

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

William Davenant and John Dryden

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The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

William Davenant and John Dryden

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- PREFACE TO THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.
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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 gayety which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfie our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good 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 the honour to joyn me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespear's: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with success in the Black-Fryers: and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his Sea-Voyage, may easily discern that it was a Copy of Shakespear's Tempest: the Storm, the desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only Poet who made use of Shakespear's Plot: Sir John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our

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Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Regmella being an open imitation of Shakespear's Miranda; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the Design of Shakespear, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counterpart to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The Comical parts of the Saylor's were also his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the style. In the time I writ with him I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more neerly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprizing: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not alwaies the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he has done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear and Sir William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

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.

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The Storm which vanish'd on the Neighb'ring shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespear's pow'r is sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priest-hood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as people then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
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're she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led,
To find her Woman, it must be abed.

Dramatis Personæ.

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

Ferdinand his Son.

Prospero tight Duke of *Millain*.

Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzalo a Noble man of *Savoy*.

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

Stephano Master of the Ship.

Mustacho his Mate.

Trincalo Boatswain.

Ventoso a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

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Miranda (Daughter to *Prospero*) that never saw man.

Dorinda (Daughter to *Prospero*) that never saw man.

Ariel an airy Spirit, attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits Guards to *Prospero*.

Caliban Monster of the Isle.

Sycorax his Sister Monster of the Isle.

ACT I.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

Ventoso

What a Sea comes in?

Mustacho

A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather.

[Enter Trincalo.]

Trincalo

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

Enter Stephano.

Stephano

Bosen!

Trincalo

Here, Master what cheer?

Stephano

Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Mustacho

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

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Stephano

Boy!

[Enter Cabin-boy.]

Boy

Yaw, yaw, here Master.

Stephano

Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle.

[Exeunt Stephano and Boy.]

Enter Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trincalo

Heigh, my hearts, chearly, chearly, my hearts, yare, yare.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alonzo

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

Trincalo

Pray keep below.

Antonio

Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trincalo

Do you not hear him? you mar our labour: keep your
Cabins, you help the storm.

Gonzalo

Nay, good friend be patient.

Trincalo

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

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Gonzalo

Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trincalo

None that I love more than my self: you are a Counsellour, if you can advise these Elements to silence: use your [25] wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.

[Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.]

Gonzalo

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

[Exit.]

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trincalo

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

Stephano

Let's weigh, Let's weigh, and off to Sea.

[Ex. Stephano.]

Enter two Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trincalo

Hands down! man your main-Capstorm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other door.

Mustacho

Up aloft! and man your seere-Capstorm.

Ventoso

My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar.
Hoa up, hoa up, &c.

[Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.]

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Enter Stephano.

Stephano

Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there,
Quarter–Master, get's more Nippers.

[Exit Stephano.]

Enter two Mariners and pass over again.

Trincalo

Turn out, turn out all hands to Capstorm?
You dogs, is this a time to sleep?
Heave together Lads.

[Trincalo whistles.]

[Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.]

Mustacho within

Our Vall's broke.

Ventoso within.

But our Vial–block has given way. Come heave Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Stephano

Cut off the Hamocks! cut off the Hamocks, come my
Lads: Come *Bullys*, chear up! heave lustily.
The Anchor's a peek.

Trincalo

Is the Anchor a peek?

Stephano

[50] Is a weigh? Is a weigh!

Trincalo

Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore–Castle!
Cut the Anchor, cut him.

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All within

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

Stephano

Aft, Aft! and loose the Misen!

Trincalo

Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul Aft Misen-sheat!

Enter Mustacho.

Mustacho

Loose the main Top-sail!

Stephano

Furle him again, there's too much Wind.

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

A Mackrel-Gale, Master.

Stephano within

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

Enter Ventoso.

Ventoso

Some hands down: the Guns are loose.

[Ex. Must.]

Trincalo

Try the Pump, try the Pump!

[Exit Ventoso.]

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Enter Mustacho at the other door.

Mustacho

O Master! six foot Water in Hold.

Stephano

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

Trincalo

Over-haul your fore-boling.

Stephano

Brace in the Lar-board.

[Exit.

Trincalo

A curse upon this howling,

[A great cry within.

They are louder than the weather.

[Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.

Yet again, what do you here! shall we give o're, and drown?

[75] ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonzalo

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

Trincalo

Work you then.

Antonio

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

Trincalo

Brace off the Fore-yard.

[Exit.

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Gonzalo

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

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferdinand

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

Alonzo

O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by use, is so to me: but, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my subjects loss in thee: Alas! I suffer justly for my crimes, but why thou shouldst — O Heaven!

[A cry within.

Heark, farewell my Son! a long farewell!

Ferdinand

Some lucky Plank, when we are lost by shipwrack, waft hither, and submit it self beneath you. Your blessing, and I dye contented.

[Embrace and Exeunt.

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trincalo

What must our mouths be cold then?

Ventoso

All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonzalo

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

Mustacho

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

Antonio

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

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[Exeunt Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Gonzalo

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

[A confused noise within.

Antonio

Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

Gonzalo

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

[Exeunt.

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trincalo

The Ship is sinking.

[A new cry within.

Stephano

Run her ashore!

Trincalo

Lusse! lusse! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Star–board Bow.

Stephano

She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves.

[Exeunt.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prospero

Miranda! where's your Sister?

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Miranda

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

Prospero

It is a dreadful object.

Miranda

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

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

Prospero

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

Miranda

O woe the day!

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

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Prospero

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

Miranda

Certainly I can, Sir.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

[150] If thou remembrest ought e're thou cam'st here, then, how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Miranda

Sir, that I do not.

Prospero

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

Miranda

Sir, are not you my Father?

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

Both, both, my Girl.

Miranda

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

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Prospero

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

Miranda

Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero

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 Trunck, and suckt my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

Miranda

O good Sir, I do.

Prospero

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

Miranda

Your story would cure deafness.

Prospero

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

Miranda

False man!

Prospero

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

Miranda

But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

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Prospero

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

Miranda

Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Prospero

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

Miranda

How came we ashore?

Prospero

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

Miranda

Would I might see that man.

Prospero

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

[She falls asleep.]

Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach My *Ariel*, Come.

[Enter Ariel.]

Ariel

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

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Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

Close by my Master.

Prospero

But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel

Not a hair perisht.
In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the air with sighs, in an odde angle of the Isle, and sitting, his arms he folded in this sad knot.

Prospero

Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's [250] Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet.

Ariel

Safely in Harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'dst
Me up at midnight to fetch Dew from the
Still vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid,
The Mariners all under hatches stow'd,

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Whom, with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep, and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I disperst) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound sadly home for *Italy*;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Prospero

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

Ariel

Past the mid-season.

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

My liberty.

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

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Prospero

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

Ariel

No.

Prospero

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

Ariel

I do not, Sir.

Prospero

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

Ariel

No Sir!

Prospero

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

Ariel

Sir, in *Argier*.

Prospero

Oh, was she so! I must
Once every Month recount what thou hast been, which thou forgettest. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax* for mischiefs
manifold, and sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from [300] *Argier* thou knowst was banisht: but for
one thing she did, they would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel

I Sir.

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Prospero

This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylor, 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.

Prospero

Dull thing, I say so; he, that *Caliban*, and she that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in service. Thou best knowst what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts of ever angry Bears, it was a torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne're [325] again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel

I thank thee, Master.

Prospero

If thou more murmurest, I will rend an Oak,
And peg the in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Hast howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

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Ariel

That's my noble Master.
What shall I do? say? what? what shall I do?

Prospero

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

[*Ex. Ariel.*]

Thou hast slept well my child.

Miranda

The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Caliban. within

There's Wood enough within.

Prospero

Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee.
[350] Come thou Tortoise, when?

[*Enter Ariel.*]

Fine apparition, my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thy ear.

Ariel

My Lord it shall be done.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

[Exit.

Prospero

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

[Enter Caliban.

Caliban

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

Prospero

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

Caliban

I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities of the Isle, the fresh-Springs, brine-Pits, barren places, and fertil. Curs'd be I, that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Batts, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep from me the rest o'th' [375] Island.

Prospero

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.

Caliban

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

Prospero

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

Caliban

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Caliban

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

Prospero

So Slave, hence.

[Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.]

Enter Dorinda.

Dorinda

Oh Sister! what have I beheld?

Miranda

What is it moves you so?

Dorinda

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

Miranda

O you mean the Ship.

Dorinda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

But what of it?

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

What, that he should eat us Sister?

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

ACT I.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Dorinda

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

Miranda

Now I confess you pose me.

Dorinda

How did he come to be our Father too?

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, Attendants.

Gonzalo

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

Alonzo

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Antonio

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

Alonzo

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

Antonio

How could we help it?

Alonzo

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

Antonio

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

Gonzalo

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

Alonzo

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

[Musick within.

Gonzalo

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Antonio

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

Alonzo

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

[A Dialogue within sung in parts.

The sounds approach us.

1 D.

Where does proud Ambition dwell?

2.

In the lowest Rooms of Hell.

1.

[50] Of the damn'd who leads the Host?

2.

He who did oppress the most.

1.

Who such Troops of damned brings?

2.

Most are led by fighting Kings.
Kings who did Crowns unjustly get,
Here on burning Thrones are set.

Chorus

Kings who did Crowns, &c.

Antonio

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Gonzalo

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

Alonzo

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

1st Devil

Who are the Pillars of Ambitions Court?

2nd Devil

Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it support.

1st Devil

What lyes beneath her feet?

2nd Devil

Her footsteps tread,
On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead.

1st Devil

Can Heaven permit such Crimes should be
Rewarded with felicity?

2nd Devil

Oh no! uneasily their Crowns they wear,
And their own guilt amidst their Guards they fear.
Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep,
And we in visions lord it o're their sleep.

Chorus

Oh no! uneasily their Crowns, &c.

Alonzo

See where they come in horrid shapes!

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Antonio

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

1st Devil

Say Brother, shall we bear these mortals hence?

2nd Devil

First let us shew the shapes of their offence.

1st Devil

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

[Enter Pride.

Pride

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

[Enter Fraud.

Fraud

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

[Enter Rapine.

Rapine

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

[Enter Murther.

Murder

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

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***After which they fall into a round
encompassing the Duke, &c. Singing.***

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

[All the spirits vanish.

[Dance.

Antonio

Heav'n has heard me! they are vanish'd.

Alonzo

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

Antonio

And mine, 'gainst him and young *Hippolito*.

Gonzalo

Heav'n have mercy on the penitent!

Alonzo

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

Gonzalo

Shall we not seek some food?

Alonzo

Beware all fruit but what the birds have peid,
The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too;
A secret venom slides from every branch.
My conscience doth distract me, O my Son!
Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy fortune?

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

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands.
Curtsy'd when you have and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist.
Foot it feately here and there, and sweet sprights bear
the Burthen.

[Burthen dispersedly

Hark! hark! Bow–waugh; the watch–dogs bark,
Bow–waugh.

Ariel

Hark! hark! I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferdinand

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

Ariel. Song.

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

[Burthen, Ding dong.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

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

[Ex. Ferd. and Ariel.]

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

I'th' hollow of an old Tree.

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

Master, what have you sav'd?

Stephano

Just nothing but my self.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ventoso

This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

Stephano

Fill's another round.

Ventoso

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

Stephano

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

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

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

Stephano

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

Mustacho

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

Stephano

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

Ventoso

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

Stephano

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

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

Stephano

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

Ventoso

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

Stephano whispering

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

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

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

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Mustacho

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

[Both draw.

Stephano

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

Both

Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo with a great bottle, half drunk.

Ventoso

How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

Mustacho

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

Trincalo sings.

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

[Drinks.

Sings.

The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Lov'd *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marrian*, and *Margery* ,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where e're she did itch.
This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen.

[Drinks.

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Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trincalo

Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Saylor
Threw overboard: but are you alive, ho! for I will
[250] 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.

Ventoso

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

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

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

Trincalo

You great? what the Devil are you?

Ventoso

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

Trincalo

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Stephano

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

Trincalo

Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

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

Trincalo

I say this Island shall be under *Trincalo*, or it shall be [275] a Common-wealth; and so my Bottle is my Buckler, and so I draw my Sword.

[Draws.

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

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

Trincalo

I'll have no Laws.

Ventoso

Then Civil-War begins.

[Vent. Must. draw.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Stephano

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

Trincalo

And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open war wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Ex. Steph. Must. Vent.*]

Enter Caliban with wood upon his back.

Trincalo

Hah! who have we here?

Caliban

All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall; and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i'th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my [300] barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to torment me.

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

Trincalo

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Open your chops, I say.

[Pours Wine down his throat.]

Caliban

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

Trincalo

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

Caliban

I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor [325] is not Earthly: did'st thou not drop from Heaven?

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

[Drinks agen.]

Trincalo

Well drawn, Monster, in good faith.

Caliban

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

Trincalo

The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Caliban

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Trincalo

This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy kin in this Island?

Caliban

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

Trincalo

Where is she?

Caliban

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

Trincalo

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

[Gives him the Bottle.]

Caliban Sings.

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

Trincalo

Here's two subjects got already, the Monster,
And his Sister: well, Duke *Stephano*, I say, and say agen,
Wars will ensue, and so I drink.

[Drinks.]

From this worshipful Monster, and Mistress,
Monster his Sister,
I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance:
Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse:

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Come away Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt
And drink her health.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Prospero alone.

Prospero

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

[Enter Hippolito.]

Hippolito

Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prospero

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

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Hippolito

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Hippolito

What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prospero

Those dangerous enemies of men call'd women.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

No courage can resist 'em.

Hippolito

How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd so long unharm'd among them?

Prospero

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

Hippolito

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Hippolito

Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Prospero

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

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Hippolito

Are they so beautiful?

Prospero

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

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Avoid 'em streight, I charge you.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Hippolito

I shall obey you, Sir.

[Exit Hippolito.]

Prospero

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

[Enter Miranda and Dorinda.]

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

Miranda

It is within our bounds, Sir.

Prospero

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Dorinda

Is the man that way, Sir?

Prospero

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

Miranda

Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

Do they run wild about the Woods?

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

[Exit Prospero.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Miranda

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

Dorinda

How dare you venture?

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

I dare not for the world.

Miranda

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

Dorinda

[500] Nay I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

[Exeunt.]

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

Hippolito

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

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dorinda

I'll go nearer it.

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero within

Miranda, Child, where are you!

Miranda

Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dorinda

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

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

Well, Sister, you'l repent it.

[Exit Miranda.]

Dorinda

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

Hippolito seeing her

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

I hope not so! for when two poysonous 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:

Ariel. Song.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

If we have any venome in us, sure, we cannot be more
Poysounous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[Takes her hand.]

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Prospero within

Dorinda!

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

[Exeunt several ways.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

ACT III.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Miranda

I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Prospero

Did not his Eyes infect and poyson you?
What alteration found you in your self?

