

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!

(Enter ARIEL)

ARIEL

What would my potent master? here I am.

PROSPERO

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:  
Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

*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?*

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



f I have too austereley 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, afoe 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.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;  
Thy turfyn 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,

(Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA)

## Act IV

### Scene I

*Before PROSPERO's cell.*





IRIS

CERES

JUNO

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

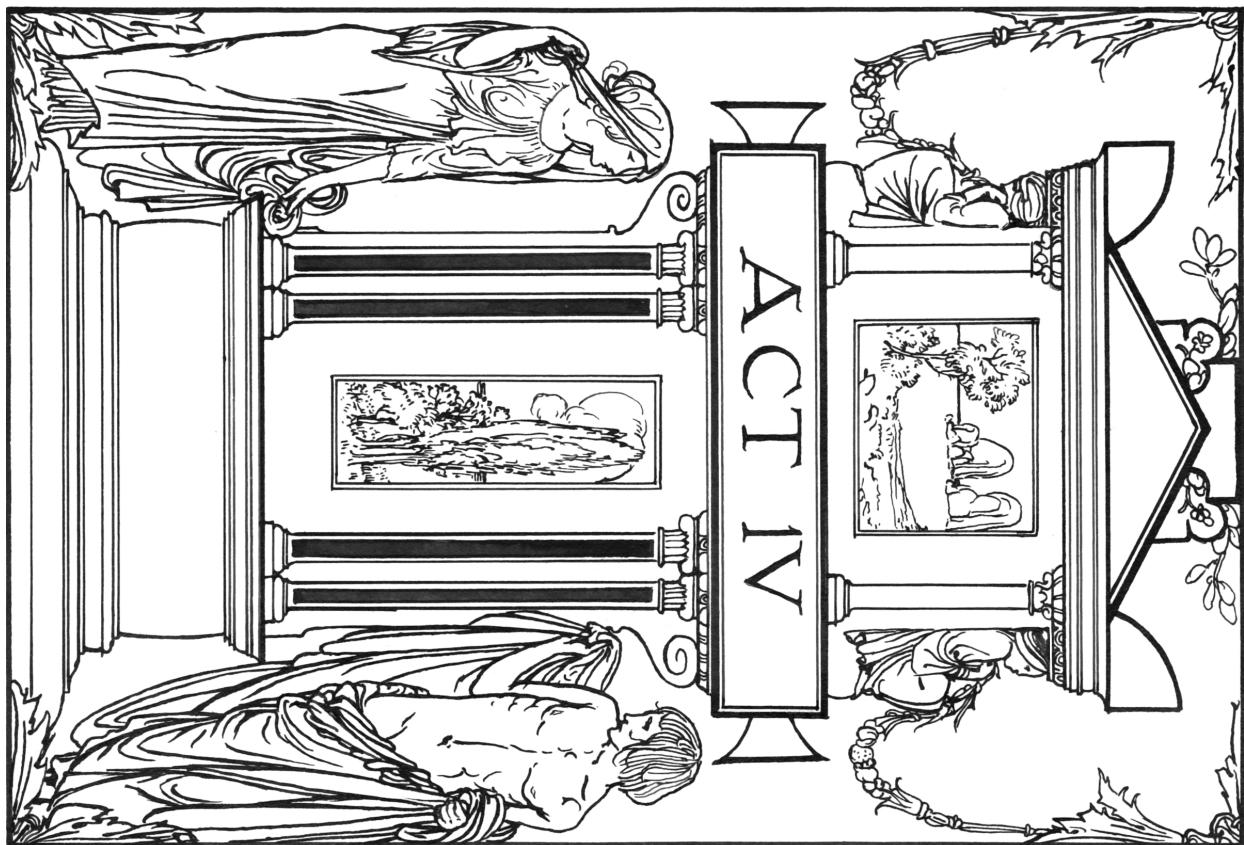
Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
 Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath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

