THE TEMPEST,
OR THE
Enchanted Island.
A COMEDY.

PREFACE TO THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

The writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, which 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 satisfie 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 Landskipps 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 any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me 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 it self 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 sound 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 pleas’d 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 writ any thing with more 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 neerly 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 extremely 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 my self 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, as true 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 satisfi’d 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 Davenant.

Decemb. 1.

1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

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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 Shakespear’s honour’d dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
He, Monarch-like, gave those his subjects 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 Shakespear’s Pen.
The Storm which vanish’d on the Neighb’ring shore,
Was taught by Shakespear’s Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear’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 Shakespear’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 Shakespear we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
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 farther led,
To find her Woman, it must be abed.
Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo Duke of Savoy, and Usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua.
Ferdinand his Son.
Prospero tight Duke of Millain.
Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo a Noble man 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 (Daughter to Prospero) that never saw man.
Dorinda (Daughter to Prospero) that never saw man.
Ariel an airy Spirit, attendant on Prospero.
Several Spirits Guards to Prospero.
Caliban Monster of the Isle.
Sycorax his Sister Monster of the Isle.

ACT I.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

VENTOSO
What a Sea comes in?

MUSTACHO
A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather.  [Enter Trincalo.

TRINCALO
The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.  Enter Stephano.

STEPHANO
Bosen!

TRINCALO
Here, Master what cheer?
Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

**Gonzalo**
Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

**Trincalo**
None that I love more than my self: 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.

**Gonzalo**
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.

[Exit.

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

**Trincalo**
Up aloft Lads. Come, reef both Top-sails.

**Stephano**
Let’s weigh, Let’s weigh, and off to Sea.

[Ex. Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over the Stage.

**Trincalo**
Hands down! man your main-Capstorm.

**Stephano**
Cut off the Hamocks! cut off the Hamocks, come my Lads: Come Bullys, chear up! heave lustily.

The Anchor’s a peek.

**Trincalo**
Is the Anchor a peek?

**Stephano**
[50] Is a weigh? Is a weigh!

**Trincalo**
Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Castle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

**All Within**

**Stephano**
Aft, Aft! and loose the Misen!

**Trincalo**
Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul Aft Misen-sheat!
Enter Mustacho.

**Mustacho**

Loose the main Top-sail!

**Stephano**

Furle him again, there's too much Wind.

**Trincalo**

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

**Mustacho**

A Mackrel-Gale, Master.

**Stephano 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 Ventoso.

**Ventoso**

Some hands down: the Guns are loose. [Ex. Must.

**Trincalo**

Try the Pump, try the Pump! [Exit Ventoso.

Enter Mustacho at the other door.

**Mustacho**

O Master! six foot Water in Hold.

**Stephano**

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

**Trincalo**

Over-haul your fore-boling.

**Stephano**

Brace in the Lar-board. [Exit.

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**Trincalo**

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? [75] ha' you a mind to sink?

**Gonzalo**

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

**Trincalo**

Work you then.

**Antonio**

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

**Trincalo**

Brace off the Fore-yard. [Exit.

**Gonzalo**

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.

**Ferdinand**

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 shouldest—O Heaven! [A cry within. Heark, farewell my Son! a long farewell!

**Ferdinand**

Some lucky Plank, when we are lost by shipwrack, waft hither, and submit it self beneath you. Your blessing, and I dye contented. [Embrace and Exeunt. Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.
TRINCALO
What must our mouths be cold then?

VENTOSO
All’s lost. To prayers, to prayers.

GONZALO
The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers.
Let’s assist them.

MUSTACHO
Nay, we may e’ne pray too; our case is now alike.

ANTONIO
We are meerly cheated of our lives by Drunkards.
[100] This wide chopt Rascal: would thou might’st lye drowning
The long washing of ten Tides.

[Exeunt Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

GONZALO
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.

[Exeunt.

A confused noise within.

GONZALO
Let’s all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince.

[Exeunt.

ANTONIO
Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

GONZALO
[125] 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.

MIRANDA
I ne’re indeavour’d to know more than you were pleas’d to tell me.

PROSPERO
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.

**Miranda**
ou often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.

**Prospero**
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.

**Miranda**
Certainly I can, Sir.

**Prospero**
Tell me the image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

**Miranda**
Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

**Prospero**
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: what see’st thou else in the dark backward, and abyss of Time? [150]If thou remembrest ought e’re thou cam’st here, then, how thou cam’st thou may’st emember too.

**Miranda**
Sir, that I do not.

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

**Miranda**
Sir, are not you my Father?

**Prospero**
Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

**Miranda**
O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came, or was’t a blessing that we did?

**Prospero**
Both, both, my Girl.

**Miranda**
How my heart bleeds to think what you have suffer’d. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

**Prospero**
y 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?)

**Miranda**
Sir, most heedfully.

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

**Miranda**
O good Sir, I do.

**Prospero**
I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak’d in my false Brother an evil Nature: [175]He did believe He was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward face of Soveraignty. Do’st thou still mark me?

**Miranda**
Your story would cure deafness.

**Prospero**
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 hewas for Sway) with Savoy’s Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him homage.
**MIRANDA**
False man!

**PROSPERO**
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 me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

**MIRANDA**
But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

**PROSPERO**
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 Nissa’s Port: bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar’d a rotten Carkass of a Boat, not rigg’d, no Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats instinctively had quit it: they hoisted us, to cry to Seas which roar’d to us; to sigh to Winds, whose pity sighing back again, did seem to do us loving wrong.

**MIRANDA**
Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

**PROSPERO**
[200]Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infus’d with fortitude from Heaven.

**MIRANDA**
How came we ashore?

**PROSPERO**
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.

**MIRANDA**
Would I might see that man.

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**PROSPERO**
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.

**PROSPERO**
Hast thou, Spirit, perform’d to point the Tempest that [225] I bad thee?

**ARIEL**
To every Article. I boarded the Duke’s Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam’d amazement, and sometimes I seem’d to burn in many places on the Top-Mast, the Yards and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly.

**PROSPERO**
May brave Spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

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

**PROSPERO**
Why that’s my Spirit; But was not this nigh Shore?

**ARIEL**
Close by my Master.

**PROSPERO**
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 odde angle of the Isle, and sitting, his arms he folded in this sad knot.

PROSPERO
Say how thou hast dispos’d the Mariners of the Duke’s [250]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 disperst) 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.

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

ARIEL
Past the mid-season.

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
How now, Moodie?

What is’t thou canst demand?

ARIEL
My liberty.

PROSPERO
[275] Before the time be out? no more.

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

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

ARIEL
No.

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
Thou ly’st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot the foul Witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL
No Sir!

PROSPERO
Thou hast; where was she born? speak, tell me.
ARIEL
Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
This blew-ey’d Hag was hither brought with child, And here was left by th’ Saylors, thou, my slave, As thou report’st thy self, wast then her servant, And ’cause thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhor’d commands; Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee, By help of her more potent Ministers, (In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine, Within whose rist 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 Sister, Two freckel’d-hag-born Whelps) not honour’d with A humane shape.

ARIEL
Yes! Caliban her Son, and Sycorax his Sister.

PROSPERO
Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban, and she that Sycorax, whom I now keep in service. Thou best knowst 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’r [325] 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.

