THE TEMPEST, OR THE Enchanted Island. A COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at His Highness the Duke of *York*'s THEATRE.

LONDON,

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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 gaiety, 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 Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, *who did me*

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-Friers: *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 onely Poet who made use of* Shakespear's *Plot: Sir* John Suckling, *a profess'd admirer of our Authour, has follow'd his footsteps in his* Goblins; *his* Regmella *being an open imitation of* Shakespear's Miranda; *and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from* Ariel. *But Sir* William Davenant, *as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of* Shakespear, *of which neither* Fletcher *nor* Suckling *had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter-part 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,*

ledge, 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 Saylers were also of his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had onely 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 extreamly pleasant and surprising: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always 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 onely corrected, as he hath 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

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 Authour of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joyning my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear *and Sir* William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

PRO-

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 neighbring 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 Priesthood 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:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
What e'r 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-

Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Ferdinand his Son.
Prospero right Duke of *Millain*.
Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.
Hippolito, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Stephano Master of the Ship.
Mustacho his Mate.
Trincalo Boatswain.
Ventoso a Marriner.
Several Marriners.
A Cabbin-Boy.
Miranda and *Dorinda* } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never saw Man.
Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Prospero*.
Several Spirits, Guards to *Prospero*.
Caliban / *Sycorax* his Sister. } Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE

THE Enchanted Island.

The Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joyn'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian *Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roses wound round them, and several* Cupids *flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing* Fame. *A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of* England. *In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the Kings Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.*

ACT I.

Enter Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

Vent. WHat a Sea comes in?
Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo.

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

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Boſen!

Trinc. Here, Maſter, what ſay you?

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

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

Steph. Boy! Boy! [*Enter Cabin boy.*

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here, Maſter.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle {*Exeunt* Stephano *and Boy.*

Enter Marriners, and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capſtorm.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boſon have a care; where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Maſter, Boſen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good friend be patient.

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

Gonz. Good friend, remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my ſelf: you are a Counſeller, 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 Marriners.*

Gonz. 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.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come, reef both Topſails,

Steph.

Steph. Make haſte, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Ex.* Steph.

Enter two Marriners, and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capſtorm.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo *at the other door.*

Muſt. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capſtorm.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capſtorm-Bar: Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Enter Stephano.

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

Enter two Marriners, and paſs over again.

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

[*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Muſt. within. Our Vial's broke.

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

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! Come, my Lads: Come, *Bullyes*, chear up! heave luſtily. The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! is a weigh.

Trinc. Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-caſtle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

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

Steph. Aft, aft, and loſe the Miſen!

Trinc. Get the Miſen-tack aboard. Haul aft Miſen-ſheet!

Enter Muſtacho.

Muſt. Looſe the Main-top-ſail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc.

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

Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are loose.

Enter Ventoso.

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

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Exit* Vent.

Enter Mustacho *at the other door.*

Must. O Master! six foot water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aweather! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-sheet there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

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

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

Trinc. Work you then and be poxt.

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

Trinc. Ease the Fore-Brace a little. [*Exit.*

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

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

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

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

Heark,

Heark, farewel, my Son, a long farewel!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, *and* Ventoso.

Trinc. What, must our mouthes be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our case is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [*A new cry within.*

Steph. Run her ashore!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Starboard-Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return, discover that Beautiful part of the Island, which was the habitation of Prospero; *'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which* Prospero *keeps his Daughters, in the other* Hippolito: *The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.*

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. Miranda, where's your Sister?

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

Prosp. It is a dreadful object.

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

Prosp. I have so order'd, that not one creature in the ship is lost:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,

My

My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'r endeavour'd to know more then you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther.

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

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

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

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

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

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda:* what seest thou else in the dark back-ward, and abyss of Time?
If thou remembrest ought e'r thou cam'st here, then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

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

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

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

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

Prosp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle
Having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and suck'd

suck'd my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

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

Mir. Your story would cure deafness.

Prosp. This false Duke needs would be Absolute *Millan*, and Confederates with *Savoy*'s Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

Mir. False man!

Prosp. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy,
To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's suit,
And on a night
Mated to his design, *Antonio* opened the gates of *Millan*, and i'th' dead of darkness, hurri'd me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prosp. They durst not, Girl, in *Millan*, for the love my people bore me; in short they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *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.

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

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

Mir. How came we ashoar?

Prosp. By Providence Divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh Water, which a Nobleman 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 furnish'd me from mine own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that man.

Prosp.

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

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

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

Ariel. To every Article.
I boarded the Dukes 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. Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon 'em.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a Feaver of the mind, and plaid some tricks of desperation; all, but Marriners, plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Vessel: the Dukes Son, *Ferdinand*, with hair upstairing (more like Reeds then Hair) was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Close by my Master.

Prosp. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd.
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 odd angle of the Isle, and sitting, his arms he folded in this sad knot.

Prosp.

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

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

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

Ariel. Past the mid-season.

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

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

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

Ariel. My liberty.

Prosp. Before the time be out? no more.

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

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

Ariel. No.

Prosp. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deep:
To run against the sharp wind of the North,

To do my buſineſs in the veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Froſt.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

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

Ariel. No, Sir.

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

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

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

Ariel. I, Sir.

Proſp. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th'Sailers, 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 rift impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully
Remain a dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy
Groans, as faſt as Mill-wheels ſtrike.
Then was this Iſle (ſave for two Brats, which ſhe did
Litter here, the brutiſh *Caliban*, and his twin-ſiſter,
Two freckel'd hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her ſon, and *Sycorax* his ſiſter.

Proſp. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*, and ſhe that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves houl, and penetrate the breaſts of ever angry Bears, it was a torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'r again

again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Maſter.

Proſp. If thou more murmureſt, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till thou
Haſt houl'd away twelve Winters more.

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

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

Ariel. Thanks, my great Maſter. But I have yet one requeſt.

Proſp. What's that, my ſpirit.

Ariel. I know that this days buſineſs is important, requiring too much toyl for one alone. I have a gentle ſpirit for my Love, who twice ſeven years has waited for my freedom: Let it appear, it will aſſiſt me much, and we with mutual joy ſhall entertain each other. This I beſeech you grant me.

