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SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST

nach der Folio von 1623
mit den Varianten der andern Folios und einer Einleitung

herausgegeben von

Albrecht Wagner

BERLIN
VERLAG VON EMIL FELBER
1900
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Einleitung.

I. Entstehungszeit.


dem Schlusse, dass das Shakespeare’sche Stück den Jourdan’schen Traktat voraussetzt 1).


Streng genommen ergiebt das Verhältnis von Tempest 1 I zu dem Jourdan’schen Bericht nur das Jahr 1610 als obere Grenze der Entstehungszeit, und man kann auf Grund dieses Zeugnisses vorsichtiger Weise von einem bestimmten Entstehungsjahr nicht reden.

Für den terminus ad quem haben wir ein äusseres Zeugnis in den Aufzeichnungen des sogenannten Vertue-Manuscripts. Dort findet sich unter der Ueberschrift „Plays acted at Court, Anno 1613 (from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, treasurer of the Chamber to King James I)“ eine Notiz, die nach Halliwell (I 134) so lautet: „Paid to

1) Account of The Incidents from which The Title and Part of the Story of Shakespeare’s Tempest were derived; and its True Date ascertained, 1808, S. 22 ff.

2) Ich gebe die Namen nach der Zusammenstellung in Furness’ Ausgabe des Tempest (1892) S. 306.
Einleitung.

John Heminges uppon the councells warrant, dated at Whitehall XX° die Maii, 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes, the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall playes, viz. one play called Filaster, one other call’d the Knott of Fools, one other Much Adoe aboute Nothinge, the Mayeds Tragedie, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, The Tempest, a Kinge and no Kinge, the Twins Tragedie, the Winters Tale, Sir John Falstafe, the Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Cæsars Tragedie, and one other called Love lyes a Bleedinge, all which playes were played within the tyme of this ac- compte, viz. paid the some of IIII. (XX). XIII. li. VI. s. VIII. d."


was das Wichtigste ist, unsere ganze bisherige Auffassung des Stücks hat einer anderen zu weichen. Ich glaube um so mehr auf diesen Punkt hier etwas näher eingehen zu sollen, als auch Georg Brandes in seinem William Shakespear (2. Aufl. 1898, S. 935 ff.) die von Garnett vertretenen Ansichten zu den seinigen gemacht und noch weiter ausgeführt hat.

Garnett hat drei Thesen aufgestellt, die er mit ebenso viel Energie wie Scharfsinn verteidigt.

Ich führe die beiden ersten an, da ich sie anzugreifen gedenke. Garnett behauptet:

1. „dass der Sturm für eine Privataufführung und bei Gelegenheit einer Hochzeit geschrieben wurde;“

2. „dass die spezielle Zuhörschaft und die spezielle Hochzeit sich urkundlich bestimmen lassen; durch schlagende Anspielungen auf die Person des Bräutigams und den kürzlich erfolgten Tod des Prinzen Heinrich, sowie durch die Einführung des Königs Jacob selbst in das Stück werden sie des näheren enthüllt.“

Als stärksten Beweis für These 1 betrachtet Garnett die Einführung der beiden Maskenspiele (in III 3 und IV). Nachdem er über das erste derselben gesagt hat, dass „die Maschinerie viel sorgfältiger sei, als nötig gewesen sein würde, wenn die Szene nicht um ihrer selbst willigen eingeflochten wäre“, fährt er fort: „Noch bedeutsamer ist das Hochzeitsmaskenspiel von Juno, Ceres und Iris im vierten Akt, das, wenn die wahre Absicht des Stückes übersehen wird, ein so völliger Auswuchs zu sein scheint, dass man es als Interpolation betrachtet hat.“

Ich, stimme zunächst mit Garnett darin überein, dass an eine Interpolation nicht zu denken ist. Dazu ist das Maskenspiel mit dem Vorausgehenden und dem unmittelbar Folgenden zu eng verknüpft. Wir würden andernfalls gezwungen sein, zugleich mit dem Hochzeitsspiel eine der
Einleitung.

schnösten und mit Recht berühmtesten Stellen des Stückes für unshakespearisch zu erklären, nämlich IV 151 ff.:

And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,
. . . . . the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuff
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe.

Aber wenn nun Garnett fortfährt, Shakespeare müsse „einen sehr zwingenden Beweggrund zur Einführung dieses anscheinend zwecklosen Schaugepränges in das innerste Herz seines Dramas gehabt haben,“ und sagt, dass das Hochzeitsspiel „entweder ein blosser nutzloser Auswuchs oder höchst bedeutungsvoll“ sei, und dass alles auf „eine königliche Hochzeit“ und zwar „auf die Hochzeit im Königshause vom Jahre 1613“ (zwischen der Prinzessin Elisabeth und dem Kurfürsten Friedrich von der Pfalz) hindeute, so vermag ich Garnett hier nicht zu folgen, dies scheint mir vielmehr weit über das Ziel hinauszuschiessen.

Die Situation zu Anfang des vierten Aktes ist doch die, dass Prospero dem jungen Paare seine Einwilligung zu ihrem Liebesbunde erteilt. Er thut dies unter liebevollen väterlichen Ermahnungen, über die später noch zu handeln sein wird. Wenn wir nun in Betracht ziehen, dass Prospero ein Magier, ein Zauberer ist, der durch das ganze Stück hindurch Proben seines übernatürlichen Könnens ablegt, so finde ich es ganz erklärlich, dass er den Wunsch hegt, seiner einzigen, innig geliebten Tochter und ihrem Erwählten gleichfalls einen Beweis seiner Kunst zu geben und ihnen durch ein kleines Zwischenspiel, in dem er seine Macht über die Geister zu zeigen Gelegenheit hat, am Tage vor ihrer Hochzeit, also an ihrem Polterabend, eine Freude zu bereiten.
Einleitung.

Ich meine, dass sich von diesem Gesichtspunkt aus die Einfügung des Hochzeitsspiels vollkommen einfach und natürlich erklärt. Diese ist auch von dem Dichter, was Garnett übersehen zu haben scheint, ausdrücklich motiviert, vgl. IV 39 ff.:

for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.


Ich möchte mir daher erlauben, die oben citirten Worte des verehrten Verfassers umzukehren und zu sagen, dass nach meiner Ansicht dies Hochzeitsspiel weder ein blosser nutzloser Auswuchs noch höchst bedeutungsvoll ist.

„Wenn Friedrich und Elisabeth Ferdinand und Miranda sind“, sagt Garnett a. a. O. S. 173, „so folgt daraus, wie Tieck schon lange ausgesprochen hat, dass Prospero König Jacob ist“. Ferner: „Die Aufführung muss der Hochzeit vorangegangen sein, denn sonst würde Prospero’s Ermahnung
zu vorehelicher Keuschheit am Anfang des vierten Aktes alle Beziehung verloren haben“.


Ich meine, wenn irgend etwas, so müsste gerade dieser Punkt zur Vorsicht mahnen. Wie einfach und natürlich erklärt sich dagegen die Situation, wenn wir annehmen, dass die väterlichen Ermahnungen Prosperos auf etwas Persönliches, auf ein Ereignis aus dem Leben des Dichters zurückzuführen sind. Shakespeare mochte in dem Augenblick, wo er im Begriff stand, in die Heimat zurückzukehren, der stürmischen Leidenschaft seiner eigenen Jugend gedenken und seiner raschen Verbindung mit Anna Hathaway, der erst nachträglich die kirchliche Sanction zu Teil

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wurde. Von diesem Gesichtspunkte aus fällt auf die Er- 
mahnung Prosperos eine Fülle von Licht, und seine nicht 
an eine bestimmte Persönlichkeit, sondern an die Allge- 
meinheit gerichtete Warnung erhält einen tiefen und schönen 
Sinn. Man vergleiche Act IV 18 ff.:

No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall 
To make this contract grow; but berraine hate,
Sower-ey’d disdaine, and discord shall bestrew. 
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both.

Wie an der eben angeführten Stelle, so hat man auch 
sonst — und ich glaube mit Recht — autobiographische 
Elemente in Prospero zu finden geglaubt. Wie Prospero, 
so ist auch Shakespeare einst hilflos in die Fremde hin-
ausgestossen worden, und beide haben sich draussen aus 
eigener Kraft zu dem entwickelt, was sie geworden sind, 
der eine zum Herrn der Geister und überirdischen Mächte, 
der andere zum Gebieter in dem unermesslichen Reiche 
der Phantasie. Wie Prospero, auf der Höhe seines Schaffens 
und seiner Macht angelangt, Verzicht leistet, seinen Zauber-
stab zerbricht, sein Buch ins Meer versenkt, von seinem 
bisherigen Wirkungskreise Abschied nimmt und in die 
Heimat zurückkehrt, um der ihm dort obliegenden Pflichten 
zu walten, so mutatis mutandis Shakespeare.

Diese Anschauung verträgt sich aber nicht mit der 
Garnetts, und ich halte es nicht für richtig, dass Brandes 
in seinem Buche beide zu vereinigen sucht. Nach meiner 
Ansicht haben wir im Tempest nicht ein politisches Ten-
denzstück zu erblicken, das von Anspielungen auf die 
massgebenden Persönlichkeiten des damaligen englischen 
Hofes förmlich wimmelt, sondern nach wie vor ein drama-
tisirtes Zaubermärchen und zugleich eines der abgeklärtesten 
und tiefsten Stücke, die der Dichter jemals geschrieben
hat. Wenn das aber richtig ist, so wird die Datierung in das Jahr 1613 hinfällig, und wir können nur sagen, dass das Stück in den Jahren 1610—1613 entstanden ist.

II. Litterarische Einflüsse.


Sind wir hiernach hinsichtlich einer Vorlage für das ganze Stück nur auf Vermutungen angewiesen, so lässt sich andererseits zeigen, dass Shakespeare im einzelnen vielfach durch Schriften und Dichtungen, die er kannte, angeregt und beeinflusst worden ist.

Steevens ist der erste gewesen, der auf die Aehnlichkeit der Sturmscene im Tempest I 1 mit der Schilderung des Sturmes in Pericles III 1 aufmerksam gemacht hat. Auch W. A. Wright in seiner Tempest-Ausgabe (Clarendon Press Series, Oxford 1885) hebt dies
hervor, indem er sagt: „The coincidences between the two plays are remarkable“. Es lassen sich auch wörtliche Übereinstimmungen nachweisen, vergl. Tempest I 1, 14 f.:

You marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme

und Pericles III 1, 19:

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.