PROSPERO
If thou more murmurest, 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.

PROSPERO
Do so, and after two days I’le discharge thee.

ARIEL
That’s my noble Master.

PROSPERO
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible to Every eye-ball else: hence with diligence. My daughter wakes. A non thou shalt know more. [Ex. Ariel.

MIRANDA
The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.

PROSPERO
Shake it off; come on, I’le now call Caliban, my slave, Who never yields us a kind answer.

MIRANDA
’Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO
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.

CALIBAN, WITHIN
There’s Wood enough within.
PROSPERO
Come forth, I say, there’s other business for thee.

[Enter Ariel.]

FRINE apparition, my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thy ear.

ARIEL
My Lord it shall be done.

[Exit.]

PROSPERO
Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

[Enter Caliban.]

CALIBAN
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’er.

PROSPERO
For this besure, 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.

CALIBAN
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’[375] Island.

PROSPERO
hou 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.

CALIBAN
Oh ho, Oh ho, would t’had been done: thou did’st prevent me, I had peopl’d else this Isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO
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 would’st gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endow’d thy purposes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou did’st learn) had that in’t, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

CALIBAN
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.

PROSPERO
Hag-seed hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To answer other business: shrugst thou (malice)
If thou neglectest or dost unwillingly what I command,
I’le wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble [400] At thy Din.

CALIBAN
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.

PROSPERO
So Slave, hence.

[Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.

Enter Dorinda.

DORINDA
Oh Sister! what have I beheld?

MIRANDA
hat is it moves you so?

DORINDA
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.

**Miranda**
O you mean the Ship.

**Dorinda**
Is’t not a Creature then? it seem’d alive.

**Miranda**
But what of it?

**Dorinda**
This floating Ram did bear his Horns above;
All ty’d with Ribbands, russling 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 curtsy’d down so low,
I could not see him: till, at last, all side long
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.

**Miranda**
[425] 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.

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

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

**Dorinda**
What, that he should eat us Sister?

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

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

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

**Dorinda**
But pray how does it come that we two are not Brothers then, and have not
Beards like him?

**Miranda**
Now I confess you pose me.

**Dorinda**
How did he come to be our Father too?

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

**Dorinda**
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.

**Miranda**
[450] Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father’s Charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open Air:
Th’ effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

**Dorinda**
And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.
ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, Attendants.

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

ALONZO
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?

ANTONIO
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.

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

ANTONIO
How could we help it?

ALONZO
Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou betrayedst thy Brother Prospero, and Mantua’s Infant, Sovereign to my power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force another’s right; then lost we Ferdinand, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

ANTONIO
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;
[25] I did usurp my Brother’s fertile lands, and now
Am cast upon this desert Isle.

GONZALO
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.

ALONZO
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 sell by weight a good deed for a bad?

[Musick within.

GONZALO
Musick! and in the air! sure we are shipwrackt on the Dominions of some merry Devil.

ANTONIO
This Isle’s enchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my Ear, and groans
Of lamenting Ghosts.

ALONZO
I pull’d a Tree, and Blood pursu’d my hand; O Heaven! deliver me from this dire dare place, and all the after actions of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty.

[A Dialogue within sung in parts.

1 D.
Where does proud Ambition dwell?

2.
In the lowest Rooms of Hell.

1.
[50] 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.

**CHORUS**
Kings who did Crowns, &c.

**ANTONIO**
Do you hear, Sir, how they lay our Crimes before us?

**GONZALO**
Do evil Spirits imitate the good,
In shewing men their sins?

**ALONZO**
But in a different way,
Those warn from doing, these unbraird 'em done.

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

1. What lyes beneath her feet?
2. Her footsteps tred,
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 unequitt keep,
And we in visions lord it o're their sleep.

**CHORUS**
Oh no! uneasily their Crowns, &c.

**ALONZO**
See where they come in horrid shapes!

Enter the two that sung, in the shape of Devils,

---

The Tempest

placing themselves at two corners of the Stage.

**ANTONIO**
[75] Sure Hell is open'd to devour us quick.

**1ST DEVIL**
Say Brother, shall we bear these mortals hence?

**2ND DEVIL**
First let us shew the shapes of their offence.

**1ST DEVIL**
We'll muster then their crimes on either side:
Appear! appear! their first begotten, Pride.

[Enter Pride.

**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.

**RAPINE**
From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

[Enter Murther.

**MURDER**
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 Duke, &c. Singing.

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

[All the spirits vanish.

[Dance.
ANTONIO
Heav’n has heard me! they are vanish’d.

ALONZO
But they have left me all unman’d;
I feel my sinews slacken’d with the fright,
And a cold sweat trills down o’re all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into Water.
O Prospero! my crimes ’gainst thee sit heavy on my heart.

ANTONIO
And mine, ’gainst him and young Hippolito.

GONZALO
Heav’n have mercy on the penitent!

ALONZO
Lead from this cursed ground;
The Seas, in all their rage, are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of despair and death.

GONZALO
Shall we not seek some food?

ALONZO
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 featly here and there, and sweet sprights bear
the Burthen.

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.

FERDINAND
Where should this Musick be? i’th’ Air, orth’ 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.

Ferdinand
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.

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

MUSTACHO
This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it.
And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.
VENTOSO
'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
I prethee fill a soop, and let it go round.
[150] Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

MUSTACHO
I'th' hollow of an old Tree.

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

MUSTACHO
This is prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

VENTOSO
Master, what have you sav'd?

STEPHANO
Just nothing but my self.

VENTOSO
This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

STEPHANO
Fill's another round.

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

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

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

VENTOSO
Beshrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife,
I had not thought of mine else, Nature will shew it self,
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.

STEPHANO
ould you were both hang’d for putting in thought of [175] mine. But well, If I return not in seven years to my own Country, she may marry agen: and 'tis from this Island thither at least seven years swimming.

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

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

VENTOSO
But Master, sorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

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

MUSTACHO
Poor heart! that would soon make you dry agen: 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 soop to comfort us.

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

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

VENTOSO
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.

**Stephano**

Whoever eats any of my subjects, I'll break out his [200] Teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you Mustacho have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

**Ventoso**

When you are Duke you may chuse 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 soop.

**Stephano Whispering**

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

**Ventoso**

I've 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 my self.

**Mustacho**

*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.

**Ventoso**

You speak for the people, *Mustacho?* 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.

**Mustacho**

You declare for the people, who never saw your face! *Cold Iron* shall decide it.

**Stephano**

Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil war during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys [225] over the whole Island.

**Both**

Agreed! agreed!

---

*Enter Trincalo with a great bottle, half drunk.*

**Ventoso**

How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

**Mustacho**

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

**Trincalo Sings.**

I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I shall dye ashore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral,
But here's my comfort.

*Drinks.*

Sings.

The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Lov'd *Mall, Meg, 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 savour 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.*

**Stephano**

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

**Trincalo**

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.

**Mustacho**

Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

**Trincalo**

Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Saylors Threw overboard: but are you alive, hoa! for I will [250] Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand *Mustacho,* And thine *Ventoso;* the storm has done its worst:
Dryden and Davenant

The Tempest

Stephano alive too! give thy Bosen thy hand, Master.

