THE TEMPEST by William Shakespeare DRAMATIS PERS
AN FRANCISCO CALIBAN, a savage and deformed sla
ospero SCENE: A ship at sea; afterwards an uninh
MASTER. Good! Speak to th' mariners; fall to't y
Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FER
bins; you do assist the storm. GONZALO.
ore love than myself. You are counsello
abin for the m ischance of
his hangin g; make
incourse. [A cr y wit
a wling, b laspha mo
a n un
r s!
w ater sw
d SEBA
OSP ERO a nd M
hose that h save suffer l A brav
The fraughting souls within h
whence I am, nor t hat I am
h ere my art. Wip e th
Wh ich thou h eard'st cr
minut e bi ds the e ope thine ear
? Of any thing the image, te me, that ha th kept
s it That this lives in thy mind? What sest thou
the Duke of Mila n, a
. O, the heave ns
to, Which is from
ories it was is
ou attend
and office, set al
loseness and t he betterin
nce sans b ound. He being
ecuting t
ar ry l ibr
, poor Mi lan
: This King of Naples, be ing a
other. Whereon, A trea chero
ill cry it o'er again; i t is a hint That wr
l demanded, we nch! My tale provokes that
ed & rotten carcass of a
Was I the n
ar up Agai
th Rich
at
and tuto rs n ot s
nemies Brought to th is sh ore;
it way. I know thou canst not choo se. [Mi
uds. To t hy strong b idding
nt. So metime
and c racks Of sulphuro
l But felt a fever of the mad, and pl
d 'Hell is empty, And all the
n before; and, as th
p, The mariners, sa
under hatch es s
he King' s ship
y us b oth be spent mos
y thee rt y. PROSPERO . Before the ti me be out? No more! ARIEL. I prithee
a tor me nt I did f ree thee? ARIEL. No. PROSPERO. Thou dost; and think'st it m
hing. Hast t hou for got The
nth recou nt wha t thou hast been
OSPE RO. This blue-
help o f her mor
he did litter here , A fresh
upon the damn 'd, whic
nt to comm and, A
hence wi th dilig
t as 'tis, W e canno
tort oi se! when