Ferner Tempest I 1, 8 f.:

Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

und Pericles III 1, 45 f.:

But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

Man vergleiche im Übrigen die beiden Scenen im Ganzen. Meissner (a. a. O.) geht noch weiter und findet in Cerimon, Helicanus und Marina die Vorbilder für Prospero, Gonzalo und Miranda.

Jourdan’s Traktat A Discovery of the Bermudas vom Jahre 1610 ist oben bei der Erörterung über die Abfassungszeit bereits erwähnt. Malone’s Ansichten über die Bedeutung dieses Traktates als einer partiellen Quelle des Sturms sind heute fast allgemein als richtig anerkannt.

Capell hat zuerst darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass die Schilderung Gonzalos von dem communistischen Naturzustande in dem von ihm zu gründenden und zu beherrschenden Reiche (II 1, 147—168) eine merkwürdige Ähnlichkeit hat mit einer Stelle in Montaigne’s Essais. Die Stelle lautet in Florios englischer Übersetzung, wie sie Wright (a. a. o. S. 107) gibt:

It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no vee of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands,
no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import
lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie
detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.

Die Stelle des französischen Originals, wie sie Capell
nach einer Brüsseler Ausgabe um 1659 abdruckt, lautet:
C'est une Nation, diray-je a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a
aucune esperance de trafiq, nulle connoissance de Lettres,
nulle science de nombres, nul nom de Magistrat, ny de super-
voirité politique, nul usage de service, de richesse, ou de pau-
vreté, nuls contracts, nulles successions, nuls partages, nulles
occupations qu’oysives, nul respect de parenté que commun,
nul vestements, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin
ou de bled. Les paroles mesmes, qui signifient le mensonge,
la trahison, la dissimulation, l’avarice, l’envie, la detraction,
le pardon, inoyes.

Warburton hat zuerst gesehen, dass die berühmte Ab-
schiedsrede Prosperos an die Elfen V 1, 33 ff. ("Ye Elues
of hils, brooks, standing lakes & groues" etc.) eine so
aufliegende Aehnlichkeit mit Medeas Beschworungs-
rede an die Geister der Nacht bei Ovid zeigt, dass
litterarische Beeinflussung angenommen werden muss. Es
handelt sich um Metamorphosen VII 197—219. Die Stelle
in Arthur Goldings Uebersetzung (denn diese und nicht
das Original ist von Shakespeare benutzt) lautet so:

Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of
Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye everychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring
at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their
spring.
By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough
seas playne.
And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence
againne.
Einleitung.

By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw. And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.

Whole woods and Forrests I remooue: I make the Mountaines shake,

And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake. I call vp dead men from their graues and thee, O lightsome Moone

I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill soone. Our Sorcerrie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.

The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take. Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.

Dagegen ist der Schluss der Rede, in welcher Prospero, und fügen wir hinzu, Shakespeare selbst, von seiner bisherigen Thätigkeit in ergreifender Weise Abschied nimmt, das Eigentum des Dichters (V 50 ff.):

But this rough Magicke
I heere abiuere: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke.

Eine schon oben aus anderm Grunde citierte berühmte Stelle unsers Stückes (IV 1, 151 ff. „And like the base-lese fabricke of this vision The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces“ etc.) zeigt, wie Steevens zuerst nachgewiesen hat, eine so markante Ähnlichkeit mit einer Stelle eines älteren Stückes, dass auch dies nicht wohl auf Zufall beruhen kann. Es handelt sich um The Tragedie of Darius

Let greatness of her glascie scepters vaunt;  
Not sceptors, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken: 
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant. 
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behinde a token. 
Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles, 
With furniture superluoueslie faire: 
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring walles 
Evanisch all like vapours in the aire.

Aber wenn irgendwo, so zeigt sich hier, wie Shakespeare es verstand, das Material, das er vorfand, umzu-prägen und ihm den Stempel seines Genius aufzudrücken, und Brandes hat Recht, wenn er (a. a. O. 951 f.) sagt: „die hübschen, keineswegs unbedeutenden oder schlechten Verse Stirlings enthalten in ganz übereinstimmenden Ausdrücken genau dieselbe Idee, wie die Shakespeareschen Zeilen, und zwar zuerst. Trotzdem würde heutzutage kein Mensch diese gut gereimten Verse, noch den Namen ihres Dichters kennen, wenn Shakespeare sie nicht durch den Druck seiner Hand in einige reimlose Zeilen umgeformt hätte, die, solange die englische Sprache besteht, im Gedächtnis der Menschen leben werden“.


Shakespeare, The Tempest.
seinem Märchendichtung von diesen beiden Vorgängern in
dem einen oder dem andern Punkte beeinflusst war.

Der Name des Dämons Setebos (I 2, 373) ist nach
Farmer wahrscheinlich Eden's History of Travayle (1577)
entnommen. Dort ist Setebos als die Gottheit genannt,
die von den bei Gelegenheit der Magellanschen Entdeckungs-
reise aufgefundenen Riesen angerufen wird, wenn sie in
Bedrängnis geraten.

Auch die wunderbare Mär von den „men whose heads
stood in their brests“ (III 3, 46 f.) stammt wohl aus einer
solchen Reisebeschreibung. Vgl. auch Plinius (übersetzt
von Holland) Buch V Cap. 8, wo von den „Blemmyi“ die
Rede ist, „who have no heads, but mouth and eies both
in their brest“. Dass Shakespeare schon früher an solchen
Erzählungen Interesse nahm, zeigt Othello I 3, 144 f.:  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Was die Namen der auftretenden Personen anlangt, so
ist es misslich, feststellen zu wollen, woher sie dem Dichter
zugeflogen sind. Man hat darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass
die Namen Prospero und Stephano in Ben Jonson's Every
Man in his Humour (gespielt zuerst 1595 oder 1596) vorkommen. Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo möchte Malone aus Edens genanntem Werke ableiten. Auch historische Quellen sind für diese Namen herangezogen worden, aber ein Beweis ist nicht geführt und lässt sich nicht führen, und man muss dem Dichter bei seiner ausgedehnten Lektüre die allgemeine Bekanntschaft mit solchen ausländischen Namen zutrauen, ohne dass es für ihre Anwendung bestimmter Quellen bedurfte.

Der Name Caliban wird nach Farmers Vorgang fast
allgemein für eine Metathese von Cannibal gehalten, obwohl
nichts in dem Wesen Calibans an einen Menschenfresser,
an den man doch in erster Linie bei dem Ausdruck denkt, erinnert. Dagegen will Theodor Elze (im Sh.-Jahr-
buch XV 252) den Namen von einer Gegend an der maroccanischen Küste, die Calibia heisst, ableiten. Miranda 
braucht nicht eine Erfindung des Dichters, auch nicht eine 
Zusammenziehung aus Mirandala zu sein, wie Malone ver-
mutet, sondern der Name war gleichfalls in England be-
kannt, wie Furness in seiner Ausgabe S. 6 nachweist. In 
einem Briefe des englischen Gesandten in Madrid, Sir 
George Cornwallis, an den Earl of Salisbury aus dem Jahre 
1607 wird als eine hervorragende Persönlichkeit des spani-
schen Hofes ein „Earl of Miranda“ genannt.

Was endlich den Namen Ariel angeht, so begegnet er 
wieholt in Jesaia 29, 1 ff. Es ist der Name der Stadt 
des Lagers Davids. Der Prophet redet sie an und ruft 
Wehe über sie. „Denn du wirst vom Herrn Zebaoth heim-
gesucht werden, mit Wetter und Erdbeben, und grossem 
Donner, mit Windwirbel und Ungewitter, und mit Flammen 
des verzehrenden Feuers“. An einer andern Bibelstelle 
(Esa 8, 16) findet sich Ariel als Name eines Mannes, der 
mit andern ausgesandt wird, um die Reise nach Jerusalem 
vorzubereiten. Im Personenverzeichnis unsers Stückes 
steht: „Ariell, an ayrie spirit“. Hunter und Thoms ver-
muten, dass der Gleichklang des Namens mit dem Adjectiv 
auf die Wahl desselben von Einfluss gewesen ist; denn dass 
der Dichter die Bedeutung des hebräischen Namens kannte, 
ist nicht anzunehmen.

III. Ueberarbeitungen und Fortsetzungen von 
Shakespeare’s Tempest.

Im Jahre 1670 erschien eine Bearbeitung von 
Shakespeare’s Sturm von Davenant und Dryden. 
Das Stück ist herausgegeben von Dryden, da Davenant um
these Zeit bereits tot war. Die Vorrede (unterzeichnet „John Dryden“) ist vom 1. Dec. 1669 datirt, das Stück stammt aber, wie wir aus dem Epilog und noch aus einer andern davon unabhängigen Nachricht wissen, schon aus dem Jahre 1667. In der Vorrede rühmt sich Dryden der Mitarbeit Davenants: „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... and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter part to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleasd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it“.

In Drydens Bearbeitung finden wir nun in der That neben Miranda, die ausser ihrem Vater und Caliban nie einen Mann gesehen hat, als Gegenstück Hippolyto, der nie ein Weib sah. Aus Drydens Worten geht hervor, dass er die zahlreichen Hinzufügungen, die durch die Erfindung dieses Gegenparts nötig wurden, als geistiges Eigentum für sich und Davenant in Anspruch nimmt. Hermann Grimm aber hat in Fünfzehn Essays (1875 S. 206) die ebenso überraschende wie interessante Entdeckung gemacht, dass diese Hinzufügungen Wort für Wort aus dem etwa 20 Jahre früher entstandenen Drama Calderons En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira entnommen sind.

Weiter füge ich der Curiosität wegen noch hinzu, dass 1797 von einem Schauspieler Namens F. G. Waldron ein Drama in fünf Akten The Virgin Queen erschien, das sich auf dem Titel als eine Fortsetzung von Shakespeare's Tempest bezeichnet. Als Prospero die verzauberte Insel verlässt, um sich nach Mailand einzuschiffen, bittet ihn Caliban so beweglich und unter Versprechungen
Einleitung.


IV. Der vorliegende Text.

Was nun den vorliegenden Text anlangt, so unterscheidet er sich von dem aller mir bekannten Ausgaben, mit Ausnahme der Furness'schen, dadurch, dass er nicht modernisirt ist. Über die Gründe, die für die Beibehaltung der alten Schreibung sprechen, habe ich mich bereits in der Einleitung zu meiner Ausgabe von Marlowe's Tamburlaine (Heilbronn 1885) ausführlich geäussert und kann hier nur auf jene Ausführungen verweisen.