**Vento**
You must kiss it then, for, I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke in a full Assembly.

**Trincalo**
A Duke! where? what’s he Duke of?

**Mustacho**
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.

**Trincalo**
You great? what the Devil are you?

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

**Trincalo**
Do you hear, Vento, I will succeed you in both your places before you enter into ‘em.

**Stephano**
Trincalo, sleep and be sober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

**Trincalo**
Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

**Stephano**
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.

**Trincalo**
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.

**Mustacho**
Art thou mad Trincalo, wilt thou disturb a settled Government?

**Trincalo**
I say this Island shall be under Trincalo, or it shall be a Commonwealth; and so my Bottle is my Buckler, and so I draw my Sword. [Draws]

**Vento**
Ah Trincalo, I thought thou hadst had more grace, Than to rebel against thy old Master, And thy two lawful Vice-Rois.

**Mustacho**
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.

**Trincalo**
I’ll have no Laws.

**Vento**
Then Civil-War begins. [Vent. Must. draw]

**Stephano**
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-Rois, come away.

**Trincalo**
And Duke Trincalo declares, that he will make open war wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Rois. [Ex. Steph. Must. Vent.]

Enter Caliban with wood upon his back.

**Trincalo**
Hah! who have we here?

**Caliban**
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’l 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.

TRINCALO
What have we here, a man, or a fish?
This is some Monster of the Isle, 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 Emperor.
Come hither pretty Monster, I’le do thee no harm.
Come hither!

CALIBAN
Torment me not;
I’le bring thee Wood home faster.

TRINCALO
He talks none of the wisest, but I’le 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.]

CALIBAN
This is a brave God, and bears coelestial Liquor,
I’le kneel to him.

TRINCALO
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.

CALIBAN
I’le swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly:
did’st thou not drop from Heaven?

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

CALIBAN
I’le shew thee every fertile inch i’th’ Isle, and kiss thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [Drinks agen.]

TRINCALO
Well drawn, Monster, in good faith.

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

TRINCALO
The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

CALIBAN
Divine, here is but one besides my self;
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the full Moon.

TRINCALO
Where is she?

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

TRINCALO
She shall swear upon the Bottle too.
[350] 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.]

**CALIBAN SINGS.**
Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.
No more Dams I’le make for Fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,
Ban, Ban, *Cackaliban*
Has a new Master, get a new man.
Heigh-day, Freedom, freedom!

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

Enter Prospero alone.

**PROSPERO**
’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 bequeath’d him to my care,
Till my false Brother (when he design’d t’usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos’d him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
[375]I saw death threat’ning him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger’s nigh: *Hippolito*! [Enter Hippolito.]

**HIPPOLITO**
Sir, I attend your pleasure.

**PROSPERO**
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.

**HIPPOLITO**
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.

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

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

**PROSPERO**
’Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

**HIPPOLITO**
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?

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

**HIPPOLITO**
What are those Creatures, Sir?

**PROSPERO**
Those dangerous enemies of men call’d women.

**HIPPOLITO**
[400]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?

**PROSPERO**
No courage can resist ’em.
HIPPOLITO
How then have you, Sir,
Liv’d so long unharm’d among them?

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

HIPPOLITO
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?

PROSPERO
Imagine something between young men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all enchantment, those who once behold ’em,
Are made their slaves for ever.

HIPPOLITO
Then I will wink and fight with ’em.

PROSPERO
’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’l haunt you in your very sleep.

HIPPOLITO
Then I’le revenge it on ’em when I wake.

PROSPERO
You are without all possibility of revenge,
[425]They are so beautiful that you can ne’re attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

HIPPOLITO
Are they so beautiful?

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

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

PROSPERO
All these are far below ’em. Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see ’em,
Avoid ’em streight, I charge you.

HIPPOLITO
Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I’le 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.

PROSPERO
Go in and read the Book I gave you last.
Tomorrow I may bring you better news.

HIPPOLITO
shall obey you, Sir. [Exit Hippolito.

PROSPERO
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,
[450]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 hither 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?
MIRANDA
It is within our bounds, Sir.

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

DORINDA
Is the man that way, Sir?

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

MIRANDA
Oh me, why stay we here then?

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

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

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

DORINDA
Do they run wild about the Woods?

PROSPERO
[475] No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
And in Closets.

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

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

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

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

DORINDA
Come back, that way is towards his Den.

MIRANDA
Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.

DORINDA
How dare you venture?

MIRANDA
We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form,
And he shall not see us.

DORINDA
I, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

MIRANDA
But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each
Others Counsel.

DORINDA
I dare not for the world.

MIRANDA
But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?
DORINDA
[500] Nay I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

MIRANDA
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.

DORINDA
Well, if he does catch me, I'le humble my self to him, And ask him pardon, as I do my Father, When I have done a fault.

MIRANDA
And if I can but scape with life, I had rather be in pain nine Months, as my Father threatn'd, than lose my longing.

HIPPOLITO
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'le ask that Question, when next I see him here.

DORINDA
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.

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

DORINDA
You chide me for't, and wou'd give yourself.

MIRANDA
Come back, or I will tell my Father. Observe how he begins to stare already. I'le meet the danger first, and then call you.

DORINDA
Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness. I'le venture you, no more than you will me.

PROSPERO WITHIN
MIRANDA
Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

DORINDA
'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my Prayers, And follow you immediately.
MIRANDA
Well, Sister, you’ll repent it. [Exit Miranda.

DORINDA
Though I dye for’t, I must have th’other peep.

HIPPOLITO SEEING HER
What thing is that? sure ’tis some Infant of the Sun, dress’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?
[550]Thou shining Vision!

DORINDA
Alas I know not; but I’m told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

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

DORINDA
I never knew what ’twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e’re 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?

HIPPOLITO
I must confess, I was inform’d I am a man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

DORINDA
y me! Heav’n grant we be not poyson to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

HIPPOLITO
I hope not so! for when two poysous Creatures,
Both of the same 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 Poysous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [Takes her hand.

DORINDA
I’ve touch’d my Father’s and my Sister’s hands
[575]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.

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

PROSPERO WITHIN
Dorinda!

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

HIPPOLITO
Alas, I’m subject to the same command.

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

HIPPOLITO
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 III.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Sir, when you call’d me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

PROSPERO

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?

MIRANDA

I must confess I saw him at a distance.

PROSPERO

Did not his Eyes infect and poison you? What alteration found you in yourself?

MIRANDA

I only wondred at a sight so new.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine that it appear’d more fit to be belov’d than fear’d, and seem’d so near my kind, that I did think I might have call’d it Sister.

PROSPERO

You do not love it?

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Cherish those thoughts: you have a gen’rous 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.

[25]That Creature which you saw, is of a kind which
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

MIRANDA

Why did you then propose him as an object of terrour 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.

PROSPERO

I fear’d the pleasing form of this young man
Might unawares possess your tender breast,
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.

MIRANDA

Heav’n still preserve you, Sir. [Ex. Miranda.

PROSPERO

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.

PROSPERO

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

DORINDA

Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.
**PROSPERO**
Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

**DORINDA**
Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I, [50] But that I would not let her.

**PROSPERO**
Why so?

**DORINDA**
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.

**PROSPERO**
Hah! was he to blame? Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you, how you
became so bold to see the man?

