

ACT I SCENE I.

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin.

SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit.

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

BOATSWAIN Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

ALONSO A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN

Hands Sebastian the rope

Work you then.

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as...

FRANCISCO

An unstanch'd wench?

Boatswain

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

SCENE II. The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

MIRANDA If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her, dash'd all to pieces.

BOATSWAIN

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

MIRANDA

For our case is as theirs.

O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

GONZALO

The king and prince are at prayers! let's assist them.

MIRANDA

Had I been any god of power, I would have sunk the sea within the earth or ere

FERDINAND

Hell is empty, and all the devils are here

MIRANDA

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and the fraughting souls within her.

GONZALO

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

PROSPERO Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart There's no harm done.

ADRIAN

Mercy on us!

FRANCISCO

Farewell, my wife and children!

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

BOATSWAIN

We split, we split, we split!

PROSPERO

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,

And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul--
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;
For thou must now know farther.

Miranda sits

MIRANDA You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

PROSPERO The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO
By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIRANDA But that I do not.

PROSPERO
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROSPERO
My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage 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 liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle--
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO
Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
In my false brother awak'd an evil nature
He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact
He did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO
Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough
Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
 With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO Well demanded:
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
 So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business, but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it.

MIRANDA Alack, what trouble was I then to you!

PROSPERO O, a cherubim
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven

MIRANDA How came we ashore?

PROSPERO By Providence divine.
 Some food we had and some fresh water that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA Would I might
 But ever see that man!

PROSPERO Now I arise:

Resumes his mantle

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 Than other princesses can that have more time
 For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
 For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO Know thus far forth.
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star, whose influence
 If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.

Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
 Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
 Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul! But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring, --then like reeds, not hair, --
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
 And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO Why that's my spirit!
 But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perish'd;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
 The king's son have I landed by himself;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO Of the king's ship
 The mariners say how thou hast disposed
 And all the rest o' the fleet.
 ARIEL Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples,
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
 And his great person perish.
 PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
 ARIEL
 Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.
 PROSPERO How now? moody?
 What is't thou canst demand?
 ARIEL My liberty.
 PROSPERO Before the time be out? no more!
 ARIEL I prithee,
 Remember I have done thee worthy service;
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
 Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year.
 PROSPERO Dost thou forget
 From what a torment I did free thee?
 ARIEL No.
 PROSPERO Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the
 ooze of the salt deep,
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
 To do me business in the veins o' the earth
 When it is baked with frost.
 ARIEL I do not, sir.
 PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
 forgot the foul witch Sycorax?
 ARIEL No, sir.
 PROSPERO Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine and let thee out.
 ARIEL I thank thee, master.
 PROSPERO If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
 ARIEL Pardon, master;
 I will be correspondent to command

And do my spiriting gently.
 PROSPERO Do so, and after two days
 I will discharge thee.
 ARIEL That's my noble master!
 What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
 PROSPERO Go: be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every eyeball else. go, hence with diligence!
Exit ARIEL
 Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!
 MIRANDA The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.
 PROSPERO Shake it off. Come on;
 We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.
 MIRANDA 'Tis a villain, sir,
 I do not love to look on.
 PROSPERO But, as 'tis,
 We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
 That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
 Thou earth, thou! speak.
 CALIBAN There's wood enough within.
 PROSPERO
 Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Enter CALIBAN up-cener
 CALIBAN
 As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
 And blister you all o'er!
 PROSPERO
 For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
 All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 Than bees that made 'em.
 CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.
 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
 Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give
 me
 Water with berries in't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' the island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filt' as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

CALIBAN You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

PROSPERO Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN No, pray thee.

PROSPERO So, slave; hence!

*Exit CALIBAN up-center Re-enter ARIEL, , playing
and singing; FERDINAND following*

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

The watch-dogs bark!
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND
Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such
senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA No wonder, sir; But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
Milan and his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.