arely, or we run ourselve
DINAND GONZALO, and OTHERS ALONSO. Good boa
Nay, good, be patient. BOATS
r; if you can command these
the hour, if it so hap.-Cheerly, good hearts!-
the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little
hin] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather o
incharitable dog! BOATSWAIN. Work you, then. ANTONIO. Hang,
us, ench. BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two course
stanche d w
L et's assist th em , For our case is as theirs. SEBASTIAN. I am out of patien
ear against it, And ga pe at wid'st to glut him. [A confused noise within: Mercy
STIAN GONZALO. No wo uld I give a thousand furlongs o
IRANDA MIRANDA. If by o ur art, my dearest father, you have
e vessel, Who had no doubt s ome noble cr eature in her, Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did kn
er. PROSPERO. Be conected; No more amazement; tell your pieces heart There's no harm done. MIRANDA. O, w
more better Than Prosper o, mast er of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father. MIRANDA. More to know Did never medd
ou thine eyes; have comfort. The dir eful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have w
y, which thou saw'st sink. Sit d own, fo r thou must now know farther. MIRANDA. You have often Begun to tell me what I a
Obey, and be attentive. Canst th ou re m em ber A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst; for then thou wa
with thy remembrance? MIRANDA. ' Ti s fa r o ff, And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I n
else In the dark backward and abysm of tim e? If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here thou mayst. MI
nd A prince of power. MIRANDA. Sir, are not y ou my father? PROSPERO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said thou wast my
my remembrance. Please you, farther. PROS PE R O. My brother a nd thy uncle, call'd Antonio- I pray thee, mark me that a brother sho uld
! What foul play had we that we came from t he nc e ? Or blessed was't we did? PROSPERO. Both, both, my girl. By foul play, as thou say
me? MIRANDA. Sir, most heedfully. PROSPERO. Being once perfecte d how to grant suits, How to deny them, who t' advance, and
I hearts i' th' state To what tune pleas'd his ear; th a nd P rince of power. MIRANDA. Why
g of my mind With that which, but by being so retir' d, O' er-priz'd al ivy which had hid my princely trunk And suck'd my verd
thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded , But w I popular rate, in my false brother Awak'd an evil nature
h' outward face of royalty With all prerogative. H ence his a hat my power might else exact, like one Who having in
ary st hat's dukedom large enough-o f te mbition growing- Dost thou hear? MIRANDA. Your tal
I- To most ignoble stoopi ng. MIR AND al royalties He thinks no more Incapable; confederate
enemy To me invet erate A. O the heavens! PROSPERO. Mark his condition, a , hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he, in l
army levied, one midnig ht Fa ted to th' purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Mila n; and, i' th'
s mine eyes to't. PROSP ero. Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the pre sent busines
que stion. Dear, they dur st no d ear the love my people bore me; nor set A mark so bloody on the
but t, not rig'd, N or ta ckle, s ail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it. There they
to yo u! PROSPERO. O, a che rubi n T hou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile, Infused
nst w hat should ensue. MIR AND A. H ow c ame we ashore? PROSPERO. By Providence divine
garm ents, linens , stuff s, an d ne cessa ries, Which since have steaded much; so, of hi s
man! PROSPERO. Now l arise. [Puts on his mantle] Sit still, and hear the last of our
eful. MIRANDA . Hea vens th ank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir, For still 'tis
o car and by my p rescie nce I find beating in m y mind, your reason For raising this s ea-storm? PROS PERO.
RANDA sl eeps] Come away, se rvant; come; I am ready now. Approach, my Ariel. Come. Enter ARIEL ARIEL. All hail, great
task Ari el a nd all hi s quali ty. P ROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit, Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee? ARIEL. To ev ery article. I boarded the Ki
l'd divide, And burn i n many places; on th e topmast, The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, Then meet and join Jove's lightning, the precursors O' th'
us ro aring the most migh ty Neptu ne Se em to besiege, and make his bold waves tre mble, Yea, his dread trident shake. PROSPERO. My brave spirit! Who
ay'd Some tricks o f d n. A ll but mariners Plung'd in the foa m; bounding, and quit the vessel. Then all afire with me; the King's so n, Ferdinand, With hair up-sta
devil s are hee r. ' P ROS PERO this nigh shore? ARIEL. Close by, my master. PROSPERO. But are they, Ariel, safe? ARIEL. Not a hai
ou ba d'st me, In tro ops I have landed by himself, W hom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an odd angle of the isle,
wr eck'd, An d his grea t pe 's ship; in the deep n ook, where once Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch
towe d, Who, with a charm jo r thee what pers'd, they all have met again, And are upon the
rson fleet, Which I dis rk. What is the time o' th' day? ARIEL. Pas
L. Is t here m ere's more wo thou hast promis'd, Which is not y
ARIE . Re mem ber I have done o mis taking gs, serv'd Wi veins o'
uch t o tr ead the o of the nort h, To do me business in the
into a hoop? SPERO. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak
sc hiefs an hearing, from Argier. Thou know'st was banish'd; for
rs. Thou, my slave, As thou rep ort'st thyself, wast t hen her servant; And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate To act
th 'sail pine ; within which rift Imprison'd thou did dst painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died, And left thee there, where thou
Caliban her son. PROSPERO. Dull thin g, I say so; he, that Caliban Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st What torment I did find thee i
hee, that made gape The pine, and let thee out. ARIEL. I thank thee, mas ter. PROSPERO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till Thou hast howl'd awa
ARIEL. That's my noble m aster! What shall I do? Say what. What s hall I do? PROSPERO. Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea: be subject To no sight but thine and mine, invisible To e
tangeness of you r story put Heaviness in me. PROSPER O. Shake it off. Come on, We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! S peak. CALIBAN. [Within] There's wood enough within.
onous slave, got by the devil himself Upon thy

ONAE ALONSO, King of Naples SEBASTIAN, his brother P
ve TRINCULO, a jester STEPHANO, a drunken butler M
abited island THE TEMPEST ACT I. SCENE 1 On a s
s aground; bestir, bestir. Exit Enter MARINERS B
tswain, have care. Where's the master, bo atswain! Play t
WAIN. When the sea is. Hence! What cares t
elements to silence, and work the peace
Out of our way, I say. Exit GONZALO. I h
advantage. If he be not born to be han
r our office. Re-enter SEBASTIAN, A
cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent
s; off to sea again; lay her off. E
ce. ANTONIO. We are merely c
on us! We split, we split! Far
f sea for an acre of barren g
Put the wild waters in this ro
ock Against my very heart! Po
oe the day! PROSPERO. No ha
le with my thoughts. PROSPER
ith such provision in mine art So
m; but stopp'd, And left me to a b
s t not Out three years old. MIRA
of your course, whence I rather
RANDA. But that I do not. PR
daughter; and thy father Wa
t, were we heav'd thence;
perfidious. He, whom ne
gover nment I cast upon my b
r-loving, now created The creatures that were mine, I say, or chan
good sir, I do! PROSPERO. I pray thee, mar k me. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
eget of him A falsehood, in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had indeed no limit, A conf
nner of his memory, To credit his own lie-he did believe He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution, An
. To have no screen between this part he play'd And him he play'd it for, he needs will be A absolute Milan. Me, po
aples, To give him annual tribute, do him homage, Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet un
rother. MIRANDA. I should sin To think but nobly of my grandmother. Good wombs have borne bad sons. PROSPE
how much tribute, Should presently extir pate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan W
h' purpose hurried thence Me and thy crying self. MIRANDA. Alack, for pity! I, not remem
this story Were most impertin ent. MIRANDA. Wherefore did they not That hour de
their foul ends. In few, the rried us aboard a bark; Bore us some leagues to
s; to sigh. In what a th sea, whose pity, sighi ng back again, Did us but loving wrong. MIRA
ve deck'd the se a with drops full salt, Unde r my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me An
oble Neapo litan, Gonzalo, Out of his chari ty, who being then appointed Master
that A n own library with volumes that I pri ze above my dukedom. MIR ANDA
rnish'd me Fro m mine Imaster, made thee more profit Than
Have Heve l, thy schoo other princess' can, that
ea-storm? PROS PERO. Know thus far forth: By accident mo st strange, bountiful Fortu
after drops. I am ost unhappily as it nes, I prithee, spare tions; Thou art inclin'd to
ome To ans wer thy best pleasure be't to fly, To sw im,
ng's sh ip; now on the beak, Now in the wais
more moment , that this coil W
ring-then like reed r perish'd. On their and sitting, His
dew From the s Mediterranean flote B
the mid season. PROSPER
et perform'd me. PROSPERO.
blings. Thou didst promise To
th' earth When it is bak'd with f
; tell me. ARIEL. Sir
one thing she did Th
her earthy and abhorr'd co
didst exert thy groans As fast as m
n; thy groans Did make wolves howl, and pene
e king on't. ANTONIO. The latter end of his commonwealth forge
d my innocent people. SEBASTIAN. No marrying 'mong his
dost talk nothing to me. GONZALO. I do well believe your H
nothing still. ANTONIO. What a blow was there given! SEB
fowling. ANTONIO. Nay, good my lord, be not angry. GON
ves, shut up my thoughts; I find They are inclin'd to do s
. Exit ARIEL] SEBASTIAN. What a strange drowsiness p
ebastian? O, what might! No more! And yet methinks I
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a
am more serious than my custom; you Must be so

ROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan FERDINAND, son to the King of
ASTER OF A SHIP BOATSWAIN MARINERS MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero ARIEL, an airy spirit Spirits IRIS CERES
hip at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN MASTER. Bo
OATSWAIN. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle.
he men. BOATSWAIN. I pray now, keep below. ANTONIO. Where is the master, bo atswain? Do you not hear
hese roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! Trouble us not. GONZALO. Good, yet remember whom thou
of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so lon
ave great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect g
g'd, our case is miserable. Exeunt Re-enter BOATSWAIN BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast. Yare, lower,
NTONIO, and GONZALO Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to
noinsmaker; we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art. GONZALO. I'll warrant him for drowning, th
nter MARINERS, Wet MARINERS. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! Exeunt BOATSWAIN. What,
heated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopp'd rascal-would thou mightst lie drowning The was
ewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!] ANTONIO. Let's all sink
round-long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain die dry death
ar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting t
or social, We perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the e
o Art ignorant of what thou a rt, nought knowing Of
rment from me. So, [Lays down his mantle] Lie t
hair Betid to any creat ure in th e vessel
ow co me; Th e very
us e, or person
O. The hour's n ow hard, and mor e, Miranda. B ut how i
y any other ho ur. A Certainly, sir, I can. PR OSPERO. By what? B y any other ho
me? PROSPER O. T ou hast, and mor e, Miranda. B ut how i
RANDA. But that I do not. PR OSPERO. Twelve y ear s nce, Mira nda, twelve year si nce, Thy fath
daughter; and thy father Wa s Duke of Milan, and his only heir And p rincess no worse issued. MIR
t, were we heav'd thence; But blessedly holp hither. MIR AND A. O, my heart ble eds To think o' th ' teen that I h
e, Having seen but him and Cali xt thyself Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put The manage of my st ate; as at that time Thr
ons Are then most humble; I have rother And to my state grew stranger, being transported And rap t in secret studies. Thy fa
infancy again, And have no vigour wither'd roots, and husks Whe ther'd or green, Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
r's loss, the weakness which I feel, T ANDA. O dear father, Make not t hou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile, Infused
is maid. All corners else o' th' earth L ow how but dar'st not strike, th y con science Is sore for
e on.- Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To F RANDA. Beseech you, father! PRO SP ERO. Hen ce! Hang not on my garments.
nature, sir, Than he appears by speech; this i ne word more Shall make me c hide t hee, i f not hate thee: What! An advocate for a
s a better f my command. ARIEL. To FER CISCO, and OTHERS GONZALO. Beseech you, sir, Ban. F ollish wen cholish! No more! And yet methinks I
me sailor's wi fe, The masters of some merchant, a no a mbition To see a goodlier man. PROSPE
ak like us. T hen wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorro in th em. FERDI RO. Now I do so! near it! I go, Fetch my books. Let this one thing be did! All! I
im o'er so. SEBASTIAN. Look, he's winding up the he wr eck of all m erty make ND. Follow me. Speak not yo
SEBASTIA N. A dollar. GONZALO. Dolour comes to hi et lib ERDI NAND] Fol wonted W ONZALO. Well, I have
endthrift i s he of his tongue! ALONSO. I prithee, spare s un DINA ND] Com e. Done . The wager? ANT
TIAN. The old cock. ANTONIO. The cock'rel. SEBASTIAN be m erry; nd th e m cessibl e- SEBASTIAN. Y
. So, you' re paid. ARIBAN. Uninhabitable, and almost inac w wit h watch er'd. AD RIAN. The air br
ch. SEBAS TIAN. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliv m, ind ered; you have spoken truer t o there's none, or little
to life. ANT ONIO. True; save means to live. SEBASTIAN. Of tha CONS ZALO. Well, I have the rarit y of it is, whi
STIAN. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally. GONZALO. But . Done cessibl e- SEBASTIAN. Y ter. AN TONIO. If t
hness and glosses, being rather new-dy'd, than stain'd with salt w r perish'd. On their STIAN. 'T was a sw
rriage of th e King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. SEBA r Aene as' too? and sitting, His
at 'widow' in ? Widow Dido! SEBASTIA N. What if he had said 'widowe rp. SEB ASTIA dew From the s
you, Cartha ge. ANTONIO. His word is more than the miraculous ha e island s. G Mediterranean flote B
TONIO. And, sowing the kern els of it in the sea, bring forth mor eseech y the mid season. PROSPER
mean, in a s he rarest that e'er came there. SEBASTIAN. Bate, I b O. Whe n et perform'd me. PROSPERO.
ing thence, M son is lost; and hat 'widow' in you was well fish'd for. GONZAL , in my rate, she too, Who is so far fro m Italy r ; tell me. ARIEL. Sir
surges unde r him, And ride u pon their backs; he trod the water, Who se em one thing she did Th
th' shore, tha t o'er his wave-wo rn bass bowed, As stooping to relieve hi m. I not her earthy and abhorr'd co
r lose her to an A frican; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who ha th cau didst exert thy groans As fast as m
ience at Which e nd o' th' beam shoul d bow. We have lost your son, I fear, for ever s an . Milan
an, The truth yo u speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in; you rub t he sore , W
ather? ANTONIO. Very foul. GONZALO. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord- ANTONIO. He'd sow ' t with
AN. Scape being drunk for want of wine . GONZALO. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all thing
ches, poverty, And use of service, none ; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, no ne; No use of
overeignty- SEBASTIAN. Yet he would b e king on't. ANTONIO. The latter end of his commonwealth forge ts the beginni
wn kind, all foison, all abundance, To fee d my innocent people. SEBASTIAN. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
e, sir? ALONSO. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me. GONZALO. I do well believe your H ighness;
; he's a traitor. Come; I'll nothing still. ANTONIO. What a blow was there given! SEB ASTIA
DINAND. No; I will resist fowling. ANTONIO. Nay, good my lord, be not angry. GON ZAL
from thy ward; F ves, shut up my thoughts; I find They are inclin'd to do s
MIRANDA. Si . Exit ARIEL] SEBASTIAN. What a strange drowsiness p
n impostor! sebastian? O, what might! No more! And yet methinks I
a Caliban, A Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a
RO. Come am more serious than my custom; you Must be so

