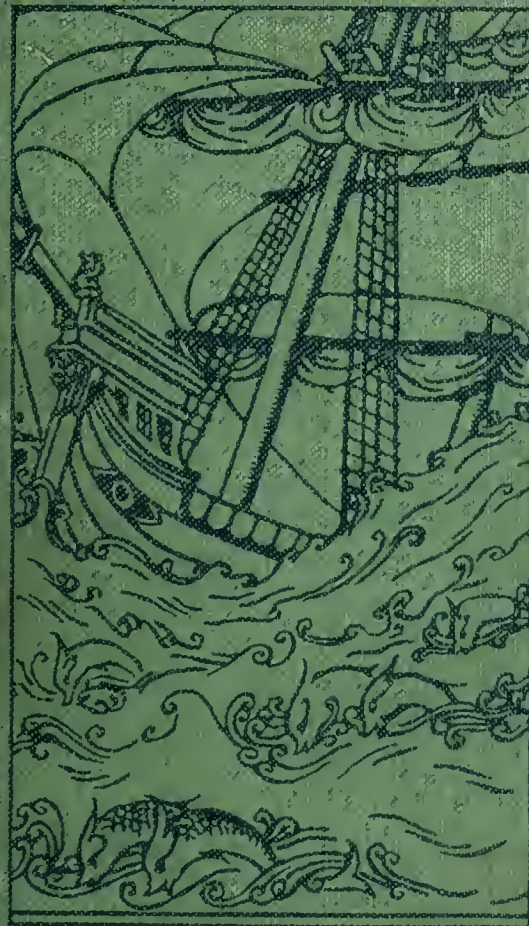


# THE TEMPEST



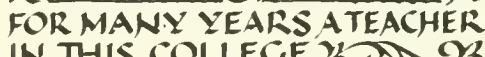



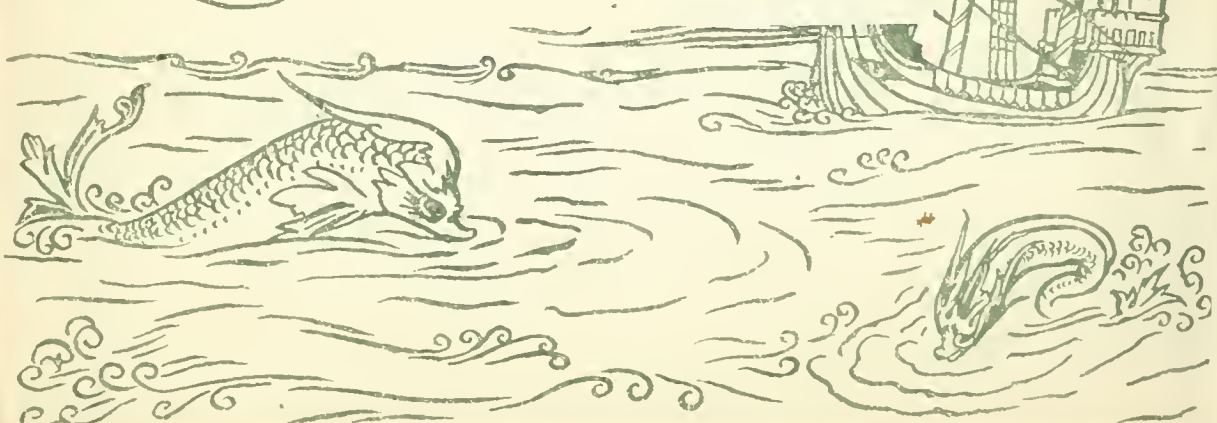


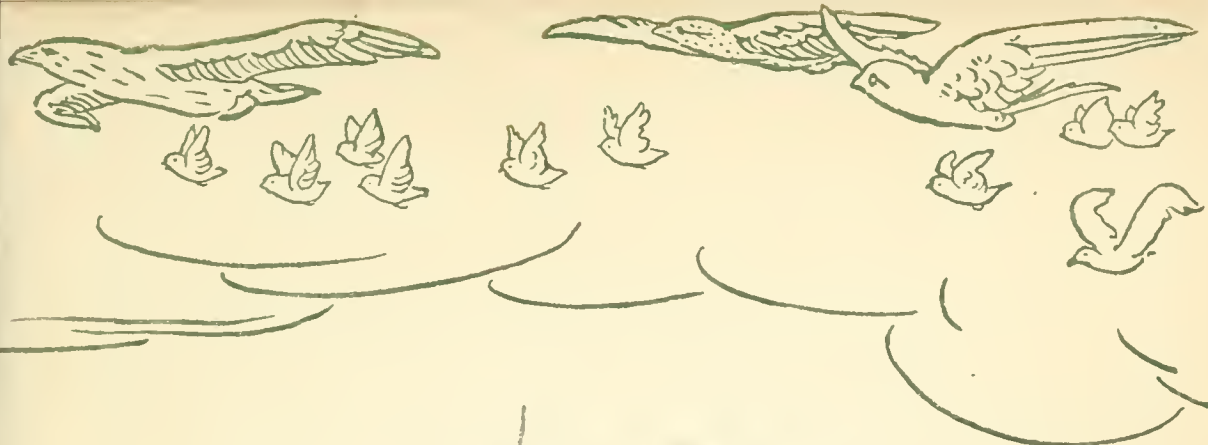
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