A word, good sir;
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
 MIRANDA Why speaks my father so ungently? This
 Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
 That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
 To be inclined my way!
 FERDINAND O, if a virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
 The queen of Naples.
 PROSPERO Soft, sir! one word more.
 They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
 Make the prize light.
 One word more; I charge thee
 That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
 The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
 Upon this island as a spy, to win it
 From me, the lord on't.
 FERDINAND No, as I am a man.
 MIRANDA
 There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.
 PROSPERO Follow me.
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Takes Miranda's knife, and is charmed from moving
 MIRANDA O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He's gentle and not fearful.
 PROSPERO Put thy sword up, traitor;
 Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick
 And make thy weapon drop.
 MIRANDA Beseech you, father.
 PROSPERO Hence! hang not on my garments.
 MIRANDA Sir, have pity; I'll be his surety.
 PROSPERO Silence! one word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
 An advocate for an imposter! hush!
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
 To the most of men this is a Caliban
 And they to him are angels.
 MIRANDA My affections
 Are then most humble; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.
 PROSPERO Come on; obey:
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again
 And have no vigour in them.
 FERDINAND 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, nor this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.
 PROSPERO Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!
 Hark what thou else shalt do me.
 MIRANDA Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.
 PROSPERO Thou shalt be free
 As mountain winds: but then exactly do
 All points of my command.
 ARIEL To the syllable.
 PROSPERO Come, follow. Speak not for him.

ACT II SCENE I. Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO*

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN He receives comfort like cold porridge.

GONZALO Sir,--

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer-- therefore, my lord,--

ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO I prithee, spare.

ANTONIO

Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN The old cock.

ANTONIO The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?

ANTONIO A laughter.

SEBASTIAN A match!

ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert,--

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

ADRIAN

Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--

SEBASTIAN Yet,--

ADRIAN Yet,--

It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
temperance.

ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.

ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

ANTONIO As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! how
green!

ANTONIO He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed
almost beyond credit,--

SEBASTIAN As many vouch'd rarities are.

GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness

and glosses. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of
the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a
paragon to their queen.

GONZALO Not since widow Dido's time.

ADRIAN 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study
of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO This Tunis was Carthage.

ADRIAN Carthage?

GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.

ALONSO You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy removed

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt

He came alive to land.

ALONSO No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN You were kneel'd to and importuned
otherwise by all of us. We have lost your son, I fear, for

ever: Milan and Naples have more widows in them of
this business' making than we bring men to comfort
them: The fault's your own.

ALONSO So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GONZALO My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN Very well.

ANTONIO And most chirurgically.

FRANCISCO It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

GONZALO I am very heavy
All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO

ALONSO What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
 Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
 They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,
 Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
 It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
 It is a comforter.

ANTONIO We two, my lord,
 Will guard your person while you take your rest,
 And watch your safety.

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL

SEBASTIAN What a strange drowsiness possesses
 them!

ANTONIO It is the quality o' the climate.

SEBASTIAN Why
 Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
 Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
 They fell together all, as by consent;
 They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
 Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?--No more:--
 And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
 What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
 My strong imagination sees a crown
 Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN I do; and surely
 It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
 Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
 This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
 And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO Noble Sebastian,
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather; wink'st
 Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN Thou dost snore distinctly;
 There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO I am more serious than my custom: you
 Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
 Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN Do so: to ebb
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO O,
 If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
 Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on:
 The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
 A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
 Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO Thus, sir:
 Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
 Who shall be of as little memory
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,--
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade,--the king his son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
 And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope that he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO O, out of that 'no hope'
 What great hope have you! no hope that way is
 Another way so high a hope that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN He's gone.

ANTONIO Then, tell me,
 Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN Claribel.

ANTONIO She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post--
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
 And by that destiny to perform an act
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
 In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN What stuff is this! how say you?
 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
 So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
 There is some space.