Proſp. You ſhall have your deſire.

Ariel. That's my noble Maſter. *Milcha!*

[Milcha *flies down to his aſſiſtance.*

Milc. I am here, my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my dear! what ſhall we do? ſay, ſay, what ſhall we do?

Proſp. Be ſubject to no ſight but mine, inviſible to every Eyeball elſe. Hence with diligence, anon thou ſhalt know more.

[*They both fly up and croſs in the air.*

Thou haſt ſlept well my child. [*To* Mir.

Mir. The ſadneſs of your ſtory put heavineſs in me.

Proſp. Shake it off; come on, I'l now call *Caliban*, my ſlave, who never yields us a kind anſwer.

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

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

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

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

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'r my Mother bruſh'd with Raven's

 feather

feather from unwholesome Fens, drop on you both: A South-west blow on you, and blister you all o'r.

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

Calib. I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the Bigger Light, and how the Less, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-springs, Brine-pits, barren places and fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, 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 does keep from me the rest o' th' Island.

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

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

Prosp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne'r 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 didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

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

Prosp. Hag-seed hence!

Fetch

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To answer other business: shrug'st thou (malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly what I command,
I'l wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with
Aches, make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble
At thy Din.

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

Prosp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt* Prospero *and* Caliban *severally*.

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but strait I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

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

Mir. There all had perish'd,
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

Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

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

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

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

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

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

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

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

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

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

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

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

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which 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.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene changes to the wilder part of the Island, 'tis compos'd of divers sorts of Trees, and barren places, with a prospect of the Sea at a great distance.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

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

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it. And

And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

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

Must. I' th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. 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.

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

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

Steph. Fills another round.

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

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

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

Vent. 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 again, my Wife's a good old Jade,
And has but one eye left: but she'll weep out that too,
When she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

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

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

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

Vent.

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

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

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'l break out his 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.

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

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

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

Must. 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 bloud, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? what, no man answer? well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the people, *Mustacho*? I'l speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

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

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

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter

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

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

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

Trinc. sings. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I shall die 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*, and *Marrian*, and *Margery*,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did [itch.

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

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

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

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

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors Threw over-board: but are you alive, hoa! for I will Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand, *Mustacho*, And thine, *Ventoso*; the Storm has done its worst: *Stephano* alive too! give thy Bosen thy hand, Master.

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

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

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

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

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

Trinc.

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

Steph. Trincalo, sleep and be sober; and make no more uproars in my Countrey.

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

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

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of the people of this Island.

Must. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou disturb a setled Government, where thou art a meer stranger
To the Laws of the Countrey?

Trinc. I'l have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-war begins. [*Vent. Must.* draw.

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

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where ever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Must. Vent.

Enter Caliban *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'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.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish?

This

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 Emperour.
Come hither, pretty Monster, I'l do thee no harm.
Come hither!

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

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

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

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

Calib. I'l swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: did'st thou not drop from Heaven?

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

Calib. I'l shew thee every fertile inch i' th' Isle, and kiss thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [*drinks agen.*

Trinc. Well drawn Monster, in good faith.

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

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare
The Marmazete; I'l bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;

Is

Is there no more of thy kin in this Island?
Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self;
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.
Trinc. Where is she?
Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.
Say, my King, shall I call her to thee?
Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too.
If she proves handsome she is mine: Here, Monster,
Drink agen for thy good news; thou shalt speak
A good word for me. [*Gives him the Bottle.*
Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.
Sings. No more Dams I'l 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!
Trinc. 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. [*Drinks.*
From this Worshipful Monster, and Mistris
Monster his Sister,
I'l lay claim to this Island by alliance;
Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse:
Come away, Brother Monster, I'l lead thee to my Butt,
And drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Cypress Trees and Cave.

Enter Prospero *alone.*

Prosp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of *Mantua* so near them in this Isle,
Whose Father dying, bequeath'd him to my care;
Till my false Brother (when he design'd t' usurp
My Dukedome from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I saw death threat'ning him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman:

And

And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.
Prosp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.
Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,
Onely to change my Prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.
Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.
Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet death rather then be a prisoner.
Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.
Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of;
Why then should I fear?
Prosp. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who share Mans Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.
Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?
Prosp. Those dangerous enemies of men call'd Women.
Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are Women like?
Prosp. Imagine something between young Men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all enchantment, those who once behold 'em,
Are made their slaves for ever.
Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.
Prosp. 'Tis but in vain,
They l haunt you in your very sleep.
Hip Then I'l revenge it on 'em when I wake.
Prosp You are without all possibility of revenge,
They are so beautiful, that you can ne'r attempt,

Non-

Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Prosp. Calm sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

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

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

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

Prosp. Go in and read the Book I gave you last.
To morrow I may bring you better news.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.

Prosp. So, so; I hope this Lesson has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the Shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:
The Planets seem to smile on my designs,
And yet there is one sullen cloud behind,
I would it were dispersst. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
How, my Daughters! I thought I had instructed
Them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

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

Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?

Prosp.

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

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

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

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

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

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

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

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

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: no Woman can come
Near 'em, but she feels a pain, full nine moneths.
Well, I must in; for new affairs require my
Presence: be you, *Miranda*, your Sisters Guardian.

[*Exit* Prospero.

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

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

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

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

Dor How dare you venture?

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

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

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'l keep each
Others counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the world.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my
Nature,

Nature, becauſe my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. I, there's it, Siſter, if he had ſaid nothing, I had been quiet. Go ſoftly, and if you ſee him firſt, be quick, and becken me away.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene continues. *Enter* Hippolito.

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

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O Siſter, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, juſt ſo, and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between men and ſpirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks, ſure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is juſt like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; ſee, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'l go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Siſter! I'l go to it.
I would not for the world that you ſhould venture.
My Father charg'd me to ſecure you from it.

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

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he ſhall eat me firſt:
Fie, are you not aſham'd to be ſo much inquiſitive?

Dor. You chide me for t, and wou'd give your ſelf.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Obſerve how he begins to ſtare already.

