

Can lay to bed for ever; you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this fir *Prudence*, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. But one word.

Enter Ariel with musick and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep you living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lye,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware.

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be fudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the king! [They awake.]

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake! why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?

It