

*The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island (1674)*

ACT II, SCENE IV

A WILD ISLAND.

ENTER ALONZO, ANTONIO, GONZALO.

GONZ. 'Beseech your Grace be merry: you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy, for our strange 'scape;  
Then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

ALON. Prithee peace, you cram these words into my ears,  
Against my stomach; how can I rejoyce,  
When my dear Son, perhaps this very moment,  
Is made a meal to some strange Fish?

ANTO. Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the Billows  
Under him, and ride upon their backs;  
I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

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ALON. No, no, he's gone; and you and I, *Antonio*,  
Were those who caus'd his death.

ANTO. How could we help it?

ALON. Then, then we should have help'd it,  
When thou betray'dst thy Brother *Prospero*,  
And *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign, to my power;  
And when I, too ambitious, took by force  
Another's right: Then lost we *Ferdinand*;  
Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

ANTO. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heaven;  
You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,  
And on the waves have lost an onely Son.  
I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands,  
And now am cast upon this Desart-Isle.

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GONZ. These, Sirs, 'tis true, were crimes of a black die;  
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n  
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*;  
Where, in defence of Christianity,

Your valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

*ALON*. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;

No act but penitence can expiate guilt!

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Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder!

What rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition!

Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,

And sell by weight a good deed for a bad?

[A FLOURISH OF  
MUSICK.

*GONZ*. Musick! and in the air! sure we are Shipwrack'd  
On the Dominions of some merry Devil!

*ANTO*. This Isle's Incharnted ground; for I have heard  
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans  
Of lamenting ghosts.

*ALON*. I pull'd a Tree, and bloud pursu'd my hand.

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Heav'n deliver me from this dire place,

And all the after-actions of my life

Shall mark my penitence and my bounty.

Hark, the sounds approach us!

[MUSICK AGAIN LOUDER.  
[THE STAGE OPENS IN  
SEVERAL PLACES.

*ANTO*. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.  
These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense  
Of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

*ALON*. We on the brink of swift destruction stand;  
No means of our escape is left.

[ANOTHER FLOURISH OF VOICES  
UNDER THE STAGE.

*ANTO*. Ah! what amazing sounds are these we hear!

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*GONZ*. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiends present?

SUNG UNDER THE STAGE.

1. DEV. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,  
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?*

2. DEV. *In the lowest and darkest Caverns of Hell*

*Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.*

1. DEV. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Host?*

3. DEV. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize most.*

1. DEV. *Damned Princes there  
The worst of torments bear.*

3. DEV. *Who in Earth all others in pleasures excel,* 60  
*Must feel the worst torments of Hell.*

[THEY RISE SINGING THIS CHORUS.]

ANTO. Oh Heav'ns! what horrid Vision's this?  
How they upbraid us with our crimes!

ALON. What fearful vengeance is in store for us!

1. DEV. *Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,  
Should in pains all others exceed.*

2. DEV. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,  
And their Crowns unjustly get;  
And such who their Brothers to death have betrai'd,  
In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.* 70

3. DEV. ----- *In Hell, in Hell with flames they shall reign,*

CHOR. *And forever, for ever shall suffer the pain.*

ANTO. Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

ALON. Has Heav'n in all its infinite stock of mercy  
No overflowings for us? poor, miserable, guilty men!

GONZ. Nothing but horrors do encompass us!  
For ever, for ever must we suffer!

ALON. For ever we shall perish! O dismal words, for ever!

1. DEV. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?*

2. DEV. *Rapine and Murder his Crown must support!* 80

3. DEV. ----- *His cruelty does tread  
On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead!*

2. DEV. *Can Heav'n permit such crimes should be  
Attended with felicity?*

3. DEV. *No, Tyrants their Scepters uneasily bear,  
In the midst of their Guards they their Consciences  
fear.*

2. DEV. *Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,*

CHOR. *And we with dire visions disturb all their sleep.*

ANTO. *Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!  
The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.  
Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!*

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1. DEV. *Say, Say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence?*

2. DEV. *No, no, let us show their degrees of offence.*

3. DEV. *Let's muster their crimes up on every side,  
And first let's discover their pride.*

ENTER PRIDE.

PRIDE. *Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,  
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.*

ENTER FRAUD.