Miranda

I only wondred at a sight so new.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

You do not love it?

Miranda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Miranda

Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

[*Ex. Miranda.*]

Prospero

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

[*Enter Dorinda.*]

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

Why so?

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

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Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

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Dorinda

He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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 askt
To touch my hand; which, as a ransom for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have swallow'd it.

Prospero

Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

Then send me to that creature to be punisht.

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Prospero

Poor Child! thy passion like a lazy Ague
Has seiz'd thy blood, instead of striving thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing disease: thou fight'st
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

This is hard.

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

I hope you have not couzen'd me agen.

[Exit Dorinda.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

[Enter Ariel.]

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

Thanks my great Lord.

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel

The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:

ACT III.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

His tears run down his Beard, like Winter–drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.

Prospero

Dost thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel

Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Prospero

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

Ariel

Presently, Master.

Prospero

With a twinkle, *Ariel*.

Ariel

Before you can say come and go,
And breath twice, and cry so; so,
Each spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring 'em meat with mop and moe,
Do you love me, Master, I, or no?

Prospero

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

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Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

Make hast then.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonzalo

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

Alonzo

Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd
With a weariness to the dulling of my Spirits:
Sit and rest.

[They sit.]

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we
Stray to find, and the Sea mocks our frustrate
Search on Land: well! let him go.

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Antonio

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

Alonzo

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

[Musick.

What! Harmony agen, my good friends, heark!

Antonio

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

Gonzalo

'Tis chearful Musick, this, unlike the first;
[225] And seems as 'twere meant t'unbend our cares,
And calm your troubled thoughts.

Ariel invisible Sings.

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

Alonzo

This voice speaks comfort to us.

Antonio

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

Gonzalo

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

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

Alonzo

Are these plump shapes sent to deride our hunger?

Gonzalo

No, no: it is a Masque of fatten'd Devils, the
Burgo–Masters of the lower Region.

[Dance and vanish.

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

Antonio going to the door

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

Alonzo

'Tis so indeed, but who dares tast this feast,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps, to poyson us?

Gonzalo

[250] Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so ill–natur'd, he may do his pleasure.

Antonio

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

Alonzo

If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonzalo

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

[Exeunt.

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

[Enter Sycorax.

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

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

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

No, my dread Lord.

Trincalo

It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a [275] Coral to it.

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

May I not have the other fine thing?

Ariel invisible Sings.

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Trincalo

This is a sucking-Bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Caliban

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

Sycorax

He is the bravest God I ever saw.

Caliban

You must be kind to him, and he will love you.
I prithee speak to her, my Lord, and come neerer her.

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

[Pointing to his Bottle, and Bosens Whistle.]

Caliban

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

Trincalo

My Brother Monster is a rare Pimp.

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

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Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

Caliban

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

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Caliban

Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trincalo

Umph! that's another question: for if she be thus flipant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

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

Ariel

There's Water for your Wine.

[Exit Ariel.]

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Trincalo

Well! since it must be so.

[Gives her the Bottle.

How do you like it now, my Queen that

[She drinks.

Must be?

Sycorax

Is this your heavenly liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

[325] This is the drink of Frogs.

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

Trincalo

Well said, Subject Monster.

[Caliban drinks.

Caliban

My Lord, this is meer water.

Trincalo

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

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Caliban

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

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

Trincalo

There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I never lov'd 'em from my Childhood. The Devil take 'em, I would it had bin holy-water for their sakes.

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

Then I will cleave to thee.

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trincalo

Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:
But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;
Do not discourage a young beginner.

[*They embrace.*]

Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,
And subject Monster;

[*Ent. Steph. Must. Vent.*]

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

The Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters.
You shall know Rebels that I'm marry'd to a Witch,
And we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

Stephano

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

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

Mustacho

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

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

Who, that Monster? he a Hector?

Caliban

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

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ventoso

Lord! quoth he: the Monster's a very natural.

Sycorax

Lo! lo! agen; bite him to death I prithee.

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

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

Mustacho

Is the Butt safe, Duke *Trincalo*?

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ventoso

Trincalo you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[Exeunt Steph. Must. Vent.]

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

[Exeunt.]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel (invisible.)

Ferdinand

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

Ariel

Here I am.

Ferdinand

[425] 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.

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

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

Ariel

Take his counsel.

Ferdinand

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

Ariel

Take it.

Ferdinand

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

Ariel

One step further.

Ferdinand

This must have more importance than an Echo.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmurs of this Brook.

He sings.

Go thy way.

Ariel

Go thy way.

Ferdinand

Why should'st thou stay?

Ariel

Why should'st thou stay?

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

*Where the Winds whistle, and where the streams creep,
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.
[450] Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.*

Ariel.

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferdinand

*What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?
Within this desert place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.*

Ariel

*Kind Fortune smiles, and she
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.*

Ferdinand

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

[Exeunt and return.

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Ariel invisible Sings.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

Alack! for pity.

Prospero

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

Miranda

Why speaks my Father so urgently?
This is the third man that e're I saw, the first whom
E're I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Ferdinand

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

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Ferdinand

No, as I'm a man.

Miranda

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th' Evil Spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prospero

No more. Speak not you for him, he's a Traytor,
Come! thou art my Pris'ner and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh-Brook-Muscles, wither'd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

Ferdinand

No, I will resist such entertainment
Till my Enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.]

Miranda

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

Prospero

My child my Tutor! put thy Sword up Traytor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy
Conscience is possest with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
[525] This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

'Beseech you Father.

Prospero

Hence: hang not on my Garment.

Miranda

Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.

Prospero

Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think'st there are no more
Such shapes as his?
To the most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

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

[Whispers Ariel.]

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

To a Syllable.

[Exit Ariel.]

Prospero to Miranda

Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you.

[Exit Miranda.]

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

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

Ferdinand

'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.

[Exit. Ferd.]

Prospero

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

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

[Enter Hippolito.]

Hippolito *entring*

'Tis *Prospero's* voice.

Prospero

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

Hippolito

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

Prospero

You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hippolito

No, none Sir.
Try me agen, when e're you please I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Prospero

How much in vain it is to bridle Nature!

[Aside.]

Well! what was the success of your encounter?

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Hippolito

Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish — yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Hippolito

I'd quit the rest o'th' world that I might live alone with
Her, she never should be from me.
We too would sit and look till our eyes ak'd.

Prospero

You'd soon be weary of her.

Hippolito

O, Sir, never.

Prospero

But you'l grow old and wrinckl'd, as you see me now,
And then you will not care for her.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

You must, *Hippolito*.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

Nature, which made me so.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

Time will convince you,
Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her, and that you may not want
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Young, of a noble presence, and as he says himself,
Of Princely birth, he is my Pris'ner and in deep
Affliction, visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hippolito

It is my duty, Sir.

[Exit Hippolito.]

Prospero

True, he has seen a woman, yet he lives, perhaps I took the moment of his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is false: on what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears, mans life is all a mist, and in the dark, our fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee,
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill 'tis ours, if good the act of Heaven.

[Exit Prospero.]

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.

Scene, a Cave.

Ferdinand

[625] Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hippolito

I, and an only Father too, for sure you said
You had but one.

Ferdinand

But one Father! he's wondrous simple!

[Aside.]

Hippolito

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

Do not you know?

Ferdinand

How should I?

Hippolito

I well hop'd I was a man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:
Well, *Prospero!* this is now the second time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

Why, of this world, I never was in yours.

Ferdinand

Have you a Father?

Hippolito

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.

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

[650] How did she pierce? you seem not hurt.

Ferdinand

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

Scene, a Cave.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

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

Hippolito

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?

Ferdinand

I take no rest.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I can have no felicity without her.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Scene, a Cave.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

But noble youth, you know not what you say.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

Sir, if you love you must be ty'd to one.

Hippolito

Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferdinand

To love none but her.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

[Aside.

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

Scene, a Cave.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

You cannot love two women, both at once.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

Pretty youth, you cannot.

Hippolito

I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I cannot help it, I must love.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I must break off this conference, or he will
Urge me else beyond what I can bear.
Sweet youth! some other time we will speak
Further concerning both our loves; at present
I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it.

[Exit Ferdinand.]

Hippolito

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

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

Enter Prospero, and Miranda.

Prospero

Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your visit must be short.

[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.

Miranda

You shall be obey'd in all things.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

Be earnest to unite their very souls.

Miranda

I shall endeavour it.

Prospero

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

[Exit Prospero.]

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

Sir! my Lord? where are you?

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

Speak softly, it is I.

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

I come to help you to support your griefs.

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

How do you bear your Prison?

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

I only ask this easie tryal of you.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand

O poyson to my hopes!

[Aside.

[100] When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

He would have her.

Miranda

Alas, what mean you?

Ferdinand

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

Miranda

I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me —

[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 stay'd too long.

Ferdinand

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

[Exit Ferdinand]

Miranda

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

[Enter Prospero.]

Prospero

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

[125] Yes.

Prospero

And he spake to you?

Miranda

He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

Prospero

How like you his converse?

Miranda

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

Prospero aside

I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence,
And where he gets possession, his first work is to
Dig deep within a heart, and there lie hid,
And like a Miser in the dark to feast alone.
But tell me, dear *Miranda*, how does he suffer
His imprisonment?

Miranda

I think he seems displeas'd.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero aside

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

I'll think on't.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

Miranda aside

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

[Exit Miranda.]

Prospero

Stay! stay — I had forgot to ask her what she has said
Of young *Hippolito*: Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda*. I'll not be seen, let

[Ent. Hippolito and Dorinda.]

Their loves grow in secret.

[Exit Prospero.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

But why are you so sad?

Dorinda

But why are you so joyful?

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

And I'll have 'em all.

Dorinda

What will become of me then?

Hippolito

I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dorinda

I never saw but one.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

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?

Dorinda

Who, my Sister?

Hippolito

Is she your Sister? I'm glad o'that: you shall help me to her, and I'll love you for't.

