

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

(Enter CERES)

CERES

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS

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

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsown.

JUNO

Of her society

Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

CERES

High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

(Enter JUNO)

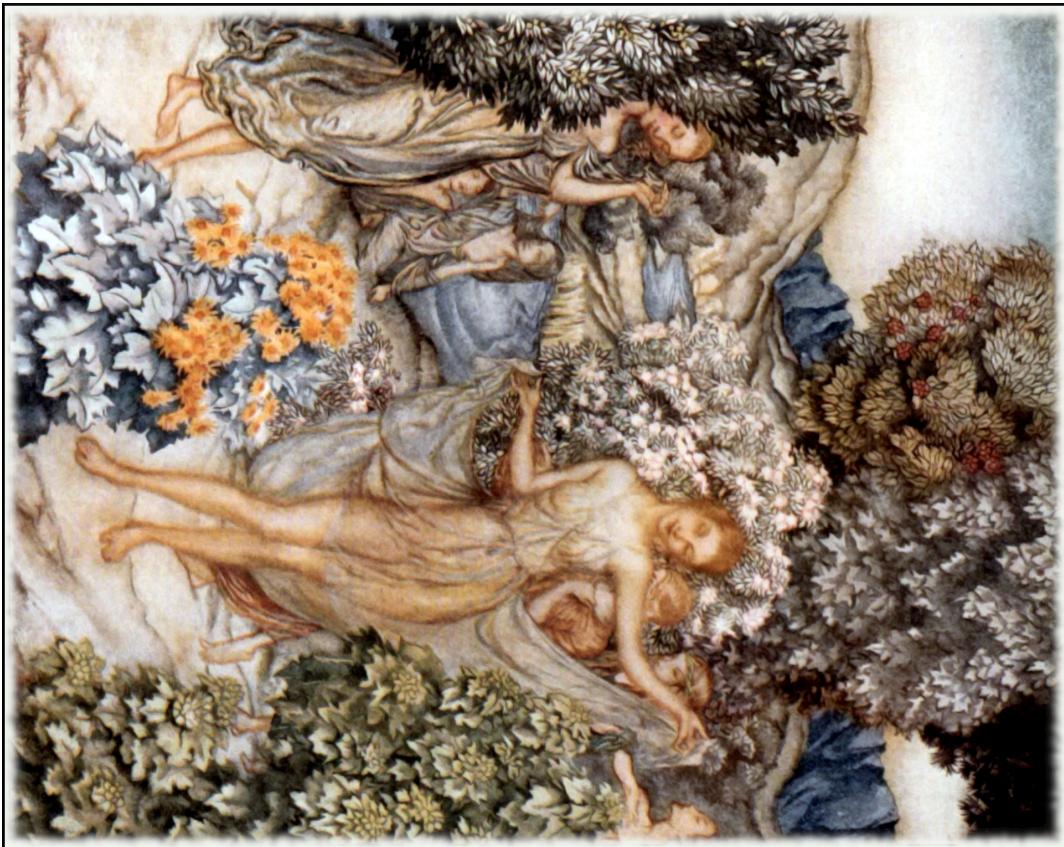
JUNO

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

(They sing:—)

JUNO

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



COME, TEMPERATE NYMPHS



SOFT MUSIC. ENTER IRIS.

PROSPERO

Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.
(He exits.)

PROSPERO

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FERDINAND

I warrant you, sir;

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO

Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

(Soft music. Enter IRIS.)

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy nest betrims,

CERES

*Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with 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.*

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

(JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.)

PROSPERO

Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS

(Enter ARIEL)

ARIEL

What would my potent master? here I am.

PROSPERO

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
 With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
 Answer your summons; Juno does command:
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

(Enter certain Nymphs)

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

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

PROSPERO

AY, with a twink.

ARIEL
 Presently?
 PROSPERO

ARIEL

[Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
 Against my life: the minute of their plot
 Is almost come.

(To the Spirits)

Well done! avoid; no more!

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

Do you love me, master? no?

FERDINAND

This is strange: your father's in some passion
 That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND

[With Miranda]
We wish your peace.

(Exeunt)

PROSPERO

Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel: come.



(Enter ARIEL)

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
R' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

FERDINAND

I do believe it

Against an oracle.

PROSPERO

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think: or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.

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



GO BRING THE RABBLE...HERE TO THIS PLACE



ENTER CERTAIN REAPERS, PROPERLY HABITED

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I go, I go.

(Exit Ariel)

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.

(Re-enter ARIEL, *laden with glistening apparel, &c*)

Come, hang them on this line.

(PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet)

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
 Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO

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

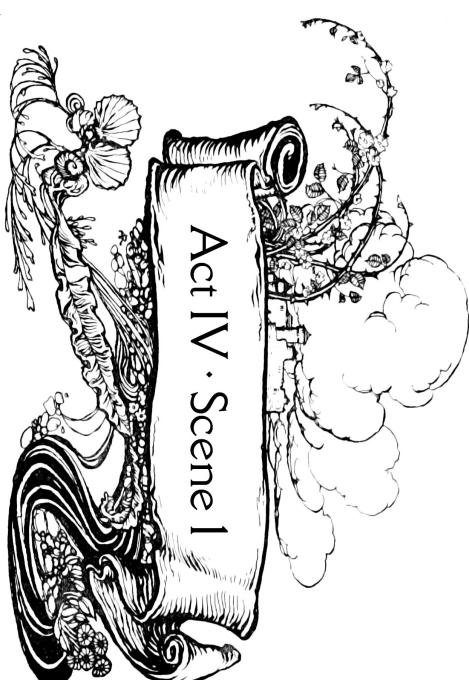
TRINCULO

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

(Before PROSPERO's cell.)

PROSPERO

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



Act IV · Scene 1