Im Jahre 1886 entschloss sich Horace Howard Furness in seiner grossartigen Ausgabe A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare im sechsten Bande (Othello), nachdem er vorher die Texte in modernisirter Gestalt gegeben hatte, gleichfalls die alte Schreibung beizubehalten, und hat dies seither in jedem neu erschienenen Bande, auch in seinem Tempest (1892) gethan. Furness spricht sich darüber in der Vorrede zu seinem Othello-Bande
S. V so aus: „We must have Shakespeare’s own text; or, failing this, the nearest possible approach to it. We shall be duly grateful to the wise and learned, who, where phrases are obscure, give us the words they believe to have been Shakespeare’s; but, as students, we must have under our eyes the original text, which, however stubborn it may seem at times, may yet open its treasures to our importunity, and reveal charms before undreamed of.”

Ich selbst habe 1890 (Halle, Niemeyer) Shakespeares Macbeth nach der Folio von 1623 unter Beibehaltung der alten Schreibung mit den Varianten der andern Folios herausgegeben, und da auch für den Tempest die erste Folio die älteste Textquelle ist, so konnte es für mich von vorn herein nicht zweifelhaft sein, dass hier im Wesentlichen in gleicher Weise zu verfahren war, wie dort. Wenn ich trotzdem eine kleine Abweichung in der Behandlung des vorliegenden Textes gegenüber der des Macbeth habe eintreten lassen, so möchte ich das kurz begründen. Im Macbeth habe ich an einer Reihe von Stellen die mir notwendig erscheinenden Aenderungen in den Text genommen, natürlich nicht, ohne in den Anmerkungen darüber Auskunft zu geben, sodass jeder mein Verfahren genau beurteilen konnte. In der vorliegenden Ausgabe habe ich nach reißlicher Ueberlegung darauf verzichtet, an dem in der ersten Folio überlieferten Text irgend etwas zu ändern, und die betreffenden Conjecturen in die Anmerkungen verwiesen. Ich könnte dies mit eignen Worten nicht besser begründen, als es Furness bereits gethan hat. Er sagt (a. a. O. S. VI): „If misspellings occur here and there, surely our common-school education is not so uncommon that we cannot silently correct them. If the punctuation be deficient, surely it can be supplied without an exorbitant demand upon our intelligence..... Even if a remedy be proposed which is by all acknowledged
Einleitung.

... to be efficacious, it is not enough for the student that he should know the remedy; he must see the ailment. Let the ailment, therefore, appear in all its severity in the text, and let the remedies be exhibited in the notes; by this means we may make a text for ourselves, and thus made, it will become a part of ourselves, and speak to us with more power than were it made for us by the wisest editor of them all — it may be 'an ill-favoured thing, sir', but it will be 'our own'". Dies entspricht genau den Zielen, die wir bei textkritischen Übungen in den Seminaren unserer deutschen Universitäten verfolgen. Es kommt nicht darauf an, dem Studenten etwas Fertiges, in sich Abgeschlossenes vorzulegen, sodass er kaum noch etwas zu thun vorfindet, sondern ihn zu eigener Arbeit anzuregen und anzuleiten, und ich hoffe, dass der vorliegende Text sich dazu eignet.

Zu Grunde gelegt ist die Folio von 1623 und zwar mit allen ihren Eigentümlichkeiten. Weder an der Schreibung, noch an der Interpunktion, noch an den Bühnenweisungen und der Verstrennung ist irgend etwas geändert. Der Text der ersten Folio ist durch das grosse Staunton’sche Facsimile, durch die verkleinerte Nachbildung von Halliwell-Phillipps und durch den diplomatisch getreuen Abdruck von Lionel Booth hinlänglich bekannt, aber ich habe mich bei der Wiedergabe des Textes nicht an diese, sondern an die Originalausgabe gehalten. Ein Exemplar derselben 1)

Einleitung.

hat durch die Liberalität der Verwaltung der königlichen Bibliothek zu Berlin eine Zeit lang zu meiner Verfügung gestanden.


Was die Conjecturen der neueren Herausgeber angeht, so habe ich mich bei Auswahl derselben auf das notwendigste Mass beschränkt. Die Wiedergabe aller oder auch nur eines Teiles der zahllosen Verbesserungsvorschläge

Vgl. das von der Bibliotheks-Direktion herausgegebene „Verzeichnis wertvoller Werke zur englischen Litteratur und Geschichte aus d. Bremer Stadtbibliothek“ (1899) auf das es sich verlohnt die Fachgenossen aufmerksam zu machen.


Halle, September 1899.

Albrecht Wagner.
THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard:

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

Boteswaine.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th’ Mariners: fall too’t, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre

Exit. [5]

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe - sale: Tend to th’Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Primus BCD Scæna B Prima BCD. a (erstes) fehlt
CD Boteswain CD. Master, D. 1—5 -swain CD Boteswain D. Here CD cheer D. Good, Rowe Speak CD. selves BCD a-ground. D bestir, bestir D. 6—10 Hey CD cheerely (zweites) cheerly B nur einmal cheerly D. hearts BCD top-sail CD tend D. Master's D wind CD. room CD.

Shakespeare, The Tempest.
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.


Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme. [15]

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.


Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your [25] authoritie: If you cannot, gieue thankes you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mis-chance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. Exit.

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Bote-swaine B Bote-swain C Boteswain D have BCD. 11—15 keep CD. Boson] boatswain Rowe. Doe C hear CD mar D. Keep CD Cabins BCD doe C. storm CD. 16—20 Hence! Johnson care Rowe. Roarers D Name C. us BCD. Good: Pope. 21—25 aboard CD. love BCD than D self CD. work CD. we CD Rope D use BCD. 26—30 authority C Authority C. if D give BCD thanks CD have BCD liv'd BCD. self CD ready CD. hour CD Cheerily D.
Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: [30] methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case[35] is miserable. Exit.

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague — A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo. vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: [40] yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaspheamous, incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then. [45]

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noysemaker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as [50] leaky as an unstanched wench.
Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost. [55]
Botes. What must our mouths be cold?
Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.
Sebas. I'm out of patience.
An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascal, would thou mightst lye drowning [60] the washing of ten Tides.
Gonz. Hee'll be hang'd yet.
Though every drop of water sweare against it.
And gape at midst to glut him. A confused noyse within.
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split. [65]

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King.
Seb. Let's take leaue of him.
Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground; Long heath,
Act I Sc. 2. 

THE TEMPEST.

Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be [70] done, but I would faine dye a dry death.  

Exit.

Sena secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them: The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th'welkins cheeke, Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered 5 With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell (Who had no doubt some noble creature in her) Dash'd all to pieces: O the cry did knocke Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd. Had I byn any God of power, I would 10 Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and The fraughting Soules within her.

Pros. Be collected, 
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart there's no harme done. 15

Mira. O woe, the day.
Pros. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then Prospero, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule,
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke:
Sit downe,
For thou must now know farther.
Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt

harm CD. 16 have BCD Komma fehl't D. 17 dear CD one,
D Daughter D. 18 art.] art, BCD nought BCD. 19 am;
D. 20 poor CD Cell D. 22 never meddle BCD. time]
true (sic) D. 23 inform CD. 24 pluck CD. 25 have BCD.
26 direful D wrack CD. 27 virtue CD thee:] thee, CD.
28 have CD provision] compassion BCD. 29 soul CD.
30 hair CD. 31 Betide BCD Vessel D. 32 heard'st CD
sink CD down CD Sit down ist zur nächsten Zeile gezogen CD.
33 have BCD.
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition, Concluding, stay: not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare, Obey, and be attentiue. Canst thou remember A time before we came vnto this Cell? I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person? Of any thing the Image, tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance That my remembrance warrants: Had I not Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more, Miranda: But how is it That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelue yere since (Miranda) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Millaine and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Pros. Thy Mother was a peiece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heauens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was’t we did?
Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau’d thence
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth’ teene that I haue turn’d you to,

Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy vncle, call’d Anthonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou’d, and to him put

The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And _Prospero_, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false uncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

_Mira._ Sir, most heedfully.

_Pros._ Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t’aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang’d ’em,
Or els new form’d ’em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i’th state
To what tune pleas’d his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on’t: Thou attend’st not?

_Mira._ O good Sir, I doe.

_Pros._ I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir’d

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73 Liberall BC Liberal D Arts CD. 74 parallell C
parallel D study CD study; _Rowe_. 75 Government BCD
upon BCD Brother C. 76 state BCD. 77 studies. _Rowe_
Uncle CD. 78 Doest BC Dost D me fehlt CD. heedfully
CD. 79 grant suits CD. 80 How BCD whom BCD
t’aduauce (sic) B t’advance CD whom BCD. 81 over-toppinng
(sic) B over-topping CD. 83 else BCD having BCD. 84
Office D e’th (sic) B o’th C o’th’ D. 85 ear C Ear D. 86
Ivy BCD Trunk D. 88 do D. mark CD. 90 closenesse C
closeness D. 91 With BCD so fehlt BCD retired CD.
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him

A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one

Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution,
And executing th' outward face of Royaltie

With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'stthou heare?

_Mira._ Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

_Prose._ To haue no Schreene between this part

And him he plaid it for, he needes will be

Absolute _Millaine_, Me (poore Man) my Librarie

Was Dukedom large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates

92 Brother C. 93 evill BC evil D. 95 falsehood D
its D contrary BCD. 96 indeed CD. 98 only D reevenew
BC Revenue D yielded CD. 99 else C exact; like Rowe.
100 having BCD. 101 sinner CD Memory CD. 102 credit
CD own CD beleue B believe CD. 104 Royalty CD
105 prerogative BCD his] is B. 106 Dost D hear CD.
deafnesse C deafness D. 107 have BCD Shreen C Screen D.
108 needs CD. 109 Millain CD poor man CD Library CD.
110 Dukedom D temporal D roalties B royalties C Roy-
alties D. 111 thinkes B.
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage,
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore Millaine)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heauens:
Pros. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then
tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne
To think but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire Millaine
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open

112 So CD dry D sway D with] wi'th' Rowe. 113 give
BCD annuall BC annual D do D. 114 Subject BCD
Komma fehlt CD Crowne, B Crown, CD. 115 Dukedome BC un-
bowed BCD alass C poor Millain CD. 116 most] much BCD
heavens BD Heavens C. 117 Mark CD event BCD. 118
Brother C. sin CD. 119 think CD Nobly CD. 120 wombs
D have BCD born CD sons CD. condition CD. 122
inveterate BC brothers C brother's D. 124 tribute D-
126 Dukedom D fair Millain CD. 127 honors B honours
CD. 128 Army CD levied BCD.
The gates of Millaine, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not rememb'ring how I cridle out then,
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse;
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most jimpertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so blody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,

Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
To cry to th' Sea. that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.

