

ARIEL *as Harpy*

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, 70
And the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live.

Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio draw their swords.

You fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well 80
Wound the loud winds or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters as diminish
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths 85
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
That you three from Milan
Did supplant good Prospero,
Him and his innocent child, for which foul deed, 90
The powers—delaying, not forgetting—have
Incensed 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 95
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 falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow 100
And a clear life ensuing. *He vanishes in thunder.*