

Thomas Shadwell,
The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island

1st performed : April 1674, Duke's Theatre

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Genre : dramatic opera

The Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joyn'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame . A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England . In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the Kings Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.

ACT I.

Scene 1

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso .

Vent.

What a Sea comes in?

Must.

A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo .

Trinc.

The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow bard.

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Enter Stephano .

Steph.

Bosen!

Trinc.

Here, Master, what say you?

Steph.

Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Must.

Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph.

Boy! Boy!

[Enter Cabin boy.

Boy.

Yaw, yaw, here, Master.

Steph.

Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle

[Exeunt Stephano and Boy.

Enter Marriners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc.

Bring the Cable to the Capstorm.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo .

Alon.

Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master?

Play the men.

Trinc.

Pray keep below.

Anto.

Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc.

Do you not hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the storm.

Gonz.

Nay, good friend be patient.

Trinc.

I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz.

Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc.

None that I love more than my self: you are a Counsellor, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your [25] wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.

[Exeunt Trincalo and Marriners.

Gonz.

I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd.

[Exit.

Enter Trincalo and Stephano .

Trinc.

Up aloft, Lads. Come, reef both Topsails.

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Steph.

Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea.

[Ex. Steph.

Enter two Marriners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc.

Hands down! man your Main-Capstorm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other door.

Must.

Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstorm.

Vent.

My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar. Hoa up, hoa up, &c.

[Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso .

Enter Stephano .

Steph.

Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;
Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers.

[Exit Steph.

Enter two Marriners, and pass over again.

Trinc.

Turn out, turn out all hands to Capstorm.
You dogs, is this a time to sleep? lubbord.
Heave together, Lads.

[Trincalo whistles.

[Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso .

Must. within.

Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within.

'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together,
Bullyes.

Enter Stephano .

Steph.

Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks!
Come, my Lads: Come, Bullyes , chear up! heave lustily.
The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc.

Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph.

[50] Is a weigh! is a weigh.

Trinc.

Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-castle!
Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within.

Haul Catt, Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul: haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph.

Aft, aft, and lose the Misen!

Trinc.

Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheet!

Enter Mustacho .

Must.

Loose the Main-top-sail!

Steph.

Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

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Trinc.

Loose Fore-sail! Haul aft both sheets! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must.

A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within.

Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Portis. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are loose.

Enter Ventoso .

Vent.

Some hands down: the Guns are loose.

[Ex. Must.

Trinc.

Try the Pump, try the Pump.

[Exit Vent.

Enter Mustacho at the other door.

Must.

O Master! six foot water in Hold.

Steph.

Clap the Helm hard aweather! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-sheet there.

Trinc.

Over-haul your fore-boling.

Steph.

Brace in the Lar-board.

[Exit.

Trinc.

A curse upon this houling,

[A great cry within.

They are louder than the weather.

[Enter Antonio and Gonzalo .

[75] Yet again, what do you here? shall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz.

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Trinc.

Work you then and be poxt.

Anto.

Hang, Cur, hang, you whorson insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd then thou art.

Trinc.

Ease the Fore-Brace a little.

[Exit.

Gonz.

I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched Wench.

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand .

Ferd.

For my self I care not, but your loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alonzo.

O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by use, is so

to me: But, Ferdinand , I grieve my Subjects loss in thee: Alas, I suffer justly for my crimes, but why thou shouldst---O Heaven!

[A cry within.

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Heark, farewell, my Son, a long farewell!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho , and Ventoso .

Trinc.

What, must our mouthes be cold then?

Vent.

All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz.

The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's assist them.

Must.

Nay, we may e'en pray to; our case is now alike.

Ant.

Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

Gonz.

Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince.

[Exeunt.

Enter Stephano, Trincalo .

Trinc.

The Ship is sinking.

[A new cry within.

Steph.

[100] Run her ashore!

Trinc.

Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Starboard-Bow.

Steph.

She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return, discover that Beautiful part of the Island, which was the habitation of Prospero ; 'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the other Hippolito : The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.