**DORINDA**
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’er come neer a man again—

**PROSPERO**
I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn’d.

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

**PROSPERO**
But he may do you more harm hereafter.

**DORINDA**
No, Sir, I’m as well as e’er 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.

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

**DORINDA**
Nay pray, Sir, say not so, I promis’d him
To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,
You charg’d me I should never break my promise.

[75] Wou’d you see him who did you so much mischief?

**DORINDA**
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.

**PROSPERO**
Those sighs were poysonous, they infected you:
You say they griev’d you to the heart.

**DORINDA**
’Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

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

**DORINDA**
O fear not him, Sir,
I know he will not hurt you for my sake;
I’le undertake to tye him to a hair,
And lead him hither as my Pris’ner to you.

**PROSPERO**
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.

**DORINDA**
He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.
PROSPERO
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?

DORINDA
[100] How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I should be angry.

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

DORINDA
't first it star'd upon me and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely, that when
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 grijpe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he Would have swallow'd it.

PROSPERO
Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

DORINDA
He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I knew not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat so strong as I lackt breath
To answer what he ask'd.

PROSPERO
You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it.

DORINDA
Then send me to that creature to be punisht.

PROSPERO
Poor Child! thy passion like a lazy Ague
Has seiz'd thy blood, instead of striving thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing disease: thou fight'st

The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

DORINDA
[125] 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
Just stragg'l'd from the Nest: pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

PROSPERO
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.

DORINDA
This is hard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARIEL
Thanks my great Lord.

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
Dost thou think so, Spirit?

ARIEL
Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

PROSPERO
And mine shall:
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and shall not I (a man like them, one
[175] 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 bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort ’em.

ARIEL
Presently, Master.

PROSPERO
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?

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
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:
[200] But see they keep within the bounds I set ’em.
ARIEL
I’le keep ’em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

PROSPERO
Make hast then. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

GONZALO
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. [They sit.

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.

ANTONIO
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
Which you resolv’d t’effect.

ALONZO
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!

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

GONZALO
’Tis chearful Musick, this, unlike the first;
[225]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.

ALONZO
This voice speaks comfort to us.

ANTONIO
Wou’d ’twere come; there is no Musick in a Song
To me, my stomach being empty.

GONZALO
O for a heavenly Vision of Boyl’d,
Bak’d, and Roasted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-Copia in their hands.

ALONZO
Are these plump shapes sent to deride our hunger?

GONZALO
No, no: it is a Masque of fatten’d Devils, the
Burgo-Masters of the lower Region. [Dance and vanish.
O for a Collop of that large-haunch’d Devil
Who went out last!

ANTONIO 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.

ALONZO
’Tis so indeed, but who dares tast this feast,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps, to poyson us?
GONZALO
[250] Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so ill-natur’d, he may do his pleasure.

ANTONIO
’Tis certain we must either eat or famish, I will encounter it, and feed.

ALONZO
If both resolve, I will adventure too.

GONZALO
Then good my Lord, make haste, And say no Grace before it, I beseech you, Because the meat will vanish strait, if, as I fear, An evil Spirit be our Cook. [Exeunt.

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

TRINCALO
Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace. But where’s thy Sister, is she so brave a Lass?

CALIBAN
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. [Enter Sycorax.

TRINCALO
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. [Sycorax points to his Bosens Whistle, and his Bottle.

TRINCALO
My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fuss, thou dost not know it.
TRINCALO
My Brother Monster is a rare Pimp.

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

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

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

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

SYCORAX
I'le shew thee how: thou shalt get me twenty Sycoraxes; [300] and I'le get thee twenty Calibans.

TRINCALO
Nay, if they are got, she must do’t all her self, that’s certain.

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

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

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

SYCORAX
My Brother’s God, I love thee; prithee let me come to thee.

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

CALIBAN
Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

TRINCALO
Umph! that’s another question: for if she be thus flipant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine? [Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.

ARIEL
There’s Water for your Wine. [Exit Ariel.

TRINCALO
Well! since it must be so. [Gives her the Bottle. How do you like it now, my Queen that Must be?

SYCORAX
Is this your heavenly liquor? I’le bring you to a River of the same.

TRINCALO
Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? what a mighty Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk Trincalo.

SYCORAX
This is the drink of Frogs. [325] This is the drink of Frogs.

TRINCALO
Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merryest Frogs in Christendom.

CALIBAN
She does not know the virtue of this liquor: I prithee let me drink for her.

TRINCALO
Well said, Subject Monster. [Caliban drinks.

CALIBAN
My Lord, this is meer water.

TRINCALO
’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’le 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.
**Caliban**
How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

**Trincalo**
I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquorish Monster.

**Caliban**
O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of Prospero’s spirits.

**Trincalo**
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 sakes.

**Sycorax**
Will not thy mightiness revenge our wrongs, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art valiant.

**Trincalo**
In my Sack, Madam Monster, as any flesh alive.

**Sycorax**
hen I will cleave to thee.

**Trincalo**
[350] Lovingly said, in troth: now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like virtue of hers, has overcome me.

**Sycorax**
Shall I have thee in my arms?

**Trincalo**
Thou shalt have Duke Trincalo in thy arms: But prithee be not too boisterous 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.

**Stephano**
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.

**Trincalo**
Plain Trincalo, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth, I’le not accept of your Embassy without my title.

**Stephano**
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 Mustacho bow whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.**

**Mustacho**
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 [375]To Govern here, as being elected only by Your own voice.

**Trincalo**
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.

**Mustacho**
Who, that Monster? he a Hector?

**Caliban**
Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

**Ventoso**
Lord! quoth he: the Monster’s a very natural.

**Sycorax**
Lo! lo! agen; bite him to death I prithee.
Dryden and Davenant

**TRINCALO**
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.

**MUSTACHO**
First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer’d.

**VENTOSO**
But second and foremost, we demand of you,
That if we make a peace, the Butt also may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

**MUSTACHO**
Is the Butt safe, Duke Trincalo?

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

**CALIBAN**
Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink [400]Brine, for I will not
show ’em the quick freshes of the Island.

**STEPHANO**
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.

**TRINCALO**
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.

**VENTOSO**
Trinaco you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

**TRINCALO**
Subject Monster! stand your Sentry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will
enter and feast our selves within.

**SYCORAX**
May I not marry that other King and his two subjects, to help you anights?

**TRINCALO**
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.)

**FERDINAND**
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**
ere I am.

**FERDINAND**
[425]Hah! art thou so? the Spirit’s turn’d an Echco:
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of my
Griefs 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.

**FERDINAND**
This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I’le not take his counsel.

**ARIEL**
Take his counsel.
FERDINAND

It may be the Devil's counsel. I'll never take it.

ARIEL

Take it.

FERDINAND

I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.

ARIEL

One step further.

FERDINAND

This must have more importance than an Eccho.
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.

Go thy way.

ARIEL

Go thy way.

FERDINAND

Why should'st thou stay?

ARIEL

Why should'st thou stay?

FERDINAND

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.

FERDINAND

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.

FERDINAND

I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on Musician.  

Exeunt and return.

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA


PROSPERO

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.

