thou mad Trincafo, wilt thou disturb a settled Government?

Trinc. I say this Island shall be under Trincafo, or it shall be a Common-wealth; and so my Bottle is my Buckler, and so I draw my Sword.

Vent. Ah Trincafo, I thought thou hadfi had more grace, Than to rebel against thy old Master, And thy two lawful Vice-Roys.

Muft. Wilt not thou take advice of two that stand For old Counsellors here, where thou art a meer STRANGER To the Laws of the Country.

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-War begins. [Vent. Muft. draw.

Steph. Hold, hold, I'le have no blood shed, My Subjects are but few: let him make a rebellion By himself; and a Rebel, I Duke Stephano declare him: Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke Trincafo declares, that he will MAKE OPEN WAR wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.


Enter Caliban with wood upon his back:

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on Prospero fall; and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i'th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid'em: but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a man, or a fih?
This is some Monster of the Ile, were I in England, As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a Holy-day fool there but would give me
Six-pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a present for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring thee Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talketh none of the wisest, but I'll give him
A dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his understanding.
Come on your ways Master Monster, open your mouth.
How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your friend!
Open your chops, I say. [Pours Wine down his throat.

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears coelestial Liquor,
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster; Monster what say'st
thou, art thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then
thou shalt be my subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to betrue; for the liquor
is not Earthly: didst thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the man in her when time
was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i'th' Isle, and kiss
thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [Drinks again.

Trinc. Well drawn, Monster, in good faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him
No more sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I with my long Nails, will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jay's Nest, and instruct thee how to snare
The Marmazet; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;
is there no more of thy kin in this Island?
Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self;
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambering up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-Combs.
Say my King, shall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too.
If she proves handsom she is mine: here, Monster,
Drink agen for thy good news; thou shalt speak
A good word for me. [Gives him the Bottle.]

Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.

Sings. No more Dams I'lle make for Fish,
Nor fetch in siring at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,
Ban, Ban, Cackaliban
Has a new Master, get a new man.
Heigh-day, Freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two subjects got already, the Monster,
And his Sister: well, Duke Stephano, I lay, and say agen,
Wars will ensue, and so I drink. [Drinks.] From this worshipful Monster, and Mistress,
Monster his Sister,
I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance:
Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse:
Come away Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt
And drink her health. [Exeunt.]

Enter Prospero alone.

Prosp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The infant Duke of Mantua so near them in this Isle,
Whose Father dying bequeathed him to my care,
Till my false Brother (when he design'd to usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I saw death threatening him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh: Hippolito! [Enter Hippolito.]

Hip.
Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prosp. How I have lov’d thee from thy infancy,
Heav’n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you’ve kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry’d me from thence,
Only to change my Prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Prisoner.

Prosp. ’Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature liv’d
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of,
Why then should I fear?

Prosp. But here are creatures which I nam’d not to thee,
Who share man’s sovereignty by Nature’s Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous enemies of men call’d women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
But have I Enemies within this Isle, and do you
Keep me from them? do you think that I want
Courage to encounter ’em?

Prosp. No courage can resist ’em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv’d so long unharm’d among them?

Prosp. O they despise old age, and spare it for that reason:
It is below their conquest, their fury falls
Alone upon the young.

Hip. Why then the fury of the young should fall on them again.
Pray turn me loose upon ’em: but, good Sir,
What are women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales.

They
They are all enchantment, those who once behold 'em, 
Are made their slaves for ever.

_Hip._ Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

_Prosp._ 'Tis but in vain, for when your eyes are shut, 
They through the lids will shine, and pierce your soul; 
Absent, they will be present to you. 
They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

_Hip._ Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

_Prosp._ You are without all possibility of revenge, 
They are so beautiful that you can ne'er attempt, 
Nor wish to hurt them.

_Hip._ Are they so beautiful?

_Prosp._ Calm sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns, 
Nor Summer Shades so pleasant.

_Hip._ Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans? 
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the glofs upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rain-bow?
The I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

_Prosp._ All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em, 
Avoid 'em at once, I charge you.

_Hip._ Well, since you say they are so dangerous, 
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety of the 
Unblemish'd honour which you taught me. 
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure I shall 
Not then forbear them.

_Prosp._ Go in and read the Book I gave you laft. 
Tomorrow I may bring you better news.

_Hip._ I shall obey you, Sir. 

_Prosp._ So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him, 
For I have been constrain'd to change his Lodging 
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up, 
And here have brought him home to my own Cell, 
Because the Shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion; 
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits, 
For hitherto he hath been all obedience.
The Planets seem to smile on my designs,
And yet there is one sullen cloud behind.
I would it were disperst. [Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

How, my daughters! I thought I had instructed
Them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Prosp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine is ill there,
The curled Lyon, and the rugged Bear
Are not so dreadful as that man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. I child! but I am a tame man; old men are tame
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild Young man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Prosp. No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
And in Closets.

Dor. But Father, I would stroak 'em and make 'em gentle,
Then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: no woman can come
Neer 'em but she feels a pain full nine Months:
Well I must in; for new affairs require my
Presence: be you, Miranda, your Sister's Guardian.

[Exit Prospero.

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way,
The man will catch us else; we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you
And we shall spy him e're he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.
Dor. How dare you venture?
Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form,
And he shall not see us.
Dor. I, but you know my Father charg'd us both.
Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each
Others Counsel.
Dor. I dare not for the world.
Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?
Dor. Nay I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my
Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.
Mir. I, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing I had been
quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick and becken
me away.
Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humbly myself to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault.
Mir. And if I can but escape with life, I had rather be in pain
nine Months, as my Father threatned, than lose my longing.

[Exeunt.

The Scene changes, and discovers Hippolito in a Cave
walking, his face from the Audience.

Hip. Prospero has often said that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
Are they to suck the poyson of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.
Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about like one of us.
Mir. I, just so, and has legs as we have too.
Hip. It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.
Dor. Heark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant.
For this is just like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; see, now it turns this way.
Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?
Dor. I'll go nearer it.
Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.

I would
I would not for the world that you should venture.
My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

_Dor._ I warrant you this is a tame man, dear Sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

_Mir._ Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first:
Fye, are you not ashamed to be so much inquisitive?

_Dor._ You chide me for't, and would give your self:
_Mir._ Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Observe how he begins to stare already.
I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

_Dor._ Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.
I'll venture you, no more than you will me.

_Prosp. within._ Miranda, Child, where are you!

_Mir._ Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

_Dor._ 'Twas you hentam'd, not me; I will but say my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

_Mir._ Well, Sister, you'll repent it:  [Exit Miranda.

_Dor._ Though I dye for't, I must have th'other peep.