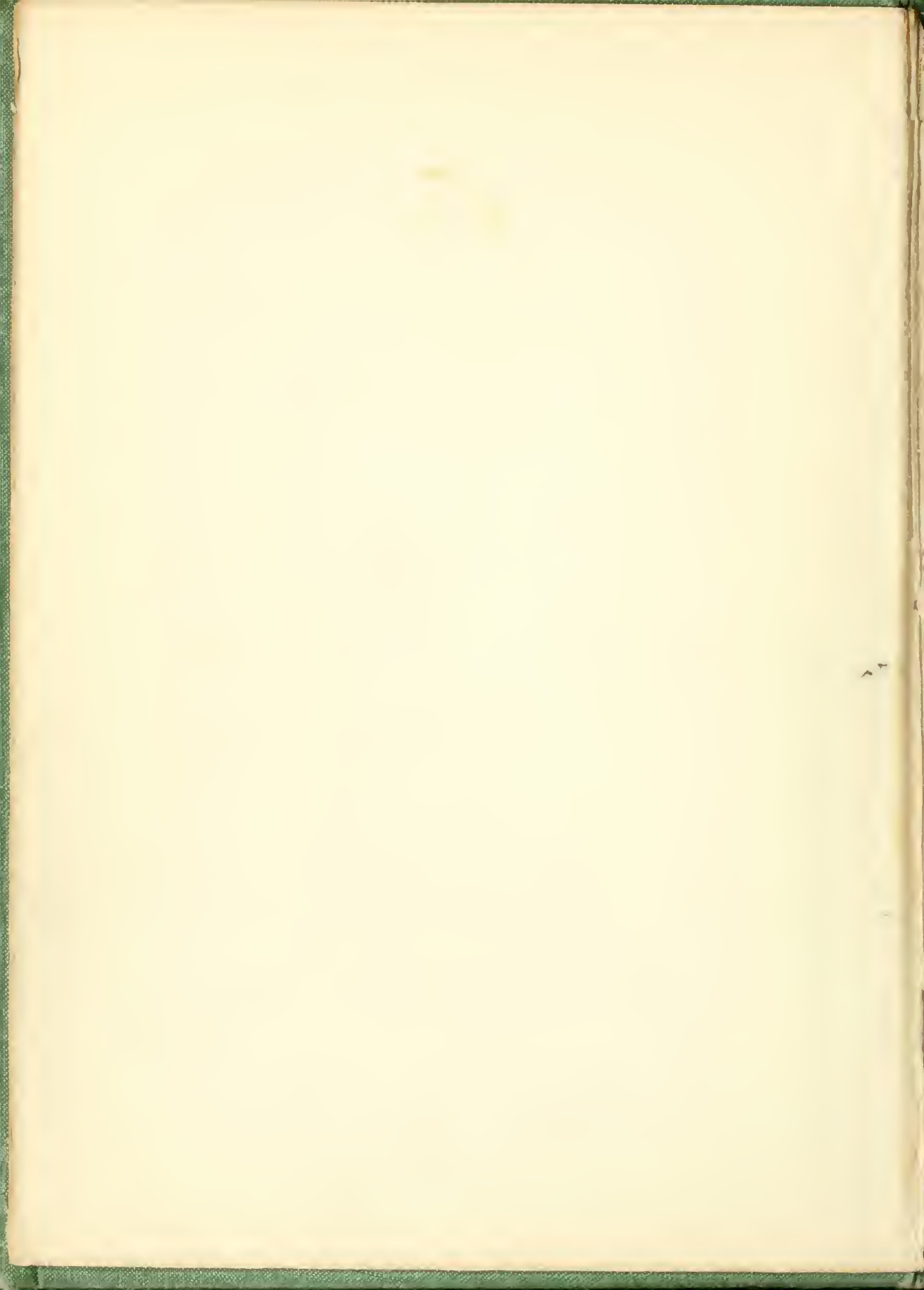
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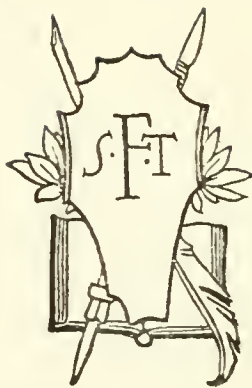
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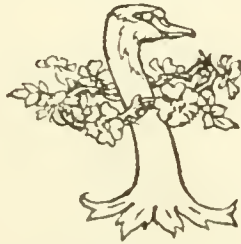


