

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;

Perchance, he will not mind me.

Enter TRINCULO

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.

—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man; and his fins like arms. Warm; o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt.

[*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:

She loved not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,

*Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did
itch;*

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?

Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men

do Inde?
 of Inde? Ha! I have not scaped drowning, to be
 afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said,
 As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot
 make him give ground: and it shall be said so
 again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
 legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where
 the devil should he learn our language? I will give
 him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can re-
 cover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples
 with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever
 trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring
 my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after
 the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he
 have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to
 remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him
 tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall
 pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
 anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper
 works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth;
 here is that which will give language to you, cat.

Open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly :—you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me !—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano !

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano !—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo ;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? Can he vent Trinculos ?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-

stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant. *set! not on foot, and a'nd: o man stage in a' sure.*

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard; by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano,—hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man : my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf ? how does thine ague ?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven ?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee :

My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that ; kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster :—I afeard of him !—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon !—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island,

And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot : I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then ; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this

puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster :
I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink.
An abominable monster !

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck
thee berries ;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Honour marvellous.
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a
wonder of a poor drunkard !

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset : I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with
me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any
more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our
company else being drowned, we will inherit here.
Heavenly music.
—Here ; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll
fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—get a new man.

*Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom !
hey-day, freedom !*

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

Alguns trabalhos são pesados
Quero o meu peso o amor a todos
deus esperem de laço e out
Com um
lados, gran
Este meu vil trabalho
Seu-me tem
Quero a dar a quem serve, por a morte
Vou a comento os meus trabalhos
Em prosa, ab, lla e de os mais
Leite Brando de um o poe e
de este fato de estudo. Alguns me
de este tipo tem em me lembrar
E por onde se vê, sob a fumaça
D'uma injunção que vou; a um
Chamado ao var-ma e
trabalho, e de se
Barra no tem

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious; but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such

baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance

Mira.

Alas, now, pray you,

Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
 Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
 'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself :
 He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
 The sun will set, before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
 I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
 I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poor worm, thou art infected :
 This visitation shows it.—

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 't is fresh morning
 with me
 When you are by, at night. I do beseech you,
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,

Senhora e' manta casado
Quanto star perto e' mais.

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admired Miranda,
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than thou, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are, abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty
(*A fair one may see* The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Extraneous to mine Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. *I am, in my condition,*
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it: and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. *Do you love me?*

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. *I am a fool,*
To weep at what I am glad of.—

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!—

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest :
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't : and now
farewell, *& a wish to her*
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !
[*Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island

Enter CALIBAN with a bottle; STEPHANO and

TRINCULO *following*

Ste. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water, ^{an'ter d'ain sam pinge;} not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—^{Acad' wants, let n' my f'ardh.} Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
 They say, there's but five upon this isle; we are
 three of them: if the other two be brained like
 us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree:—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou! I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[To CAL.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it: if thy greatness will, Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

monstr; and gods?
Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

damn of n...
Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy

Pay a man pardon, the he means,
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
I think the a sample of his power
And take his bottle from him: when that's

gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are.

he is a monster a corner more as is
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: inter-
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a
stock-fish of thee.

Can't be his ex. In his work. You are
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll
go further off.

from a distance.
Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied? *No words for the monster:*

Ari. Thou liest. *He's a monster!*

He's a monster?
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes him.] As
you like this, give me the lie another time. *A fates 5' it*

And as in the monster. Give? you give me answer?
Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits,
and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can
sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster,
and the devil take your fingers! *a fates from the monster. He's a monster.*

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pry'thee,
stand farther off. *from the monster he's a monster!*

But - I am so, I have a power on
the last
 Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time,
 I'll beat him too.

Meaning here... Continuation
 Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

See, am a Cal. I, also, am
 Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with
 him
Don't take it too; all's for
 I' the afternoon to sleep : there thou may'st brain
 him,

Having first seized his books ; or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
I am a man of war, I am a man of war
 First to possess his books ; for without them
It is a great loss, but I am a man of war
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command
 One spirit to command : they all do hate him
For I am a man of war
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;

He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal :

And that most deeply to consider is
It is a pity, a pity
 The beauty of his daughter ; he himself

He calls her a nonpareil
 Calls her a nonpareil : I never saw a woman,

But only Sycorax my dam, and she ;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,

Can be a man of war
 As great'st does least.

Is it so brave a lass ?
 Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

See, I am a man of war
 Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I
 warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

monster at him. One felt & in
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost
 Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter
 and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)
 and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost
 thou like the plot, Trinculo? *pl. V.*

Excellent.
 Trin. Excellent.

De-ho & to be I am sorry I beat thee;
on your (sinner's) main neck
 Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee;
 but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
 head. *ten tenths in leg.*

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste.

prate, palm & house.
 Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

For you also, too in my power.
 Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of
 pleasure.

Lyons Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

to be paid, prate, fore & reason,
 Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
 any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Vans, countess. [Sings.