_Mir._ Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

_Pro._ O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.

_Mir._ How came we a shore?

_Pro._ By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble _Neapolitan Gonzalo_
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But euuer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,

170 Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu’d, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors not so carefull.

175 Mir. Heuens thank you for’t. And now I pray you Sir,
For still ’tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raying this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies

180 Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euuer after droope: Heare cease more questions,

185 Thou art inclinde to sleepe: ’tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

168 above BCD Dukedom D. 169 ever BCD. 170 hear CD Sea-sorrow CD. 171 Here CD Island CD arriv’d CD here CD. 172 Have BCD School-master CD. 173 Princess D have BCD. 174 hours CD careful D. 175 Heavens BCD thenke B. 176 mind BCD. 177 raising CD -storm CD. 178 bountiful D. 179 dear CD. 181 find CD upon BCD. 182 star CD. 183 omit, Rowe. 184 ever BCD droop CD Here CD. 185 inclin’d CD sleep CD dulnesse D. 186 give BCD.
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,  
Approach my Ariel. Come.  

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile:  
I come  

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride  
On the curld clowds: to thy strong bidding, taske  
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.  

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,  
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee?  

Ar. To every Article.  

I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,  
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in every Cabyn,  
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide  
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,  
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meete, and ioyne. Joues Lightning, the precursors  
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie  
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,  

Yea, his dread Trident shake.
Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The Marriners all vnnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioyn'd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o' th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vnpon the Mediterranean Flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

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

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since thou dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

Shakespeare, The Tempest.
Which is not yet perform'd me.

_Pro._ How now? moodie?

245 What is't thou canst demand?

_Ar._ My Libertie.

_Pro._ Before the time be out? no more:

_Ar._ I prethee,

Remember I haue done thee worthy service.
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
250 To bate me a full yeere.

_Pro._ Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? _Ar._ No.

_Pro._ Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run upon the sharpe winde of the North,
255 To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

_Ar._ I doe not Sir.

_Pro._ Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch _Sycorax_, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

260_Ar._ No Sir.

_Pro._ Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

245 Which] Which _BCD_. _Liberty CD_. 246 preethee _B_.
247 have _BCD_ service _BCD_. 248 grudg (sic) _D_ didst _CD_.
250 yeare _B_ year _CD_. 252 thinkest _BCD_ Ooze ist zur folgenden
253 of _D_ deep _CD_. 254 upon _BCD_ sharp
255 do _D_ business _D_ veins _D_. 256 do _D_.
258 foule _D_ Envy _BC_ envy _D_. 259 gowne (sic) _B_ grown
260 speake _D_.

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Ar. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax,
For mischieves manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from Argier

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought
with child,
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servuant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmitigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did liltour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keepe in servise, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an
Oake

And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Doe so; and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. Exit.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept 305
well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on. 310

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines 315
for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? Enter Ariel like a water-
Nymph.

301 Go CD self CD like to a BCD. 302 subject BCD
invisible BCD. 303 every BCD go CD. 304 go C. 305 dear
CD heart BCD. 306 strangenesse C strangeness D. 307
Heavinesse BC Heaviness D. 308 We'll CD slave BCD never
BCD. 309 Yields CD us BCD kind answer CD. 310 villain
CD do D love BCD look CD. 311 miss D. 312 serves BCD
in fehlt BCD. 313 us BCD slave BCD. 314 speak CD.
315 businesse BC business D.
Fine apparision: my queint Ariel, 
Heark in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.  Exit.

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by the diuell himselfe

320 Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.  Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

325 Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging

330 Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how

335 To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,  
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,  
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes  
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:  
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,  
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me  
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me  
The rest o' th' Island.

_Pro._ Thou most lying slaue,  
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee (Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee  
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate  
The honor of my childe.

_Cal._ Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:  
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else  
This Isle with Calibans.

_Mira._ Abhorred Slaue,  
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre  
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)  
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like

---

337 shewed BCD o'the D. 338 fertil D. 339 that I did BCD Charms D. 340 Toads CD Bats CD. 341 Subjects BCD have BCD. 342 mine BCD own CD. 343 Rock CD do D keep CD. 344 of the D. slave BCD. 345 move BCD not] nor B kindness D have BCD us'd BCD. 346 human D thee fehlt D. 347 own CD seek CD. 348 honour BCD Child D. 349 been CD. 350 prevent BCD peopl'd D. 351 Mira.] Pros. Theobald nach Dryden Slave BCD. 352 goodness CD will BCD. 353 pittyed BC pitied D. 354 paines B speake B hour CD. 355 Savage CD. 356 own CD.
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy wild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse; shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
What I command. Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god Setebos,
And make a vassaille of him.

Pro. So slaine; hence. Exit Cal.
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel. Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:

357 bruitish D. 358 known CD. 359 int't (sic) CD.
360 wa'st CD. 361 Deservedly BCD Rock CD. 362 Deserv'd
CD than D. 366 us BCD Fewel CD quick CD thou art D.
367 business D. 368 neglect'st CD unwillingly BCD. 369
I'le D rack CD crampes B cramp's C cramps D. 373 control
D Dam's CD. 374 vassail D. slave BCD Exit Cal. fels CD.
invisible BCD. 376 Ariel's Song. CD unto BCD.
Curtsied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waue's whist:
Foote it feately heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere
cry cockadiddle-dove.
Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I' th' aire, or th' earth?

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musick crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song. Full fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do’s remember my drown’d father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see’st yond.

Mira. What is’t a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But ’tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such
senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee’s something stain’d

With greefe(that’s beauties canker) thou might’st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strayes about to finde ’em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

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402 -Nymphs D. 404 Hark CD hear CD. 406 mortal CD
businesse C business D. 407 ows D hear CD above BCD.
408 Curtains CD advance BCD. 409 spirit BCD. 410 look’s
CD Beleeve B Believe CD. 411 brave BCD form D. 412
sleepes B. 413 have BCD. 414 wrack CD he’s D. 415
griefe B grief CD. 416 fellows D. 417 find D. 418 divine
BCD natural CD. 419 ever BCD.
Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee 420
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray’r;
May know if you remaine uppon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request 425
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken. 430

Pro. How? the best?
What wer’t thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do’s heare me,
And that he do’s, I weepe: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbie) beheld 435
The King my Father wrack’t.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

_Pro._ The Duke of Millaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee

440 If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate _Ariel,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.

_Mir._ Why speakes my father so vngently? This
445 Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

_Fer._ O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of _Naples._

_Pro._ Soft sir, one word more.
450 They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vneasie make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name' thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
455 Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

_Fer._ No, as I am a man.

_Mir._ Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a

Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

_Pro._ Follow me.

_Prose._ Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: 460
come,

Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shal thou drinke: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussles, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

_Fer._ No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

_He draws, and is charmed from mov'ing._

_Mira._ O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

_Prose._ What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak' st a shew, but dar' st not strike: thy conscience 470
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarm thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

_Mira._ Beseech you Father.

_Prose._ Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his surety.

Pros. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.

And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

Pros. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariell: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee. 495

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariell. To th' syllable.


Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preseration) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alons. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receiuess comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Vistor will not giue him ore so.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When every greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue
spoken truer then you purpos'd. [20]
Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant
you should.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee spare. [25]
Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke. [30]
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.

10 receives BCD. 11 give BCD o're CD. 12 Look CD.
he's CD up BCD Watch CD Wit D. 12, 13 als Prosa Pope.
14 Sir, — Theobald. 15 On BCD. 16—20 every BCD
grief CD entertain'd CD. 16, 17 als eine Zeile Capell to
the D entertainer — Rowe. dollor] Dollor D dollar Capell. have
BCD. than D. 21—25 have BCD than D. lord — Theobald.
prethee CD. 26—30 have BCD. Which of he, D Wager D.
28, 29 als Prosa Pope. Cock CD.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert. [35]
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not misse't. [40]
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly
deliuer'd. [45]
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is euery thing advantageus to life.
Ant. True, saue meanes to liue. [50]
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't. [55]
Ant. He misses not much.

35 seem CD desert — Rowe. 36—40 Ha, ha, ha und So.
you'r paid als eine Zeile, gesprochen von Sebastian: Theobald:
Uninhabitable CD inaccessible — Rowe. miss't CD. 45
deliver'd BCD. 46—50 aire C air D upon BCD us BCD.
perfumed D. Here CD every BCD advantageous BCD.
save BCD means CD live BCD. 51—55 grass D looks CD.
green CD. green CD in''it (sic) B.
Shakespeare, The Tempest.
Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht varieties are. [60]

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy’d then stain’d with salte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, [65] would it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter Claribel to [70] the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twass a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac’d before with such a Paragon to their Queene. [75]

Gon. Not since widdow Dido’s time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o’that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow Dido!

Seb. What if he said Widdower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it? [80]

Adri. Widdow Dido said you? You make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

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56—60 rarity CD. credit — Rowe. rarities CD. 61—65 freshness D dy’d CD. salt CD. Pockets D speak CD. 66—70 lies CD. up BCD. Methinks CD. wee C Affrick CD. Kings fair CD Daughter D. 71—75 return CD. never BCD. Queen CD. 76—80 Widow CD. a C. Widow CD. Widow CD. sayd B Widower CD. 81—85 Widow CD. she D.
Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*. [85]

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais’d the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in [90] his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I.

Ant. Why in good time. [95]

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (1 beseech you) widdow *Dido*. [100]

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish’d for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters mar-

riage. [105]
Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,
110 Who is so farre from Italy remoued,
I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,
I saw him beate the surges vnder him,
115 And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept. and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
120 To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed,
As stooping to relieue him: I not doubt
He came alieue to land.

Alon. No, no, bee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this
great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish’d from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on’t.

_Alon._ Pre-thee peace.

_Seb._ You were kneel’d too, & importun’d otherwise,
By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh’d betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o’th’beame should bow: we haue lost
your son,

I feare for euer: _Millaine_ and _Naples_ haue
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

_Alon._ So is the deer’st oth’losse.

_Gon._ My Lord _Sebastian,_
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

_Seb._ Very well.

_Ant._ And most Chirurgeonly. [140]

_Gon._ It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

_Seb._ Fowle weather?

_Ant._ Very foule.