ARIEL

The book cover features a decorative border with grapevines on the sides and classical motifs at the top. The title is centered within an arched frame.

# THE TEMPEST

A COMEDY BY  
WILLIAM  
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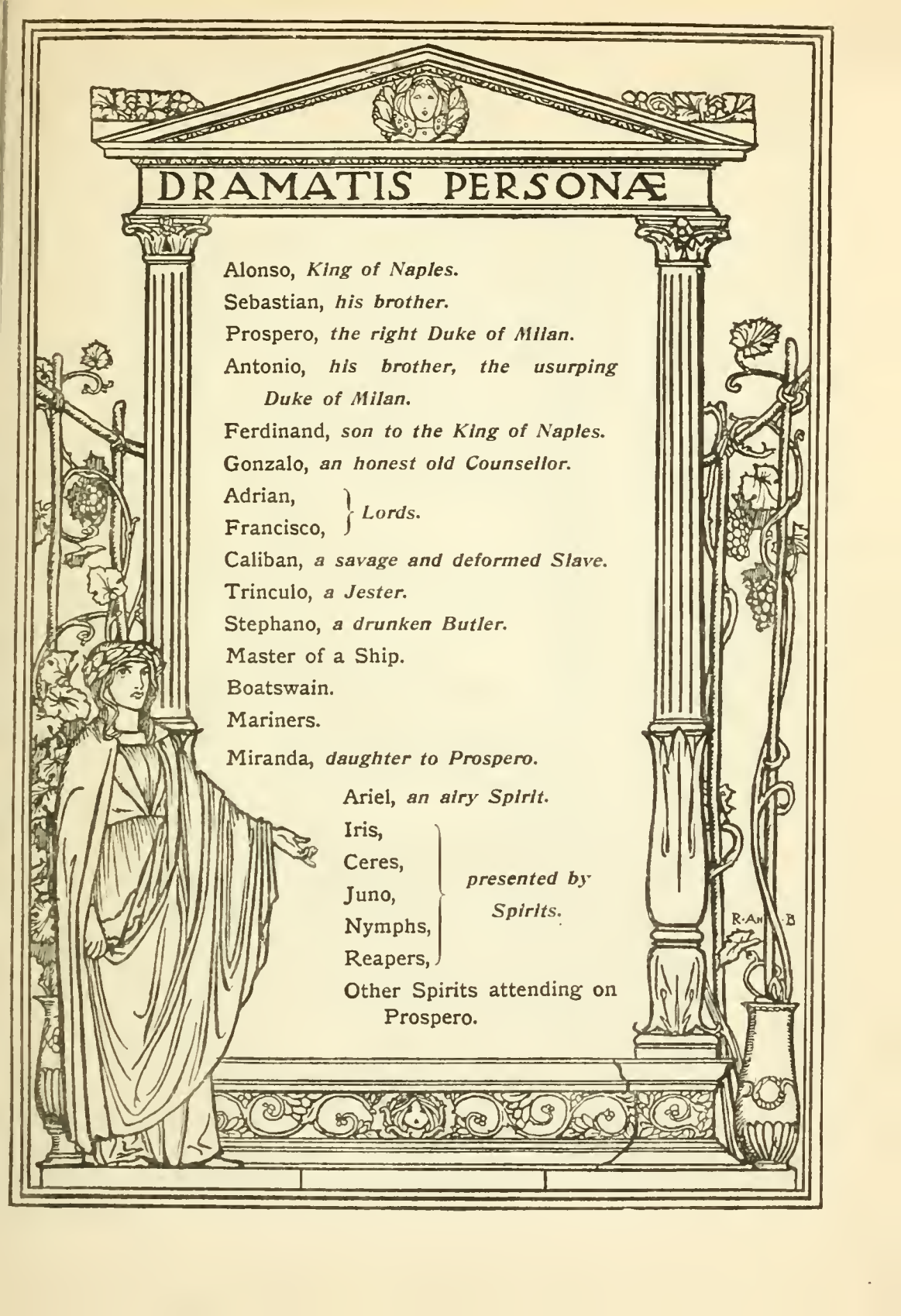
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Alonso, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his brother.*

Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan.*

Antonio, *his brother, the usurping  
Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*

Adrian, }  
Francisco, } *Lords.*

Caliban, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*

Iris,  
Ceres,  
Juno,  
Nymphs,  
Reapers, } *presented by  
Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on  
Prospero.



H.F.D.S.





THE TEMPEST

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise  
of thunder and lightning heard.

*[Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.]*

*Master.*  
Boatswain!

*Boatswain.* Here, master : what cheer?

*Master.* Good, speak to the mariners :  
fall to't, yarely, or we run our-  
selves aground : bestir, bestir.

*[Exit.]*

*[Enter Mariners.]*

*Boatswain.* Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly,  
my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the top-  
sail. 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 labour: keep  
your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gonzalo.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boatswain.* When the sea is. Hence! What care 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 for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.  
Cheerly, good hearts! 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. 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. [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 noise-maker. 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!

*Boatswain.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gonzalo.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Sebastian.* I'm out of patience.

*Antonio.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:  
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie  
drowning  
The washing of ten tides!

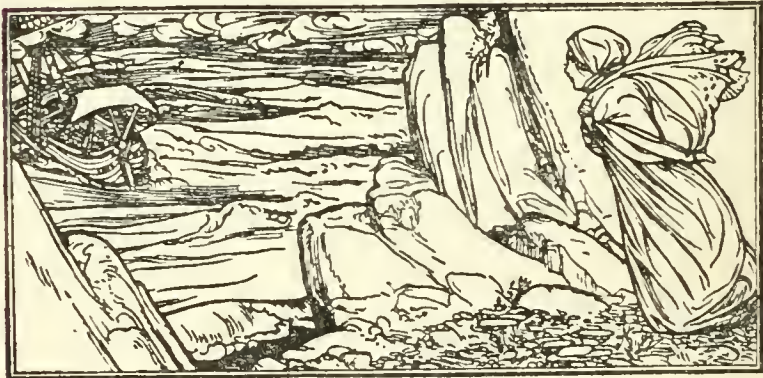
*Gonzalo.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at widest to glut him.  
[*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'*—  
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—  
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