Flout'em, and scout'em; and scout'em, and flout
 'em;

Thought is free.

etc. - 15
 Cal. That's not the tune.

A music in a' me.
 [ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

l'ite e' a musica de ay better l'itanta
 Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by
 the picture of Nobody. *felu what a dreyman.*

de e' henna, musica de fenna e'
 Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
 likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou
 list. *de e' d'aly, fenna de fenna.*

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

de more, fenna de fenna.
 Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—
 Mercy upon us. *minimoddi.*

Cal. Art thou afeard? *Toss man?*

Ste. No, monster, not I. *has mount, un tent.*

has tent, a chie sta' chie d' ant.
 Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt

not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought, would open, and show
 riches

Per Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
 I cried to dream again. *de tamar e' rahan.*

l'ite e' de. de tamar e' rahan.
 Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
 where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by-and-by: I remember the
 story. *l'ite e' l'ite; de tamar e' rahan.*

Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it,
and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I
could see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Island

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your
patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits. Sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to SEB.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to ANT.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to SEB.*] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to ANT.*] I say, to-night : no more.

*Solemn and strange music : and PROSPERO above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes bring-
ing in a banquet : they dance about it with
gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the
KING, &c., to eat, they depart*

Alon. What harmony is this ? my good friends,
hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music !

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What
were these ?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true : travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. *Q. as an*
 I should report this now, would they believe
 me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders
Pro. at. it is not a
 (For, certes, these are people of the island),
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
 note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [Aside.] Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
 pressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanished strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
 They have left their viands behind, for we have
 stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon.

Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder, a fog, and music.
Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy,
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a
quaint device, the banquet vanishes

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and, on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves.

[*Seeing ALON., SEB., &c., draw their swords.*

You fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume: my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
For that's my business to you, that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from,

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads, is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder : then, to soft music, enter
the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and
mows, and carry out the table.*

Pro. [Aside.] ~~A figure~~ Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou

Performed, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand whom they suppose is drowned,
And his and my loved darling. [*Exit PROSPERO.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt SEB. and ANT.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

Pro. If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both : therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
~~Can you see now~~
With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
foundered
Or Night kept chained below.

Pro.

Fairly spoken,

Sit then and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel, my industrious servant Ariel?

Enter ARIEL

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this
place.

Incite them to quick motion, for I must

Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master ?—no ?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not ap-
proach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well :—I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are
straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly.—
No tongue, all eyes ; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to
keep ;

Thy banks with pionéd and twilléd brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy
broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air : the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuseth honey-drops, refreshing showers ;

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy
queen

Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandaled company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain :
Mars's hot minion is returned again ;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

Jun. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with
me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honoured in their issue.

SONG

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garner never empty ;
Vines with clustering bunches growing ;
Plants with goodly burden bowing.
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Set vision e'

are they in spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever :
So rare a wondered father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send
IRIS on employment.

Pro. Sweet, now, silence :
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There 's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wan-
dering brooks,
With your saged crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons : Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love : be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs
Ceres You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Kind Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Happy Make holiday : your rye-straw hats put on,
Can And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

A short rest

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Da für Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy *Take regard a red conspiracy*
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates *in a conspiracy*
Against my life ; the minute of their plot *Enter a minister with a document, & a plan*
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done.—

Avoid :—no more.

Die Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
passion

That works him strongly.

Die Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pro Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed : be cheerful, sir.

Die Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
These As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air ;

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Do que o João sonha
Deixa para uma semana depois. Outros fatos
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
Do tanto de coisa que se pode fazer
 As dreams are made on; and our little life
Um sonho a cada momento
 Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed,
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought;—I thank thee,
 Ariel : Come !

Enter ARIEL

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
 pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
 We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented
 Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I feared,
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
 varlets ?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
 drinking :
 So full of valour, that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their
 ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
 Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
 thorns,

Which entered their frail shins. At last I left
 them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
 The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari.

I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. ^{has not, in such} A devil, a born devil, on whose nature ^{with a} *Exit.*
^{has been seen in college.} Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all
 Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *Enter*

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall ; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played
the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore, speak
softly,—

All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell :—no noise, and enter :
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have
bloody thoughts. *sings (murmuring)*.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer, O worthy
Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster, we know what belongs to
a frippery :—O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo, by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool, what do you
mean,

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the

line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,
and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; here 's a gar-
ment for 't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I
am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level '
is an excellent pass of pate ; there 's another gar-
ment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't : we shall lose our
time,

And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers : help to bear
this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll
turn you out of my kingdom. Go to ; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in
shape of hounds, and hunt them about : PROS-
PERO and ARIEL setting them on*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey !

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver !

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,
hark!

[*CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them, *E des b'gins in l'vins m'ns m'ls,*
On up'rs in snan f'ls.
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari.

Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers ?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them : all are prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you termed the good old lord, Gonzalo :
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the

quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part. The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pas-
time

*A. Ari. maine name
Dost thou think so
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human
Pro. And mine shall
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pas-
time*

Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, oped and let them
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure ; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a frantic
gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN
and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by
ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the*

circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks :

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopped.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces

Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—

Thou'rt pinched for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and

blood,

You brother mine, that entertained ambition,

Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebas-

tian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),

Would here have killed your king: I do forgive
thee,

Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy.—Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I,

In a cowslip's bell I lie,

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee,*

But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches ; the master, and the boat-
swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place,

And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit ARIEL.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us

Out of this fearful country !—

Pro.

Behold, Sir King,

The wrongéd Duke of Milan, Prospero.

For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;

And to thee, and thy company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

Alon.

Whe'r thou beest he or no

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse

Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

I fear, a madness held me. This must crave

(An if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should

Prospero

Be living, and be here?—

Pro.

First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured, or confined.

Gon.

Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro.

You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends
all.—

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*] But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside.]

The devil speaks in him.

Pro.

No.—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.—

Alon.

If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation:

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is !)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft
grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss ?

Pro. As great to me as late ; and, súpportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?
O heavens ! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! That they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most
strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was
landed,

To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom. —

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FER-
DINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.—

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!—

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.

[FERD. kneels to ALON.

Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O wonder
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Received a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon.

I am hers.

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro.

There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon.

I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalked forth the way,
Which brought us hither !

Alon.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo.

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,

In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To FERD. and MIR.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon.

Be it so : Amen.

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain

amazedly following
Ved, ved, ved, ved ; the stern man, man.

O look, sir, look, sir, here is more of us.

I am sure you have a husband here in town
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

Let us be in a hurry to get out of here, when we see,
This fellow could not drown : Now, blasphemy,

Thou swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore ? *How can you say that ? I am sure*

Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king, and company : the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to PRO.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. [Aside to ARI.] My tricky spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapped under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to PRO.*] Was't well done?

Pro. [*Aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence!
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happened accidents ; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to ARI.*]

Come hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free ;

Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*—How fares my

gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.
—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb.

Ha, ha !

What things are these, my Lord Antonio ?
Will money buy them ?

Ant.

Very like : one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true.—This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch : and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
 And deal in her command, without her power.

These three have robbed me ; and this demi-devil

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life : two of these fellows you

Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where

should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ?

How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
 you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
 bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Ste. O, touch me not : I am not Stephano, but a
 cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

It's a new steady camera
 Alon. [Pointing to CAL.] This is a strange thing
 as e'er I looked on.

*E' can disfigure me his manners, even
 no my figure*
 Pro. He is as disproportioned in his manners
 As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;

Take with you your companions : as you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
 And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
*Was I for this drunkard's sake as for
 to know the world's a fool*
 Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
 And worship this dull fool !

Pro. Vae-tu ; foha.
 Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
 you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Seneca, Corio, and others
 [Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.]
 Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
 To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
 For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
 With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
 Go quick away ; the story of my life,
 And the particular accidents gone by,
 Since I came to this isle. And in the morn,
 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-belovéd solemnised ;
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where

A hypothesis, and espero ver

Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge ; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own ;
Which is most faint : now, 't is true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.



NOTES

II. i. p. 53. **Widow Dido.**—Elissa, surnamed *Dido*, founded Carthage and became its queen; but Sebastian refers to her when, according to Virgil, she had lost the “wandering Trojan” (whom he sarcastically calls “widower Æneas”) by his desertion of her and not by death.

II. i. p. 54. **Ay.**—This is addressed to Adrian by Gonzalo in confirmation of his assurance that Tunis was Carthage. The speakers are arranged in two separate groups; Gonzalo engaged with King Alonso and the rest, while Sebastian and Antonio remain apart commenting satirically on the others.

II. i. p. 55. **Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.**—She whose “banishment” might well cause you to weep.

II. i. p. 61. **Beyond man's life.**—Probably, beyond the length of a man's life—viz. 70 leagues (years).

II. i. p. 72. **Dropped from Heaven.**—It is recorded that the Indians of the island of St. Salvador, when first discovered, asked Columbus and his companions by signs whether they were not from the sky.

III. i. p. 75. **Most busy lest when I do it.**—The difficulty here arises only from the printer separating *lest* from *busy*. “By these sweet thoughts I am in reality refreshed when I am most actively engaged.” *Busylest* is our “busiliest”; the double superlative and comparative were frequent in early times. *It* = them, my labours or work. *It* was used as pronoun for a plural substantive; see an instance in the first side-note to *los socorros*, on p. 59 of John Minshin's *Spanish Dialogues and Grammar*, 1599: “Succors or lendings which they give souldiers when

Notes

there is no paie, and when the paie comes they take it off," where *it* stands for the "succors or lendings," and is so used by a well-known dictionary-maker and grammarian.—F. J. F.

III. ii. p. 86. **The picture of Nobody.**—Probably referring to the print of a man having only head, arms, and legs—the "*Nobody*" of a comedy entitled *Nobody and Somebody*, 1600. Several similar "pictures" were known both in print and as ale-house signs.

III. iii. p. 89. **Praise in departing.**—A proverbial phrase, meaning: "Withhold your praise until the entertainment is over."

III. iii. p. 90. **Putter-out of five for one.**—Adventurous traveller; referring to the custom of investing a sum of money, before setting forth upon a hazardous journey, on an agreement either for the exorbitant interest of "*five for one*" in the event of the traveller's safe return, or relinquishment of all claim if he was lost. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, II. i. Puntorvolo proposes to "put forth some five thousand pounds to be paid me *five for one*, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court at Constantinople."

IV. i. p. 97. **Banks with pioned and twilled brims.**—No certain explanation of these words has yet been obtained. A great deal of circumstantial evidence supports the interpretation, "river banks overgrown with peonies and rushes" ("*piony*" being the old spelling of "peony," thus spelt, and referred to as an April flower, by Bacon). For "*twilled*," "*lilied*" is the most favoured emendation, as suiting the context, "To make cold nymphs chaste crowns." But "Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms" implies that the banks are "*pioned and twilled*" before April "*betrimms*" them, and therefore probably refers to the digging and banking of irrigation trenches through arable land, the banks of which will blossom forth with all kinds of verdure and wild flowers under the influence of "spongy April."

IV. i. pp. 101-2. **These our actors, etc.**—Steevens first drew attention to the following passage from *The*

Notes

Tragedy of Darius, by W. Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, published in 1603, which may have suggested Prospero's speech :—

“ Let greatnesse of her glascie sceptres vaunt ;
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soone bruis'd, soone broken :
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With furniture superfluously faire :
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.”

IV. i. p. 105. **O King Stephano!**—Alluding to the old ballad, “Take thy old cloak about thee,” quoted by Iago in *Othello* (II. iii. p. 72) :—

“ King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

“ He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.”

IV. i. p. 106. **Barnacles.**—In Butler's *Hudibras* occur the lines :—

“ And from the most refin'd of saints,
As naturally grow miscreants,
As *barnacles* turn Soland geese
In th' islands of the Orcades.”

IV. i. p. 112. “**Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.**”—The following occurs in Fairfax's *Tasso*, Book IV., stanza 18 :—

“ The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountains hore,
And *under everie trembling leafe they sit.*”



GLOSSARY

- Abuse**: deceive. V. i. p. 113.
Achés: pronounced 'H' (aitch). I. ii. p. 42.
Admire: wonder. V. i. p. 115.
Advance: raise, lift up. I. ii. p. 44.
Adventure: risk. II. i. p. 58.
Again: again and again. I. ii. p. 43.
A-hold: close to the wind, as nearly in the teeth of the wind as possible. I. i. p. 22.
Amazement: bewildering distress. I. ii. p. 24.
Angle: corner. I. ii. p. 34.
Argier: Algiers. I. ii. p. 36.
Aspersion: sprinkling, as of dew. IV. i. p. 94.
Attached: arrested, seized. III. iii. p. 87.
Avoid: away! begone! IV. i. p. 101.
Backward: past. I. ii. p. 26.
Badges: silver plates engraved with their master's armorial bearings, worn by servants on the arm. V. i. p. 122.
Banks: ditches or trenches dividing up arable land. IV. i. p. 97.
Barnacles: barnacle geese; the shell-fish were supposed to grow upon a certain tree, from which they fell into the water and there changed into geese. IV. i. p. 106. (See Notes.)
Bass: pronounce in a deep bass voice. III. iii. p. 93.
Bate: rebate. I. ii. p. 35.
Bat-fowling: the hunting of bats at night by attracting them with torches, and striking them down as they fluttered round the light. II. i. p. 58.
- Beak**: bows. I. ii. p. 33.
Bear up: *i.e.* to set the helm so that the vessel continues on a course against the wind. III. ii. p. 80.
Bermoothes: Bermudas. I. ii. p. 34.
Berries: probably coffee, known as an Eastern beverage. I. ii. p. 40.
Blue-eyed: with blueness or darkness around the eyes. I. ii. p. 36.
Boiled: distracted, frenzied. V. i. p. 111.
Bombard: a large leathern jug. II. ii. p. 67.
Bootless inquisition: fruitless conjecture. I. ii. p. 25.
Bosky: wooded. IV. i. p. 98.
Bourn: boundary. II. i. p. 56.
Brave: noble, beautiful, striking. I. ii. p. 44.
Bring her to try: "to lie-to in a gale under storm sails, so as to keep a ship's bow to the waves." I. i. p. 21.
Broom-groves: luxuriant groves of broom. IV. i. p. 97.
Burden: refrain. I. ii. p. 42.
By and by: immediately. III. iii. p. 86.
Can: "our worser genius —," that our evil attendant spirit is able to oppose (to our guardian angel). IV. i. p. 95.
Candied: hardened, congealed. II. i. p. 63.
Capable: tenacious. I. ii. p. 41.
Capering to eye her: dancing with delight at the sight of her. V. i. p. 120.
Carriage: burden. V. i. p. 108.
Case: fit condition. III. ii. p. 81.