ANTONIO A space whose every cubit
 Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
 Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
 And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
 That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
 Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
 As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
 As amply and unnecessarily
 As this Gonzalo. O, that you bore
 The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
 For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN Methinks I do.

ANTONIO And how does your content
 Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN I remember
 You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO True:
 And look how well my garments sit upon me;
 Much feater than before: my brother's servants

Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO Ay, sir; where lies that? I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course.

SEBASTIAN 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 payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN O, but one word.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible

ARIEL 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 them living.
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ANTONIO Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

ALONSO Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you
drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO I heard nothing.

ANTONIO O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search for my poor son.

GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALONSO Lead away.

ARIEL Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

ACT 2, SCENE ii. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, carrying wood.

CALIBAN

During this, Spirits 1 and 2 torment Caliban.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO. The spirits scurry away.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

CALIBAN withdraws into his cloak.

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one,
looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide
my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by
pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish- like smell; a kind of not of the newest. A strange
fish! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion;
hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath
lately suffered by a thunderbolt.

Thunder

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

Crawls under the cloak. Enter STEPHANO, singing

STEPHANO I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore--
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drink. Sings

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

Drink

CALIBAN Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here?

CALIBAN The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil
should he learn our language? I will give him some
relief, if it be but for that. if I can recover him and keep
him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for
any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my
wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never
drunk wine afore will go near to remove his fit. If I can
recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much
for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that
soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works
upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you, cat: open
your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you,
and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open
your chaps again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice: it should
be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend
me!

STEPHANO Four legs and two voices: a most delicate
monster! If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I
will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy
other mouth.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy,
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch
me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard—
thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO Thou art very Trinculo indeed!

TRINCULO But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I
hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm
overblown And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano,
two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about; my
stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN These be fine things, an if they be not
sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Kicks Trinculo out of his clothes

STEPHANO How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle

CALIBAN I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book.

TRINCULO O Stephano. hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:

STEPHANO Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents swear.

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,--

STEPHANO Come, kiss.

CALIBAN I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO A howling monster: a drunken monster!

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for fish

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,

hey-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt. Blackout

ACT III SCENE I.

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
 Most busy lest, when I do it.

MIRANDA Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
 Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
 He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND O most dear mistress,
 The sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
 I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND No, precious creature;
 I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA It would become me
 As well as it does you: and I should do it
 With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

PROSPERO Poor worm, thou art infected!
 This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND
 No, noble mistress;'tis fresh morning with me
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you--
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers--
 What is your name?

MIRANDA Miranda.--O my father,
 I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration! worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have eyed with best regard and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
 Have I liked several women; never any
 With so fun soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
 And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
 So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA I do not know
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,
 And my dear father: how features are abroad,
 I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
 The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you,
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
 Something too wildly and my father's precepts
 I therein do forget.

FERDINAND I am in my condition
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
 I would, not so!--and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service; there resides,
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake
 Am I this patient log--man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND
 O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
 And crown what I profess with kind event
 If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA I am a fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA
 At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
 What I desire to give, and much less take
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
 I am your wife, it you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband, then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!

PROSPERO So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

ACT III SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Discover CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

STEPHANO Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

CALIBAN How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord? Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO Marry, will I kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

CALIBAN As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL Thou liest.

CALIBAN Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CALIBAN I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. if thy greatness will Revenge it on him,--for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not,--

STEPHANO That's most certain.

CALIBAN Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his bead.

ARIEL Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows And take his bottle from him: when that's gone He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors

TRINCULO Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? take thou that.

TRINCULO A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

CALIBAN Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CALIBAN Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake. Remember first to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am.

And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant. And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen--save our graces!--and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO Excellent.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure: Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em

Thought is free.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe

STEPHANO What is this same?