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125 lose _BCD_. 126 Eye _D_. 127 grief _CD_. Prethee _CD_.
128 to _D_. 129 us _BCD_ fair soul _CD_ self _CD_. 130 Weigh’d
_D_ between _CD_ loathness _D_. 131 o’th’ _C_ beam _CD_ have _BCD_.
132 fear _CD_ ever _BCD_ Millain _CD_ have _BCD_. 133 Widows
_CD_ business _D_. 134 Than _D_. 135 fault’s _BCD_ own _CD_. o’th’
_CD_. 137 speak _CD_ lack _CD_ gentleness _D_. 138 speak _CD_.
139 Plaister _D_. 141—145 foul _CD_ us _BCD_. Foul _CD_ foul _CD_.

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Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.
Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

145 Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

150 Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty, And vse of servise, none: Contract, Succession, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard, none: No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all:

155 And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without sweat or endeavouer: Treason, felony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

lurd — Pope. He'd CD. Dockes B docks C Docks D Malows CD. 145 doe C. 146 drunk CD. 148 kind CD Traffick CD. 150 known CD poverty BCD. 151 use BCD service BCD. 152 Born CD Land BCD. 153 use BCD Metall C Metal D Corn CD Oyl CD. 155 women BCD. 156 Soveraignty BCD. 157 Commonwealth D. 160 endeavouer CD Felony D. 161 need CD. 162 have BCD. 163 it's C its D own CD kind CD.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects? 165
Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,
Gon. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:
T'Excell the Golden Age.
Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty.
Ant. Long liue Gonzalo.
Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?
Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing
[170] to me.
Gon. I do well beleeeue your Highnesse, and
did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who
are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they
always use to laugh at nothing. [175]
Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who in this kinde of merry fooling am
nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there giuen? [180]
Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.
Gon. You are Gentlemen of braeu metal: you
would lift the Moone out of her sphere, if she
would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

165 subjects B Subjects CD. 166—170 Knaues B Knaves
CD. governe B govern CD. T'excell CD. 'Save BC
Save D Majesty BCD. live BCD. And — Dyce doe C
mark D. Prethee CD do'st C talk CD. 171—75 doe C
beleeve B believe CD Highness D. always D use BCD.
176—180 kind CD. nothing (zueites) [nothio (sic) D. given
BCD. 181—185 fallen B fahn CD. of a brave CD brave B
metal CD. Moon CD sphere CD. five BCD weeks CD.
Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling. [185]

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs. [190]

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

195 It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person, While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you; Wondrous heauy.

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

200 Ant. It is the quality o' th'Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

solemn Musick CD. 186—190 adventure BCD. a sleepe B asleep CD. heavie B heavy CD. sleep CD hear CD us BCD. 191 soon CD asleep CD Eyes D. 192 would D themselves BCD up BCD Would — I finde eine Zeile Pope. 193 find CD doe C. 194 Doe CD heavy BCD. 195 seldome C seldom D it is a Comforter besondere Zeile Rowe. 196 will — rest eine Zeile Rowe. 197 and watch your safety gesonderte Zeile Rowe. 198 Thank CD wondrous D heavy BCD. 199 dowsinesse (sic) B drowsinesse C drowsiness D. 200 Climate D. Why. B. 201 Eye- D sink D find D. 202 Not ist zur vorhergehenden Zeile gezogen Rowe self CD sleepe B.
Act II Sc. 1.

THE TEMPEST.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits ar nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moviug:
And yet so fast asleepe.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
While thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

203 consent, Pope. 204 might: C might, D. 205 Sebastian
— Rowe might — Rowe. 206 thinks CD. 207 the occasion
D speakes D speak's C. 208 sees D Crown CD. 209 upon
BCD. 210 hear CD speak CD. 212 sleep CD. 213 asleep
CD. 214 Eyes D moving BCD. 215 a sleepe B asleep CD.
216 sleep CD. 217 dost D. 219 than D custom D. 220
doe C.
Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebbe Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whilest thou mocke it: how in stripping it
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed,
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.
Seb. Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd
As he that sleepe heere, swims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.

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222 I'le CD.   ebb D 223 sloth D.  225 mock CD.  226
invest BCD.  227 doe C near CD bottom CD.  228 own fear
CD.  'Prethee C Prethee D.  229 Eye D cheek proclaim CD.
231 throws D thros Pope yield CD.  232 weak CD.  235
he's CD only D.  236 son's CD alive BCD.  237 he's CD
undrown'd BCD.  238 sleeps here CD.  have BCD.  239
he's CD undrown'd BCD.
Act II Sc. 1.

THE TEMPEST.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is 240
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples? 245
Seb. Claribell.

Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis: she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom 250
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to perfoeme an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis, 255
So is she heyre of Naples, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

240 have BCD way: BCD is D. 241 Way B an hope D
even BCD. 242 wink CD. 243 discovery BCD. 244 Hee's
B. 245 who's — Naples besondere Zeile Pope. heir CD.
246 Queen CD dwells CD. 247 Leagues D man's Life D.
248 have BCD unlesse BCD unless 'D post, Rowe. 249
i'th' D Moon's CD -born CD. 251 though] tho D again CD.
252 Klammer hinter destiny fehlt B, beide Klamern fehlen
CD. 253 is] in BCD prologue CD. 254 stuff D. 255 brother's
CD Queen CD. 256 heir CD.
Ant. A space, whose eu’ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell
Measure vs back to Naples? Keepe in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz’d them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalvo: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do’s your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brothet Prospero.
Ant. True:
And looke how well My Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers servants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

257 ev’ry BCD. 258 Seems CD ‘how — Naples?’ Steevens
‘how-wake’ Grant White. 259 us BCD to] by BCD keep CD.
262 Than D. 263 sleeps CD. 264 unnecessarily BCD. 265
Gonzalo BCD self CD. 266 Cough D deep CD. 267 mind
CD sleep CD. 268 advancement BCD Doe C understand BCD.
269 Methinks D thinks C doe C. 270 own CD. 271 Brother
BCD. 272 look CD upon BCD. 273 than D Brother’s C
brother’s D servants BCD. 274 fellows CD. 275 Conscience D.
277 feel CD.
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother, 280
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put 285
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'll take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre. 290

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st Millaine,
I'le come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And l the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like 295
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherfore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

Musick CD. 299 project BCD keep CD living BCD.
Gonzalo's ear (Ear D) CD. 301 Conspiracy D. 303 keep CD.
304 of C. 306 Then — Angels ein Vers Staunton us BDC
sudden CD. preserve BCD preserve the king besondere Zeile
Staunton. 308 hoa;j] ho? D awake; D awake! Hanmer. 309
Wherefore C. 311 Even BCD. 312 Bulls CD. 313 strook CD
mine] mime (sic) B ear C Ear D. 314 Monster's D ear C
Ear D.
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare 315
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse, 320
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search

For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island. 325

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue done.

So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. Exeunt.

_Scæna Secunda._

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,  
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke  
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle, are they set vpon me,  
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which  
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I  
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues  
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, Enter  

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'le fall flat,  
Perchance he will not minde me.  

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare  
off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing,  
I heare it sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud  
[20], yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard  
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 paile-fuls.  
What haue we here, a man, or a fish? dead [25] or  
alieue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient

4 needs CD they'll CD nor] not CD. 5 Urchin- C Urchin-  
-shews D i'th' D. 6 dark CD. 7 unlesse BC unless D. 8  
every BCD triffle D upon BCD. 11 Lie CD barefoote B  
barefoot CD. 12 foote- B. 13 cloven BCD. 14 Do CD hiss  
D madness D. 16 Ile B. 17 mind CD. 18 bear CD. 19  
storme B storm CD. 20 hear CD 'ith (sic) BC i'th' D wind  
CD black CD. 21—25 looks CD foul CD. liquor CD.  
chuse BCD pailefulls C paifulls D. have BCD. 26—30 alive BCD  
he CD smells CD.
and fishe-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-John: a strange fish: were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue [30] a peecie of siluer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian: Leg’d like a man; and his Finnes like Armes [35]: warme o’ my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaber-dine: there is no other shelter [40] hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore. [45]

This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans Funerall: well, here’s my comfort. Drinkes.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine, & I;

Fish- BCD kind CD. poor John CD. this] his (sic) B. an D holyday- B holy-day fool CD give BCD. 30—35 piece CD. silver BCD monster BCD. give BCD relieve BCD Beggar CD. Fins CD Arms D. 36—40 warm CD. do D. Thundebolt (sic) B Allass C storm CD. again CD creep CD under BCD. 41—45 bedfellows CD. dregs CD storm CD. 46—50. 46, 47 als Prosa Pope scurvy BCD man’s D. Funeral D Drinks CD. Boat-swain CD.

Shakespeare, The Tempest.
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie, [50]
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch. [55]
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. drinks.
Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and [60]
Men of Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as
proper a man as euer went on foure legges, cannot
make him giue ground: and it shall be said so againe,
while Stephano breathes at' nostrils. [65]

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.
Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with
foure legges; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where

Lov'd CD Margery CD. 51—55 us BCD. Saylor B
Sailour C go C. lov'd BCD sauour BCD. Taylor CD. 56—60
sea D Boys C boys D go CD. This— comfort als eine Zeile Pope.
This] That D scurvy BCD. drinkes B Drinks D. Doe — matter
als eine Zeile Pope. Do D. Have BCD divels B Devils CD.
Do CD tricks CD upon's BCD Salvages BCD. 61—65 men
D have BCD bee B afeard] afraid D. four legs CD been
D. ever BCD four CD leges B legs CD. give BCD sayd B
again CD. at nostrils BCD. 66—70 monster BCD. four CD
hath] had D ague BC.
the diuell should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe if it be but for that: [70] if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

_Cal._ Doe not torment me, 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faster. [75]

_Ste._ He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee [80] shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

_Cal._ Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now _Prosper_ workes vpon thee.

_Ste._ Come on your wayes: open your mouth: [85] here is that which will giue 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 againe.

_Tri._ I should know that voyce:
It should be, [90]

divell B Devil CD learn CD give BCD. relief CD. 71—75 recover BCD keep CD. Emperor D ever BCD. Neats-Leather CD. Do D prethee D. 76—80 do's CD talk CD. he CD he CD. have BCD never BCD drunk CD Wine CD go near CD. remove BCD fit B recover BCD keep CD. he BCD. 81—85 dost CD. works CD upon BCD. 86—90 give BCD you, cat Rowe. again CD. I — be keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope. voice D. be — BCD.
But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter [95] foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano. [100]

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speake to me: for l am Trinculo; [105] be not afeard, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou bee'st Trinculo: come foorth: 1'le pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this [110] Moone-calfe? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround Stephano: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine,
[115] for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitanes scap’d?

Ste. ’Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomache is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: [120] that’s a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

St. How did’st thou scape? How cam’st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam’st hither: I escap’d vpon a But of Sacke, which the [125] Saylor’s heaued o’reboord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a’shore.