[Offers to take her hand.

Dorinda

Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counsel which enjoyn'd reservedness,

[Aside.

Was not in vain I see.

Hippolito

What makes you shun me?

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

Why, must not he who touches hers touch yours?

Dorinda

You mean to love her too.

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

No, for you lik'd me first.

Dorinda

So you did me.

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

I'll see neither of you.

Hippolito

Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the man of whom your Father warn'd you:

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous creature,
I am but a Woman to him.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

Yes for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

I heard that she was fair, and like you.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito looking in

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

Dorinda

Must we part so soon?

Hippolito

Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dorinda

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

[Exit Dorinda.]

Hippolito

She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

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.]

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

[250] Then I must have her.

Ferdinand

No, not till I am dead.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

Time and my grief may make me dye.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I see your ignorance;
And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, saw you and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her you'l cause my death.

Hippolito

Besure I'll do't then.

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

When friends request unreasonable things,
Sure th'are to be deny'd: you say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my self; they all are made for me.

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there so many be i'th' World)
So that if once I see her I shall love her.

Ferdinand

[275] Then do not see her.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I find I must not let you see her then.

Hippolito

How will you hinder me?

Ferdinand

By force of Arms.

Hippolito

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid force: pray, do not see her, she was
Mine first; you have no right to her.

Hippolito

I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women:
And I have been taught that to dissemble what I
Think is base. In honour then of truth, I must
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

A Sword, what's that?

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

Why such a thing as this.

Hippolito

What should I do with it?

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

Strange ignorance! you must defend your life,
And so must I: but since you have no Sword
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave

[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.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
Your life, but if you please we'll fight on
These conditions; He who first draws bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

And both the Women shall be his.

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

But win these first.

Hippolito

I'll warrant you I'll push you.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Caliban

My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trincalo

Who?

Caliban

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

Trincalo

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

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Ventoso

Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.

Trincalo

Peace, or War.

Mustacho

Peace, and the Butt.

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

Stephano

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

[Aside.

Trincalo

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

[Drinks.

Stephano

Great Magistrate, here's thy Sisters health to thee.

[Drinks to Caliban.

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

O sweet heart, you must not shame your self to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry:

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

Let it come Boy.

Trincalo

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

Caliban

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

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Caliban sings.

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

[Musick heard.

Trincalo

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

[A Dance.

Trincalo

Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ventoso

The Bottle's drunk.

Mustacho

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

Trincalo

Caliban, give Bottle the belly full agen.

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

[Enter Caliban.]

Stephano

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

Trincalo

I'll begin it my self: give me the Bottle; 'tis my
[400] Prerogative to drink first; *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.

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Stephano

I will pledge your Grace Up se Dutch.

Trincalo

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

[Stephano drinks.]

Ventoso

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

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

Brother *Ventoso*, I am afraid we shall lose our places.
The Duke grows fond of *Stephano*, and will declare him
Vice-Roy.

Stephano

I ha' done my worst at your Graces Bottle.

Trincalo

Then the Folks may have it. *Caliban*
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds:
[425] Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Stephano

I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trincalo

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

Stephano

I look on her as on a very noble Princess.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Trincalo

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, she's tipping yonder with the serving-men.

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

Stephano

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

[Enter Caliban agen with a Bottle.]

Trincalo

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.

Stephano

O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trincalo

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

Caliban

[450] It sounds as though it had a noise within.

Trincalo

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

[Drinks.]

Mustacho

A short life and a merry I say.

[Steph. whispers Sycorax.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Sycorax

But did he tell you so?

Stephano

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

Sycorax

My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

Stephano

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

Sycorax

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

Stephano

Trincalo was but my man when time was.

Sycorax

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

Stephano

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

Sycorax

If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Stephano

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

Sycorax

How wilt thou carry me thither?

Stephano

Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Trincalo

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

[To Sycorax.

Sycorax

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

Trincalo

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

Stephano

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

Trincalo

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

[Strikes Stephano.

Sycorax

Dost thou hurt my love?

[Flies at Trincalo.

Trincalo

Where are our Guards? Treason, Treason!

[Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.

Ventoso

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

Trincalo

This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom.

[Whispers Mustacho hastily.

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Mustacho

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

Ventoso

You a Vice-Roy?

[They two fight off from the rest.]

Stephano

Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand neuter?

Caliban

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

Sycorax

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

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

Trincalo

The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?

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

I'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.]

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferdinand

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

Come, come, this loses time, now for the
Women, Sir.

[They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.]

Ferdinand

Sir, you are wounded.

Hippolito

No.

Ferdinand

Believe your blood.

Hippolito

I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferdinand

Remember our Conditions.

Hippolito

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

[Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.]

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

Your eyes begin to dazle.

Hippolito

Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[Hippolito thrusts and falls.]

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

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

[Swounds.]

Ferdinand

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

[Enter Prospero.]

Prospero

What dismal noise is that?

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resist the will of Heaven?

[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.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand

Sir, if you knew my innocence —

Prospero

Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What *Ariel*! sluggish spirit, where art thou?

[Enter *Ariel*.]