_Hip._ seeing her. What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of
the Sun, drest'd in his Fathers gayest Beams, and comes to play
with Birds: my sight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loth to
shut my Eyes.
I must go nearer it----but stay a while;
May it not be that beauteous murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou shining Vision!

_Dor._ Alas I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

_Hip._ I'd sooner tear my eyes out, than consent to do you any
harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

_Dor._ I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I
ere prove so to that which looks like you: for though I have
been charg'd by him (whom yet I never disobey'd) to shun your
presence; yet I'd rather dye than lose it; therefore I hope you
will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a man,
that dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd; pray tell
me what you are?

_Hip._ I must confess, I was inform'd I am a man,

But
(30)

But if I fright you, I shall with I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too...

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poyson to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two poysonous Creatures,
Both of the fame kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any venome in us, sure, we cannot be more
Poysonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[Takes her hand.]

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's hands
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh: just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so methought was theirs;
For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand Methinks goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Pros. within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls agen, ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death but in our parting see.

[Exeunt several ways.]

ACT
ACT III.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Excuse it not, Miranda, for to you (the elder, and, I thought the more discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sister's actions.

Mir. Sir, when you called me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Pros. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not see the man whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Pros. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you? What alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondered at a sight so new.

Pros. But have you no desire once more to see him? Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine that it appear'd more fit to be beloved than feared, and seem'd so near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Sitter.

Pros. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I should, except the thing had first lov'd me?

Pros. Cherish those thoughts: you have a generous soul; And since I see your mind not apt to take the light Impressions of a sudden love, I will unfold A secret to your knowledge. That Creature which you saw, is of a kind which Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object of terror to my mind? you never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you said I did believe as sacred.

Pros. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young man Might unawares posses your tender breast.

Which
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my Miranda, you shall see another of his kind,
The full blown-flower, of which this youth was but the
Op'ning-bud. Go in, and send your sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir. [Ex. Miranda.

Prosp. And make thee fortunate.

Dorinda now must be examin'd too concerning this
Late interview. I'm sure unartful truth lies open
In her mind, as Crystal streams their sandy bottom show.
I must take care her love grow not too fast,
For innocence is Love's most fertile soil,
Wherein he soon shoots up and widely spreads,
Nor is that danger which attends Hippolito yet overpast.

[Enter Dorinda.

Prosp. O, come hither, you have seen a man to day,
Against my strict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With him, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you, how you became so bold to see the man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him much till he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd, and star'd upon my face; and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e're come neer a man again----

Prosp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are mistaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.
Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e're I was in all my life, But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him. That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him To see him once again; and you know, Sir, You charg'd me I should never break my promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mischief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me, For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so as it griev'd My heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poysonous, they infected you: You say they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the Day-dreams of a maid in love, But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir, I know he will not hurt you for my sake; I'll undertake to tye him to a hair, And lead him hither as my Prisoner to you.

Prosp. Take heed, Dorinda, you may be deceiv'd; This Creature is of such a Salvage race, That no mild usage can reclaim his wildness; But, like a Lyon's whelp bred up by hand, When least you look for't, Nature will present The Image of his Fathers bloody Paws, Wherewith he purvey'd for his couching Queen; And he will leap into his native fury.

Dor. He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.

Prosp. You speak of him with too much passion; tell me (And on your duty tell me true, Dorinda) What past betwixt you and that horrid creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I should be angry.

Prosp. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer to what I ask, what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me and seem'd wild, And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely, that when

F I would
I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement askt
To touch my hand: which, as a ransom for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have swallow'd it.

Prosp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?
Dor. 'He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are:
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat so strong as I lackt breath
To answer what he ask'd.

Prosp. You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it.
Dor. Then send me to that creature to be punish't.
Prosp. Poor Child! thy passion like a lazy Ague
Has seiz'd thy blood, instead of striving thou hum'rt
And feed'rt thy languishing disease: thou fight'rt
The Battels of thy Enemy, and'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird
Jult straggli'd from the Neft: pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

Prosp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Prosp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'l struggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back agen?

Prosp. Fear not, Dorinda;
But use him ill and he'l be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen. [Exit Dorinda.

Prosp.
Now my designs are gathering to a head. My spirits are obedient to my charms. What, Ariel! my servant Ariel, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service Did worthily perform, and I must use you in such another Work: how goes the day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord, and on the sixth you said our work should cease.

Pros. And so it shall; And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks my great Lord.

Pros. But tell me first, my spirit, How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order, In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your Cell; Within that Circuit up and down they wander, But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Pros. How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em; But chiefly, he you term'd the good Gonzalo: His tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em, That if you now beheld 'em, your affections Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pros. And mine shall:

Haft thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their Afflictions, and shall not I (a man like them, one Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kindlier Mov'd than thou art? though they have pierc'd Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler Reason 'gainst my fury I will take part; The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance. Go, my Ariel, refresh with needful food their Famish'd
Famish'd bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Pros. With a twinkle, Ariel.

Ariel. Before you can say come and go,
And breath twice, and cry so; so,
Each spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring 'em meat with mop and moe,

Do you love me, Master, I, or no?

Pros. Dearly, my dainty Ariel, but stay, spirit;
What is become of my Slave Caliban,
And Sycorax his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!
They have cast off your service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.

Pros. No matter, I have now no need of 'em;
But, spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Pros. Make haste then.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake, here's a Maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and Meanders, by your patience
I needs must rest.

Alonzo. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd
With a weariness to the dulling of my Spirits:
Sit and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we
Stray to find, and the Sea mocks our frustrate
Search on Land: well! let him go.
Ant. Do not for one repulse forego the purpose Which you resolv'd t'effect.

Alonz. I'm faint with hunger, and must despair Of food, Heav'n hath incens'd the Seas and Shores against us for our crimes.

What! Harmony agen, my good friends, heark! 

Ant. I fear some other horrid apparition. Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beseech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis cheerful Musick, this, unlike the first; And seems as 'twere meant t'unbend our cares, And calm your troubled thoughts.

Ariel invisible Sings.

Dry those eyes which are o'reflowing, 
All your storms are over-blowing: 
While you in this Isle are bideing, 
You shall feast without providing: 
Every dainty you can think of; 
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of, 
Shall be yours; all want shall shun you. 
Ceres blessing so is on you.

Alonz. This voice speaks comfort to us.
Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Musick in a Song To me, my stomack being empty.
Gonz. O for a heavenly Vision of Boyl'd, Bak'd, and Roasted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-Copia in their hands.
Alonz. Are these plump shapes sent to deride our hunger?
Gonz. No, no: it is a Masque of fatten'd Devils, the Burgo-Masters of the lower Region. 

