

Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench,
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, fir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free [To *Ariel*.
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.