

ANTHONIO / SEBASTIAN

Antonio. My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.

Sebastian. What? art thou waking?

Antonio. Do you not heare me speake?

Sebastian. 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, mouing:
And yet so fast asleepe.

Antonio. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Sebastian. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.

Antonio. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Sebastian. Well: I am standing water.

Antonio. Ile teach you how to flow.

Sebastian. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Antonio. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Sebastian. '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.

ARIEL PROSPERO

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. 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 clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

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

Ariel. To euery Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery 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. Ioues 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.

Prospero. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ariel. 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;

MIRANDA FERDINAND PROSPERO

Miranda. There's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit have so faire a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Prospero. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Ferdinand. No, I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
(He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.)

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

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

Miranda. Beseech you Father.

Prospero. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Miranda. Sir haue pity, Ile be his surety.

Prospero. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee:

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

Prospero. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.

Ferdinand. 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,

PROSPERO / CALIBAN

Caliban. 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.

Prospero. 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
Then Bees that made 'em.

Caliban. 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
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: