

The Tempest by William Shakespeare

Edited by Nathan Rosen

CHARACTERS

MASTER
BOATSWAIN
MARINERS
ALONSO
ANTONIO
GONZALO
SEBASTIAN
ADRIAN
FRANCISCO
FERDINAND
MIRANDA
PROSPERO
ARIEL
CALIBAN
TRINCULO
STEPHANO
SPIRITS
IRIS
CERES
JUNO

Act 1

Scene 1 *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a MASTER and a BOATSWAIN*

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, Master: what cheer?

MASTER Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we
run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit

Enter Mariners

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!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and
others*

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 labor: 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, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long. Out of our way, I say.

Exit.

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

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 Work you then.

ANTONIO Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

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

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

Enter Mariners wet

MARINERS All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

A confused noise within:

'Mercy on us!'—

'We split, we split!'—

'Farewell, my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—

'We split, we split, we split!'

ANTONIO Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him. *Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

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. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart.

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

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

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, naught 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 thine eyes. Have comfort.
This, the direful spectacle of the wreck
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 th' vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down,
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped,
Concluding "Stay: not yet."

PROSPERO The hour's now come;
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?

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 abysm of time?

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 true Duke of Milan.

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!

PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio--
I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should
Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; the lib'ral arts
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 Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was. He being thus lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded
But what my power might else exact, who
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed Duke. His ambition growing--
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
Wi' th' King of Naples to give annual tribute,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan)
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA O the heavens!

PROSPERO 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 Now the condition.
The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit.
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PROSPERO Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's.

MIRANDA Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat; 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.

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, who, 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 furnished 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. *(He puts on his magic cloak)*
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. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
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 curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
Performed 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 leapt; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO Why that's my spirit!
But was not this night 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 bad'st 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 harbor
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook.
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed. But there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

ARIEL Past the mid season.

PROSPERO At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed 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? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

ARIEL Sir, in Algiers.

PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Algiers,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island--
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp hag-born--not honored with
 A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban
 Whom now I keep in service. 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 damned, 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 howled 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 make thyself like a nymph o' the sea. Be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
 And hither come in 't: 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 [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?
Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARIEL My lord it shall be done. *Exit*

PROSPERO Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN

CALIBAN As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
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.
Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden. Hark, hark!

Burthen [dispersedly, within: Bow-wow

The watch-dogs bark!

Burthen [dispersedly, within: Bow-wow

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

FERDINAND Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' 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 followed 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

Burthen within Ding-dong

Hark! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

FERDINAND The ditty does remember my drowned 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 stained
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 *[Aside]* 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 wrecked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

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

PROSPERO [*Aside*] 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. (*To FERDINAND*) 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 sighed 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.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. (*To FERDINAND*) I charge thee, thou 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.

PROSPERO Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

Draws, 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 What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,
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,
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 vigor 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.

PROSPERO *[Aside]* It works. *[To FERDINAND]* Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! *[To FERDINAND]* Follow me.
[To 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.
Exeunt

Act II

Scene 1 *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others

GONZALO Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. 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.

ANTONIO The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

GONZALO Sir,--

SEBASTIAN One. Tell.

GONZALO When every grief is entertained that's offered,
Comes to th' entertainer--

SEBASTIAN A dollar.

GONZALO Dolor comes to him, indeed. You have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO Therefore, my lord,--

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

ALONSO I prithee, spare.

GONZALO Well, I have done: but yet,--

SEBASTIAN He will be talking.

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,--

ANTONIO He could not miss 't.

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

ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

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 The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in 't.

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 vouched rarities are.

GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO 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 Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO And the rarest that e'er came there.

GONZALO Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO That sort was well fished for.

GONZALO When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

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 well upon their backs. I doubt not
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 banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. 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.

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

SEBASTIAN Fowl weather?

ANTONIO Very foul.

GONZALO Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO None, man; all idle--whores and knaves.

GONZALO I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN 'Save His Majesty!

ANTONIO Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And--do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO I do well believe Your Highness; and did it to minister
occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs
that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave metal.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

ANTONIO Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

[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 dropped, as by a thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might--? No more.
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. Th' 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!

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,
Professes to persuade—"the King his son's alive,"
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope
That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

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. 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? But I feel not
This deity in my bosom. 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. 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.

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.
[They talk apart.]

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.

Sings in GONZALO's ear

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.

[They wake]

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 honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,
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.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2 *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse.
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

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.

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 Poor John. A
strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There
would this monster make a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve
a lame beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a
man and his fins like arms! 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 gabardine. 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.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

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. *Drinks*

[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 savor 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.

Drinks

CALIBAN Do not torment me! O!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs. For it hath been said, “As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground”; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

CALIBAN The spirit torments me! O!

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, it 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! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. 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. I will leave him. I have no long spoon.

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

STEPHANO If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gabardine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

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

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

STEPHANO How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack.

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

STEPHANO Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

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 dropped 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: My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

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 afraid 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.

TRINCULO But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

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!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

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

CALIBAN I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. 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 [*Sings drunkenly*] 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, Ca-Caliban
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

Act III

Scene 1. *Before PROSPERO'S Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND There be some sports are painful, and their labor
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 labors 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 labors,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined 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 dishonor 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 full 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, honor you.

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

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.

STEPHANO Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRINCULO Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STEPHANO We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO Nor go neither, but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

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

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to jostle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO “Lord,” quoth he? That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer--the next tree! 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 dar'st,
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 head.