MIRANDA

I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I [475] ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

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.
**Miranda**
I am, like you, a mortal, if such you are.

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

**Prospero**
How, the best? what wert thou if the Duke of Savoy heard thee?

**Ferdinand**
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 wrack't.

**Miranda**
Alack! for pity.

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

**Miranda**
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.

**Ferdinand**
O! if a Virgin! and your affection not gone forth, [500] I'le make you Mistress of Savoy.

**Prospero**
Soft, Sir! one word more. They are in each others powers, but this swift Bus'ness I must uneasie make, lest too light Winning make the prize light—one word more. Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast Put thy self upon this Island as a spy to get the Government from me, the Lord of it.

**Ferdinand**
No, as I'm a man.

**Miranda**
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.

**Prospero**
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, wither'd Roots, And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

**Ferdinand**
No, I will resist such entertainment Till my Enemy has more power. [He draws, and is charm'd from moving.

**Miranda**
O dear Father! make not too rash a tryal Of him, for he's gentle and not fearful.

**Prospero**
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 [525] This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

**Miranda**
'Beseech you Father.

**Prospero**
Hence: hang not on my Garment.

**Miranda**
Sir, have pity. I'le be his Surety.

**Prospero**
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.

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

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

FERDINAND
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 subdu’d, 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.

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

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

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

ARIEL
To a Syllable.

PROSPERO TO MIRANDA
Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I’le separate you.
[Exit Miranda.

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

PROSPERO
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.

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

PROSPERO
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.

HIPPOLITO ENTRING
’Tis Prospero’s voice.

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

HIPPOLITO
But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm’d;
I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

PROSPERO
You think you have receiv’d no hurt.

HIPPOLITO
No, none Sir.
Try me agen, when e’re you please I’m ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of ’em.
**PROSPERO**
How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [Aside.]
Well! what was the success of your encounter?

**HIPPOLITO**
Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercy, and she me.

**PROSPERO**
But are you not much chang’d from what you were?

**HIPPOLITO**
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.

**PROSPERO**
What wou’d you do to make that Woman yours?

**HIPPOLITO**
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.

**PROSPERO**
You’d soon be weary of her.

**HIPPOLITO**
O, Sir, never.

**PROSPERO**
But you’ll grow old and wrinckl’d, as you see me now,
And then you will not care for her.

**HIPPOLITO**
You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never [600] possibly grow old.

**PROSPERO**
You must, Hippolito.

**HIPPOLITO**
Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?

**PROSPERO**
Nature, which made me so.

**HIPPOLITO**
But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.

**PROSPERO**
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.

**HIPPOLITO**
It is my duty, Sir. [Exit Hippolito.

**PROSPERO**
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.

**FERDINAND**
[625]Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed ’twas sad to lose a Father so.
Hippolito
I, and an only Father too, for sure you said
You had but one.

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

Hippolito
Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?

Ferdinand
Such we are born to.
But gentle youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hippolito
Do not you know?

Ferdinand
How should I?

Hippolito
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.

Ferdinand
Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:
But I would know of whence?

Hippolito
Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:
But I would know of whence?

Ferdinand
I take no rest.

Hippolito
Just, just my disease.
Do you not wish you do not know for what?

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

Hippolito
There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferdinand
I can have no felicity without her.

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

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

Hippolito
How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her.

**Ferdinand**
But perhaps, we do not love the same:
All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

**Hippolito**
Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?

**Ferdinand**
[675] That's a strange question. There are many more besides that beauty
which you love.

**Hippolito**
I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

**Ferdinand**
But noble youth, you know not what you say.

**Hippolito**
Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoice! more women!

**Ferdinand**
Sir, if you love you must be ty’d to one.

**Hippolito**
Ty’d! how ty’d to her?

**Ferdinand**
To love none but her.

**Hippolito**
But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.
I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,
For I must have her.

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

Perhaps, sweet youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.

**Hippolito**
I find already I love, because she is another Woman.

**Ferdinand**
You cannot love two women, both at once.

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

**Ferdinand**
Pretty youth, you cannot.

**Hippolito**
I can do any thing for that I love.

**Ferdinand**
[700] I may, perhaps, by force restrain you from it.

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

**Ferdinand**
I cannot help it, I must love.

**Hippolito**
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.

**Ferdinand**
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.
HIPPOLITO
Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

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

HIPPOLITO
This Stranger does insult and comes into my
World to take those heavenly beauties from me,
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 frightened me from woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design’d. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Prospero, and Miranda.

PROSPERO
Your 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.

MIRANDA
You shall be obey’d in all things.

PROSPERO
Be earnest to unite their very souls.

MIRANDA
I shall endeavour it.

PROSPERO
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.

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

MIRANDA
Sir! my Lord? where are you?

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

MIRANDA
Speak softly, it is I.

FERDINAND
O heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle, than your Father’s cruel, how
on a sudden all my griefs are vanish’d!

MIRANDA
I come to help you to support your griefs.

FERDINAND
[25]While I stand gazing thus, and thus have leave to touch your hand, I do
not envy freedom.

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

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

MIRANDA
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.
**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

How do you bear your Prison?

**FERDINAND**

'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.

**MIRANDA**

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.

**FERDINAND**

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—

**MIRANDA**

Oh hold, you shall not swear;
[50] For Heav’n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

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.

**MIRANDA**

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.

**FERDINAND**

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.

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

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.

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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 equall’d: 'Tis a youth,
a Stranger too as you are.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he’s wholly
unacquainted with the world, and wants [75]your conversation. You should
have compassion on so meer a stranger.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

I only ask this easie tryal of you.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

I cannot understand you; and methinks am loth
To be more knowing.

**FERDINAND**

He has his freedom, and may get access, when my
Dryden and Davenant

Confinement makes me want that blessing.
I his compassion need, and not he mine.

**MIRANDA**
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.

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

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

**FERDINAND**
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.

**MIRANDA**
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.

**FERDINAND**
O poysen to my hopes!
[Aside.]
When he did visit me, and I did mention this
eauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

**MIRANDA**
Alas, what mean you?

**FERDINAND**
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.

**MIRANDA**
I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me—
Heark! 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.

**FERDINAND**
Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: oh jealousie!
Oh Love! how you distract me?

**MIRANDA**
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.

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

**MIRANDA**
[125] Yes.

**PROSPERO**
And he spake to you?

**MIRANDA**
He spoke; but he receiv’d short answers from me.

**PROSPERO**
How like you his converse?

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

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

**Miranda**
I think he seems displeas’d.

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

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

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

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

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

**Miranda**
[150]Truly, Sir, the man has faults enough; but in my conscience that’s none of ’em. He can be no dissembler.

**Prospero 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.

**Miranda**
’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.

**Prospero**
I’le think on’t.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

**Miranda 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.

**Prospero**
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.

**Hippolito**
But why are you so sad?

**Dorinda**
But why are you so joyful?

**Hippolito**
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.

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

**Hippolito**
Pray believe me;
As I’m a man, I’le tell you blessed news.
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.

**Dorinda**
Is this your news? you see it moves not me.

**Hippolito**
And I’le have ’em all.
DORINDA
What will become of me then?

HIPPOLITO
I‘le have you too.
But are not you acquainted with these Women?

DORINDA
I never saw but one.