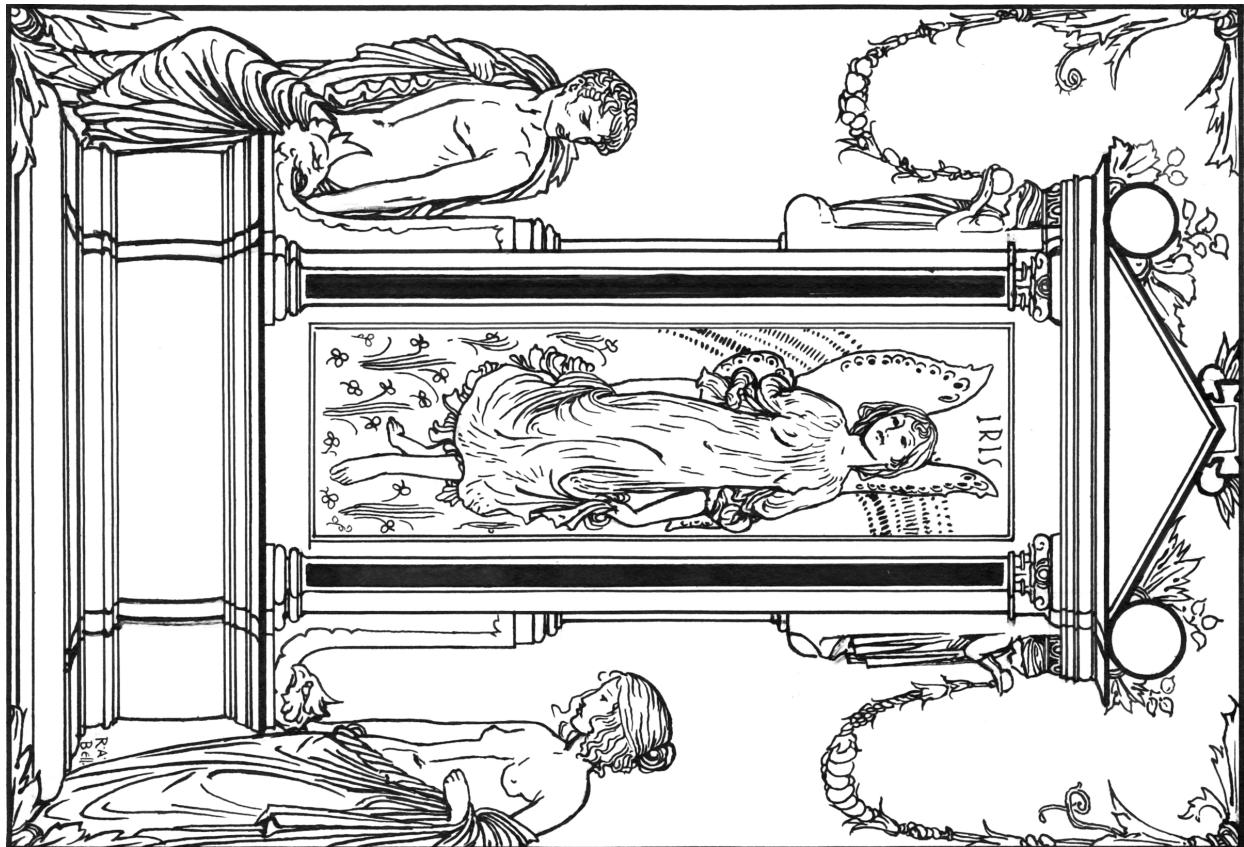
### IRIS

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 forsworn.

And with him there lie mudded.  
(*Exit*)

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.

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

(*Exit SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*)

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

(*Exeunt*)

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.*



Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

(*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table*)

## PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated

In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their several kinds have done. My high charms work  
And these mine enemies are all knit up

In their distractions; they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit

Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
And his and mine loved darling.

(*He exits, above.*)

## GONZALO

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

## ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded

## 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

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.

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
 That hath to instrument this lower world  
 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
 Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island  
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
 Their proper selves.

*(ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords)*

You fools! I and my fellows  
 Are ministers of Fate: the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowlе that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
 And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
 For that's my business to you—that you three  
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
 Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
 Linging perdition, worse than any death  
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—  
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls