

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
 Dash'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke
 Against my very heart : poore soules, they perish'd.
 Had I byn any God of power, I would
 Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
 It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
 The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
 No more amazement : Tell your pitteous heart
 there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
 I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
 (Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
 Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
 Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
 And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
 Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
 I should informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
 And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,
 Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
 The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
 The very vertue of compassion in thee :
 I haue with such prouision in mine Art
 So safely ordered, that there is no soule
 No not so much perdition as an hayre
 Betid to any creature in the vessell
 Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke : Sit
 For thou must now know farther. [downe,

Mira. You haue often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
 And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
 Concluding, stay : not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come
 The very minute byds thee ope thine care,
 Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came vnto this Cell?
 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
 Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.
Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off :
 And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
 Fewe, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
 That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
 In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
 Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
 How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. I doe not.
 since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,
 of *Millaine* and

Father?
 ce of vertue, and
 and thy father
 heire,

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle,
 By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
 But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
 To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio* :
 I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
 Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe
 Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
 The mannage of my state, as at that time
 Through all the signories it was the first,
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
 In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
 Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke
 (Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.
Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
 how to deny them : who t'aduaunce, and who
 To trash for ouer-topping; new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
 Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
 To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
 The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
 And suckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Prof. I pray thee marke me :

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
 with that, which but by being so retir'd
 Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
 Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
 As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not onely with what my reuenew yeilded,
 But what my power might els exact. Like one
 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a synner of his memorie
 To credite his owne lie, he did belecue
 He was indeede the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
 And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
 With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing :
 Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.
Prof. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
 Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
 Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall roalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
 Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
 The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heuens :
Prof. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
 If this might be a brosher.

Mira. I should sinne
 To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,