HIPPOLITO
s there but one here?
This is a base poor world, I‘le go to th‘ other;
I‘ve heard men have abundance of ‘em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?

DORINDA
Who, my Sister?

HIPPOLITO
Is she your Sister? I‘m glad o‘that: you shall help me to her, and I‘le love you for‘t.
[Offers to take her hand.

DORINDA
Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father‘s counsel which enjoyn‘d reservedness,
Was not in vain I see.

HIPPOLITO
What makes you shun me?

DORINDA
You need not care, you‘ll have my Sisters hand.

HIPPOLITO
Why, must not he who touches hers touch yours?

DORINDA
You mean to love her too.

HIPPOLITO
[200] Do not you love her?
Then why should not I do so?

DORINDA
She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:
But you cannot love both of us.

HIPPOLITO
I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Sisters!

DORINDA
ou may love her, but then I‘le not love you.

HIPPOLITO
O but you must;
One is enough for you, but not for me.

DORINDA
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.

HIPPOLITO
If she like him, she may like both of us.

DORINDA
But how if I should change and like that man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?

HIPPOLITO
No, for you lik‘d me first.

DORINDA
So you did me.

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

DORINDA
I‘le see neither of you.
HIPPOLITO
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.

DORINDA
[225]I will see him,
Except you'l promise not to see my Sister.

HIPPOLITO
Yes for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

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

HIPPOLITO
I heard that she was fair, and like you.

DORINDA
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.

HIPPOLITO LOOKING IN
Yonder he comes with glaring eyes, fly! fly! before he sees you.

DORINDA
Must we part so soon?

HIPPOLITO
Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

DORINDA
I would not willingly be lost, for fear you
Should not find me. I'le avoid him.  

[Exit Dorinda.

HIPPOLITO
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.  

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

HIPPOLITO
How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

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

HIPPOLITO
[250]Then I must have her.

FERDINAND
No, not till I am dead.

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

FERDINAND
Time and my grief may make me dye.

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

FERDINAND
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'l cause my death.

HIPPOLITO
Besure I'le do't then.

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

FERDINAND
That’s but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and one for you.

HIPPOLITO
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.

FERDINAND
[275] Then do not see her.

HIPPOLITO
Yes, Sir, I must see her.
For I wou’d fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

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

HIPPOLITO
How will you hinder me?

FERDINAND
By force of Arms.

HIPPOLITO
By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

FERDINAND
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.

HIPPOLITO
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.

FERDINAND
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?

HIPPOLITO
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.

FERDINAND
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.

HIPPOLITO
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’r ‘twill go: I’le never want ’em.

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

HIPPOLITO
A Sword, what’s that?

FERDINAND
Why such a thing as this.

HIPPOLITO
What should I do with it?
FERDINAND
You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.

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

FERDINAND
What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?

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

FERDINAND
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.

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

FERDINAND
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 bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women shall be his.

HIPPOLITO
Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'le fight for two more with you.

FERDINAND
But win these first.

HIPPOLITO
I'le warrant you I'le push you. 
[Exeunt severally.

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

CALIBAN
My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

TRINCALO
Who?

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

TRINCALO
If thou wert 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.

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

TRINCALO
No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high
place, Spouse, and must give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on
the gravity of Statesmen, [350] and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

VENTOSO
Duke Trinaco, we have consider'd.

TRINCALO
Peace, or War.

 MUSTACHO
Peace, and the Butt.
STEPHANO
I come now as a private person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

TRINCALO
You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first Fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: Caliban skink about.

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

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

STEPHANO
Great Magistrate, here’s thy Sisters health to thee. [Drinks to Caliban.

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

TRINCALO
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.

MUSTACHO
Ventoso here’s to thee. It is not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers bellies?

VENTOSO
Let it come Boy.

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

CALIBAN
[375]O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all forts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

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

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

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

TRINCALO
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.

TRINCALO
Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

VENTOSO
The Bottle’s drunk.

MUSTACHO
Then the Bottle’s a weak shallow fellow if it be drunk first.

TRINCALO
Caliban, give Bottle the belly full agen.

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

TRINCALO
Subject I know not, but he drinks like a fish. [Enter Caliban.

STEPHANO
O here’s the Bottle agen; he has made a good voyage, Come, who begins a Brindis to the Duke?

TRINCALO
I’le begin it my self: give me the Bottle; ’tis my
Prerogative to drink first; _Stephano_, give me thy hand,
Thou hast been a Rebel, but here’s to thee,
Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear
Two Oaths? by Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:
In witness whereof I drink soundly.

_Stephano_
Your Grace shall find there’s no love lost,
For I will pledge you soundly.

_Trinaco_
Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that’s all one;
Pledge my Grace faithfully.

_Stephano_
I will pledge your Grace Up se Dutch.

_Trinaco_
But thou shalt not pledge me before I have drunk agen, 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._

_Ventoso_
We loyal Subjects may be choak’d for any drink we can get.

_Trinaco_
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._

_Mustacho_
Brother _Ventoso_, I am afraid we shall lose our places.
The Duke grows fond of _Stephano_, and will declare him
Vice-Roy.

_Stephano_
I ha’ done my worst at your Graces Bottle.

_Trinaco_
Then the Folks may have it. _Caliban_
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds:
_[425]_ Peer _Stephano_, dost thou love me?

_Stephano_
I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

_Trinaco_
’Tis no matter if thou lov’st me; hang my Family:
Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what
Thou think’st of my Princess?

_Stephano_
I look on her as on a very noble Princess.

_Trinaco_
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
Mounson _De-Viles_ in _France_; but look on her beauty, is she a fit Wife for
Duke _Trinaco_? mark her behaviour too, she’s tippling yonder with the
serving-men.

_Stephano_
An please your Grace she’s somewhat homely, but that’s no blemish in a
Princess. She is virtuous.

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

_Stephano_
As a stopt Bottle, an’t please your Grace._

_[Enter Caliban agen with a Bottle._

_Trinaco_
Why then I’le 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.

_Stephano_
O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

_Trinaco_
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 agen, give me the Bottle, _Caliban_! did you knock the Butt? how does
it sound?
CALIBAN
[450] It sounds as though it had a noise within.

TRINCALO
I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat and is departing: give me the Bottle. [Drinks.]

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

SYCORAX
But did he tell you so?

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

SYCORAX
My Mothers Devils fetch him for’t.

STEPHANO
And your Fathers too, hem! skink about his Graces health agen. O if you would cast an eye of pity upon me—

SYCORAX
I will cast two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Blackberries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of ‘em; But I’le bring thee where they are.

STEPHANO
Trincalo was but my man when time was.

SYCORAX
Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?

STEPHANO
I gave him Brandy and drunk Sack my self; wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

SYCORAX
If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

STEPHANO
I warrant thee we’ll ride into the Country where it grows.

SYCORAX
How wilt thou carry me thither?

STEPHANO
Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

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

SYCORAX
[475] Be gone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say’st I’m ugly.

TRINCALO
Did you tell her so—hah! he’s a Rogue, do not believe him chuck.

STEPHANO
The foul words were yours: I will not eat ’em for you.

TRINCALO
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.]

SYCORAX
Dost thou hurt my love? [Flies at Trincalo.]