FRAUD. *And Fraud does next appear,  
Their wandring steps who led,  
When they from vertue fled,  
They in my crooked paths their course did steer.*

100

ENTER RAPINE.

RAPINE. *From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,  
Where Rapine did their actions drive.*

ENTER *MURDER*.

*MURDER. There long they could not stay;  
Down the steep hill they run,  
And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,  
To Murder they bent all their way.  
Around, around we pace,*

*CHORUS OF ALL. About this cursed place;  
While thus we compass in* 110  
*These Mortals and their sin.* [DEVILS VANISH.

*ANTO. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!*

*ALON. But they have left me all unmann'd.  
I feel my sinews slacken with the fright;  
And a cold sweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,  
As if I were dissolving into water.  
Oh Prospero, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart!*

*ANTO. And mine 'gainst him and young Hippolito.*

*GONZ. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.*

*ALON. Lead from this cursed ground;* 120  
*The Seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.  
This is the Region of despair and death.*

*ANTO. Shall we not seek some Fruit?*

*ALON. Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.  
The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too:  
A secret venom slides from every branch!  
My Conscience does distract me! O my Son!  
Why do I speak of eating or repose,  
Before I know thy fortune?*

[AS THEY ARE GOING OUT, A DEVIL  
RISES JUST BEFORE THEM, AT  
WHICH THEY START, AND ARE  
FRIGHTED.

*O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!* 130

DEVIL SINGS.

*Arise, arise! ye subterranean winds,  
More to disturb their guilty minds.  
And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise,  
Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;  
Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:  
You that i' th' vast and hollow womb of Earth,  
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys shake,  
And stately Cities into Desarts turn;  
And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrals burn.  
Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make  
All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake:  
Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,  
Where Nature never yet did smile:  
Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:  
There let 'em houl and languish in despair.  
Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o'th' Air.*

140

TWO WINDS RISE, TEN MORE ENTER AND DANCE: AT THE END OF THE DANCE, THREE WINDS SINK, THE REST DRIVE ALON. ANTO. GONZ. OFF.

ACT III, SCENE V

ENTER *FERDINAND*, *ARIEL* AND *MILCHA* (INVISIBLE).

*FERD.* How far will this invisible Musician  
Conduct my steps? he hovers still about me,  
Whether for good or ill, I cannot tell,  
Nor care I much; for I have been so long  
A slave to chance, that I'm as weary of  
Her flatteries as her frowns, but here I am ---

*ARIEL.* Here I am.

*FERD.* Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:  
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of  
My Griefs accord with any thing but sighs. 10  
And my last words, like those of dying men,  
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades,  
Where few would wish to follow me.

*ARIEL.* Follow me.

*FERD.* This evil Spirit grows importunate,  
But I'll not take his counsel.

*ARIEL.* Take his counsel.

*FERD.* It may be the Devil's counsel, I'll never take it.

*ARIEL.* Take it.

*FERD.* I will discourse no more with thee,  
Nor follow one step further.

*ARIEL.* One step further.

*FERD.* This must have more importance then an Eccho. 20  
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.  
I'll try if it will answer when I sing  
My sorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

HE SINGS.

*Go thy way.*

*ARIEL.* *Go thy way.*

*FERD.* *Why should'st thou stay?*

*ARIEL.* *Why shouldst thou stay?*

*FERD.* *Where the winds whistle, and where the streams creep,  
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.*

*Then let me alone,  
For 'tis time to be  
gone,*

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*ARIEL.* *For 'tis time to be  
gone.*

*FERD.* *What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?  
Within this desert place  
There lives no humane race;  
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.*

*ARIEL.* *Kind Fortune smiles, and she  
Has yet in store for thee  
Some strange felicity.  
Follow me, follow me,  
And thou shalt see.*

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*FERD.* *I'll take thy word for once;  
Lead on Musician.*

[EXEUNT AND RETURN.]



## ACT V, SCENE II

*PROSP.* Now to make amends  
For the rough treatment you have found to day,  
I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:  
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call  
Up those that shall make good my promise to you.

[SCENE CHANGES TO THE ROCKS, WITH THE  
ARCH OF ROCKS, AND CALM SEA. MUSICK  
PLAYING ON THE ROCKS.]