Ariel

Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Prospero

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 be but glad to see young Virtue
Nipt i'th' Blossom.

Ariel

My Lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad, we Airy Spirits are not of temper
[550] 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.

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Ariel

Pardon, dread Lord.

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

[Exit Ariel.]

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

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

[Enter Miranda and Dorinda.]

Miranda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

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

[She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.]

Ferdinand

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

Dorinda

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

[Exit Dorinda running.]

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

Alonzo

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

Ferdinand

My Father! O sinister happiness! Is it
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death,

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

And by my hand?

Antonio

Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonzalo

This Isle is full of nothing else.

Alonzo

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

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

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

Gonzalo

[625] The good old Duke of *Millain*!

Prospero

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

Antonio

Shame choaks my words.

Alonzo

And wonder mine.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

For you, usurping Prince,

[To Alonzo.

Know, by my Art, you shipwreckt 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.

Alonzo

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

Prospero

So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with Murd'rers made; look on that Corps,
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up till that blood-thirsty
Man, that *Ferdinand* —
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?

Alonzo

What do you mean?

Prospero

To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have disposess'd me of my *Millain*.
Blood calls for blood; your *Ferdinand* shall dye,
[650] And I in bitterness have sent for you
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him dye.

Alonzo

And think'st thou I or these will tamely stand
To view the execution?

[Lays hand upon his Sword.

Ferdinand

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Whom I love.

Prospero

Nay then appear my Guards — I thought no more to
Use their aids; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)

[He stamps, and many Spirits appear.]

But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this murder.

Alonzo

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

Antonio

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

Gonzalo

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

Alonzo

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

Antonio

You did unworthily t'upbraid him.

Gonzalo

And you do worse t'endure his crimes.

Antonio

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

Gonzalo

Agreed *Antonio*: and we agree in discord.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ferdinand to Miranda

Adieu my fairest Mistress.

Miranda

Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferdinand

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

Prospero

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

Alonzo

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

Prospero

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

[Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.]

Enter Dorinda.

Dorinda

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

Prospero

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

Dorinda

Dead, Sir, what's that?

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

His soul has left his body.

Dorinda

When will it come agen?

Prospero

O never, never!

[700] He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dorinda

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

Prospero

He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your Sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to 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 dye
For murdering him.

Miranda

Have you no pity?

Prospero

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

[They bear off the body of Hippolito.]

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

Ariel

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

[725] 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.]

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

In spight of you mine never shall be cold.

Dorinda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

[750] Sister, I'll never sleep with you agen.

Dorinda

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

Miranda

And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And eccho to each blast of wind a sigh.

[Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.]

Ariel

Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old *Prospero*, by his Daughters rob'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each others bed,
To save the living, and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their crimes upbraid.
Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.
The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their thirst of Government;

ACT IV.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

And, wanting subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.
The Monsters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*
More monstrous grow by passions learn'd from man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.
Why shou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold
In chains a spirit of ætherial mould?
[775] Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought!

[Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prospero

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

Miranda

Then let Heaven punish him.

Prospero

It will by me.

Miranda

Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

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

Miranda

Do you condemn him for shedding blood?

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

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

[He's going.]

Miranda

O stay, Sir, I have yet more Arguments.

Prospero

But none of any weight.

Miranda

Have you not said you are his Judge?

Prospero

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

Miranda

And can you be his Executioner?
If that be so, then all men may declare their
Enemies in fault; and Pow'r without the Sword
Of Justice, will presume to punish what e're

ACT V.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

It calls a crime.

Prospero

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

[Enter *Ariel*.]

Ariel

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

Prospero

Then Spirit fetch me here my salvage Slave.

Ariel

My Lord, it does not need.

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

But to what purpose was all thy diligence?

Ariel

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

Prospero

[50] Is he not dead?

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Ariel

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

Prospero

All this to night?

Ariel

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

Prospero

Thou shalt have rest my spirit,
But hast thou search'd the wound?

Ariel

My Lord I have, and 'twas in time I did it; for
The soul stood almost at life's door, all bare
And naked, shivering like Boys upon a Rivers
Bank, and loth to tempt the cold air, but I took
Her and stop'd her in; and pour'd into his mouth
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.

Prospero

Thou art my faithful servant.

Ariel

[75] His only danger was his loss of blood, but now
He's wak'd, my Lord, and just this hour
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from air till
I have time to visit him again.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

It shall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*, because your
Sister is not present here, while I go visit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.

Miranda

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

Prospero

My *Ariel*, follow me.

[Exeunt severally.]

[Hippolito discovered on a Couch, Dorinda by him.]

Dorinda

How do you find your self?

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

My Love, I'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 bin there?

Hippolito

I know not where I was.

Dorinda

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

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

Indeed I will not.

Dorinda

You must not go to Heav'n unless we go together,
[100] For I've heard my Father say that we must strive
To be each others Guide, the way to it will else
Be difficult, especially to those who are so young.
But I much wonder what it is to dye.

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

What is the Soul?