Glossary

- Cast:** cast up (with allusion to the 'cast' of a play, carried on in the succeeding lines). II. i. p. 62.
- Cat:** with reference to the proverb, 'Good liquor will make a cat speak.' II. ii. p. 70.
- Cat o' mountain:** wild cat. IV. i. p. 107.
- Catch:** a round (each singer joining in at a different point). III. ii. p. 85.
- Certes:** certainly, assuredly. III. iii. p. 89.
- Charmingly:** magically, like a spell, or 'charm.' IV. i. p. 99.
- Cherubin:** cherub. I. ii. p. 30.
- Chirurgeonly:** like a surgeon. II. i. p. 56.
- Chough:** a kind of crow. II. i. p. 62.
- Clear:** blameless. III. iii. p. 92.
- Closeness:** solitude. I. ii. p. 48.
- Coil:** tumult, uproar. I. ii. p. 33.
- Constant:** self-possessed. I. ii. p. 33; "is not —," is squeamish. II. ii. p. 71.
- Content:** aspiration, ambition. II. i. p. 63.
- Control:** confute. I. ii. p. 45.
- Coragio:** courage! V. i. p. 121.
- Corollary:** supernumerary. IV. I. p. 96.
- Correspondent:** submissive. I. ii. p. 38.
- Courses:** the lowest and largest sails. I. ii. p. 22.
- Crabs:** crab apples. II. ii. p. 73.
- Crisp:** curled, rippling. IV. i. p. 100.
- Dead of sleep:** in a profound, death-like slumber. V. i. p. 120.
- Dearest:** direst, the most lamentable. II. i. p. 56.
- Deboshed:** debauched. III. ii. p. 81.
- Decked:** sprinkled. I. ii. p. 31.
- Deep chat:** profound conversation. II. i. p. 62.
- Deliver:** relate. V. i. p. 124.
- Dew-lapped:** having lobes or folds of skin hanging from the throat. III. iii. p. 90.
- Dis:** Pluto. IV. i. p. 98.
- Discase:** disrobe, divest myself of my outer garments. V. i. p. 112.
- Discharge:** "in yours and my —," remains for you and me to perform. II. i. p. 62.
- Distempered:** excited. IV. i. p. 101.
- Distinctly:** separately. I. ii. p. 33; articulately. II. i. p. 60.
- Doit:** the smallest coin, eighty to the shilling. II. ii. p. 67.
- Doubts:** "but — discovery there," without suspecting that nothing can be discovered there. II. i. p. 61.
- Dowle:** fibre of a feather. III. iii. p. 91.
- Drawn:** with drawn swords. II. i. p. 65; "well —," a deep draught! II. ii. p. 72.
- Drollery:** puppet-show. III. iii. p. 88.
- Dry:** thirsty. I. ii. p. 28.
- Earthed:** buried. II. i. p. 61.
- Ebbing men:** men of declining fortunes. II. i. p. 60.
- Ecstasy:** madness. III. iii. p. 93.
- Endeavour:** painful effort. II. i. p. 57.
- Engine:** i.e. of war. II. i. p. 57.
- Envy:** malice. I. ii. p. 36.
- Estate:** bestow for perpetual possession. IV. i. p. 98.
- Eye:** tinge. II. i. p. 56.
- Fall it:** let it fall. II. i. p. 64.
- Fearful:** timid. I. ii. p. 47.
- Feater:** more neatly, better fitting. II. i. p. 63.
- Featly:** nimbly, gracefully. I. ii. p. 42.
- Fellows:** equals, companions. II. i. p. 63.
- Few:** "in —," briefly. I. ii. p. 30.
- Fished for:** "well —," appropriately drawn in or interpolated, timely spoken. II. i. p. 54.
- Flat-long:** as if struck with the flat of a sword. II. i. p. 58.
- Flote:** flood, main. I. ii. p. 34.