*PROSP.* *Neptune*, and your fair *Amphitrite*, rise;  
*Oceanus*, with your *Tethys* too, appear; 240  
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear!  
Come, all ye *Trytons*; all ye *Nereides*, come,  
And teach your sawcy Element to obey:  
For you have Princes now to entertain,  
And unsoil'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[NEPTUNE, AMPHITRITE, OCEANUS AND  
TETHYS APPEAR IN A CHARIOT DRAWN WITH  
SEA-HORSES; ON EACH SIDE OF THE  
CHARIOT, SEA-GODS AND GODDESSES,  
TRITONS AND NEREIDES.]

*ALON.* This is prodigious.

*ANTO.* Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?

*GONZ.* This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

### SONG.

*AMPH.* *My Lord: Great Neptune, for my sake,*  
*Of these bright Beauties pity take:* 250  
*And to the rest allow*  
*Your mercy too.*  
*Let this intraged Element be still,*  
*Let Aeolus obey my will:*  
*Let him his boystrous Prisoners safely keep*  
*In their dark Caverns, and no more*

*Let 'em disturb the bosome of the Deep,  
Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for Shore.*

NEPTUNE. *So much my Amphitrite's love I prize,  
That no commands of hers I can despise.* 260  
*Tethys no furrows now shall wear,  
Oceanus no wrinkles on his brow,  
Let your serenest looks appear!  
Be calm and gentle now.*

NEPT. & *Be calm, ye great Parents of the Flouds and the Springs,*  
AMPH. *While each Nereide and Triton Plays, Revels, and Sings.*

OCEANUS. *Confine the roaring Winds, and we  
Will soon obey you cheerfully.*

CHORUS OF *Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,* [HERE THE DANCERS  
TRITONS *Upon the Flouds we'll sing and play,* MINGLE WITH THE  
AND NER. *And celebrate a Halcyon day.* SINGERS

[DANCE.

NEPT. *Great Nephew Aeolus make no noise,* 272  
*Muzle your roaring Boys,* [AEOLUS APPEARS.

AMPH. *Let' em not bluster to disturb our ears,  
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.*

NEPT. *Afford 'em onely such an easie Gale,  
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.*

AMPH. *While fell Sea-monsters cause intestine jars,  
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.*

NEPT. *But you shall now be still,* 280  
*And shall obey my Amphitrites will.*

AEOLUS *You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,*  
DESCENDS. *With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to  
quake.*  
*Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,  
Your stormy rage give o'r.* [WINDS FROM  
*Let all black Tempests cease ---* THE FOUR COR-

*And let the troubled Ocean rest: NERS APPEAR.  
Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,  
As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.*

*To your Prisons below, 290*

*Down, down you must go:  
You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep;  
But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep.*

[WINDS FLY DOWN.]

*Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:  
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.*

AMPH. *Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,  
And let the noise from Neighbouring Shores  
rebound.*

CHORUS *Sound a Calm.  
Sound a Calm.  
Sound a Calm. 300  
[Sound] a Calm.  
Sound a Calm.*

[HERE THE TRYTONS, AT EVERY  
REPEAT OF SOUND A CALM,  
CHANGING THEIR FIGURE AND  
POSTURES, SEEM TO SOUND  
THEIR WREATHED TRUMPETS  
MADE OF SHELLS.

A SYMPHONY OF MUSICK, LIKE TRUMPETS, TO WHICH  
FOUR TRYTONS DANCE.

NEPT. *See, see, the Heavens smile, all your troubles are past,  
Your joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'rcast.*

AMPH. *On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your fears  
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.*

BOTH. *And your Loves and your Lives shall in safety enjoy;  
No influence of Stars shall your quiet destroy.*

CHOR. OF ALL. *And your Loves, &c.  
No influence, &c.*

[HERE THE DANCERS MINGLE

WITH THE SINGERS.

OCEANUS. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,  
And yours and your Countrey's soft peace we'll restore.*

TETHYS. *To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,  
The Trytons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels shall keep.*

BOTH. *On the swift Dolphins backs they shall sing and shall play;  
They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.*

CHORUS OF ALL. *On the swift, &c.  
And shall guard, &c.*

[HERE THE DANCERS MINGLE  
WITH THE SINGERS.

[A DANCE OF TWELVE  
TRITONS