I'l

I'l meet the danger firſt, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Siſter, you ſhall never vanquiſh me in kindneſs. I'l venture you no more then you will me.

Proſp. within. *Miranda*, Child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but ſay my prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Siſter, you'l repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I die for't, I muſt have th' other peep.

Hip. 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?
Thou ſhining Viſion!

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

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

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'r 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 die then loſe it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man, that dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me what you are?

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

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

Hip. I hope not ſo! for when two poiſonous 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

 Poiſon-

Poiſonous, when we meet, then Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?
[*Takes her hand.*

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

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

Proſp within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I muſt leave you.

Hip Alas I'm ſubject to the ſame command.

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

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

SCENE III. *A wild Iſland.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. '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.

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

Anto. Sir, he may live, I ſaw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their backs; I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

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

Anto.

Anto. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then we ſhould have help'd it, when thou betrai'dſt 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.

Anto. Indeed we firſt broke Truce with Heaven; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have loſt an onely Son. I did uſurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am caſt upon this Deſart-Iſle.

Gonz. Theſe, Sirs, 'tis true, were crimes of a black die; 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*.

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;
No act but penitence can expiate guilt!
Muſt we teach Heav'n what price to ſet on Murder! 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? [*A flouriſh of Muſick.*

Gonz. Muſick! and in the air! ſure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of ſome merry Devil!

Anto. This Iſle's Inchanted ground; for I have heard ſwift voices flying by my ear, and groans of lamenting ghoſts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and bloud purſu'd my hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life ſhall mark my penitence and my bounty.
[*Muſick again lowder.*

Hark, the ſounds approach us!
[*The Stage opens in ſeveral places.*

Anto. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
Theſe dreadful horrors, and the guilty ſenſe of my foul Treaſon, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of ſwift deſtruction ſtand;
No means of our eſcape is left.
[*Another flouriſh of Voyces under the Stage.*

Anto. Ah! what amazing ſounds are theſe we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Maſque will the dire Fiends preſent?

 Sung

Sung under the Stage.

1. Dev. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reſide,*
With the miſchievous Devil of Pride?
2. Dev. *In the loweſt and darkeſt Caverns of Hell*
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.
1. Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Hoſt?*
3. Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.*
1. Dev. *Damned Princes there*
The worſt of torments bear;
3. Dev. *Who in Earth all others in pleaſures excel,*
Muſt feel, the worſt torments of Hell.
[*They riſe ſinging this Chorus.*

Anto. Oh Heav'ns! what horrid Viſion's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!
Alon. What fearful vengeance is in ſtore for us!

1. Dev. *Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,*
Should in pains all others exceed;
2. Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,*
And their Crowns unjuſtly get;
And ſuch who their Brothers to death have betrai'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones ſhall be ſet.
3. Dev. } —— *In Hell, in Hell with flames they ſhall reign,*
Chor. } *And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.*

Anto. Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.
Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite ſtock of mercy
No overflowings for us? poor, miſerable, guilty men!
Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompaſs us!
For ever, for ever muſt we ſuffer!
Alon. For ever we ſhall periſh! O diſmal words, for ever!

1. Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?*
2. Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown muſt ſupport!*
3. Dev. ——*His cruelty does tread*
On Orphans tender breaſts, and Brothers dead!
2. Dev. *Can Heav'n permit ſuch crimes ſhould be*
Attended with felicity?

3. Dev.

1. Dev. *No Tyrants their Scepters uneaſily bear,*
In the midſt of their Guards they their Conſciences [*fear.*
2. Dev. } *Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,*
Chor. } *And we with dire viſions diſturb all their ſleep.*

Anto. Oh horrid ſight! how they ſtare upon us!
The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Manſion.
Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1. Dev. *Say, Say, ſhall we bear theſe bold Mortals from hence?*
2. Dev. *No, no, let us ſhow their degrees of offence.*
3. Dev. *Let's muſter their crimes up on every ſide,*
And firſt let's diſcover their pride.
Enter *Pride.*
Pride. *Lo here is Pride, who firſt led them aſtray,*
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.
Enter *Fraud.*
Fraud. *And Fraud does next appear,*
Their wandring ſteps who led,
When they from vertue fled,
They 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 *Murder.*
Murder. *There long they could not ſtay;*
Down the ſteep hill they run,
And to perfect the miſchief which they had begun,
To Murder they bent all their way.
Chorus of all. *Around, around we pace,*
About this curſed place;
While thus we compaſs in
Theſe Mortals and their ſin.
[*Devils vaniſh.*

Anto. Heav'n has heard me, they are vaniſh'd!
Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd?
I feel my ſinews ſlacken with the fright;
And a cold ſweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,

As

As if I were diſſolving into water.
Oh *Proſpero*, my crimes 'gainſt thee ſit heavy on my heart!
Anto. And mine 'gainſt him and young *Hippolito.*
Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.
Alon. Lead from this curſed ground;
The Seas in all their rage are not ſo dreadful.
This is the Region of deſpair and death.
Alonz. Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The ſhadows of the Trees are poiſonous too: a ſecret venom ſlides from every branch! my Conſcience does diſtract me! O my Son! why do I ſpeak of eating or repoſe, before I know thy fortune?

[*As they are going out, a Devil riſes juſt before them, at which they ſtart, and are frighted.*

Alonz. O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!

Devil ſings. *Ariſe, ariſe! ye ſubterranean winds,*
More to diſturb their guilty minds.
And all ye filthy damps and vapours riſe,
Which uſe t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Riſe you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
You that i' th' vaſt and hollow womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys ſhake,
And ſtately Cities into Deſarts turn;
And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrals burn.
Ye raging winds, whoſe rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and ſolid Centre ſhake:
Come drive theſe Wretches to that part o' th' Iſle,
Where Nature never yet did ſmile: [*there:*
Cauſe Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes
There let 'em houl and languiſh in deſpair.
Riſe and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

Two Winds riſe, Ten more enter and dance: At the end of the Dance, Three winds ſink, the reſt drive *Alon. Anto. Gonz.* off.

Act Ends.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A wild Iſland.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *and* Milcha *inviſible.*

Ariel. *Come unto theſe yellow ſands,*
And then take hands,
Curtſi'd when you have, and kiſs'd;
The wild waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there,
And ſweet ſprights the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer,
Cry. Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where ſhould this Muſick be? i' th' air, or earth? it ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon ſome God i' th' Iſland; ſitting on a bank, weeping againſt the Duke; my Father's wrack'd; This Muſick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their fury and my paſſion with charming Aires. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone: No, it begins again.

Milcha ſings.

Full fathom five thy Father lies,
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 knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em ding dong Bell.

Ferd This 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.

[*Exit* Ferd. *following* Ariel.

SCENE

SCENE 2. *The Cypress-trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sisters actions.

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

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

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

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

Mir. I onely wondred at a sight so new.

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

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

Prosp. You do not love it?

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

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

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

Prosp. 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 this kind,
The full-blown Flower, of which this Youth was but the
Op'ning-

Op'ning Bud. Go in, and send your Sister to me.

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

Prosp. And make thee fortunate.

Enter Dorinda.

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

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

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

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

Prosp. Why so?

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

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

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

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

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

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'r I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.

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

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

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

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

My heart to hear him.

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

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

Prosp. These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in Love.
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir.

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

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

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

Dor. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd
To touch my hand; which, as a ransome for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have swallow'd it.

Prosp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

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

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

Dor. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

Prosp. Poor Child! thy passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy bloud, 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.

Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But look about him like a Callow-bird,

Just

Just straggl'd from the Nest: pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

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

Dor. This is hard.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What won'd my potent Master? Here I am.

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

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

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

Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.

Prosp. 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.

Prosp. How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;

But

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.
Prosp. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Prosp. 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
Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd then 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 vertue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refresh with needful food their
Famish'd bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.
Ariel. Presently, Master.
Prosp. With a twinkle, *Ariel.* But stay, my 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 Marriners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.
Prosp. No matter; I have now no need of 'em.
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Hast to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.
Ariel. I'l keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal eyes,
But yet unpassable.
Prosp. Make hast then. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further Sir.
Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd
With a wearinesse, to the dulling of my spirits: [*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.
I'm faint with hunger, and must despair
Of food. [*Musick without.*
What! Harmony agen, my good friends, heark!
Anto. I fear some other horrid apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beseech thee!
Gonz. 'Tis chearful Musick this, unlike the first.

Ariel *and* Milcha *invisible, sings.*

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

Alonz. This voice speaks comfort to us.
Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Musick in a Song
To me, my stomack being empty.
Gonz. O for a heavenly vision of Boyl'd,
Bak'd, and Roasted!
[*Dance of fantastick Spirits, after the Dance, a Table furnish'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*
Ant. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.
A Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all varieties of Meats and fruits.
Alonz. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this feast

Which

Which Fiends provide, perhaps to poison us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so ill-natur'd, he may do his pleasure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish;
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both resolve, I will adventure too:

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.

[*Two Spirits descend, and flie away with the Table.*

Alonz. Heav'n! behold, it is as you suspected: 'tis vanish'd.
Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends?

Ant. Here we shall wander till we famish.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say Grace:
This comes on't, when men will be godly out of season.

Ant. Yonders another Table, let's try that..... [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

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

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

Enter Sycorax.

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

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

[Sycorax *points to his Bosoms Whistle and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuss, thou dost not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

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

Syc. I'l be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prithee, sweet Baby, do not play the Wanton, and cry for

for my goods e'r I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo.*

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. 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.

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

Syc. Is this your heavenly Liquor? I'l bring you to a River of the same.

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

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

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

Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster. [Caliban *drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't,
I'l taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulph, such as this, which kill'd my famous Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a Liquorish Monster.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their sakes.

Syc.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

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

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:
But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;
Do not discourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*
Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,
And subject Monster; [*Enter* Steph. Must. Vent.
The Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters.
You shall know, Rebels, that I am marri'd to a Witch,
And we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

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

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth; I'l not accept of your Embassie without my Title.

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

[Ventoso *and* Mustacho *bow, whilst* Trincalo *puts on his Cap.*

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

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

Must. Who, that Monster? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tungs in your heads,

I advise

I advise you, and proceed to your business.

Must. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer'd.

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

Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour, without your submission.

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

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

Vent. *Trincalo*, you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewel.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Must. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feast our selves within.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel *and* Milcha (*invisible.*)

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

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
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.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'l not take his counsel.

Ariel.

Ariel. Take his counſel.
Ferd. It may be the Devil's counſel, I'l never take it.
Ariel. Take it.
Ferd. I will diſcourſe no more with thee,
Nor follow one ſtep further.
Ariel. One ſtep further.
Ferd. This muſt have more importance then an Eccho;
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'l try if it will anſwer when I ſing
My ſorrows to the murmur of this Brook.
He ſings.
Go thy way.
Ariel. *Go thy way.*
Ferd. *Why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay?*
Ariel. *Why ſhouldſt thou ſtay?*
Ferd. *Where the winds whiſtle, and where the ſtreams creep,*
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I ſleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone,
Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*
Ferd. *What cares or pleaſures can be in this Iſle?*
Within this deſart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune ſmile.
Ariel. *Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe*
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou ſhalt ſee.

Ferd. I'l take thy word for once;
Lead on Muſician. [*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE IV. *The Cypreſs-trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and diſcovers Proſpero *and* Miranda.
Proſp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and ſay what thou ſeeſt yonder.

Mir.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confeſs it carries a brave form. But 'tis a Spirit.
Proſp. No, Girl, it eats, and ſleeps, and has ſuch ſences as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou ſeeſt, was in the wrack; were he not ſomewhat ſtain'd with grief (beauty's worſt cancker) thou might'ſt call him a goodly perſon; he has loſt his company, and ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Proſp. It goes on as my ſoul prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit. I'l free thee within two days for this.
Ferd. She's ſure the Miſtris on whom theſe Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to inſtruct me how you will be worſhip'd; ſo bright a beauty cannot ſure belong to humane kind.
Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if ſuch you are.
Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the beſt of them who ſpeak this ſpeech when I'm in my own Countrey.
Proſp. How, the beſt? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?
Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee ſpeak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my ſelf am *Savoy*, whoſe fatal eyes (e'r ſince at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrack'd.
Mir. Alack! for pity.
Proſp. At the firſt ſight they have chang'd eyes, dear *Ariel*, I'l ſet thee free for this — young, Sir, a word.
With hazard of your ſelf you do me wrong:
Mir. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo urgently?
This is the third man that e'r I ſaw, the firſt whom
E'r I ſigh'd for, ſweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.
Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth, I'l make you Miſtris of *Savoy*.
Proſp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others powers, but this ſwift
Bus'neſs I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light

Winning

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.
Ferd No, as I'm a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th' evil Spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.
Prosp. No more. Speak not for him, he's a Traitor.
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.
Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving:*
Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a trial
Of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful.
Prosp. My child my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy
Conscience is possess'd with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.
Min. 'Beseech you, Father.
Prosp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'l be his Surety.
Prosp. Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think'st there are no more
Such shapes as his?
To the most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections are then most humble,
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.
Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.

Ferd.

Ferd So they are:
My spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am 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.
Prosp. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Heark what thou shalt more do for me. [*Whispers* Ariel.
Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Then he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my command.
Ariel. To a syllable. [*Exit* Ariel.
Prosp. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'l separate you. [*Exit* Miranda.
Ferd As soon thou may'st divide the waters
When thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when 'tis past.
Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince — That door
Shews you your Lodging.
Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey. [*Exit* Ferd.
Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second care, *Hippolito*.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,
His passion is become his punishment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.
Hip entring. 'Tis *Prospero's* voice.
Prosp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I should severely chide you: you have seen a Woman in contempt of my commands.
Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;

I told

I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.
Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt ?
Hip. No, none, Sir.
Try me agen, when e'r you please I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.
Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aside.*
Well! what was the success of your encounter ?
Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercy, and she me.
Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were ?
Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish —— yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe could tell me what I wish for.
Prosp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours ?
Hip. I'd quit the rest o'th' world, that I might live alone with Her, she never should be from me.
We two would sit and look till our eyes ak'd.
Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.
Hip. O, Sir, never.
Prosp. But you'l grow old and wrinkl'd, as you see me now, And then you will not care for her.
Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly grow old.
Prosp. You must, *Hippolito.*
Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us ?
Prosp. Nature, which made me so.
Hip. But you have told me her works are various ;
She made you old, but she has made us young.
Prosp. Time will convince you,
Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her, and that you may not want
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble presence, and, as he says himself,
Of Princely birth, he is my Pris'ner, and in deep
Affliction : visit, and comfort him ; it will become you.
Hip. It is my duty, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Prosp. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives ; perhaps I took

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

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.
Scene, a Cave.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.
Hip. I, and an onely Father too, for sure you said
You had but one.
Ferd. But one Father ! he's wondrous simple ! [*Aside.*
Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live ?
Ferd. Such are we born to.
But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are ?
Hip. Do not you know ?
Ferd. How should I ?
Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so :
Well, *Prospero !* this is now the second time
You have deceiv'd me.
Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a man :
But I would know of whence ?
Hip. Why, of this world, I never was in yours.
Ferd. Have you a Father ?
Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a man, yet I have bin so much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth ; but I have still been kept a Prisoner for fear of women.
Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for since I came, I have beheld one here, whose beauty pierc'd my heart.
Hip. How did she pierce, you seem not hurt.

Ferd.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes,
And festers by her absence.
But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.
Hip. Now I suspect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me, truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?
Ferd. I take no rest.
Hip. Just, just my disease.
Do you not wish you do not know for what?
Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.
Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?
Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.
Hip. Just my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'l pity you, and you shall pity me.
Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.
Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her.
Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.
Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?
Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more besides that beauty which you love.
Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.
Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.
Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more women!
Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be ty'd to one.
Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?
Ferd. To love none but her.
Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.
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. [*Aside.*
Ferd. His simplicity
Is

Is such, that I can scarce be angry with him.
Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.
Hip. I find already I love, because she is another woman.
Ferd. You cannot love two women both at once.
Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do resemble
Her whom I've already seen. I'l have as many as I can,
That are so good, and Angel-like, as she I love.
And will have yours.
Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.
Hip I can do any thing for that I love.
Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force restrain you from it.
Hip. Why do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no woman, or you must try your force.
Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.
Hip. Well you may love, for *Prospero* taught me friendship too: you shall love me and other men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women shall be mine.
Ferd. I must break off this conference, or he will
Urge me else beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our loves; at present
I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.
Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it.
[*Exit* Ferdinand.
Hip. This stranger does insult, and comes into my
World to take those heavenly beauties from me,
Which 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'l be rich:
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypress Trees and Cave.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. 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. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow betwixt 'em.

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

Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prosp. This may secure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my Art forebodes; for friendship does provide a double strength t' oppose the assaults of fortune. [*Exit* Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune 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.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

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

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle then your Father's cruel, how, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

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

Mir. I'm sure what I would. But

But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are false.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.
Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.
Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I have done, so full of youth and beauty.
Ferd. O poison to my hopes! [*Aside.*
When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.
Mir. Alas, what mean you?
Ferd. It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,
But has not learn'd the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.
Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm.
But if you please to hear me——— [*A noise within.*
Heark, Sir! now I am sure my Father comes, I know
His steps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear
I've staid too long.
Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: Oh jealousie!
Oh Love! how you distract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand.
Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
Not why; but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love [*Enter* Prospero.
Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.
Mir. Yes.
Prosp. And he spake to you?
Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.
Prosp. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight
A man does not appear so rare a Creature.
Prosp. aside. I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.
Mir. aside. Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can
make him think I do not love the stranger much, he'l let me see
him oftner. [*Exit* Miranda.
Prosp. 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'l not be seen, let [*Ent.* Hippolito *and* Dorinda.
Their loves grow in secret. [*Exit* Prospero.
Hip. But why are you so sad?
Dor. But why are you so joyful?
Hip I have within me all, all the various Musick of
The Woods. Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news.
I'l tell you, and make you joyful for me.
Dor. 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,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a man, I'll tell you blessed news;
I have heard there are more Women in the world,
As fair as you are too.
Dor. Is this your news? you see it moves not me.
Hip. And I'll have 'em all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with these Women?
Dor. I never saw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a base poor world, I'll go to th'other;
I've heard men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?
Dor. Who, my Sister?
Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o'that: you shall help me to
her, and I'l love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.