Cal. I’le sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly. [130]

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap’dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke i’le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose. [135]
Tri. O Stephano, ha'st any more of this?
Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid.
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?
Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen? [140]
Ste. Out o' th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.
Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.
Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
The man ith' Moone?
A most poore creadulous Monster:
Well drawne Monster, in good [150] sooth.
Cal. Ille shew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Island:
I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.
Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.[155]

136—140 Seephano (sic) B has't CD. rock CD Sea side
CD wine BCD hid keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope. Moon-Calf
CD. Has't CD heaven BCD. 141—145 Moon CD.
Moon CD. have BCD seen CD do D. Mistresse CD. swear
CD Book CD. 146—150 with the new BCD contents BCD
Swear CD. weake] shallow BCD. The man — sooth keine
abgesetzten Zeilen Pope. Moon CD. poor CD credulous CD.
drawn CD. 151—155 I'le CD thee] the CD every BCD fertil
inch D o'th' CD Island] Isle BCD. foot CD. asleep B
asleepe CD hee'll C.
Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him. [160]

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. [165] A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard. [170]

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee
[175] young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow Trinculo; [180] we'll fill him by and by againe.

*Caliban Sings drunkenly.*

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

*Tri.* A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'le make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing, [185] at requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish:  
Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome [190] high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way. Exeunt.

*Actus Tertius. Scena prima.*

*Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)*

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor

Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

176—180 Rock CD go CD. Ste.] Cal. (sic) BCD prethee CD. drownd CD we CD. bear CD. 181—185 again CD. sings CD. farewell (zweites und drittes) farewell D. 186—190 trenchering] trencher Pope. 192 brave BCD. Scena Prima CD. 1 painful D labour BCD. 2 set] sets Rowe kinds BCD baseness D. 3 undergo BCD poor CD.
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but 5
The Mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp, 10
Upon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
Had never like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe eu'en refresh my labours,
Most busie lest, when I doe it. Enter Miranda 15

Mir. Alas, now pray you and Prospero.
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weep for hav'ng wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe, 20
Hee's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strue to do.
Mir. If you'll sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
25 Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
30 With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
35 Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admire'd Miranda,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world: full many a Lady
40 I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

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down CD. 24 Ile bear CD Logs CD Pray D give BCD.
25 Ile CD. 26 crack CD sinews CD break CD back CD.
27 Than D undergoe BCD. 29 And D. 30 good-will D. 31
Poor worm CD. 32 shews CD. look CD. 33 Mistress CD.
35 Chiefly CD. 36 Miranda. CD. 37 have BCD. 38 Indeed
CD. 39 dearest CD. 40 have BCD.
Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures best.

_Mir._ I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

_Fer._ I am, in my condition
A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer

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42 ear _CD_ severall _B_ several _CD_ virtues _CD_. 43 Have
44 _BCD_ severall _B_ several _CD_ never _BCD_. 44 soul _CD_. 46
foyle _BD_ foyl _C_. 47 peerless _D_. 48 everie _B_ every _CD_.
doe _C_. 49 sex _CD_ Face _D_. 50 Save _BCD_ glass _D_ own _CD_
have _BCD_ seen _CD_. 51 than _D_. 52 dear _CD_. 53 skilless
_D_ by _fehlt_ _CD_ modesty _C_ Modesty _D_. 54 jewell _BC_ jewel _D_
55 companion _D_. 56 form _CD_. 57 self _CD_. 58 Someting(sic)_B
wildly _D_. 59 doe _C_. 60 doe _C_ think _CD_. 62 wodden _BCD_
slaverie _B_ slavery _CD_ than _D_. 
The flesh-fly blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.  
The verie 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 Logge-man.  

*Mir.* Do you loue me?  

*Fer.* O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,  
And crowne what I profess with kinde event  
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert  
What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i’th world  
Do loue, prize, honor you.  

*Mir.* I am a foole  
To weep at what I am glad of.  

*Pro.* Faire encounter  
Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace  
On that which breeds betweene ’em.  

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?  

*Mir:* At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer  
What I desire to giue; and much lesse take  
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,  
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,  
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
Whether you will or no.
    Fer. My Mistris (deerest)
And I thus humble euer.
    Mir. My husband then?
    Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere’s my hand.
    Mir. And mine, with my heart in’t; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence.
    Fer. A thousand, thousand.                 Exeunt.
    Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz’d with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.              Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will
drineke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp,
& boord em’ Servant Monster, drinke to me.
Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this island, [5] they say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eyes are almost set in thy head. [10]

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, [15] I swam ere I could recouer the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard. [20]

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster.

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

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfe. [25]

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lice thy shoe; Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd

Servant BCD Island D. 6–10 five BCD upon BCD. us CD. Drink CD servant BCD. eyes BCD head] heart (sic) BCD. 11–15 be CD he CD. brave BCD indeed CD tail CD. Sacke B Sack CD drowned me CD. 16–20 recover BCD five BCD. thirty CD on; Rowe. be CD. 21–25 he's D. Wee'l BCD. lye CD. Moon-calf CD speake B. Moon-calf CD. 26–30 lick CD. I'le CD serve BCD. justle BCD.
Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, [30] that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord? [35]

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

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death, I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your [40] head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made [45] to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tyrant,

A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island. [50]
Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more [55] 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. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast? 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 liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue 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 Freshe's are.

51—55 jesting BCD. master D. doe CD. 56—60 suppliant (sic) D. 60/61 Isle, From Me, he D Isle, From me he Rowe. 61 Greatness D. 62 Revenge BCD. 63 thing BCD dare not, Capell Not D. 64 certain CD. 65 I'le CD serve BCD. 66 f. keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope. 68 I'le yield CD asleep CD. 69 knock CD nail CD. 71 scurvie B survy (sic) CD. 72 doe C Greatness D give BCD blows CD. 73 Bottle CD. 74 drink CD I'le CD. 75 quick CD.
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: 
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this 
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doore, and make a 
Stockfish of thee. 
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: 
Ile [80] go farther off. 
Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed? 
Ariell. Thou liest. 
Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, 
As you like this, give me the lye another time. [85] 
Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, 
and hearing too? 
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. [90] 
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand 
further off. 
Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time 
Ile beate him too. 
Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede. 
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him 95 
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, 
Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge

76—80. 76 keine abgesetzt Zeile Pope. I'le turn CD mercy 
CD doors CD. Why - nothing keine abgesetzt Zeile Pope. I'le CD. 
81—85 goe (go CD) no further BCD. lyest CD. Doe C thou] 
you CD. give BCD. 86—90. 87 ff. keine abgesetzten Zeilen Pope 
give BCD give thee the D lye CD wits CD. Bottle CD Sack 
CD doe C do D. murrain CD divell B Devil C Divil D. 91—95 
Beat CD. I'le beat CD. further BCD proceed CD. 96 I'th' 
D afternoon CD sleep CD there] then Collier mayst B brain 
CD. Having BCD Books CD Log CD. 
Shakespeare, The Tempest.
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, 
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
100 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 Utensils (for so he calles them) 
105 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 she; 
110 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 
Iwill be King and Queene, saue our Graces: [115] 
and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royses: 
Dost thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

98 Stake CD. 99 Knife CD. 100 possess D Books 
C books D. 101 He's. 102 doe C. 103 Burn CD Books 
C books D. 104 brave BCD Utensils CD calls CD. 105 
has CD an house D he'l D deck CD withal D. 106 deeply B. 
107 beauty CD Daughter CD himself CD. 108 Calls CD 
-pareil CD never BCD. 109 only D. '110 far D. 111—115 
brave BCD Lass CD. brave BCD. Daughter CD. Queen CD 
save BCD. 116—120 self CD -Roys D keine abgesetzte 
Zeile Pope.
Ste.  Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu’st keepe a good tongue [120] 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, [125] Let vs be iocond.  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: [130] 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 same?

Trin.  This is the tune of our Catch, plaid [135] by the picture of No-body.

Ste.  If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:

If thou beest a diuell, take’t as thou list.
Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes.
Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; [140]

Mercy vpon vs.
Cal. Art thou affeard?
Ste. No Monster, not I.
Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyse, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, 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 prowe a braue kingdome to me, Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. [155]
Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the storie.

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

Act III Sc. 3.  THE TEMPEST.  69

Ste. Leade Monster,
Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,
He layes it on.  [160]

Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow Stephano.  Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.
Enter Alonso, 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,
I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinessse,
To th' dulling of my 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.  10

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

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Lead CD keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope  We'l D this] his CD.
lays D. Wilt come keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope. I'le CD. Scena
B. Gonzalo BCD. 1 go CD. 2 ake BCD indeed CD. 3 forth
rights B forth-rights CD. 4 needs BCD. 5 self D weariness
D. 6 sit BCD down CD. 7 Even BCD keep CD. 8 flatterers
BCD dround B drownd C drown'd D. 9 find BCD sea D
mockes B. 10 Land D go CD. 12 Repulse D forgo CD.
113 resolv'd BCD. advantage BCD. will—throughly be-
sondere Zeile Pope.
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the
top (invisible:) Enter seuerall strange shapes, bringing
in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions
of salutations, and inviting 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, heauens: what were
these?

Seb. A liuving Droleri: now I will beleue
That there are Vunicornes: that in Arabia
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleue both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true: Travellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

15 travaile B travell C travel D. 16 use BCD. 17 feesh (sic)
B. Solemn CD Musick CD. invisible BCD severall BC
several D. Banquet D. inviting BCD eat CP. 18 hark
CD. 19 Marvellous BCD Musick CD. 20 Give BCD us
BCD were] are D. 21 living BCD Drollery BCD beleeva
B believe CD. 22 Unicorns CD. 24 hour CD. I'le CD beleve
B believe CD. 26 I'le CD be sworne B be sworn CD
Travellers BD Travellours C ne're C lie D. 27 fools CD
condemn C.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they beleue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands;
(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 said well: for some of you there present; 35
Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue
stomachs.

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee
were Boyes

Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em Waffles of flesh? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs Good warrant of.

_Al._ I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since 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 neuer 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 liue: I haue made you mad; And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes Are ministers of Fate, the Elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

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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 65
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childefor 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 haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wrathes to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

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

63 winds BCD bemockt-at Stabs Rowe. 65 plumb D plume
Rowe fellow-ministers D. 67 strength D. 68 uplifted BC
up-lifted D but C. 69 business D. 70 Millain CD. 71
unto BCD. 72 child BCD foul CD. 73 Powers CD have
BCD. 75 Son CD. 76 have BCD do D. 79 ways D.
guards (sic) D. 80 falls CD. 81 Upon CD heart's-sorrow
oder heart's sorrow Rowe heart-sorrow Cambr. Edition. 82
cleare B clear CD. Musick CD. again CD dance CD mocks CD.
Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou
Perform'd (my Ariell) a grace it had deouoring:
85 Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kindes haue done: my high charmes
work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
90 In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
And in these fits, I leaue 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

95 In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd,
The name of Prosper: it did base my Trespasse,

100 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.

