

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be up-lifted. But remember
 (For that's my business to you) that you three
 From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,
 Which here in this most desolate isle else fall
 Upon your heads, there's nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, Enter the shapes
 again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carrying out the
 table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done; my high charms work;
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, who, they suppose, is drowned,
 And his and my lov'd darling.

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?