

## CERES

*Earth's increase, poison 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.

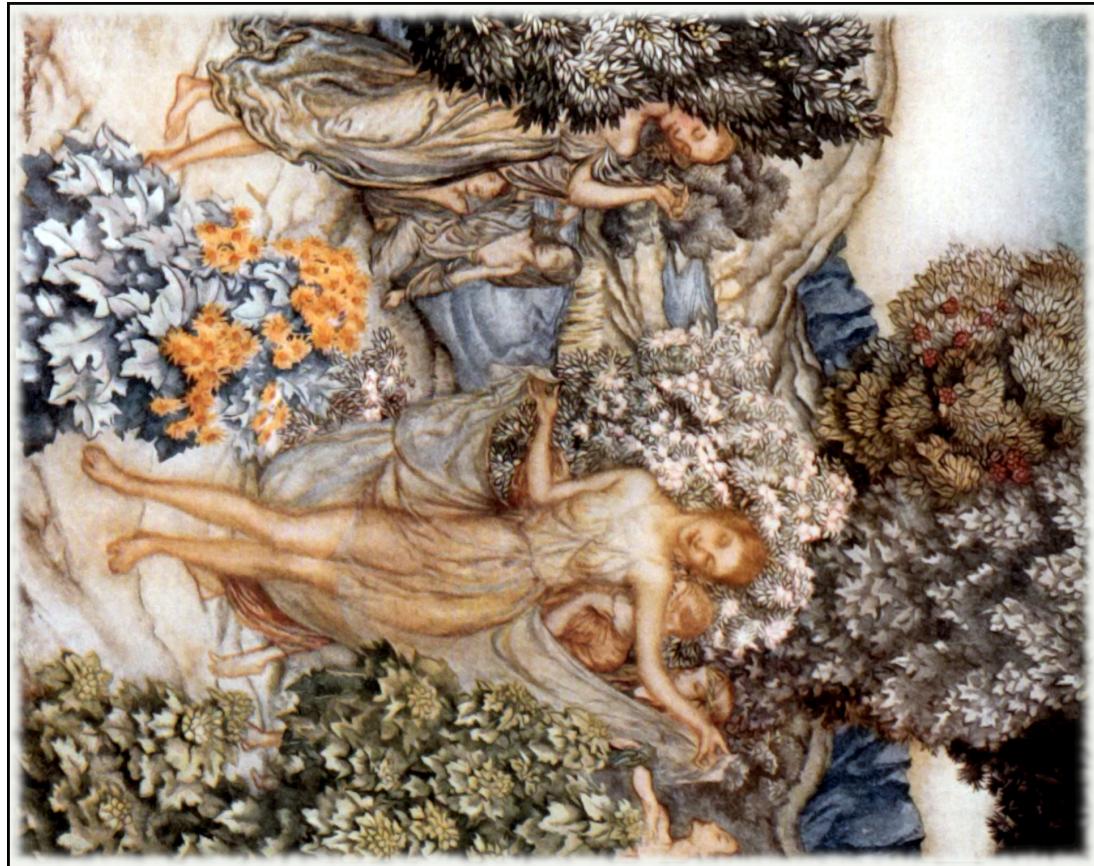
## Ferdinand

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.



COME, TEMPERATE NYMPHS

I have forsworn.

IRIS

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

[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!

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.

IRIS

Of her society  
Be not afraid: I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-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.*

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

## 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

We wish your peace.

(With Miranda)  
(Exeunt)

## PROSPERO

Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel: come.  
(Enter ARIEL)

## ARIEL

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

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.



(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 turfie 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 hest betrims,

ENTER CERTAIN REAPERS, PROPERLY HABITED





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 briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,  
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

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)

SOFT MUSIC. ENTER IRIS.

PROSPERO

(Enter ARIEL)

ARIEL

What would my potent master? here I am.

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, *loaden with glistering 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.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
 Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO

(*Seeing the apparel*) O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy  
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.

EACH ONE, TRIPPING ON HIS TOE



(*He puts on one of the gowns.*)  
O king Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean  
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone  
And do the murder first: if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO

Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin?

(*He takes a jacket from the tree.*)

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

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'est 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!