O for a Collop of that large-haunch'd Devil Who went out last!

Ant. going to the door. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.
A Table, as I live, set out and furnisht With all varieties of Meats and fruits.

Alonz.
Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Sifter, is she so brave a Lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the Daughters
of the Tyrant Prospero; and she is bigger than 'em both. O here
she comes; now thou may'st judge thy self, my Lord.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouse?
well she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld Monster). The
Trincalos, like other wise men, have anciently us'd to marry for
Estate more than for beauty.

Sycorax. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy neck,
and that which dangles at thy wrist.

[Enter Sycorax.

[Tinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a
badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fu's, thou dost not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the
next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a
Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prithee sweet Babby do not play the wanton, and cry
for my goods e're I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou
shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?
Trinc. This is a fucking-Bottle for young Trincalo.

Calib. This is a God a mighty liquor, I did but drink thrice of it, and it hath made me glad e're since.

Syc. He is the bravest God I ever saw.

Calib. You must be kind to him, and he will love you.

I prithee speak to her, my Lord, and come neerer her.

Trinc. By this light, I dare not till I have drank: I must Fortisfe my stomach first.

Syc. I shall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow.

[Pointing to his Bottle, and Bofens Whistle]

Calib. I, but you must be kind and kiss him then.

Trinc. My Brother Monster is a rare Pimp.

Syc. I'le hug thee in my arms, my Brother's God.

Trinc. Think o' thy foul Trincalo, thou art a dead man if this kindness continue.

Calib. And he shall get thee a young Sycorax, wilt thou not, my Lord?

Trinc. Indeed I know not how, they do no such thing in my Country.

Syc. I'le shew thee how: thou shalt get me twenty Sycoraxes; and I'le get thee twenty Calibans.

Trinc. Nay, if they are got, she must do't all herself, that's certain.

Syc. And we will tumble in cool Plasses, and the soft Fens, Where we will make us Pillows of Flags and Bull-rushes:

Calib. My Lord, she would be loving to thee, and thou wilt not let her.

Trinc. Ev'ry thing in its season, Brother Monster; but you must counsel her; fair Maids must not be too forward.

Syc. My Brother's God, I love thee; prithee let me come to thee.

Trinc. Subject Monster, I charge thee keep the Peace between us.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another question: for if she be thus fli- pant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

[Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.]

Ariel.
Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [Exit Ariel.]
Trinc. Well! since it must be so. [Gives her the Bottle.]
How do you like it now, my Queen that Must be?
Syc. Is this your heavenly liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the same.
Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? what a mighty Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk Trincalo.
Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.
Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merryest Frogs in Christendom.
Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor:
I prithee let me drink for her.
Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster. [Caliban drinks.
Calib. My Lord, this is meer water.
Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't,
I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulp such as this which kill'd my famous Predecessor old Simon the King.
Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.
Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquorish Monster.
Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of Prospero's spirits.
Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I never lov'd 'em from my Childhood. The Devil take 'em, I would it had bin holy-water for their fakes.
Syc. Will not thy mightines revenge our wrongs, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art valiant.
Trinc. In my Sack, Madam Monster, as any flesh alive.
Syc. Then I will cleave to thee.
Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like virtue of hers, has overcome me.
Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?
Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke Trincalo in thy arms:

But
But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;
Do not discourage a young beginner. [They embrace.
Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,
And subject Monster; [Ent. Steph. Must. Vent.
The Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters.
You shall know Rebels that I'm marry'd to a Witch,
And we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore Trincalo disband.

Trinc. Plain Trincalo, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth, I'll not accept of your Embassay without my title.

Steph. A title shall break no squares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his stile of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilst I walk by in state.

[Ventoso and Mustachio bow whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke Stephano, has sent us
In the first place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make war against him, having no right
To Govern here, as being elected only by
Your own voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, that having in the face of the world
Espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island,
Queen Blouze the first, and having homage done me,
By this hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two
I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? he a Hector?
Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?
Vent. Lord! quoth he: the Monster's a very natural.
Syc. Lo! lo! a gen; bite him to death I prithee.

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads
I advise you, and proceed to your business, for I have
Other affairs to dispatch of more importance betwixt
Queen Slobber-Chops and my self.

Must. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have an-
swer'd.
Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you,
That if we make a peace, the Butt also may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Must. Is the Butt safe, Duke Trincale?

Trinc. The Butt is partly safe: but to comprehend it in the
Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot with my ho-
nour, without your submission. These two, and the Spirits
under me, stand likewise upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink
Brine, for I will not show 'em the quick freshes of the Island.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Embassadors
what your resolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation,
and so I take our leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at
your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of Hostility be ceas'd.
These Rogues are rather Spies than Embassadors;
I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincale you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.


Trinc. Subject Monster! Stand your Sentry before my Cel-
lar; my Queen and I will enter and feast our selves within.

Syc. May I not marry that other King and his two subjets,
to help you anights?

Trinc. What a careful Spouse have I? well! if she does
Cornute me, the care is taken.
When underneath my power my foes have truckl'd,
To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold?

[Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel (invisible.)

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician conduct
My steps? he hovers still about me, whether
For good or ill I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been so long a slave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns,
But here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.
Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo:
This might seem pleasant, could the burden of my
Grievs accord with any thing but sighs.
And my last words, like those of dying men
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades, where
Few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.
Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counsel.
Ariel. Take his counsel.
Ferd. It may be the Devil's counsel. I'll never take it.
Ariel. Take it.
Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.
Ariel. One step further.
Ferd. This must have more importance than an Echo.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this Brook.

He Sings.

Ariel. Go thy way.
Ferd. Why shouldst thou stay?
Ariel. Why shouldst thou stay?
Ferd. Where the Winds whistle, and where the streams creep,
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. For 'tis time to be gone.
Ferd. What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?
Within this desart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.
Ariel. Kind Fortune smiles, and she
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.
Ferd. I'll take thy word for once; Lead on Musician. [Exeunt and return.

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and say what thou seest yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess it carries a brave form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Pros. No Girl, it eats and sleeps, and has such senses as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou see'st, was in the wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd with grief (beauty's worst Canker) thou might'st call him a goodly person; he has lost his company, and strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Pros. It goes on as my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll set thee free within two days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress, on whom these airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worship'd; so bright a beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my own Country.

Pros. How, the best? what was't thou if the Duke of Savoy heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my self am Savoy, whose fatal Eyes (e're since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Pros. At the first sight they have chang'd Eyes, dear Ariel, I'll set thee free for this——young, Sir, a word. With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently? This is the third man that e're I saw, the first whom...
E’re I sigh’d for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin’d my way.
  Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affection not gone forth,
I’ll make you Mistress of Savoy.
  Prosp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others powers, but this swift
Bus’ness I must uneasie make, left too light
Winning make the prize light----one word more.
Thou usurp’d the name not due to thee, and haft
Put thy self upon this Island as a spy to get the
Government from me, the Lord of it.
  Ferd. No, as I’m a man.
  Mir. There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th’ Evil Spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.
  Prosp. No more. Speak not you for him, he’s a Traytor,
Come! thou art my Pris’ner and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh-Brook-Muscles, witherd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl’d; follow.
  Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment
Till my Enemy has more power.
[He draws, and is charm’d from moving.
  Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a tryal
Of him, for he’s gentle and not fearful.
  Prosp. My child my Tutor! put thy Sword up Traytor,
Who mak’st a show, but dar’st not strike: thy
Conscience is possest with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.
  Mir. Beseech you Father.
  Prosp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.
  Mir. Sir, have pity,
I’ll be his Surety.
  Prosp. Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee;
If not hate thee: what, an advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think’st there are no more
Such shapes as his?
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections are then most humble,
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Prison behold this maid:
All corners else o'th' Earth let liberty make use of:
I have space enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel: follow me.
Heark what thou shalt more do for me. [Whispers Ariel.

Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prosp. Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my command.

Ariel. To a Syllable. [Exit Ariel.

Prosp. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you. [Exit Miranda.

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the waters
When thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when 'tis past.

Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince----That Door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey. [Exit. Ferd.

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second care, Hippolito.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,
His passion is become his punishment.

Come forth, Hippolito. [Enter Hippolito.]

Hip. entering. 'Tis Prospero's voice.

Prosp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I should severely chide you: you have seen a woman in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharmed; I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hip. No, none Sir.

Try me again, when e're you please I'm ready:

I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Prosp. How much in vain is it to bridle Nature! [Aside.

Well! what was the success of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,

For I took her to mercy, and she me.

Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,

But still I wish----yet if I had that woman,

She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Prosp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the rest o' th' world that I might live alone with her; she never should be from me.

We too would sit and look till our eyes ak'd.

Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.


Prosp. But you'll grow old and wrinckl'd, as you see me now,

And then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly grow old.

Prosp. You must, Hippolito.

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?

Prosp. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me her works are various;

She made you old, but she has made us young.

Prosp. Time will convince you,

Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths;

'That you may merit her, and that you may not want:
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble presence, and as he says himself,
Of Princely birth, he is my Pris'ner and in deep
Affliction, visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

_Hip._ It is my duty, Sir.  

_Prosp._ True, he has seen a woman, yet he lives, perhaps I took the moment of his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is false: on what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears, mans life is all a mist, and in the dark, our fortunes meet us.
If Fate be not, then what can we foresee,
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill'tis ours, if good the act of Heaven.    _[Exit Prospero._

_Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand._

_Scene, a Cave._

_Ferd._ Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.
_Hip._ I, and an only Father too, for sure you said
You had but one.

_Ferd._ But one Father! he's wondrous simple!  _[Aside._

_Hip._ Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?
_Ferd._ Such we are born to.
But gentle youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?
_Hip._ Do not you know?
_Ferd._ How should I?

_Hip._ I well hop'd I was a man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:
Well, _Prospero!_ this is now the second time
You have deceiv'd me.
_Ferd._ Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:
But I would know of whence?
Hip. Why, of this world, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a man, yet I have bin so much deceived, I dare not tell’t you for a truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner for fear of women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for since I came I have beheld one here, whose beauty pierc’d my heart.

Hip. How did she pierce? you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes, and festers by her absence.

But to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that love’s the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no rest.

Hip. Just, just my disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:

But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my condition! alas, gentle Sir, I’le pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not, I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?

And would you have her too? that must not be:

For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps, we do not love the same:

All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir, besides that one I love?

Ferd. That’s a strange question. There are many more besides that beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of ’em.

Ferd. But noble youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without ’em: O, how I rejoynce! more women!
Ferd. Sir, if you love you must bety'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.

Ferd. Sir, if you love you must bety’d to one.

Hip. Ty’d! how ty’d to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.

Ferd. His simplicity Is such that I can scarce be angry with him. [Aside.

Hip. I find already I love, because she is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two women, both at once.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.

Ferd. His simplicity Is such that I can scarce be angry with him. [Aside.

Hip. I find already I love, because she is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two women, both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do resemble Her whom I've already seen. I'll have as many as I can, That are so good, and Angel-like, as she I love.

And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force restrain you from it.

Hip. Why do so if you can. But either promise me To love no Woman, or you must try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it. I must love.

Hip. Well you may love, for Prospero taught me friendship too. you shall love me and other men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this conference, or he will Urge me else beyond what I can bear.

Sweet youth! some other time we will speak Further concerning both our loves; at present I am indispos'd with weariness and grief, And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember That I both seek and much intreat your friendship,

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [Exit Ferdinand

Hip. This Stranger does insult and comes into my World to take those heavenly beauties from me, Which
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love,
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'le be rich:
I now perceive that Prospero was cunning;
For when he frighted me from woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Prospero, and Miranda.

Prosp. Our suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your visit must be short.
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow betwixt' em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prosp. This may secure Hippolito from that dark danger which
my art forebodes; for friendship does provide a double strength
't' oppose th' assaults of fortune.

[Exit Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double
tye; a Link of fortune join'd to the chain of love; but not
to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship; I
feel myself as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on
which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord? where are you?

Ferd. Is it your voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.
Ferd. O heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle, than your Father's cruel, how on a sudden all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. I come to help you to support your griefs.

Ferd. While I stand gazing thus, and thus have leave to touch your hand, I do not envy freedom.

Mir. Heark! heark! is't not my Father's voice I hear? I fear he calls me back again too soon.

Ferd. Leave fear to guilty minds: 'tis scarce a virtue when it is paid to Heaven.

Mir. But there 'tis mix'd with love, and so is mine; yet I may fear, for I am guilty when I disobey my Fathers will in loving you too much.

Ferd. But you please Heav'n in disobeying him, Heav'n bids you succour Captives in distress.

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and silence wait upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it, and 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would. But how can I be certain that you love me? Look to 't, for I will dye when you are false.

I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing: do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witness to this sound,
If I prove false——.

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeserved captivity, then I could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a suit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the only tryal of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rebid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir.
Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for his own deserves all the respect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request which if you love I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love? And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes, such a one, who for his sweetness and his goodly shape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can scarce be equal'd: 'Tis a youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful feature, and must I for your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the world, and wants your conversation. You should have compassion on so meer a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend, not whom you praise.

Mir. I only ask this ease trial of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have easier bin If you had never ask'd it.