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
 where I shall have my music for nothing.
 CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.
 STEPHANO Lead, monster; we'll follow

SCENE III. Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
 ADRIAN, FRANCISCO*

GONZALO
 By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
 My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
 Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

ALONSO
 Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
 To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
 Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO
Aside to SEBASTIAN
 I am right glad that he's so
 out of hope.
 Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN The next advantage
 Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO Let it be to-night;
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music

ALONSO What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO, invisible. Enter several strange
 Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with
 gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c.
 to eat, they depart*

ALONSO
 Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

GONZALO If in Naples
 I should report this now, would they believe me?
 If I should say, I saw such islanders--
 For, certes, these are people of the island--
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

ALONSO I cannot too much muse
 Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO Praise in departing.

FRANCISCO

They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN No matter, since they have left their
viands behind; for we have stomachs. Will't please you
taste of what is here?

ALONSO Not I.

GONZALO

Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes.*

ARIEL You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, 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. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN. draw their swords

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle 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 uplifted. But remember--
For that's my business to you--that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
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:
Lingering 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 falls
Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

PROSPERO

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 now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling.

Exit above

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

Exit

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt

ACT IV SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND I do believe it against an oracle.

PROSPERO Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.
Our worsor genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think: or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FERDINAND
I warrant you sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO
Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA We wish your peace.

Exeunt stage left

PROSPERO Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel:
come.

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
PROSPERO Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
ARIEL I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

*They go onto the risers UL. Enter CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all*

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO So is mine.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonour
in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

CALIBAN Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

*They enter Prospero's house. They start looting the
place. Trinculo discovers Prospero's cloak in the
dresser.*

TRINCULO O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRINCULO O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to
a frippery. O king Stephano!

STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN The dropsy drown this fool I what do you
mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster.

CALIBAN I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

STEPHANO Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear
this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you
out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

*The stage left scrim is back-lighted, revealing the
spirits, dressed as goblins. They're barking loudly.*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver I there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL Hark, they roar!

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO exit

PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

Prospero goes into his room and sits on the chair.

ACT V SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

PROSPERO Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARIEL On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gaitist my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit

PROSPERO I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed. Spirits hold Antonio and Sebastian

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him

Where the bee sucks. there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
PROSPERO
Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the boatswain
Being awake, enforce him to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Exit

GONZALO
All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
PROSPERO Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
ALONSO Whether thou best he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
PROSPERO First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
GONZALO Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
PROSPERO You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
SEBASTIAN
The devil speaks in him.
PROSPERO
No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
ALONSO If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost--
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!--
My dear son Ferdinand.
PROSPERO I am woe for't, sir.
ALONSO Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

ALONSO You the like loss!

PROSPERO As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO In this last tempest.

*Bring up the backlight on the stage left scrim. Behind
it, Miranda and Ferdinand are playing chess.*

MIRANDA Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it, fair play.

Lights down on the scrim

ALONSO If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

Ferdinand and Miranda enter

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

ALONSO Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIRANDA O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO 'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO There, sir, stop:

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALONSO Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO Be it so! Amen!*Re-enter ARIEL, with the
Boatswain amazedly following*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
BOATSWAIN The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship--
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split--
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO My tricky spirit!

ALONSO These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

BOATSWAIN If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And--how we know not--all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them

And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL Was't well done?

PROSPERO Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,

Which to you shall seem probable, of every

These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful

And think of each thing well.

Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell.

Exit ARIEL

How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL and the spirits, driving in CALIBAN,
STEPHANO and TRINCULO*

STEPHANO Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

ALONSO Is not this Stephano?

FRANCISCO He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALONSO And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How camest thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

FRANCISCO Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

PROSPERO He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god

And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO Go to; away!

ALONSO Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

FRANCISCO Or stole it, rather.

PROSPERO Sir, I invite your highness and your train

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away; the story of my life

And the particular accidents gone by

Since I came to this isle: and in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;

And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales

And sail so expeditious that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.

My Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well!

EPILOGUE

PROSPERO Please you, draw near.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,

And what strength I have's mine own,

Which is most faint

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.