Naples GONZALO, an honest old counsellor Lords AD
JUNO NYMPHS REAPERS Other Spirits attending on P
atswain! BOATSWAIN. Here, master; what cheer?
Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.
him? You mar iners, keep your co
hast a board. BOATSWAIN. None that I m
g, and make y ourself ready in your c
allows. Stand fast, go od Fate, to
lower! Bring her to try wi' th' roat, you b
sink? SEBASTIAN. A pox o' your th ma
ough the ship were so cursed! Than a nutsh ell, and as leaky a
must our mouths be cold? GONZALO. The King and Prince at praye
hing of ten tides! GONZALO. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of
wi' th' King. SEBASTIAN. Let's take leave of him. Exeunt ANTONIO an
. Exeunt SCENE 2 The Island. Before P ROSPERO'S cell Enter PR
o th' welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out . O, I have suffered With t
arth or ere It should An swer my care? Was't the direct naval-lin k? Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the e
o Art ignorant of what thou a rt, nought knowing Of
rment from me. So, [Lays down his mantle] Lie t
hair Betid to any creat ure in th e vessel
ow co me; Th e very
us e, or person
t how i
er was
ANDA
d you
sign
ost th
fi cer

ave t urn'
ough al l the
e uncle - D
Of of fi
To c
ide

d ex
or m
alas
dition
n my br
then, W
Wel

bow 'd-
RO . Now the con
ith all the honours o
b'ring how I cried out
stroy us? PROSPERO.
sea, where they prepar
NDA. Alack, what trouble
undergoing stomach, to b e
of this design, did give us, wi
. Would I might But ever see th
have more time For vainer ho urs,
ne, Now my dear lady, hath mi ne e
sleeve, 'tis a good dullness, An d give
to dive into the fire, to ride On th e curl'd clo
t, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazeme
ary And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire
ould not infect his reason? ARIEL. N ot a sou
s, not hair- Was the first man that leap t; cries
sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresh er th a
rms in this sad knot. PROSPERO. Of the King' s s hi
till-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid; The mariners all
ound sadly home for Naples, Supposing that they sa w t
O. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now Mu st b
How now, moody? What is't thou canst demand? ARIE L. M
bate me a f ull year. PROSPERO. Dost thou repent From what
rost. ARIE L. I do not, sir. PROSPERO. Thou liest, malig nant t
, in Argie r. PROSPERO. O, was she so? I must Once in a mo
ey would not take her life. Is not this true? ARIEL. Ay, sir . PR
mmands , Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, By
ll-wheres strike. Then was this island- Save for the son tha t
trate the breasts Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment To l ay
y twelve winters. ARIEL. Pardon, master; I will be correspon de
very eye ball else. Go take this shape, And hither come in 't. G o,
DA. 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not l ove to look on. PROSPERO. B u
y; there' s other busines s for thee. Come, thou
cked de w as e'er my moth er brush'd With rav

ch'd A s thick as honey
er ligh t, and how the
wn king; and here you
child . CALIBAN. O ho, O
each hour One thing or ot
d natur es Co uld not abide to be
ed, he nce! Fetch us in fuel. An
mble at thy din. CALIBAN. No,
singing; FERDINAND follow
[Burden ingersoldy: Bo
no more; and sure it wai
ce I have follow'd it, Or
doth suffer a sea-cha
mortal business, no
! Believe me, sir, It
ef, that's beauty's
s on, I see, As my
nd that you will s
nguage? Heavens
rs To hear thee sp
his lords, the Duke o
ee free for this. [To FE
er To be inclin'd my w
neasy make, lest too lig
om me, the lord on't. FER
; he's a traitor. Come; I'll
DINAND. No; I will resist
rost fearful. PROS
from thy ward; F
MIRANDA. Si
n impostor!
a Caliban, A
RO. Come

,
ats uc
in s u els
at tho ROSP ERO.
ak no t for hi
all, of joy; for
of woe; but fo
ee , peace. SE
t rike. GONZ
han you pur
ne's but ye
ONIO . A laugh
et- A DRIAN.
eathe s upon
. GON ZALO.
ch is in deed a
ut one o f his
ee t marriage, an
G ood Lord, ho
N. He hath rai
ON ZALO. A
ou, w idow
I wore i t at
emoved
ity he flu
doubt He
e to wet the
d Naples ha
hen you sho
nettle-seed.
s; for no kind o
metal, corn, or wine
ng. GONZALO. All t
ANTONIO. None, m
and did it to minist
N. An it had not fall'
O. No, I warrant you
o. SEBASTIAN. Plea
ossesses them! ANT
see i' th' face, W
strange repose, to be as
too, if heed me; which to