Mir. I cannot understand it, and methinks am loth To be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get access, when my Confinement makes me want that blessing. I his compassion need, and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, trust me for him. He has a melting heart; and soft to all the Seals Of kindness; I will undertake for his compassion.

Ferd. O Heavens! would I were sure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own? Either you do not love, or think that I do not: But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already, That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I have done, so full of youth and beauty.

**Ferd.** O poison to my hopes! [Aside.]

When he did visit me, and I did mention this,
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

**Mir.** Alas, what mean you?

**Ferd.** It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false;
But has not learnt the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their Liking.

**Mir.** I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me— [A noise within.]
Hark! Sir! now I am sure my Father comes, I know
His steps; dear Love retire a while, I fear
I've stay'd too long.

**Ferd.** Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: oh Jealousy!
Oh Love! how you distract me? [Exit Ferdinand

**Mir.** He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Fathers knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love. [Enter Prospero.

**Pros.** Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You have seen the Prisoner?

**Mir.** Yes.

**Pros.** And he spake to you?

**Mir.** He spake; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

**Pros.** How like you his converse?

**Mir.** At second sight
A man does not appear so rare a Creature.

**Pros. aside.** I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence,
And where he gets possession, his first work is to
Dig deep within a heart, and there lie hid,

And
And like a Miser in the dark to feast alone.
But tell me, dear Miranda, how does he suffer
His imprisonment?

Mir. I think he seems displeas’d.

Pros. O then ’tis plain his temper is not noble,
For the brave with equal minds bear good
And evil fortune.

Mir. O, Sir, but he’s pleas’d again so soon
That ’tis not worth your noting.

Pros. To be soon displeas’d and pleas’d so suddenly again,
Does shew him of a various froward Nature,

Mir. The truth is, Sir, he was not vex’d at all, but only
Seem’d to be so.

Pros. If he be not and yet seems angry, he is a dissembler,
Which shews the worst of Natures.

Mir. Truly, Sir, the man has faults enough; but in my con-
science that’s none of ‘em. He can be no dissembler.

Pros. aside. How she excuses him, and yet desires that I
should judge her heart indifferent to him? well, since his faults
are many, I am glad you love him not.

Mir. ’Tis like, Sir, they are many,
But I know none he has, yet let me often see him
And I shall find ‘em all in time.

Pros. I’le think on’t.

Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

Mir. aside. Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can
make him think I do not love the stranger much, he’ll let me see
him oftner.

[Exit Miranda.

Pros. Stay! stay----I had forgot to ask her what she has said.

Of young Hippolito: Oh! here he comes! and with him

My Dorinda. I’le not be seen, let

[Ent. Hippolito and Dorinda.
Their loves grow in secret.

[Exit Prospero.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyful?

Hip. I have within me all, all the various Musick of
The Woods. Since last I saw you I have heard brave news!
I’le tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first I through my eyes drew, Some—
Something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

_Hip._ Pray believe me;
As I'm a man, I'll tell you blessed news.
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.

_Dor._ Is this your news? you see it moves not me.
_Hip._ And I'll have 'em all.
_Dor._ What will become of me then?
_Hip._ I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women?

_Dor._ I never saw but one.
_Hip._ Is there but one here?

This is a base poor world, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard men have abundance of 'em there.

But pray where is that one Woman?

_Dor._ Who, my Sister?

_Hip._ Is she your Sister? I'm glad o'that: you shall help me to her, and I'll love you for't: [Offers to take her hand.]

_Dor._ Away! I will not have you touch my hand.

My Father's counsel which enjоyn'd reservedness, [Aside.] Was not in vain I see.

_Hip._ What makes you shun me?

_Dor._ You need not care, you'll have my Sisters hand.

_Hip._ Why, must not he who touches hers touch yours?

_Dor._ You mean to love her too.

_Hip._ Do not you love her?

Then why should not I do so?

_Dor._ She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:

But you cannot love both of us.

_Hip._ I warrant you I can:

Oh that you had more Sisters!

_Dor._ You may love her, but then I'll not love you.

_Hip._ O but you must;

One is enough for you, but not for me.

_Dor._ My Sister told me she had seen another;

A man like you, and she lik'd only him;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

*Hip.* If she like him, she may like both of us.

*Dor.* But how if I should change and like that man?

Would you be willing to permit that change?

*Hip.* No, for you lik'd me first.

*Dor.* So you did me.

*Hip.* But I would never have you see that man;
I cannot bear it.

*Dor.* I'le see neither of you.

*Hip.* Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous creature,
I am but a Woman to him.

*Dor.* I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

*Hip.* Yes for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

*Dor.* But she's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Sister she would eat me; therefore take heed.

*Hip.* I heard that she was fair, and like you.

*Dor.* No, indeed, she's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body but one another.

*Hip.* looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes, fly! fly!
before he sees you.

*Dor.* Must we part so soon?

*Hip.* Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

*Dor.* I would not willingly be lost, for fear you
Should not find me. I'le avoid him. [Exit Dorinda.

*Hip.* She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;
All of a Kind that I have seen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are so. [Enter Ferdinand.

*Ferd.* O! well encounter'd, you are the happy man!
Y'have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

*Hip.* How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

*Ferd.*
Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'er it be I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me dye.

Hip. But for a friend you should make haste; I ne're ask'd any thing of you before.

Ferd. I see your ignorance; And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.

The Woman, whom I love, saw you and lov'd you.

Now, Sir, if you love her you'll cause my death.

Hip. Before I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your friend; And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When friends request unreasonable things,

Sure th'are to be deny'd: you say she's fair,

And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell

You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found

Within my self; they all are made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,

I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.

(I mean if there so many be i'th' World)

So that if once I see her I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.

For I would fain have my heart beat again,

Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip. By force of Arms?

My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain

Would avoid force: pray, do not see her, she was

Mine first; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir, I know my inclinations are to love all Women: And I have been taught that to dissemble what I think is base. In honour then of truth, I must Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her from that Affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she should Love you best, I cannot hinder her. But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against The worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours; Besides you are more beautiful than I, And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts. Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty. If that will get me Women, they shall have it As far as e're 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd. Then since you have refused this act of friendship, Provide your self a Sword; for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus, and push against me, While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave sport, But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance! you must defend your life, And so must I: but since you have no Sword Take this; for in a corner of my Cave I found a rusty one, perhaps 'twas his who keeps Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit: When next we meet prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne're be yours agen. I mean to fight with all the men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
Your life, but if you please we'll fight on
These conditions: He who first draws blood,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledged as the Conqueror,
And both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Syoorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Who?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wer't a Monster of parts I would make thee
My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave
Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want
Of behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em,
Just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Duke-
dom: you are in a high place, Spouse, and must give good Ex-
ample. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of States-
men, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventosfo, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke Trincalo, we have consider'd.

Trinc. Peace, or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private person, and promise to live
peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first

Fruits
Fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: Caliban skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Graces health, and to the Huzzâ in Kelder, or rather Haddock in Kelder, for I guess it will be half Fish. [Aside.

Trinc. Subject Stephano here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [Drinks.

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's health to thee. [Drinks to Caliban.

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal liquor, My Lord, let him drink water.

Trinc. O sweet heart, you must not shame your self to day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry: She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's bellies?

Vent. Let it come Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou shalt hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-Law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. sings. We want Musick, we want Mirth, Up Dam and cleave the Earth, We have now no Lords that wrong us, Send thy merry Sprights among us. [Musick heard.

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Musick and pay nothing for't? come hands, hands, Let's lose no time while the Devil's in the Humour. [A Dance.

Trinc. Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak shallow fellow if it be drunk first.

Trinc.
Trinc. Caliban, give Bottle the belly full aken.

Steph. May I ask your Grace a question? pray is that hectoring Spark, as you call'd him, flesh or fish?

Trinc. Subject I know not, but he drinks like a fish.

[Enter Caliban.]

Steph. O here's the Bottle aken; he has made a good voyage, Come, who begins a Brindis to the Duke?

Trinc. I'll begin it myself: give me the Bottle; 'tis my Prerogative to drink first; stephano, give me thy hand,

Thou haft been a Rebel, but here's to thee,

[Drinks.

Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear

Two Oaths? by Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:

In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no love lost,

For I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou haft been a false Rebel, but that's all one;

Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Steph. I will pledge your Grace Up ye Dutch.

Trinc. But thou shalt not pledge me before I have drunk a- gen, would'st thou take the Liquor of Life out of my hands; I see thou art a piece of a Rebel still, but here's to thee, now thou shalt have it.

[Stephano drinks.

Vent. We loyal Subjects may be choak'd for any drink we can get.

Trinc. Have patience good people, you are unreasonable, you'd be drunk as soon as I. Ventoso you shall have your time, but you must give place to stephano.

Must. Brother Ventoso, I am afraid we shall lose our places.

The Duke grows fond of stephano, and will declare him Vice-Roy.

Steph. I ha' done my worst at your Graces Bottle.

Trinc. Then the Folks may have it. caliban

Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds:

Peer stephano, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'lt me; hang my Family:

Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what

Thou think'ft of my Princess?
Steph. I look on her as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in Lapland, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Monnfor De-Vilet in France; but look on her beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke Trincalo? mark her behaviour too, she's tippling yonder with the serving-men.

Steph. An please your Grace she's somewhat homely; but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loth to disparage her; But thou art my Friend, canst thou be close?

Steph. As a stopp'd Bottle, an't please your Grace.

[Enter Caliban again with a Bottle.]

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a sweet Bed of Nettles, singing Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a great man and so forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee a'gen, give me the Bottle, Caliban! did you knock the Butt? how does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat and is departing: give me the Bottle.

[Drinks.]

Must. A short life and a merry I say.[Steph. whispers Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get possession of the Island.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Fathers too, hem! skink about his Graces health a'gen. O if you would but cast an eye of pity upon me---

Syc. I will cast two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Mofs, my Brother knows not of 'em; But I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. Trincalo was but my man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?
Steph. I gave him Brandy and drunk Sack my self; wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [To Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'ft I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so----hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [Strikes Stephano.

Syc. Doft thou hurt my love? [Flies at Trinaco.


Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom. [Whispers Mustacho hastily.

Mustacho strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! Ventoso obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [They two fight off from the rest.

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. and Calib. fight, Syc. beating him off the Stage.

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle? [Trinaco beats off Stephano to the door. Exit Stephano.

I'll not pursue too far,

For fear the Enemy should rally agen and surprise my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I must be rid of my Lady Trinaco, she will be in the fashion else; first Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a separation, to get Alimony. [Exit.

Enter
Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (with their swords drawn.)

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place, But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we must fight? Who first receives a Wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come, this loses time, now for the Women, Sir. [They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and falls.

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near As yours, and you shall see my skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger,

Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back—

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find—

Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?

Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[Hippolito thrusts and falls.

Ferd. O help, help, help!

Unhappy man! what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake I'll fight again. Pray stay for me.

Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!

Help, help!

[Swounds.

Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!

Help, help!

[Enter Prospero.

Prosp. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prosp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resift the will of Heaven?
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence——

Prosp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?

What Ariel! sluggish spirit, where art thou? —

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Prosp. I, now thou com'st, when Fate is past and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of
Thy Nature, for as thou art thy self, thou
Cannot not be but glad to see young Virtue
Nipt i'th' Blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad, we Airy Spirits are not of temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell,
This fatal action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of Hippolito,
Who came and threatn'd me if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount Heila,
I'll cindge thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak,
At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,
And then fall down agen.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.
Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e're find from me: hence! flye with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him with my Brother streight
Before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought.

Ferd. O Heavens! what words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy Vision.

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she had faults and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter. [Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to see you once again?

Prosp. You come to look your last; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not so excellent
As my Hippolito.

Prosp. Alas poor Girl, thou hast no man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?

[She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd again.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me, he's dumb and cold too,
But I'll run streight, and make a fire to warm him.

[Exit Dorinda running.

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (invisible.)

Alonz. Never were Beasts so hunted into toyls,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.

K 2
But is not that my Son? O Ferdinand!

If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O sinister happiness! Is it
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death,
And by my hand?

Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the walks above,
Wand'ring by Star-light, to have sought thee out;
But now I should have gone to Heaven in vain,
Whilst thou art here behind.

Ferd. You must indeed in vain have gone thither
To look for me. Those who are stain'd with such black
Crimes as mine, come seldom there.

Prosp. And those who are, like him, all foul with guilt;
More seldom upward go. You stare upon me as
You n'er had seen me; have fifteen years
So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain,
No memory of Prospéro?

Gonz. The good old Duke of Millain!

Prosp. I wonder less, that thou Antonio know'st me not,
Because thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I never had bin here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Prosp. For you, usurping Prince, [To Alonzo.