My Father's counsel which enjoyn'd reservedness, [*Aside.*
Was not in vain, I see.
Hip. What makes you shun me?
Dor. You need not care, you'l have my Sister's hand.
Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why should not I do so?
Dor. She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:
But you cannot love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Sisters!
Dor. You may love her, but then I'l not love you.
Hip. O but you must;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another;
A man like you, and she lik'd onely him;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I should change and like that man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you see that man;
I cannot bear it.
Dor. I'l see neither of you.
Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous creature,
I am but a Woman to him.
Dor. I will see him;
Except you'l promise not to see my Sister.
Hip. Yes, for your sake I needs must see your Sister.
Dor. But she's a terrible, huge creature too; if I were not
Her Sister, she would eat me; therefore take heed.
Hip. I heard that she was fair, and like you.
Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father, with a great Beard,

'Twould

'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.
Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes, fly! fly!
before he sees you.
Dor. Must we part so soon?
Hip. Y'are a lost woman if you see him.
Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear you
Should not find me. I'l avoid him. [*Exit* Dorinda.
Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;
All of a kind that I have seen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are so. [*Enter* Ferdinand.
Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy man!
Y'have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.
Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?
Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake:
Hip. Then I must have her.
Ferd. No, not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'r it be,
I long to have her.
Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.
Hip. But for a friend you should make haste; I ne'r asks
Any thing of you before.
Ferd. I see your ignorance;
And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'l cause my death.
Hip. Be sure I'l do't then.
Ferd. But I am your friend;
And I request you that you would not love her.
Hip. When friends request unreasonable things,
Sure th'are to be deny'd: you say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my self; they're all made for me.
Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one,

And I

And one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there so many be i' th' world)
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.
Ferd. Then do not see her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.
Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms.
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.
Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid force: pray do not see her, she was
Mine first; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women:
And I have been taught, that to dissemble what I
Think, is base. In honour then of truth, I must
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.
Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love your
Woman, and endeavour to seduce her from that
Affection which she vow'd to you?
Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she should
Love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against
The worst, and try to get your Woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful then I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'r 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.
Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of friendship,
Provide your self a sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why such a thing as this.
Hip. What should I do with it?
Ferd. You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our world.
Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'l take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange ignorance! you must defend your life,
And so must I: but since you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword.*
I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit:
When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.
Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'r be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.
Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
Your life, but, if you please, we'l 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.
Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'l fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win these first.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [*Exeunt severally:*

SCENE II. *The Wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.
Trinc. Whom?
Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.
Trinc. 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.

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

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

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.

Trinc. Peace or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt.

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

Trinc. You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban*, skink about.

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

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

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

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor,
My Lord, let him drink Water.

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

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

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

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

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

Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

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

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

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

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my
Musick, and pay nothing for't?

[*A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks agen.*

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

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

Trinc. *Stephano*, give me thy hand,
Thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*
Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear
Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:
In witness whereof I drink soundly.

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

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

Trinc. *Caliban*,
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds:
Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

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

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family:
Thou art my friend, prithee tell me what
Thou think'st of my Princess?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil

was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounsor *De-Viles* in *France*; but look on her beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? mark her behaviour too, shee's tipling yonder with the Serving-men.

Steph. An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely, but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is virtuous.

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

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

[*Enter* Caliban *agen with a bottle.*

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

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

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marri'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?

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

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

Must. A short life and a merry, I say.

[Steph. *whispers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you so?

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

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

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

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

Steph. Trincalo was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?

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

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

Steph.

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

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

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

Syc. Begone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'st I'm ugly.

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

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

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

Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at* Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason! Treason!

[Vent. Must. Calib. *run betwixt.*

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

Trinc. This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my bosom.

[*Whispers* Mustacho *hastily.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in arms, and shall I stand idle?

[Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door. Exit* Stephano.

I'll not pursue too far,
For fear the Enemy should rally agen, and surprise my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I must be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, she will be in the fashion else; first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a separation, to get Alimony. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Cypress-trees and Cave.*

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

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?
Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.
Ferd. You remember on what conditions we must fight?
Who first receives a wound is to submit.
Hip. Come, come, this loses time; now for the
Women, Sir. [*They fight a little,* Ferdinand *hurts him.*
Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your bloud.
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my bloud.
Ferd. Remember our Conditions.
Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.
[Hip. *presses on,* Ferd. *retires and wards.*
Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you shall see my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loss of bloud, I see you stagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.
Hip. No! I will ne'r go back ——
Methink the Cave turns round, I cannot find ——
Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.
Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.
[Hippolito *thrusts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me. [*Swounds.*
Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth!
Help! help! [*Enter* Prospero.
Prosp. What dismal noise is that?
Ferd. O see, Sir, see!
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prosp.

Prosp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resist the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence ——
Prosp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What *Ariel?* sluggish Spirit, where art thou? [*Enter* Ariel.
Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.
Prosp. I, now thou com'st, when Fate is past and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of
Thy Nature, for as thou art thy self, thou
Canst not but be glad to see young Virtue
Nipt i' th' Blossom.
Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness
I am not glad; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.
Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel,
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 threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,
(My Native fields) above a hundred years.
Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of Mount *Heila*;
I'll singe 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.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

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

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

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

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she had faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda*! where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.

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

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

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

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

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?
[*She kneels by* Hippolito, *and jogs him.*

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

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

Enter

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

Alonz. Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,
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.

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

Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Prosp. You stare upon me as
You ne'r had seen me; have fifteen years
So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Prospero?*

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain!*

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

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Prosp. For you, usurping Prince. [*To* Alonzo.
Know, by my Art, you were shipwrack'd on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I design'd to match that Son
Of yours, with this my Daughter.

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

Prosp. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corpse,
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 bloud-thirsty
Man, that *Ferdinand*———
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Prosp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.