Glossary

- Foil**: "put it to the —," marred it. III. ii. p. 77.
- Foison**: plenty, abundance. II. i. p. 57.
- Forth-rights**: straight paths. III. iii. p. 87.
- Foundered**: disabled (by over-riding). IV. i. p. 95.
- Fraughting souls**: freight of human life. I. ii. p. 24.
- Freshes**: "quick —," living springs of fresh water. III. ii. p. 83.
- Frippery**: old-clothes store. IV. i. p. 105.
- Frustrate**: frustrated, hopeless. III. iii. p. 87.
- Gaberdine**: a long, coarse over-garment. II. ii. p. 68.
- Gallows**: alluding to the saying, 'He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.' I. i. p. 21.
- Gilded**: intoxicated (alluding to the alchemists' elixir, *aurum potabile*). V. i. p. 122.
- Glasses**: hours (actually a half-hour glass was used at sea. See *Life and Work*, chap. 12, note). I. ii. p. 35; v. i. p. 119.
- Goss**: gorse. IV. i. p. 103.
- Heavy offer**: "omit the —," neglect the proffered oblivion. II. i. p. 58.
- Help**: cure. II. ii. p. 72.
- Hint**: theme. I. ii. p. 30; occasion, cause. II. i. p. 50.
- Hoist**: hoisted. I. ii. p. 30.
- Hollowly**: insincerely. III. ii. p. 78.
- Holy**: virtuous, upright. V. i. p. 111.
- Home**: fully, to the utmost. V. I. p. 111.
- Hoodwink**: obscure, conceal. IV. i. p. 104.
- Ignorant fumes**: fumes of ignorance. V. i. p. 111.
- Impertinent**: not pertinent, irrelevant. I. ii. p. 30.
- Inch-meal**: inch by inch. II. ii. p. 66.
- Inde**: "men of —," barbarians. II. ii. p. 68.
- Infest**: worry, vex. V. i. p. 120.
- Inherit**: take possession. II. ii. p. 73; possess. IV. i. p. 101.
- Issued**: derived. I. ii. p. 26.
- Jack**: Jack-o'-lantern, Will-o'-the-wisp. IV. i. p. 104.
- Jerkin**: doublet. IV. i. p. 105.
- Justify**: prove. V. i. p. 114.
- Key**: tuning-key. I. ii. p. 27.
- Kibe**: chilblain. II. i. p. 63.
- Knot**: "in this sad —," dejectedly folded (a proverbial token of melancholy). I. ii. p. 34.
- Lakin**: "By'r —," by our Ladykin, i.e. the Virgin Mary. III. iii. p. 87.
- Lieu**: "in — o'," in return for. I. ii. p. 29.
- Life**: "good —," life-like ex-actitude. III. iii. p. 92.
- Lime**: i.e. with which to catch birds (carrying on the play upon *line* = lime-tree). IV. i. p. 106.
- Line**: lime-tree (with quibble on 'cord'); "under the *line*," (1) wagered at tennis, the ball going 'under the line' meaning loss of the point; (2) at the equator, where fevers were likely to cause the loss of hair; with further quibble on '*hair*' = horse-hair, of which clothes-*line* was made; "*line* and level," methodically. IV. i. p. 136.
- Line-grove**: lime-grove, grove of lindens. V. i. p. 108.
- Liver**: passion was believed to take rise in the liver. IV. i. p. 96.
- Loathness**: reluctance. II. i. p. 55.
- Lush**: luxuriant. II. i. p. 52.
- Maid**: maid-servant. III. i. p. 79.
- Main-course**: main sail. I. i. p. 21.
- Make**: *make* myself, show myself. II. i. p. 62.
- Make a man**: make a man's fortune. II. ii. p. 67.

Glossary

- Manage:** "put the —," entrusted the government. I. ii. p. 27.
- Marmoset:** a small monkey. II. ii. p. 73.
- Massy:** massive, weighty. III. iii. p. 91.
- Matter:** important utterance. II. i. p. 60.
- Matters:** "most poor—," humblest occupations. III. i. p. 75.
- Meanders:** intricate winding paths. III. iii. p. 87.
- Melt:** soften again. II. i. p. 63.
- Merchant:** "some —," some merchantman. II. i. p. 50.
- Merely:** absolutely. I. i. p. 22.
- Milan:** duke of Milan. I. ii. p. 28.
- Minion:** favourite. IV. i. p. 98.
- Miraculous harp:** the harp with which Amphion raised the walls of Thebes. II. i. p. 53.
- Miss:** spare, do without. I. ii. p. 39.
- Momentary:** instantaneous. I. ii. p. 33.
- Moon-calf:** abortion. II. ii. p. 70.
- Mop and mow:** grimaces. IV. i. p. 96.
- Mow:** grimace. II. ii. p. 66.
- Muse:** wonder at. III. iii. p. 89.
- Naples:** the King of Naples. I. ii. p. 45.
- Natural:** idiot. III. ii. p. 81.
- Nature:** natural affection. V. i. p. 111.
- Neat's leather:** ox-hide. II. ii. p. 69.
- Nerves:** sinews. I. ii. p. 48.
- Nimble lungs:** easily excited risible faculties. II. i. p. 57.
- Nook:** inlet, bay. I. ii. p. 34.
- Note:** information. II. i. p. 61.
- Observation strange:** rare observance, scrupulous attention to my wishes. III. iii. p. 92.
- Odd:** out-of-the-way. I. ii. p. 34.
- O'er:** "trebles thee —," will make thee thrice as great as thou wert before. II. i. p. 60.
- O'er-prized:** exceeded in value. I. ii. p. 28.
- Office:** orders. I. i. p. 21.
- Old:** 'rare,' acute, extreme. I. ii. p. 42.
- Ooze:** spongy bottom. I. ii. p. 36.
- Out:** quite, fully. I. ii. p. 25.
- Owed:** owned. III. i. p. 77.
- Owes:** owns. I. ii. p. 44.
- Own:** "was his —," was master of his senses. V. i. p. 119.
- Painful:** laborious. III. i. p. 75.
- Pains:** labours. I. ii. p. 35.
- Paphos:** a town in Cyprus, dedicated to Venus. IV. i. p. 98.
- Pard:** leopard. IV. i. p. 107.
- Pass of pate:** sally of wit; *pass* = thrust (in fencing). IV. i. p. 106.
- Passion:** grief. I. ii. p. 43; feel the pangs of grief and pain. V. i. p. 109.
- Patch:** fool, jester. III. ii. p. 83.
- Pay:** requite, recompense. V. i. p. 111.
- Pertly:** briskly. IV. i. p. 96.
- Piece:** paragon. I. ii. p. 26.
- Pied:** clothed in motley. III. ii. p. 83.
- Pig-nuts:** pea-nuts, 'monkey-nuts.' II. ii. p. 73.
- Pioned:** (?) dug, and piled or banked up. IV. i. p. 97. (*See Notes.*)
- Plantation:** the colonising, misunderstood by Antonio. II. i. p. 56.
- Play the men:** act like men. I. i. p. 20.
- Point:** "to —," precisely, in all respects. I. ii. p. 33.
- Pole-clipt:** with vines 'embraced' about the poles. IV. i. p. 97.
- Poor-John:** salted and dried hake. II. ii. p. 67.
- Premises:** conditions. I. ii. p. 29.
- Presented:** played. IV. i. p. 102.
- Presently:** immediately. I. ii. p. 29; IV. i. p. 96, &c.

