Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Nagurall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee. Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree : the poore Monfter's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the fuite I made to thee? Ste. Marry will I : kneele, and repeate it,

I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariell innisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyeft.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. If ay by Sorcery he got this Isle

From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will

Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar's) Bur this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine. Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and lle serue thee.

Ste. Hownow shall this be compatt? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieft, thou canst not. Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him

Where the quicke Freshes are. Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, lle turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off,

Str. Didst thounot say he lyed?
Ariek. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I fo? Take thou that,

As you like this, give me the lye another time. Trin. Idid not glue the fie: Out o'your wittes, and

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha,ha,ha.
Sts. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand

Cal. Beate him enough : after a little time

lle beate him too. Ste. Stand farther : Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to fleepe: there thou maift braine him Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue V tenfils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely Sycorax my Dam, and the; But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood. Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, faue our Graces: and Trin-culo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee: But while thou liu'ft keepe a good tongue in thy head. Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be locond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

Sings. Flout'em, and cout'em: and skowt'em, and flout'em, Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe. Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeft a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list. Trin. O forgiue me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard? Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and fometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long fleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe,

Ste. This will proue abraue kingdome to me, Where I shall have my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. Sts. That shall be by and by: I remember the storic.

Trin. The found is going away, Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster, Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilcome?

Exemn Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonfo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akes : here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders : by your patience, Ineedes mustrest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse To th'dulling ofmy spirits : Sit downe, and rest: Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer : he is droun'd Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Our frustrate search on land : well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Doe not for one repulse for goe the purpose That you resolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance As when they are tresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inuifible:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inuiting the King, & c. to eate, they depart.
Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke. Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke.

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were these? Seb. A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleeue That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia There is one Tree, the Phænix throne, one Phænix At this hours reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeue both : And what do's else want credit, come to me And Ilebesworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye, Though fooles at home condemne em.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they beleeve me?
If I should say I saw such I sands; (For certes, these are people of the Island) Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of Our humaine generation you shall finde Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord, Thou hast faid well: for some of you there present; Are worse then divels.

Al. I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing (Although they want the vie of tongue) a kinde Of excellent dunibe discourse and to be Pro. Praise in departing on an atomit liw of arrange Fr. They vanish'd strangely. Word pray of and but

Seb. No matter, since

They have lefetheir Viands behinde; for wee have sto-Wilt please you talte of what is here? Alo, Not Inland your voils sads, on

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not féare : when wee were Who would believe that there were Mountayneeres, Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde Each putter out of fine for one, will bring vs. Good warrant of.

Al. I will fland to, and feede, Although my last, no matter, fince I feele The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke, Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny That hath to instrument this lower world, And what is in't: the never surfeited Sea, Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island, Where man doth not inhabit, you mongst men, Being most vnfit to live: I have made you mad; And euen with fuch like valour, men hang, and drowne Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes Are ministers of Fate, the Elements Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs Kill the still closing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt, Your fwords are now too maffie for your strengths, And will not be vplifted: But remember (For that's my businesse to you) that you three a flow From Millaine did supplant good Prospero, Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed, The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonso They have bereft; and doe pronounce by medi-Lingring perdition (worse then any death Can be at once) shall step, by step attend You, and your wayes, whose wrachs to guard you from, Which here, in this most desolate Isle, elie fals V pon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow, And a cleere life enfuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou Perform'd (my Ariell) a grace it had deuouring: Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated In what thou had'ft to fay: fo with good life, And observation strange, my meaner ministers.
Their severall kindes have done: my high charmes work, And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp In their diffractions: they now are in my powre; And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun'd) And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you In this strange stare !

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous: Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it, -The windes did fing it to me; and the Thunder (That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd The name of *Prosper*: it did base my Trespasse, Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded, And with him there lye mudded. Exit. Seb. But one feend at a time,

He fight their Legions ore.

Ant.