83 Bravely BCD Harpy BCD. 84 Ariel BC devouring
CD. 85 instruction CD. 87 observation BCD Ministers D.
88 severall BC several D kinds BCD have BCD charms
D. 89 Enemies D up BCD. 90 power CD. 91 leave BCD.
92 Young CD drown'd CD. 93 lov'd BCD. 94 I' th' D. 96
Methought D billows CD. 97 winds CD. 98 deep CD -pipe
CD. 99 bass Johnson my] thy D trespass D. 100 Son CD
i' th' D. 101 seek CD than D e're C plummer D. 102 lie CD.
Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,
(Like poyson giuen to work a great time after) 105
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of supplier ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you. Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish’d you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O Ferdinand,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise 10
And make it halt, behinde her.

fiend CD. 103 I’le CD o’re CD. I’le CD second
BCD. 105 yoyson (sic) C given BCD. 106 do D. 107
joynts BCD. 108 Extasie D. 109 prouoke BCD. Scæna
B. 1 have BCD. 3 Have BCD given BCD own CD.
4 live BCD again CD. 6 trialls C love CD. 7 test] rest
BCD heaven BCD. 8 gift BCD. 9 Do CD off BCD. 10
find BCD our-strip (sic) B. 11 behind BCD.
Fer. I doe beleve it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
15 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
20 Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
25 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
30 When I shall thinke, or Phoebus Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

---

do D beleve B believe CD. 13 guest] gift Rowe own CD.
14 Daughter D But fehlt BCD. 15 dost D break CD. 16 Cere-
monies D. 17 right] rite Rowe. 18 aspersions D heavens BCD.
19 Contract CD barren CD. 20 disdain CD. 21 union BCD
weeds BCD. 22 heed BCD. 23 Lampes B. 24 days D fair CD
issue D. 25 love BCD loue as 'tis now, Rowe. 26 strong'st CD.
27 never BCD. 28 honour CD. 29 edg D days B. 30 think
CD Phoedus BC Phoeduus D steeds BCD. 31 night CD.
Pro. Fairely spoke; 
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne; 
What Ariell; my industrious servant Ariell. Enter Ariell.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last 35 seruice

Did worthily performe: and I must vse you 
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble 
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place: 
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must 
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple 
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise, 
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe, 
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so: 
Each one tripping on his Toe, 
Will be here with mop, and mowe. 
Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach

Till thou do'st heare me call.


Fairly CD. 32 talk CD own CD. 33 Ariel D servant BCD Ariel BCD Ariel BCD. 35 fellows CD service BCD. 36 perform CD use BCD. 37 trick CD go CD. 38 O're CD give BCD power CD. 39 quick CD. 40 upon BCD young CD. 42 from] for (sic) D. 43 twink D. 44 go CD. 48 love BCD. 49 Dearly CD do D. 50 hear CD. conceive BCD.
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not guie dalliance
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstenious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my Ariell, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a spirit; appear, & pertly. Soft

No tongue: all eyes: be silent. Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountainees, where live nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie April, at thy hest betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-groues;

Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge, stirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie, 70
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace,

*Ino*

Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends*.
To come, and sport: here Peacocks fly amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.* 75

*Cer.* Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne 80
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

*Ir.* A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Louers.

*Cer.* Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot

69 sterile *B* steril *CD* rocky- *CD*. 70 aire *C* air
*Queen CD*. 71 I, *CD*. 72 leave *BCD* soveraigne *B*
soveraign *CD* Juno *CD*. 73 grass- *D*. 74 here] her *Rowe*
Peacockes *B* amain *CD*. 75 entertain *CD*. 76 Hail *CD* many
coloured *BCD* ne're *CD*. 77 Jupiter *CD*. 78 upon *BCD*
flowers *CD*. 79 showers *D*. 80 bow *CD* crown *CD*. 81
bosky *BCD* unshrubd *B* unshrub'd *CD* down *D*. 82 Queen
*CD*. 83 Summon'd *D* grass'd Green *CD*. 84 Love *BCD*.
86 bless'd *BCD* Lovers *BCD*. heavenly. *BCD* Bow *CD*. 87
Son *CD* dost *D*. 88 Do *D* Queene *CD*. 
The meanes, that duskie Dis, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyjes scandal'd company,
I haue forsworne.

 retarded. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymens Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Celestial. Highest Queene of State,
Great Juno comes, I know her by her gate.

I. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their Issue. They Sing.

II. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly ioyes, be still vpon you,

89 means CD dusky BCD. 90 Boys D scandal'd CD. 91
have BCD forsworn CD. society BCD. 92 afraid D deity
BCD. 93 son B. 94 Dove- BCD have BCD. 95 charm CD
upon BCD man BCD maide B maid CD. 96 vows CD. 97 vain
CD. 98 Mars's CD return'd again CD. 99 Son C son D arrows C
Arrows D. 100 shoot BCD Sparrowes B. 101 boy BCD.
Queen CD. 102 Juno CD gate] gait Johnson. 103 Ju. D
go CD. 104 bless D twain CD. 105 honord B honor'd C
honour'd D issue BC sing D. 106 Ju. D Honour CD
marriage blessing Rowe marriage-blessing Theobald. 108 Hourly
CD joyes BCD upon BCD.
Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earth increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, wth goodly burthen 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 maiesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call’d to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There’s something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar’d.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

109 Juno CD. 110 Earths] Cer. Earths Theobald increase
and foyzon BCD plenty BCD. 111 Barns CD never BCD.
113 with BCD. 114 you C. 115 Harvest BCD. 118 majestick
B majestick CD. 120 think CD. 121 have BCD from all
their BCD. 122 live BCD ever BCD. 123 father B wise]
wife Rowe. 125 Juno CD. 126 do D. 127 marr’d CD. Juno
D Employment D.

Shakespeare, The Tempest.
Iris. You Nymphs cald Nayades, of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anwere your summons, Juno do's command.
Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.
You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.

128 Nymphs CD cal'd C call'd D. 129 crowns CD ever-
BCD harmlesse C harmless D looks C. 130 Leave BCD crisp
CD channells C greene-land B green-land CD green land
Theobald. 131 Answer BCD Juno CD. 132 Nymphes CD help CD.
133 Love BCD. certaines (sic) C certain CD Nymphs CD. 135
hither CD Furrow D. 136 holly-day BC holy-day D Rye
straw B Hats C. 137 Nymphs CD every BCD. certain CD.
joyne B joyn CD Nymphs CD Dance D. suddenly CD. speakes
CD. noise D heavily BCD. 139 foul CD Conspiracy D.
140 Caliban D Confederates D. 142 avoym B avoid CD.
Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.
Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.
Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,
The Cloud-capt Towres the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile 'walke
To still my beating minde.
Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. Exit.
Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariell: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd Least I might anger thee.

170 Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking, So full of valour, that they smote the ayre For breathing in their faces: beate the ground For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor, At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares, Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses As they smelt' musicke, so I charm'd their eares That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues.

Ar. I go, I goe. Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, laden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole
may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a
harmles Fairy,

Has done little better then plaied the lacke with vs.

181 frail CD. 182 filthy-mantled Cambr. Ed. pool
CD your] you B. 183 up BCD foul CD. 184 O're-
CD -stunk D. 185 invisible BCD retain CD. 186 go CD. 187
theeves BC thieves D Ariell C Ariel D goe B. 188 devill
B devil C Devil D borne-devill B born-devil CD Nature D. 189
never BCD stick CD pains CD. 191 uglier BCD grows D. 192
mind CD. 193 Even BCD on them] them on Rowe. Apparel
D. 194 Rowe hat zwei Verse: Pray — not und Heare — Cell
blind BCD. 195 hear' CD near CD. 196—200 Prosa Pope
harmlesse C harmless D Jack CD us BCD.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation. [200]
Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.
Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.
Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too [205]
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.
Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.
Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor
in that Monster, but an infinite losse. [210]
Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.
Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou
heere [215]
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy foot-licker.

Note: C Horse-piss D. My im Zeilenanfang ABCD. 201—205
Doe BC hear CD. Take im Zeilenanfang ABCD Look CD. lord
B give BCD favour BCD still BCD. I'le CD to BCD.
206—210 hood-wink CD speak CD. lose CD Bottles D Pool
D. dishonour CD. (Monster) BCD loss D. 211—215. 211 f.
as Prosa Pope than D harmellesse B harmless D. Bottle
CD. Tho D Ears D. Prethee BCD here CD. 216—220
o'th' D. Doe BC mischiefe B mischief CD. own CD ever
BCD.
Ste. Giue me thy hand,  
I do begin to haue [220] bloody thoughts.  

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,  

Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.  

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

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs [225] to a frippery, O King Stephano.  

Ste. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.  

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it.  

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane [230]  

To doate thus on such luggage? let’s alone,  
And doe the murther first: if he awake,  
From toe to crowne hee’l fill our skins with pinches,  
Make vs strange stuffe.  

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is [235]  
not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line:  
now Ierkin, you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.  

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by line and leuell,  
and’t like your grace. [240]  

---  

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't. [245]

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,

And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villainous low. [250]

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this. [255]

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits
in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts

---

With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

_Ari._ Harke, they were.

_Pro._ Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me service. _Exeunt._

**Actus quintus: Scæna Prima.**

_Enter Prospero (in his Magick robes) and Ariel._

_Pro._ Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

_Ari._ On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

_Pro._ I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

_Ari._ Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the _Line-groue_ which weather-fends your Cell,

---

260 Convulsions _CD_ up _BCD_ sinews _CD_.
262 Than _D_ Mountain _CD_. Hark _CD_ roar _D_.
263 hour _CD_.
264 Enemies _D_. 266 have _BCD_ aire _C_ air _D_ freedom _D_.
267 do _D_ service _BCD_. quintus, _B_ quintus. _Scena CD_. Magick
268 _CD_ Robes _CD_ Ariell _C_. 1 Project _BCD_. 2 Charms _D_
269 crack _CD_ My _D_ spirits _BC_ time _BCD_. 3 upright _BCD_
270 4 sixth _CD_ houre _B_ hour _CD_ lord _B_. 5 work _CD_. 6
spirit _C_. 8 gave _BCD_. 9 Just _CD_ sir _D_. 10 -grovve _BCD_
_Lime grove Rowe._
They cannot budge till your release: The King, 
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, 
And the remainder mourning over them, 
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly 
15 Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzallo, 
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops 
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em 
That if you now heheld them, your affections 
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

20 Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling 
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, 
One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharply, 
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?