Glossary

Princess': princesses; formerly a common plural in poetry. I. ii. p. 31.

Proclaim: indicate, announce. II. i. p. 60.

Professes to persuade: makes a profession of persuading. II. i. p. 61.

Purchased: won. IV. i. p. 94.

Putter-out, &c.: traveller. III. iii. p. 90. (See Notes.)

Quaint: delicate, dainty. I. ii. p. 39.

Quality: faculties. I. ii. p. 32.

Quickens: enlivens, imparts life to. III. i. p. 75.

Race: stock, breed. I. ii. p. 41.

Rack: cloud. IV. i. p. 102.

Rate: estimation. I. ii. p. 28; II. i. p. 54.

Reason: "any —," anything with reason. III. ii. p. 85.

Recover: cure, restore. II. ii. p. 69.

Reeling-ripe: intoxicated to the reeling stage. V. i. p. 122.

Release: "till your —," until released by you. V. i. p. 108.

Remember: remind. I. ii. p. 35; commemorate. I. ii. p. 43.

Remembrance: memory. II. i. p. 61.

Remorse: pity. V. i. p. 111.

Resolve: unfold to, explain to. V. i. p. 120.

Rid: destroy. I. ii. p. 41.

Ringlets: "green sour —," circles of luxuriant grass supposed to be caused by fairy dances, and thus made sour so that sheep would not eat it. V. i. p. 109.

Room: sea-room. I. i. p. 20.

Rounded: encompassed before and after. IV. i. p. 102.

Sack: a white Spanish wine. II. ii. p. 71.

Sanctimonious: sacred. IV. i. p. 94.

Sans: without. I. ii. p. 28.

Scamels: probably some kind of sea-bird, but no rock-building species of the name is known. II. ii. p. 73.

Scandaled: scandalous. IV. i. p. 98.

Sedged: woven of sedges. IV. i. p. 100.

Sense: "against the stomach of my —," in spite of the revolt of my feelings. II. i. p. 54.

Sensible: sensitive, easily tickled. II. i. p. 57.

Set: closed. III. ii. p. 80.

Setebos: the name of a Patagonian god. I. ii. p. 42; V. i. p. 121.

Sets off: relieves, (?) shows to the best advantage. III. i. p. 75.

Several: separate, different. III. i. p. 77.

She that from whom: she, coming from whom. II. i. p. 62.

Shroud: shelter. II. ii. p. 68.

Siege: excrement. II. ii. p. 70.

Single: (1) the same (*i.e.* the King of Naples myself); (2) solitary. I. ii. p. 45; alone, privately. V. i. p. 120.

Skilless: ignorant. III. i. p. 77.

Sociable to: in sympathy with. V. i. p. 111.

Sometime: sometimes, 'ever and anon.' I. ii. p. 33.

Sore: 'sorry,' with play on the ordinary sense. V. i. p. 122.

Sot: fool. III. ii. p. 84.

South-west: plagues and diseases of all kinds were formerly believed to be borne upon the south and south-west winds. I. ii. p. 39.