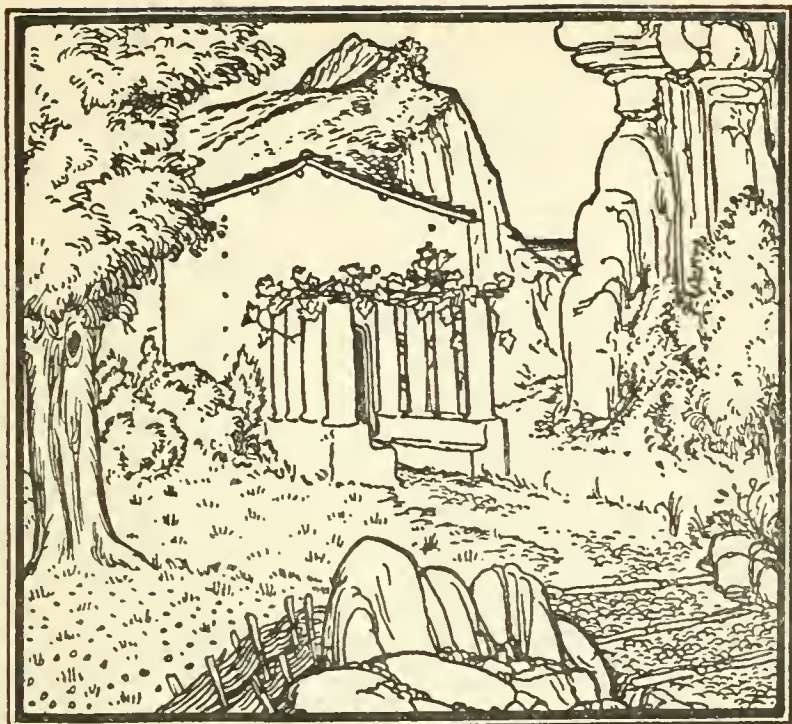
*Antonio.* Let's all sink with the king.

*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, long heath, brown furze, anything.  
The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry  
death. [*Exeunt.*]





## SCENE TWO

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

[Enter Prospero and Miranda.]

*Miranda.*

F by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
 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! Poor souls, they perish'd!



MIRANDA

Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
 The fraughting souls within her.

*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, not 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:

[Lays down his mantle.]

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.* 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 anything 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 his only heir  
A 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,—  
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; 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  
 With that which, but by being so retired,  
 O'er-prized all popular rate, 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; which had indeed no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what my power might else exact, like one  
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie, 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.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
 And him he play'd 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,  
 So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,

Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—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.

This 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.* Alack, for pity!  
I, not remembering 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; without the which, this story  
Were most impertinent.

*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; nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business: but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us on board a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats

Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Miranda.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

*Prospero.* O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*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 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 princess' 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; in the deep nook, where once  
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:  
 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.  
 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 preciously.  
*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, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ariel.* No, sir.

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

*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier.

*Prospero.* O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
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 abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd 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 honour'd 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 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 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.

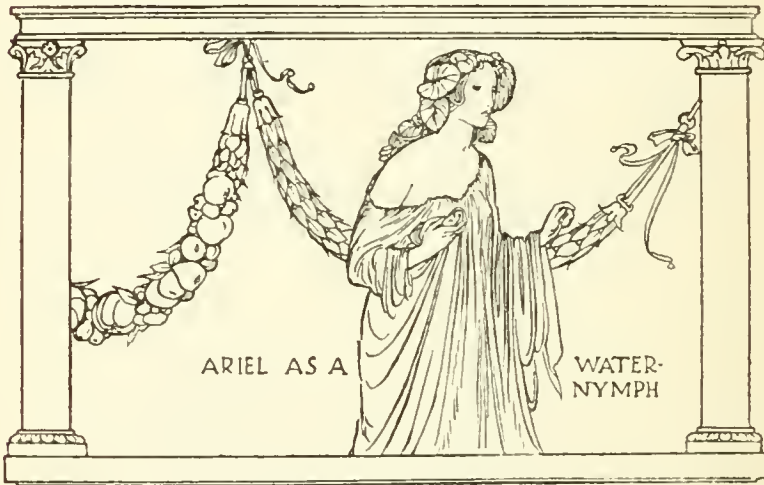
*Prospero.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

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 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,