25 Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, 
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie 
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is 
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, 
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 
30 Not a frowne further: Goe, release them Ariell,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,  
And they shall be themselues.  

*Ar.* Ile fetch them, Sir.  

*Exit.*  

*Pro.* Ye Elues of hils, brooks, standing lakes  
& groues,  

And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote  
Doe chase the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flie him.  

When he comes back: you demy-Puppets, that  
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,  
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that rejoyce  
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde  
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn’d  
The Noone-tide Sun, call’d forth the mutenous windes,  
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur’d vault  
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder  
Haue I giuen fire and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke  
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass’d promontorie
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my Command
Haue wak’d their sleepers, op’d, and let ’em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir’d
Some heauenly Musicke (which even now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke. Solemne musicke.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a
franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and
Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and
Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero
had made, and there stand charm’d: which Prospero
observing, speakes:
A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an vnsetted fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vselessse) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the shew of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steales upon the night (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences  
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzallo,  
My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,  
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly  
Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,  
Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud  
You, brother mine, that entretaine ambition,  
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)  
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,  
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their understanding  
Begins to swell, and the approching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them

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63 even CD. 64 charm CD dissolves BCD. 65 steals
CD upon BCD. 66 darknesse C darkness D senses CD. 67
chase D. 68 clearer CD Reason D Gonzalo BCD. 69 pre-
server BCD loyal D. 71 deed BCD. 72 Did ist das erste
Wort einer neuen Seite, als Custos ist aber am Schluss der
vorhergehenden Seite Didst vorgedruckt AB Didst CD
use BCD. 73 Brother C act CD. 74 Sebastian, flesh
and blood. Theobald blood CD. 75 Brother C entertain'd
BCD Ambition D. 76 Expell'd BCD Remorse D Nature D
who Rowe. 78 here CD have BCD doe BC forgive BCD.
79 Unnaturall C Unnatural D their CD understanding BCD.
80 approaching BCD. 82 lies CD foul CD.
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell,*
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime *Millaine:* quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariell* sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,*
*In a Cowslips bell, I lie,*
*There I cowch when Owles doe crie,*
*On the Batts backe I doe flie*
*after Sommer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,*
*Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

*Pro.* Why, that's my dainty *Ariell:* I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre'thee.

*Ar.* I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate.

___

83 looks *CB.* 85 self *CD.* 86 Millain *CD* spirit *BCD.*
89 lye *B.* 90 cowch] crowch *(sic)* *CD* Owls *D* do *CD* cry
*BCD.* 91 Bats *C* Bat's *D* back *CD* fyl *B* fly *D.* 92 Summer
*CD.* 93 live *BCD.* 94 Under *CD* blossem *B* Blossom *CD.*
95 Why — *Thee eine Zeile BDC* miss *D.* 96 But *BCD* have *BCD*
freedom *D.* 97 King's *D* Ship *CD* invisible *BCD.* 98 find *BCD*
Mariners *CD* asleep *CD.* 99 Under *CD* -swain *CD.* 101
prethee *BCD.* 102 drink *CD* ayre *B* air *D* return *CD.*
103 beat *CD.*
Act V Sc. 1.  THE TEMPEST.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide vs 105
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do’s now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee’st 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,
Th’affliction of my minde amends, with which 115
I feare a madnesse held me: this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedom I resign, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur’d, or confin’d.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I’le not sweare.

105 here CD heavenly BCD us BCD. 106 fearfull CD
Countrey CD. 107 Millain CD. 108 living BCD. 109
speak CD. 111 Whether thou be’est Cambr. Ed. Whe’er thou
be’st Capell be’st CD. 113 have BCD been CD. 115 mind
BCD. 116 fear CD madness D crave BCD. 118 Dukedom
D resign D do D intreat D. 119 should BCD. 120 living
BCD here CD. friend BCD. 121 honour CD. 123 swear CD.
Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o' th' Isle, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And justifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euene 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.

Alo. If thou beest Prospero

Giue vs particulars of thy preseruation,
How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in Naples
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were muddled in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they deouere their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoever you haue

wo D. 140 loss D Patience D. 141 Sayes BC Says D. think CD. 142 have BCD help CD. 143 loss D have BCD soveraigne B soveraign CD ayd B. 144 self CD. loss D. 145 insupportable CD. 146 dear CD loss D have BCD means CD. 147 Than D. 148 Have BCD. 149 heaven BCD living BCD Naples BCD. 150 Queen CD. 151 self CD oo-zy BC Oo-zy D. 152 Son CD. 153 perceive BCD lords B. 154 do D. 155 devour BC devour D Reason D scare (sic) B think CD. 156 eie (sic) B eye C Eye D do Offices D truth C their CD. 157 natural D howsoever B howsoever CD have BCD.

Shakespeare, The Tempest.
Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Millaine, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on’t: No more yet of this,
For ’tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell’s my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you, looke in:
My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.
Fer. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,

And I would call it faire play.
Alo. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.
Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houre:
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his advise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer saw before: of whom I haue

Miracle D. 178 merciful D. 179 have BCD. 180 compass
D. 181 here CD. 182 here CD. 183 mankind BCD brave
BCD. 186 hours CD. 187 goddes D seuer'd BD seve'rd (sic)
C us BCD. 188 us BCD thus fehl D. mortal D. 189
immortal D providence BCD. 190 ask CD. 191 advise BC
advice D. 192 Daughter CD Millain CD. 193 have BCD
renoun C renown D. 194 never BCD have BCD.
195 Receiued a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.
    Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childre forgivennesse?
    Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
200 A heavinesse that's gon.
    Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
    Alo. I say Amen, Gonzallo.
205    Gon. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that
his Issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O rejoyce
Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,
210 And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: Prospero, his Dukedom
In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
When no man was his owne.

_Alo._ Giue me your hands:
Let grieue and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you ioy.

_Gon._ Be it so, Amen.

_Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
amazedly following._

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land,
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

_Bot._ The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

_Ar._ Sir, all this seruise
Haue I done since I went.

_Pro._ My tricksey Spirit.
Alo. These are not natural events, they strengthen From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,

230 I'd strive to tell you: we were dead of sleepe, And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches, Where, but even now, with strange, and several noyes Of roaring, shrieking, howling, glistening chains, And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.

235 We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty; Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you, Euen in a dreame, were we dividèd from them,

240 And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod, And there is in this businesse, more then nature Was euer conduct of: some Oracle

245 Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparel.

Ste. Ev'ry man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: Coragio Bully-Monster Corasio.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in
my head, here's a goodly sight. [260]

Cal. O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

248 shortly, single ohne Klammer Rowe resolve BCD.
249 seem CD every BCD. 250 happen'd CD cheerfull C
cheerful D. 251 think CD spirit BCD. 253 Untye C Untie
D. 254 Company CD. 255 odd D. driving BCD. stoln C
stol'n D Apparel D. 256—60. 256—58 keine abgesetzten
Zeilen Pope. Every BCD. him self C himself D. Corasio
Coragio BCD. wear CD. Here's BCD. 261 Setebus D
brave BCD spirits BC indeed BCD. 265 'em CD. 266
plain CD.
Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords, Then say if they be true: This mishapen knauæ; His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong 270 That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs, And deale in her command, without her power: These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell; (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you 275 Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?
Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they 280 Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will never out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

267 Mark CD. 268 mis-shap'd Pope mis-shapen
Cambr. Ed. knave CD. 270 controul CD Moon CD flows
D eb's C ebbs D. 271 deal CD. 272 have BCD robb'd
CD divell B devil CD. 274 Fellows CD. 275 known (sic)
D own CD darknesse C darkness D. 276 Acknowledg D.
278 keine abgesetzte Zeile Pope drunk CD. Wine CD. 279
reeling-ripe D. 280 Find BCD. 282—84 keine abgesetzten
Zeilen Pope have BCD beene B been CD. fear CD never
BCD. fear CD flie- C.
Seb. Why how now Stephano?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' the Isle, Sirha?
Ste. I should have bin a sore one then.
Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners as in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter, And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse Was I to take this drunkard for a god? And worship this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away.
Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it Goe quicke away: The story of my life, And the particular accidents, gon by Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne

287 o' th' CD Sirra C Sirrah D. 288 have BCD been B been CD. 289 This is] 'Tis CD e're CD. 290 manners BCD.
291 Go CD Sirra C Sirrah D. 292 look CD. 293 have BCD handsomly CD. 294 Ile CD. 295 seek CD Ass D. 297 fool D. Go CD. 300 invite BCD Highness D train CD.
301 poor CD. 302 which part] witch, part Rowe Ile D. 304 Go D quick CD. 305 gone BCD. 306 morn D.

Shakespeare, The Tempest.
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Every third thought shall be my graue.

Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare starngely.

Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promise you calm Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My Ariel; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.
Now my Charmes are all o'er-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 't is true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not

307 Ile C Ship D. 308 have BCD Nuptialls BCD. 309 dear-CD -belov'd BCD belou'd, solemnized] beloved solemniz'd Rowe. 310 Millain CD. 311 Every BCD grave BCD. 312 hear CD. 313 ear C Ear D strangely BCD. Ile BC deliver BCD. 314 seas D. 315 sail CD. 316 Royal CD fleet BCD far CD Ariell D (Chicke) B (Chick) CD. 317 then CD. 318 near CD. EPILOGUE CD. Prosper CD. 1 NOW now (sic) CD Charms CD -thrown CD. 2 have's BCD own C. 3 tis B 'tis CD. 4 here CD confin'd CD.
Epilogue.

Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd 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 Sailes
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Vnlesse I be reliu'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

6 have BCD Dukedom D. 7 deceiver BCD. 8 spell CD.
10 help CD. 11 Sails D. 12 project BCD fails D. 14
Arts CD enchant BCD. 15 despair D. 16 Vnless CD
reliev'd BCD prayer BCD. 18 self CD. 20 indulgence D.
an doppelt C un-inhabited BC uninhabited D. 1 K.] King
BCD. 2 Sebastian (sic) C brother BCD. 3 rigat (sic) C
Millain CD. 4 Brother BC usurping BCD Millain CD.
6 honost (sic) D Counsellor BC.
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a saluage and deformed slawe.
Trinculo, a Jester.

10 Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

15 Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris
Ceres
Juno
Nymphes

20 Reapers

FINIS.