Hippolito

A small blew thing that runs about within us.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

But if my soul had gone, it should have walk'd upon
A Cloud just over you, and peep'd, and thence I would have
Call'd you.

Dorinda

But I should not have heard you, 'tis so far.

Hippolito

Why then I would have rain'd and snow'd upon you,
And thrown down Hail—stones gently till I hit you,
And made you look at least. But dear *Dorinda*
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dorinda

O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him dye to day,

ACT V.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

For what he did to you.

Hippolito

That must not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your
Father, he may not dye, it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dorinda

But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

Pray how began your difference first?

Hippolito

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

Dorinda

That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hippolito

Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my blood, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

[Exit Dor.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

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

Hippolito

Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Miranda

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

Hippolito

Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

Miranda

I'm sorry for't.

Hippolito

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

Miranda

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

Hippolito

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

Miranda

I cannot be unconstant, nor shou'd you.

Hippolito

O my wound pains me.

Miranda

I am come to ease you.

[She unwraps the Sword.]

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Hippolito

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

[She wipes and anoints the Sword.]

Miranda

Does it still grieve you?

Hippolito

Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

Miranda

Do you find no ease?

Hippolito

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

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferdinand to Dorinda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

How? gave his life to her!

Hippolito

Alas! I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.

Ferdinand

But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito*?

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Dorinda

So kind already?

Ferdinand

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

Hippolito

My dear *Dorinda* with another man?

Dorinda

Sister, what bus'ness have you here?

Miranda

[175] You see I dress *Hippolito*.

Dorinda

Y'are very charitable to a Stranger.

Miranda

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

Dorinda

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

Miranda

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

Ferdinand to Hippolito

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

Hippolito

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

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Miranda

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.

Ferdinand

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Ferdinand

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

[To *Dorinda*.

Miranda

O blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but *Ferdinand*.

Dorinda

Nor I, Heav'n knows, but my *Hippolito*.

Hippolito

I never knew I lov'd so much, before I fear'd
Dorinda's constancy; but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can
Recompence her loss.

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Ferdinand

'Twas happy then you had this little tryal.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Miranda

I have only this to say in my defence: my Father sent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

Dorinda

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

Ferdinand

From such small 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.

Alonzo to Prospero

Let it no more be thought of, your purpose
Though it was severe was just. In losing *Ferdinand*
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

Prospero

Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

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

Alonzo to Ferdinand

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

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Gonzalo

I've inward wept, or should have spoke e're this.
Look down sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.

Antonio

Though penitence forc'd by necessity can scarce
Seem real, yet dearest Brother I have hope
My blood may plead for pardon with you, I resign
Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too I would not.

Prospero

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

Alonzo

And that I may not be behind in justice, to this
Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus salute him.

Hippolito

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

Prospero

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

Hippolito

And shall these people be all Men and Women?

Gonzalo

Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hippolito

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

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Prospero

And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, she shall
Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.

Hippolito

How can he make us one, shall I grow to her?

Prospero

By saying holy words you shall be joyn'd in marriage
To each other.

Dorinda

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

Prospero to his daughter

My *Ariel* told me, when last night you quarrel'd,
You said you would for ever part your beds,
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.
For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito* lye in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonzo

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

Miranda to Dorinda

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

Dorinda

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

Hippolito

I am o'rejoy'd that I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
[275] We'll lye all night and day together there,

ACT V.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

And never rise again.

Ferdinand aside to him

Hippolito! you yet are ignorant of your great
Happiness, but there is somewhat which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda's* sake I must instruct
You in.

Hippolito

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

[Enter Ariel driving in Steph. Trinc. Must. Vent. Calib. Syc.]

Prospero

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

Gonzalo

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

Alonzo to Trincalo

Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? why star'st thou so?

Trincalo

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

Mustacho

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

Stephano

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

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Ventoso

And I my Vice–Roy–ship.

Trincalo

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

Antonio

They talk like mad men.

Prospero

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

Alonzo

This news is wonderful.

Ariel

Was it well done, my Lord?

Prospero

Rarely, my diligence.

Gonzalo

But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Prospero

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

Sycorax

O *Setebos*! these be brave Sprights indeed.

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Prospero to Caliban

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

Caliban

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

Prospero

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

Alonzo

No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prospero

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

Ariel

I'll do it Master.

Sings.

*Where the Bee sucks there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bell, I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Swallows wing I flye
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.*

Sycorax

I'll to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.

Trincalo

No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender constitution, and will be sick a Ship-board. You are partly Fish and may swim after me. I wish you a good Voyage.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

Prospero

Now to this Royal Company, my servant, be visible,
And entertain them with a Dance before they part.

Ariel

I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
Who twice seven years hath waited for my Freedom,
It shall appear and foot it featly with me.
Milcha, my Love, thy *Ariel* calls thee.

[Enter *Milcha*.

Milcha

Here!

[They dance a *Saraband*.

Prospero

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

[Exeunt.

Epilogue.

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

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

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe're we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.

For this poor wretch he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.

The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island

He sends me only like a Sh'riffs man here
To let you know the Malefactor's neer;
And that he means to dye, en Cavalier.

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

FINIS.