Know, by my Art, you shipwrackt on this Isle,
Where, after a while had punish'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I design'd to match that Son
Of yours with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

Prosp. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with Murd'pers made; look on that Corps,
This, whilst he liv'd, was young Hippolito, that
Infant Duke of Mantua, Sir, whom you expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up till that blood-thirsty
Man, that Ferdinand—

But
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?
   Alonz. What do you mean?
   Prosp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my Millain.
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall dye,
And I in bitterness have sent for you
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him dye.
   Alonz. And think'ft thou I or these will tamely stand
To view the execution? 
   Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you
   T' attempt against his life who gave her being
Whom I love.
   Prosp. Nay then appear my Guards----I thought no more to
Use their aids; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)
[He stamps, and many Spirits appear.
But they are now the Ministers of Heaven;
Whilst I revenge this murder.
   Alonz. Have I for this found thee my Son, so soon again
To lose thee? Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity:
He may hear you.
   Ant. I dare not draw that blood upon myself, by
Interceding for him.
   Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you usurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.
   Alonz. Is this a time t'upbraid me with my sins, when
Grief lies heavy on me? y'are no more my friends,
But crueler than he, whose sentence has
Doom'd my Son to death.
   Ant. You did unworthily t'upbraid him.
   Gonz. And you do worse to endure his crimes.
   Ant. Gonzalo we'll meet no more as friends.
   Gonz. Agreed Antonio: and we agree in discord.
   Ferd.to Mir. Adieu my fairest Mistrefs.
   Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.

Pros. This night I will allow you, Ferdinand, to fit
You for your Death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, Prospero! hear me speak. You are a Father,
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.

Pros. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse! help Ariel with your fellows
To drive 'em in; Alonzo and his Son bestow in
Yonder Cave, and here Gonzalo shall with
Antonio lodge.    [ Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?
Pros. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne're return.
Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?
Pros. His soul has left his body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Pros. O never, never!
He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lye in earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'l come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Pros. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your Sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's precept; you would needs see men, and by
That fight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand must dye
For murdering him.

Mir. Have you no pity?

Pros. Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[They bear off the body of Hippolito.

Enter
Enter Miranda, and Dorinda again. Ariel behind'em.

Ariel. I've bin so chid for my neglect by Prospero,
That I must now watch all and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curiosity brought me to see the man.

Mir. You safely might have seen him and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him and converse, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go.

Mir. Sister I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his fortune,
And you must be satisfi'd?

Dor. I'le not be satisfi'd: My Father says he'1l make
Your man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.

Mir. In spight of you mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a man.

Mir. Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My Ferdinand, and your Hippolito.

Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest
Man I ever saw except it were my Father.

Mir. Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.

Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
'I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'e never sleep with you agen.
Dor. I'lle never more meet in a Bed with you, But lodge on the bare ground and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'leye, And echo to each blast of Wind a sigh.

[Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.

Ariel. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle, At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile; Old Prospero, by his Daughters rob'd of rest, Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest. Unkindly they abjure each others bed, To save the living, and revenge the dead.

Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made, And good Gonzalo does their crimes upbraid.

Antonio and Gonzalo disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be. The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent, Which still renew'd their thirst of Government; And, wanting subjects for the food of Pow'r, Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.

The Monsters Sycorax and Caliban More monstrous grow by passions learn'd from man. Even I not fram'd of warring Elements, Partake and suffer in these discontents.

Why shou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold In chains a spirit of ætherial mould? Accurs'd Magick we our selves have taught, And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought! [Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosp. You beg in vain; I cannot pardon him, He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.

Prosp. It will by me.

Mir.
Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Prosp. Iby deferring Justice should incense the Deity Against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, The Powers above are now In punishing, and shou’d not you resemble them?

Prosp. The Powers above may pardon or reprieve, As Sovereign Princes may dispense with Laws, Which we, as Officers, must execute. Our Acts of grace To Criminals are Treason to Heavens prerogative.

Mir. Do you condemn him for shedding blood?

Prosp. Why do you ask that question? you know I do.

Mir. Then you must be condemn’d for shedding his, And he who condemns you, must dye for shedding Yours, and that’s the way at last to leave none living.

Prosp. The Argument is weak, but I want time To let you see your errors; retire, and, if you love him, Pray for him. [He’s going.

Mir. O stay, Sir, I have yet more Arguments.

Prosp. But none of any weight.

Mir. Have you not said you are his Judge?

Prosp. ’Tis true, I am; what then?

Mir. And can you be his Executioner?

If that be so, then all men may declare their Enemies in fault; and Pow’r without the Sword Of Justice, will presume to punish what e’re It calls a crime.

Prosp. I cannot force Gonzalo or my Brother, much Less the Father to destroy the Son, it must Be then the Monster Caliban, and he’s not here, But Ariel strait shall fetch him. [Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call’st, I come, To serve thy will.

Prosp. Then Spirit fetch me here my salvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be thy self the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy airy Minister, who For thy sake, unbids, this night has flown
O’re almost all the habitable World.

Prosp. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord for my
Neglect of young Hippolito, I went to view
His body, and soon found his soul was but retir’d,
Not sally’d out, and frighted lay at skulk in
Th’ inmost corner of his scarce-beating heart.

Prosp. Is he not dead?

Ariel. Hear me my Lord! I prun’d my wings, and, fitted for
a journey, from the next Isles of our Hesperides, I gather’d Moly
first, thence shot my self to Palestine, and watch’d the trickling
Balm, which caught, I glided to the British Isles, and there the
purple Panacea found.

Prosp. All this to night?

Ariel. All this, my Lord, I did,
Nor was Hippolito’s good Angel wanting, who
Climbing up the circle of the Moon,
While I below got Simples for the Cure, went to
Each Planet which o’re-rul’d those Herbs,
And drew it’s virtue to increase their pow’r:
Long e’re this hour had I been back again,
But that a Storm took me returning back
And flag’d my tender Wings.

Prosp. Thou shalt have rest my spirit,
But haft thou search’d the wound?

Ariel. My Lord I have, and ’twas in time I did it; for
The soul stood almost at life’s door, all bare
And naked, shivering like Boys upon a Rivers
Bank, and loth to tempt the cold air, but I took
Her and stop’d her in; and pour’d into his mouth
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.

Prosp. Thou art my faithful servant.