ARIEL Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
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 and make a stock-fish of thee.

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. [*Beats TRINCULO*] As you like
this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and bearing too?
A pox o' your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers!

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,
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils --for so he calls them--
Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

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 liv'st, 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 honor.

ARIEL This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
You taught me but whilere?

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

Sings

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em
Thought is free.

CALIBAN That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe

STEPHANO What is this same?

TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of
Nobody.

STEPHANO If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness. If
thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

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.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall
have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO That shall be by and by. I remember the story.

TRINCULO The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do
our work.

STEPHANO Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this
tabourer; he lays it on.

TRINCULO Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

Exeunt

Act III Scene 3. Another part of the island.

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

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 attached with weariness,
To th' 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 drowned
 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 t' effect.

SEBASTIAN *[Aside to ANTONIO]* The next advantage
 Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO *[Aside to SEBASTIAN]* Let it be tonight.
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN *[Aside to ANTONIO]* I say, tonight. No more.

Solemn and strange music

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

GONZALO Marvelous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above, 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?

SEBASTIAN A living drollery. Now I will believe
 That there are unicorns.

ANTONIO I'll believe both;
 And what does else want credit, come to me,
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true.

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 *[Aside]* 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 *[Aside]* 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.

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 suchlike valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves. *[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN & c. draw their swords]*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds 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
And will not be uplifted. But remember--

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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
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table

PROSPERO Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring.
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 drowned,
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' th' 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. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt*

Act IV

Scene 1. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO If I have too austerely punished 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.

FERDINAND As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as shall never melt away.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
Do you love me, master? no?

PROSPERO Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL Well, I conceive. *Exit*

PROSPERO Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood.

FERDINAND I warrant you sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates my ardor.

PROSPERO Well.
Now come, my Ariel! Appear, and pertly!
No tongue! All eyes! Be silent. *Soft music*

Enter IRIS

IRIS Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas,
And thy broom groves: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

CERES Hail, many-colored messenger. Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

CERES Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen?

IRIS Of her society
Be not afraid.

CERES Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

JUNO How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honored in their issue. *They sing:*

JUNO Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings upon you.

CERES Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever!
So rare a wondered father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment

PROSPERO Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS You nymphs, called Naiads, of the windring brooks,
 With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
 Answer your summons; Juno does command.
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love. Be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish

PROSPERO *[Aside]* I had forgot that foul conspiracy
 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
 Against my life. The minute of their plot
 Is almost come. *[To the Spirits]* Well done! A void; no more!

FERDINAND This is strange: your father's in some passion
 That works him strongly.

MIRANDA Never till this day
 Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

PROSPERO You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
 As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
 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,
 Yea, 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. Sir, I am vexed.
 Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled:

Be not disturbed 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*

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.

ARIEL Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
Then I beat my tabor, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, 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.

PROSPERO This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL I go, I go. *Exit*

PROSPERO A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, & c
Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

CALIBAN Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
Not hear a foot fall. We now are near his cell.

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy,
has done little better than played the jack with us.

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

STEPHANO So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a
displeasure against you, look you--

TRINCULO Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak softly.
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool--

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

TRINCULO That's more to me than my wetting. Yet this is your
harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my
labor.

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 footlicker.

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

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! 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. --Mistress line, is not this my jerkin?
Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
hair and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit
shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line
and level" is an excellent pass of pate. There's another garment for 't.

TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and
away with the rest.

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

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and
hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out

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!

PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt*

Act V

Scene 1. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

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.
The King, his brother and yours, distracted all,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you termed, 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, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst 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 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. *Solemn music*

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; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.--
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. 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 pinched for 't now, Sebastian. *[To Antonio.]* Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
 Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
 Would here have killed 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

ARIEL 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 Master and the Boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them 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 Whe'er thou be'st 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,
Th' 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 *[to Gonzalo]* First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' th' 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 *[Aside]* 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, whom three hours since
Were wrecked 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. Know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed
To be the lord on 't. Welcome, sir.
This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

MIRANDA Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

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

ALONSO If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

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

ALONSO Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st 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 severed 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 burden 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 chalked 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 *[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA]* 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 Master and 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 rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL *[Aside to PROSPERO]* Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO *[Aside to ARIEL]* My tricksy 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 clapped 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
Cap'ring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL *[Aside to PROSPERO]* Was't well done?

PROSPERO *[Aside to ARIEL]* 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 picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. *[Aside to ARIEL.]* 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, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO, in
their stolen apparel*

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.

SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROSPERO Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robbed me, and this demidevil--
For he's a bastard one--had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN 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.

SEBASTIAN 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.

Pointing to Caliban

PROSPERO He is as disproportioned 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!

And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Music for The Tempest

- p. 14 Ariel's Song
- pp. 26-27 Ariel's 2nd song
- pp. 28-29 Stephano's 1st song (a capella drunk song)
- p. 32 Caliban's song (a capella drunk song)
- p. 39 Stephano's 2nd song (drunk song and then the tune is played instrumentally to draw the trio offstage)
- p. 41 Solemn and strange music for the spirit dancers to supply banquet
- p. 43 Soft music for the spirit dancers to return and take table
- p. 45 Soft music (introduces each goddess, possibly continues under their lines)
- p. 46 Juno & Ceres song
- p. 47 Reapers and Nymphs dance
- p. 52 Solemn music (Prospero's spell on the royals)
- p. 53 Ariel's 3rd song
- p. 61 Curtain call