Here

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my *Millain*.
Bloud calls for bloud; your *Ferdinand* shall die,
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 die.
Alonz. And thinkst thou I, or these, will tamely stand,
To view the Execution? [*Lays hand upon his Sword.*
Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you
T'attempt against his life, who gave her being
Whom I love.
Prosp. Nay then appear my Guards— I thought no more to
Use their aid; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)
[*He stamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this Murder.
Alonz. Have I for this found thee, my Son, so soon agen,
To lose thee? *Antonio, Gonzalo*, speak for pity:
Ferd. to Mir. Adieu, my fairest Mistris.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.
Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.
Prosp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your death, that Cave's your Prison.
Alonz. Ah, *Prospero*! hear me speak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.
Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse! help, *Ariel*, with your Fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son bestow in
Yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo* shall with
Antonio lodge. [*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

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

Prosp.

Prosp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'r return.
Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?
Prosp. His Soul has left his Body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Prosp. O never, never!
He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.
Dor. He shall not lie 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.
Prosp. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your Sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see men, and by
That sight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* must die
For murdering him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Prosp. 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 been so chid for my neglect by *Prospero*,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.
Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.
Dor Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curiosity brought me to see the Man.
Mir. You safely might have seen him, and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him, and converse, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go. [*Crying.*

Mir.

Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his fortune,
And you must be satisfi'd ?
Dor. I'll not be satisfi'd : my Father says he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.
Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.
Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a Man.
Mir. Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.
Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest
Man I ever saw, except it were my Father.
Mir. Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.
Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Sister, I'l never sleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And ecchó 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 robb'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;

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 mold ?
Accurs'd Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought! [*Exit.*

A C T V.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. YOu beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.
Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.
Prosp. It will by me.
Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.
Prosp. I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity
Against my self and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you say, The Powers above are slow
In punishing, and shou'd not you resemble them ?
Prosp. 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.*
Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner ?
Prosp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother, much
Less the Father to destroy thee Son; it must
Be then the Monster *Caliban*, and he's not here;
But *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy will.

Prosp.

Prosp. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my salvage Slave.
Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.
Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be thy self
the Executioner?
Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Minister, who,
For thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'r almost all the habitable World.
Prosp. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?
Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord for my
Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view
His Body, and soon found his Soul was but retir'd,
Not sally'd out: then I collected
The best of Simples underneath the Moon,
The best of Balms, and to the wound apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His onely danger was his loss of bloud, 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.
Prosp. Thou art my faithful Servant,
It shall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*, because your
Sister is not present here, while I go visit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.
Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me life.
Prosp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt severally.*
[Hippolito *discover'd on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*
Dor. How do you find your self?
Hip. I'm somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun? I am too weak to walk.
Dor. My Love, I'll try.
[*She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?

Hip.

Hip. I know not where I was.
Dor. I will not leave till you promise me you
Will not die agen.
Hip. Indeed I will not.
Dor. You must not go to Heav'n, unless we go together;
For I've heard my Father say, that we must strive
To be each 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 die.
Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,
When once the Soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the Soul?
Hip. A small blew thing, that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.
Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,
What is become of him who fought with me?
Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him die to day,
For what he did to you.
Hip. That must not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your
Father, he may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.
Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.
Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep, I heard
Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as
You wou'd do; besides we have no cause of quarrel now.
Dor. Pray how began your difference first?
Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.
Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven
For wishing to have any more but me.
Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was onely in my bloud, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.
Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live; I'm glad the naughty bloud, that made
You love so many, is gone out.
Hip. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late. [*Exit* Dor.

Enter

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

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.
Mir. Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound;
How do you find your strength?
Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of bloud.
Mir. I'm sorry for't.
Hip. Indeed and so am I, for if I had that bloud, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.
Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.
Hip. Yet I find that, if you please, I can love still a little.
Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor shou'd you.
Hip. O my wound pains me.
Mir. I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*
Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me,
My wound shoots worse then ever.
[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*
Mir. Does it still grieve you?
Hip. Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.
Mir. Do you find no ease?
Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*

Ferd. (*to Dor.*) Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.
Dor. I am o'rjoy'd my Father lets you live, and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.
Mir. How? gave his life to her!
Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.
Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito*?
Dor. So kind already?

Ferd.

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruellest of deaths.
Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man?
Dor. Sister, what bus'ness have you here?
Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito.*
Dor. Y'are very charitable to a Stranger.
Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a man, whom you scarce ever saw before.
Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he should die, than you should cure his wound.
Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.
Ferd. (*to Hip.*) Sir, I'm glad you are so well recover'd, you
Keep your humour still to have all Women.
Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda.*
Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me, than you take your self.
Ferd. And if I might have chosen, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.
Dor. I, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sisters company.
Hip. *Dorinda*, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.
Ferd. We all accuse each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore first to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I onely love
Your Sister. [*To* Dorinda.
Mir. O blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but *Ferdinand.*
Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito.*
Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much; before I fear'd
Dorinda's constancy, but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can

Recom-

Recompense her loss.
Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.
Mir. I have onely this to say in my defence: my Father sent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.
Dor. And *Hippolito* sent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.
Ferd. From such small errours left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in love:
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. (*to Prosp.*) Let it no more be thought of, your purpose,
Though it was severe, was just. In losing *Ferdinand*
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.
Prosp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.
Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!
Hip. O brave new world, that has such People in't!
Alon. (*to Ferd.*) Now all the blessings of a glad Father
Compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoken ere this.
Look down, sweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, For it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.
Ant. Though penitence forc'd by necessity can scarce
Seem real, yet, dearest Brother, I have hope
My bloud may plead for pardon with you; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too, I would not.
Prosp. All past crimes I bury in the joy of this
Blessed day.
Alonz. And, that I may not be behind in Justice, to this
Young

Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus salute him.
Hip. What is it that you render back, methinks
You give me nothing.
Prosp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o're Towns and Cities.
Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?
Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.
Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison, but
Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.
Prosp. And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, she shall
Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.
Hip. How can he make us one? shall I grow to her?
Prosp. By saying holy words you shall be joyn'd in Marriage
To each other.
Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.
Prosp. to his Daughter. { My *Ariel* told me, when last night you quarrell'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* lie in
One Bed hereafter.
Alonz. And Heaven make those Beds still fruitful in
Producing Children, to bless their Parents
Youth, and Grandsires age.
Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.
Dor. Sister, it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it seems,
Are onely found in Beds.
Hip. I am o'rjoy'd that I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all night and day together there,
And never rise again.
Ferd. (*aside to him*) *Hippolito*! you yet are ignorant of your great

Happiness,

Happineſs, but there is ſomewhat, which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda*'s ſake, I muſt inſtruct
You in.