Spoon: alluding to the old proverb, 'He who eats with the devil hath need of a long spoon.' II. ii. p. 70.

Spurs: long spreading roots. V. i. p. 110.

Stale: decoy. IV. i. p. 103.

Standard: standard-bearer, ensign (see Trinculo's quibble on 'stander' in the following speech). III. ii. p. 80.

Glossary

- Steaded much:** stood us in good stead. I. ii. p. 31.
- Still-closing:** ever re-uniting. III. iii. p. 91.
- Still-vex'd:** constantly chafed by storms. I. ii. p. 34.
- Stock-fish:** cod (beaten and dried). III. ii. p. 83.
- Stomach:** "undergoing —," valiant courage. I. ii. p. 31.
- Stover:** fodder for winter. IV. i. p. 97.
- Strangely:** rarely, wonderfully. IV. i. p. 94.
- Study:** ponder, wonder about. II. i. p. 53.
- Substitution:** deputyship. I. ii. p. 28.
- Subtilties:** fantastic illusions (formerly a term in cookery for figures and other devices executed in pastry or confectionery). V. i. p. 114.
- Sudden:** quick. II. i. p. 64.
- Suffered:** been killed. II. ii. p. 67.
- Suggestion:** temptation. II. i. p. 63; IV. i. p. 95.
- Swabber:** cleaner of the deck of a ship. II. ii. p. 68.
- Tabor:** a small drum or tambourine (without jingles). IV. i. p. 85.
- Tang:** shrill sound. II. ii. p. 68.
- Teen:** trouble. I. ii. p. 26.
- Tell:** count the strokes. II. i. p. 50.
- Telling of it:** *i.e.* his lie. I. ii. p. 28.
- Temperance:** temperature. II. i. p. 51.
- Tender:** regard. II. i. p. 63.
- Thatched:** overspread, covered. IV. i. p. 97.
- Thread:** a living fibre. IV. i. p. 94.
- Thoroughly:** thoroughly (formerly the words were interchangeable). III. iii. p. 88.
- Time:** "in good —," just so. II. i. p. 54.
- Touch:** perception. V. i. p. 109.
- Trash for over-topping:** hinder from over-stepping his appointed position (*trash*: a technical term for retarding a hound when over-eager). I. ii. p. 27.
- Trembling:** a proverbial sign of 'possession' by an evil spirit. II. ii. p. 69.
- Trice:** "on a —," in a moment. V. i. p. 120.
- Trifle:** unreality, phantom. V. i. p. 113.
- Twilled:** (?) overgrown (a doubtful word). IV. i. p. 97. (*See Notes.*)
- Twink:** "with a —," in a twinkling. IV. i. p. 96.
- Unstanchd:** incontinent. I. i. p. 22.
- Up-staring:** standing on end. I. ii. p. 33.
- Urchins:** (1) hedgehogs. (2) goblins. I. ii. p. 39.
- Urchin-shows:** apparitions of goblins. II. ii. p. 66.
- Vanity:** illusion. IV. i. p. 96.
- Vast of night:** period of night's desolation and vacancy. I. ii. p. 39.
- Visitation:** visit (with quibble on 'affliction,' following 'infected'). III. i. p. 76.
- Vouched:** guaranteed. II. i. p. 52.
- Waist:** the middle part of the ship, between the fore-castle and quarter-deck. I. ii. p. 33.
- Want:** "to —," for want of. III. ii. p. 79.
- Ward:** posture of defence. I. ii. p. 47.
- Waste:** spend. V. i. p. 123.
- Weather-fends:** protects from the weather. V. i. p. 108.
- Welkin:** the region of the air. I. ii. p. 23.
- Weigh'd:** swayed. II. i. p. 55.
- Wezand:** windpipe. III. ii. p. 84.
- When?:** an exclamation of impatience. I. ii. p. 39.
- While-ere:** just now, a short time ago. III. ii. p. 85.

Glossary

Whist: into silent tranquillity.
I. ii. p. 42.

Wicked: baneful. I. ii. p. 39.

Wide-chopped: wide-open
jawed. I. i. p. 22.

Wink: closing of the eyes. II.
i. p. 63.

Without her power: beyond
her sphere. V. i. p. 122.

Woe: grieved. V. i. p. 115.

Wound: twined about. II. ii.
p. 66.

Wrong: "done yourself some
——," misrepresented your
rightful rank (with secondary
allusion to the restoration that
awaits him). I. ii. p. 46.

Yare: brisk, ready. I. i. p. 20.

Zenith: highest attainment of
fortune. I. ii. p. 32.

PRINTED BY
CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LA BELLE SAUVAGE
LONDON, E.C.



Pania sobre toda a pais
um ar de symbolo e de
allegoria, que a atmosphera
de magia, em que esta
envolta, interse e como
visuaria.

1st set	-	31	pages	=	16
2nd	-	25			
3rd	-	19			
4th	-	14			
5th	-	17			
Ephes	-	1			