TRINCALO
Where are our Guards? Treason, Treason! [Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.

VENTOSO
Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

TRINCALO
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.
**MUSTACHO**
I'm against Rebels! Ventoso obey your Vice-Roy.

**VENTOSO**
You a Vice-Roy?  
[They two fight off from the rest.]

**STEPHANO**
Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand neuter?

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

**SYCORAX**
'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'le claw him.

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

**TRINCALO**
The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?  
[Trincalo beats off Stephano to the door. Exit Stephano.]

I'le 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 Trincalo, she will be in the fashion else; first Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a separation, to get Alimony.  
[Exit.

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

**FERDINAND**
[500]Come, Sir, our Cave afford no choice of place,  
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

**HIPPOLITO**
As ready as your self, Sir.

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

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

**FERDINAND**
Sir, you are wounded.

**HIPPOLITO**
No.

**FERDINAND**
Believe your blood.

**HIPPOLITO**
I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

**FERDINAND**
Remember our Conditions.

**HIPPOLITO**
I'le not leave, till my Sword hits you too.  
[Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.

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

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

**FERDINAND**
You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger,  
Pray, Sir, retire.

**HIPPOLITO**
No! I will ne're go back—  
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find—

**FERDINAND**
Your eyes begin to dazle.

**HIPPOLITO**
Why do you swim so, and dance about me?  
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.  
[Hippolito thrusts and falls.

**FERDINAND**
O help, help, help!
Unhappy man! what have I done?

HIPPOLITO
[525] I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake
I'le fight agen. Pray stay for me. [Swounds.

FERDINAND
He's gone! he's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!
Help, help!

[Enter Prospero.

PROSPERO
What dismal noise is that?

FERDINAND
O see, Sir, see!
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

PROSPERO
Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resist 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.

FERDINAND
Sir, if you knew my innocence—

PROSPERO
Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What Ariel sluggish spirit, where art thou? [Enter Ariel.

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

PROSPERO
Why didn't thou 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.

PROSPERO
I'le chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount Heila,
I'le sindge 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.

PROSPERO
No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e'er find from me: hence! flye with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him with my Brother streight
[575] Before me.

ARIEL
Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'le outfly thy thought. [Exit Ariel.
**Ferdinand**

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.

**Prospero**

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.  

**Miranda**

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

**Prospero**

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

**Dorinda**

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

**Prospero**

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

**Dorinda**

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

**Ferdinand**

Alas! he’s never to be wak’d agen.

**Dorinda**

My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
[600] I fear you have displeas’d him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me, he’s dumb and cold too,

But I’le run streight, and make a fire to warm him.  

[Exit Dorinda running.]

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

**Alonzo**

Never were Beasts so hunted into toyls,
As we have been pursu’d by dreadful shapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

**Ferdinand**

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?

**Antonio**

eaven! what new wonder’s this?

**Gonzalo**

This Isle is full of nothing else.

**Alonzo**

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.

**Ferdinand**

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.

**Prospero**

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

**Gonzalo**

[625] The good old Duke of *Millain*!
PROSPERO
I wonder less, that thou Antonio know'st me not,
Because thou did'st long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I never had bin here.

ANTONIO
Shame choaks my words.

ALONZO
And wonder mine.

PROSPERO
For you, usurping Prince,
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.

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

PROSPERO
So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with Murders 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 why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?

ALONZO
What do you mean?

PROSPERO
To execute Heav'n's 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,
[650] 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.

ALONZO
And think'st thou I or these will tamely stand
To view the execution? [Lays hand upon his Sword.

FERDINAND
Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you
T' attempt against his life who gave her being
Whom I love.

PROSPERO
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.

ALONZO
ave I for this found thee my Son, so soon agen
To lose thee? Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity:
He may hear you.

ANTONIO
I dare not draw that blood upon my self, by
Interceding for him.

GONZALO
You drew this judgment down when you usurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.

ALONZO
Is this a time t'upbraid me with my sins, when
Grief lies heavy on me? y'are no more my friends,
But crueller than he, whose sentence has
Doom'd my Son to death.

ANTONIO
You did unworthily t'upbraid him.

GONZALO
And you do worse t'endure his crimes.
Dryden and Davenant

ANTONIO
[675] Gonzalo we'll meet no more as friends.

GONZALO
Agreed Antonio: and we agree in discord.

FERDINAND TO MIRANDA
Adieu my fairest Mistress.

MIRANDA
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.

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

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

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

PROSPERO
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.

DORINDA
Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?

PROSPERO
He's dead, and vital warmth will ne're return.

DORINDA
Dead, Sir, what's that?

PROSPERO
His soul has left his body.

DORINDA
When will it come agen?

PROSPERO
O never, never!
[700] He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

DORINDA
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.

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

MIRANDA
Have you no pity?

PROSPERO
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 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.
MIRANDA
Sister, I say agen, ’twas long of you
That all this mischief happen’d.

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

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

DORINDA
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.

MIRANDA
Sister I could not with that either of ’em shou’d
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his fortune,
And you must be satisfi’d?

DORINDA
I’le not be satisfi’d: My Father says he’l 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.

MIRANDA
In spight of you mine never shall be cold.

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

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

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

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

DORINDA
But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I’le pray my Father to make yours cold too.

MIRANDA
Sister, I’e never sleep with you agen.

DORINDA
I’le never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground and watch my Love.

MIRANDA
And at the entrance of that Cave I’le lye,
And eccho 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?
[775] Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow’r has our subjection wrought!

[Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

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

MIRANDA
Then let Heaven punish him.

PROSPERO
It will by me.

MIRANDA
Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

PROSPERO
I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity
Against my self and you.

MIRANDA
et I have heard you say, The Powers above are slow
In punishing, and shou’d not you resemble them?

PROSPERO
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.

MIRANDA
Do you condemn him for shedding blood?

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

MIRANDA
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.

PROSPERO
The Argument is weak, but I want time
To let you see your errours; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him.

[He’s going.

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

PROSPERO
But none of any weight.

MIRANDA
Have you not said you are his Judge?

PROSPERO
[25] ’Tis true, I am; what then?

MIRANDA
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.

PROSPERO
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.
PROSPERO
Then Spirit fetch me here my salvage Slave.

ARIEL
My Lord, it does not need.

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

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

PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
[50] Is he not dead?

ARIEL
Hea[r] me my Lord! I prun’d my wings, and, fitted for a journey, from th
ext 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.

PROSPERO
Il 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-ru’ld 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.

PROSPERO
Thou shalt have rest my spirit,
But hast 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.

PROSPERO
Thou art my faithful servant.

ARIEL
[75] His 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.

PROSPERO
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.

MIRANDA
I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me life.

PROSPERO
My Ariel, follow me.

[Exeunt severally.

[Exeunt severally.

[Hippolito discovered on a Couch, Dorinda by him.]
**DORINDA**
How do you find your self?

**HIPPOLITO**
I’m somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun, I am too weak to walk?

**DORINDA**
My Love, I’le try.  
[She draws the chair nearer the Audience.
I thought you never would have walk’d agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you bin there?

**HIPPOLITO**
I know not where I was.

**DORINDA**
I will not leave you till you promise me you
Will not dye agen.

**HIPPOLITO**
Indeed I will not.

**DORINDA**
You must not go to Heav’n unless we go together,
[100] For I’ve heard my Father say that we must strive
To be each others 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.