Ariel. ’S only danger was his loss of blood, but now
He’s wak’d, my Lord, and just this hour
He must be dress’d again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc’d him with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from air till
I have time to visit him again.
It shall be done, be it your task, Miranda, because your sister is not present here, while I go visit your
Dear Ferdinand, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.
Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me life.
Prosp. My Ariel, follow me. [Exeunt severally.
[Hippolito discovered on a Couch, Dorinda by him.
Dor. How do you find yourself?
Hip. I'm somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun, I am too weak to walk?
Dor. My Love, I'll try.
[She draws the chair nearer the Audience.
I thought you never would have walk'd again,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you bin there?
Hip. I know not where I was.
Dor. I will not leave you till you promise me you
Will not dye again.
Hip. Indeed I will not.
Dor. You must not go to Heav'n unless we go together,
For I've heard my Father say that we must strive
To be each other's Guide, the way to it will else
Be difficult, especially to those who are so young;
But I much wonder what it is to dye.
Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep
When once the Soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the Soul?
Hip. A small blew thing that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning run
Smoking from my mouth.
Hip. But if my soul had gone, it should have walk'd upon
A Cloud just over you, and peep'd, and thence I would have
Call'd you.
Dor. But I should not have heard you, 'tis so far.
Hip. Why then I would have rain'd and snow'd upon you,
And thrown down Hail-stones gently till I hit you,
And made you look at least. But dear Dorinda
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him dye today,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be, my dear Dorinda; go and beg your
Father, he may not dye, it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep I heard
Him calling me a great way off; and crying over me as
You would do, besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my blood, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live, I'm glad the naughty blood, that made
You love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit Dor.

Enter Miranda at the other door, with Hippolito's
Sword wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but Dorinda can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound.

How do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and so am I, for if I had that blood, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find that if you please, I can love still a little.
Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor shou’d you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the sword.]

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me.

My wound shoots worse than ever.

[She wipes and anoints the sword.]

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there’s something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain is leaving me, sweet Heaven how I am eas’d!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I must confess my life is yours,

I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am o’rejoy’d my Father lets you live, and proud Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said he ow’d it

To her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with Hippolito?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the Cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear Dorinda with another man?

Dor. Sister, what bus’ness have you here?

Mir. You see I dress Hippolito.

Dor. Y’are very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon For a man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had Rather he should dye, than you should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish Ferdinand had dy’d before

He ow’d his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I’m glad you are so well recover’d, you

Keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,

Your new Love there, Dorinda.

Mir. Ah Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me than you take your self.

_Ferd._ And if I might have chose, I would have wish'd
That death from _Prospero_, and not this from you.

_Dor._ I, now I find why I was sent away;
That you might have my Sisters company.

_Hip._ _Dorinda_, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

_Ferd._ We all accuse each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual error.
And therefore first to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love
Your Sister.

_Mir._ O blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but _Ferdinand_.

_Dor._ Nor I, Heav'n knows, but my _Hippolito_.

_Hip._ I never knew I lov'd so much, before I fear'd
_Dorinda's_ constancy; but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can
Recompence her los'd.

_Ferd._ 'Twas happy then you had this little tryal.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

_Mir._ I have only this to say in my defence: my Father sent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

_Dor._ And _Hippolito_ sent me to beg the life of _Ferdinand_.

_Ferd._ From such small errors, left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in love:
But see, our Fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

_Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo._

_Alon._ to _Pros_: Let it no more be thought of, your purpose
Though it was severe was just. In losing _Ferdinand_
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

_Prosp._ Sir, I am glad kind Heav'n decreed it otherwise.

_Dor._ O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!

_Hip._ O brave new World that has such people in't!

_Alon.to Ferd._ Now all the blessings of a glad Father

Compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

_Gonz._ I've inward wept, or should have spoke e're this.

Look down sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.

_Ant._ Though penitence forc'd by necessity can scarce
Seem real, yet dearest Brother I have hope
My blood may plead for pardon with you, I resign
Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too I would not.

_Prosp._ All past crimes I bury in the joy of this
Blessed day.

_Alonz._ And that I may not be behind in justice, to this
Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of _Mantua_ thus salute him.

_Hip._ What is it that you render back, methinks
You give me nothing.

_Prosp._ You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o're Towns and Cities.

_Hip._ And shall these people be all Men and Women?

_Gonz._ Yes, and shall call you Lord.

_Hip._ Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison, but
Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

_Prosp._ And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my _Dorinda_ for your Wife, she shall
Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.

_Hip._ How can he make us one, shall I grow to her?

_Prosp._ By saying holy words you shall be joyn'd in marriage
To each other.

_Dor._ I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

_Prosp.to his_? My _Ariel_ told me, when last night you quarrel'd,

daughter. _You said you would for ever part your beds,
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.
For you, Miranda, must with Ferdinand,
And you, Dorinda, with Hippolito lye in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heaven make those Beds still fruitful in
Producing Children to bless their Parents
Youth, and Grandfires age.

Mir.to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

Dor. Sister it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they it seems
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'rejoy'd that I shall have Dorinda in a Bed,
We'll lye all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd.asde to him. Hippolito! you yet are ignorant of your great
Happiness, but there is somewhat which for
Your own and fair Dorinda's sake I must instruct
You in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I shall soon learn
I warrant you.


Profb. Why that's my dainty Ariel, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Master and the Saylors----
The Bofen too----my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that man could n'ere
Be drownd.

Alonz.to Trinc. Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Haft thou no mouth by land? why Star'd thou so?

Trinc. What more Dukes yet, I must resign my Dukedom,
But 'tis no matter, I was almost Star'd in't.

Muft. Here's nothing but wild Sallads without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our
gallant Ship a-gen, and were her Master, I'd willingly give all
my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ship.

Trinc.
Trinc. I shall need no hangman, for I shall e'en hang
My self, now my friend Butt has shed his
Last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like mad men.

Prosp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves, and
Now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prosp. Rarely, my diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Prosp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her command without
Her power.

Syc. O Setebos! these be brave Sprights indeed.

Prosp. to Calib. Go Sirrah to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully: I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull fool was I to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when such as these were in the world?

Prosp. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will imploy in telling you my story.

Alonz. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prosp. When the morn draws I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promise you calm Seas and happy Gales.
My Ariel, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it Master.

Sings. Where the Bee sucks there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bell, I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Swallows wing I lye
After Summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

M
syc. I'll to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.

Trinc. No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender constitution, and will be sick a Ship-board. You are partly Fish and may swim after me. I wish you a good Voyage.

Prosp. Now to this Royal Company, my servant, be visible, And entertain them with a Dance before they part.

Ariel. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love, Who twice seven years hath waited for my Freedom, It shall appear and foot it sweetly with me.

Milcha, my Love, thy Ariel calls thee. [Enter Milcha.

Milcha. Here!

[They dance a Saraband.

Prosp. Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be A place of Refuge as it was to me; The Promises of blooming Spring live here, And all the Blessings of the rip'ning year; On my retreat let Heaven and Nature smile, And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE
Epilogue.

Gallants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty Seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a general rot,
The Rhyming Mounsieur and the Spanish Plot:
Defie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors where soe're we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.

For this poor wretch he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.

He sends me only like a Sb'riff's man here
To let you know the Malefactor's neer;
And that he means to dye, en Cavalier.

For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

FINIS.
Epilogue

[Text continues on the page, likely to be in a Latin manuscript format, typical of medieval or early modern literature.]