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

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Stephano, Trincalo, Muſtacho, Ventoſo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Proſp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Maſter and the Saylors ——
The Boſen too—— my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that man could ne'r
Be drown'd.

Alonz. (*to Trinc.*) Now, Blaſphemy, what not one Oath aſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by Land? why ſtar'ſt thou ſo?

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I muſt reſign my Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almoſt ſtarv'd in't.

Muſt. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. 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.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ſhip.

Trinc. I ſhall need no Hangman, for I ſhall e'n hang
My ſelf, now my friend Butt has ſhed his
Laſt drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like mad-men.

Proſp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themſelves, and
Now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is ſafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firſt ſet Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Proſp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are thoſe miſhapen Creatures?

Proſp.

Proſp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her command without
Her power.

Syc. O *Setebos*! theſe be brave Sprights indeed.

Proſp. (*to Calib.*) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Moſt carefully. I will be wiſe hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take thoſe Drunkards
For Gods, when ſuch as theſe were in the world?

Proſp. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my ſtory.

Alonz. No doubt it muſt be ſtrangely taking, Sir.

Proſp. When the morn draws, I'l bring you to your Ship,
And promiſe you calm Seas, and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Maſter.

Proſp. Now to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to day,
I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up thoſe that ſhall make good my promiſe to you.

[*Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks, and calm Sea. Muſick playing on the Rocks.*

Proſp. *Neptune*, and your fair *Amphitrite*, riſe;
Oceanus, with your *Tethys* too, appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddeſſes, appear!
Come, all ye *Trytons*; all ye *Nereides*, come,
And teach your ſawcy Element to obey:
For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unſoil'd Beauties, with freſh youthful Lovers.

Neptune.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus *and* Tethys *appear in a Chariot drawn with Sea-horses; on each side of the Chariot, Sea-gods and Goddesses, Tritons and Nereides.*

Alonz. This is prodigious.
Anto. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?
Gonz. This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

Amph. *MY Lord: Great* Neptune, *for my sake,*
Of these bright Beauties pity take:
And to the rest allow
Your mercy too.
Let this inraged Element be still,
Let Æolus *obey my will:*
Let him his boystrous Prisoners safely keep
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let 'em disturb the bosome of the Deep,
Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for Shore.

Neptune. *So much my* Amphitrite's *love I prize,*
That no commands of hers I can despise.
Tethys *no furrows now shall wear,*
Oceanus *no wrinkles on his brow,*
Let your serenest looks appear!
Be calm and gentle now.

Nep. & Amph. { *Be calm, ye great Parents of the Flouds and the Springs,*
While each Nereide *and* Triton *Plays, Revels, and Sings.*

Oceanus. *Confine the roaring Winds, and we*
Will soon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus of Tritons and Ner. { *Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,*
Upon the Flouds we'll sing and play, { Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
And celebrate a Halcyon *day.*

[Dance.

Nept. *Great Nephew* Æolus *make no noise,*
Muzle your roaring Boys, [Æolus appears.

Amph.

Amph. *Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,*
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.

Nept. *Afford 'em onely such an easie Gale,*
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.

Amph. *While fell Sea-monsters cause intestine jars,*
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.

Nept. *But you shall now be still,*
And shall obey my Amphitrites *will.*

Æolus descends. { *You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,*
With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,
Your stormy rage give o'r.
Let all black Tempests cease-- { Winds from the four corners appear.
And let the troubled Ocean rest:
Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the Halcyon *builds her quiet Nest.*
To your Prisons below,
Down, down you must go:
You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep;
But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep.

[Winds fly down.

Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, *my Sons, your Trumpets sound,*
And let the noise from Neighbouring Shores re-
[*bound.*

Chorus. { *Sound a Calm.*
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
a Calm.
Sound a Calm.

[Here the *Trytons*, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*, changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A short

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four *Trytons* Dance.

Nept. *See, see, the Heavens smile, all your troubles are past,*
Your joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'rcast.

Amph. *On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your fears*
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.

Both. { *And your Loves and your Lives shall in safety enjoy;*
{ *No influence of Stars shall your quiet destroy.*

Chor. of all. { *And your Loves, &c.*
{ *No influence, &c.*

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Oceanus. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,*
And yours and your Countrey's soft peace we'll restore.

Tethys. *To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,*
The Trytons *and* Sea-Nymphs *their Revels shall keep.*

Both. { *On the swift Dolphins backs they shall sing and shall play;*
{ *They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.*

Chorus of all. { *On the swift, &c.*
{ *And shall guard, &c.*

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

[A Dance of twelve *Tritons*.

Miran. What charming things are these?
Dor. What heavenly power is this?
Prosp. Now, my *Ariel*, be visible
And let the rest of your Aerial Train
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song;

[*Scene changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the Air,* Ariel *flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

And then farewell my long lov'd *Ariel*.
Alon. Heav'n! what are these we see?
Prosp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds
In swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Anto.

Anto. O wondrous skill!
Gonz. O power Divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

Ariel. *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,*
In a Cowslips Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

[*Song ended,* Ariel *speaks, hovering in the Air.*

Ariel. My Noble Master!
May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.
And for the freedom I enjoy in Air,
I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait
On Aiery accidents that work for Fate.
What ever shall your happiness concern,
From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.
Prosp. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!
Farewell, my long lov'd *Ariel*, thou shalt find,
I will preserve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge, as it was to me:
The promises of blooming Spring live here,
And all the blessings of the ripening Year.
On my retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*.

[*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

GAllants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for all Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Desie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wherese'er we pass,
In Visions bloudier then 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 onely like a Sh'riff's man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.

For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubl'd with 'em all agen.

FINIS.

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Shakespeare, W.