**HIPPOLITO**
Sure ’tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep
When once the Soul’s gone out.

**DORINDA**
What is the Soul?

**HIPPOLITO**
A small blew thing that runs about within us.

**DORINDA**
Then I have seen it in a frosty morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.

**HIPPOLITO**
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.

**DORINDA**
But I should not have heard you, ’tis so far.

**HIPPOLITO**
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?

**DORINDA**
O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him dye to day,
For what he did to you.

**HIPPOLITO**
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.

**DORINDA**
But if he live, he’ll never leave killing you.

**HIPPOLITO**
[125]O no! I just remember when I fell asleep I heard
Him calling me a great way off; and crying over me as
You wou’d do, besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

**DORINDA**
Pray how began your difference first?

**HIPPOLITO**
I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

**DORINDA**
hat hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.
HIPPOLITO
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.

DORINDA
In confidence of this, I’le beg my Father, that he
May live, I’m glad the naughty blood, that made
You love so many, is gone out.

HIPPOLITO
My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

Enter Miranda at the other door, with
Hippolito's Sword wrapt up.

HIPPOLITO
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.

MIRANDA
Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound,
How do you find your strength?

HIPPOLITO
Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

MIRANDA
I’m sorry for’t.

HIPPOLITO
Indeed and so am I, for if I had that blood, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

MIRANDA
But, Sir, I am anothers, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

HIPPOLITO
et I find that if you please I can love still a little.

MIRANDA
I cannot be unconstant, nor shou’d you.

HIPPOLITO
O my wound pains me.

MIRANDA
I am come to ease you.

[Hermione unrolls the Sword.

HIPPOLITO
Alas! I feel the cold air come to me,
My wound shoots worse than ever.

MIRANDA
Does it still grieve you?

HIPPOLITO
Now methinks there’s something laid just upon it.

MIRANDA
Do you find no ease?

HIPPOLITO
Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me, sweet Heaven how I am eas’d!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

FERDINAND TO DORINDA
Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

DORINDA
I am o’rejoy’d my Father lets you live, and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

MIRANDA
How? gave his life to her!

HIPPOLITO
las! I think she said so, and he said he ow’d it
To her generosity.
FERDINAND
But is not that your Sister with Hippolito?

DORINDA
So kind already?

FERDINAND
I came to welcome life, and I have met the Cruellest of deaths.

HIPPOLITO
My dear Dorinda with another man?

DORINDA
Sister, what bus’ness have you here?

MIRANDA
You see I dress Hippolito.

DORINDA
Y’are very charitable to a Stranger.

MIRANDA
You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon For a man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

DORINDA
Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had Rather he should dye, than you should cure his wound.

MIRANDA
And I wish Ferdinand had dy’d before He ow’d his life to your entreaty.

FERDINAND TO HIPPOLITO
Sir, I’m glad you are so well recover’d, you Keep your humour still to have all Women.

HIPPOLITO
Not all, Sir, you except one of the number, Your new Love there, Dorinda.

MIRANDA
Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take You from me than you take your self.

FERDINAND
And if I might have chose, I would have wish’d That death from Prospero, and not this from you.

DORINDA
I, now I find why I was sent away, That you might have my Sisters company.

HIPPOLITO
Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness, This is too much, first to be false your self, And then accuse me too.

FERDINAND
We all accuse each other, and each one denies their guilt, I should be glad it were a mutual errour. And therefore first to clear my self from fault, [200] Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love Your Sister. [To Dorinda.

MIRANDA
O blest word! I’m sure I love no man but Ferdinand.

DORINDA
Nor I, Heav’n knows, but my Hippolito.

HIPPOLITO
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 loss.

FERDINAND
’Twas happy then you had this little tryal. But how we all so much mistook, I know not.
MIRANDA
I have only this to say in my defence: my Father sent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

DORINDA
And Hippolito sent me to beg the life of Ferdinand.

FERDINAND
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.

ALONZO TO PROSPERO
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.

PROSPERO
Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.

DORINDA
O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!

HIPPOLITO
[225] O brave new World that has such people in’t!

ALONZO TO FERDINAND
Now all the blessings of a glad Father
Compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

GONZALO
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.

ANTONIO
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.

PROSPERO
Il past crimes I bury in the joy of this
Blessed day.

ALONZO
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.

HIPPOLITO
What is it that you render back, methinks
You give me nothing.

PROSPERO
You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o’re Towns and Cities.

HIPPOLITO
And shall these people be all Men and Women?

GONZALO
Yes, and shall call you Lord.

HIPPOLITO
Why then I’le live no longer in a Prison, but
[250] Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

PROSPERO
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.

HIPPOLITO
How can he make us one, shall I grow to her?
PROSPERO
By saying holy words you shall be joyn’d in marriage
To each other.

DORINDA
I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

PROSPERO TO HIS DAUGHTER
My Ariel told me, when last night you quarrel’d,
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.

ALONZO
And Heaven make those Beds still fruitful in
Producing Children to bless their Parents
Youth, and Grandsires age.

MIRANDA TO DORINDA
If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

DORINDA
Sister it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look ’em in the fields, and they it seems
Are only found in Beds.

HIPPOLITO
I am o’rejoy’d that I shall have Dorinda in a Bed,
[275] We’ll lye all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

FERDINAND ASIDE 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.

HIPPOLITO
Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I shall soon learn
I warrant you.


PROSPERO
Why that’s my dainty Ariel, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

GONZALO
O look, Sir, look the Master and the Saylors—
The Bosen too—my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that man could n’ere
Be drown’d.

ALONZO TO TRINCALO
Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? why star’st thou so?

TRINCALO
What more Dukes yet, I must resign my Dukedom,
But ’tis no matter, I was almost starv’d in’t.

MUSTACHO
Here’s nothing but wild Sallads without Oyl or Vinegar.

STEPHANO
The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and
were her Master, I’d willingly give all my Island for her.

VENTOSO
And I my Vice-Roy-ship.

TRINCALO
I shall need no hangman, for I shall e’en hang
[300] My self, now my friend Butt has shed his
Last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

ANTONIO
They talk like mad men.
PROSPERO
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.

ALONZO
This news is wonderful.

ARIEL
Was it well done, my Lord?

PROSPERO
Rarely, my diligence.

GONZALO
But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

PROSPERO
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.

SYCORAX
O Setebos! these be brave Sprights indeed.

PROSPERO TO CALIBAN
Go Sirrah to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.

CALIBAN
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?

PROSPERO
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.

ALONZO
No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

PROSPERO
[325] When the morn draws I’le 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’le 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 flye
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

SYCORAX
I’le to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.

TRINCALO
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.

PROSPERO
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 featly with me.
Milcha, my Love, thy Ariel calls thee. [Enter Milcha.

MILCHA
Here!

[They dance a Saraband.

PROSPERO
Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge as it was to me;
The Promises of blooming Spring live here,
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*. [Exeunt.]

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**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 gen’ral rot,
The Rhyming Mounsieur and the Spanish Plot:
Defic or Court, all’s one, they go to Pot.
The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe’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 Sh’riiffs 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.*