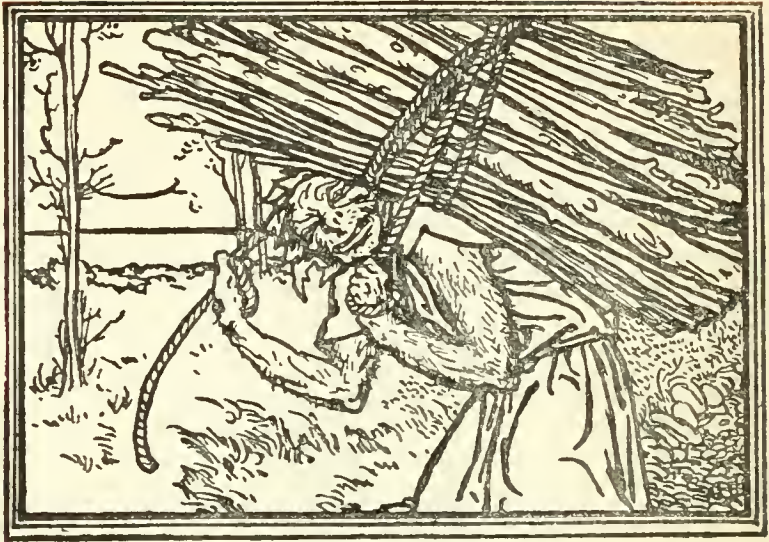
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*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' th' 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' th' island.

*Prospero.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,  
Filth 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. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.





*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!

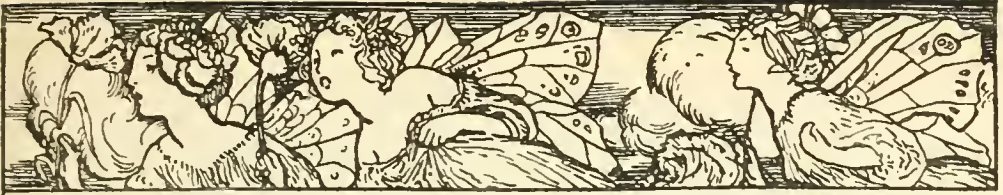
*Prospero.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at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

*Caliban.* No, pray thee.  
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Prospero.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]







[*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 kiss'd  
The wild waves whist:  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!

*Burthen [dispersedly].* Bow-wow.

*Ariel.* The watch dogs bark:

*Burthen [dispersedly].* Bow-wow.

*Ariel.* 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' th' 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:

*Burthen:* Ding-dong

*Ariel.* 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.* [*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 wreck'd.

*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.*] 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:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink: thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd 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;  
 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 impostor! 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' th' earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

*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 as 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.*]



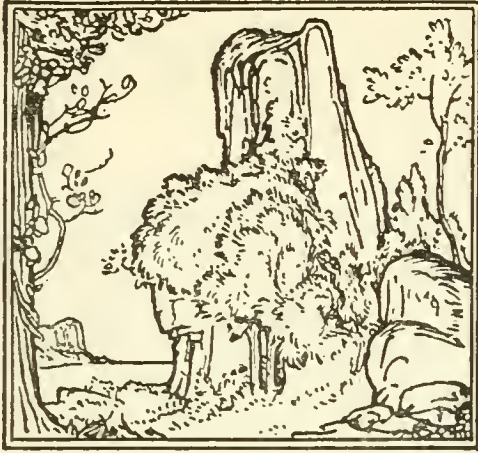


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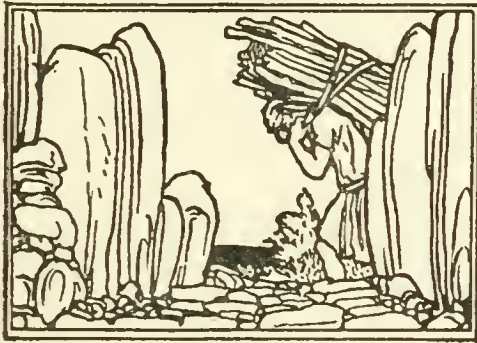
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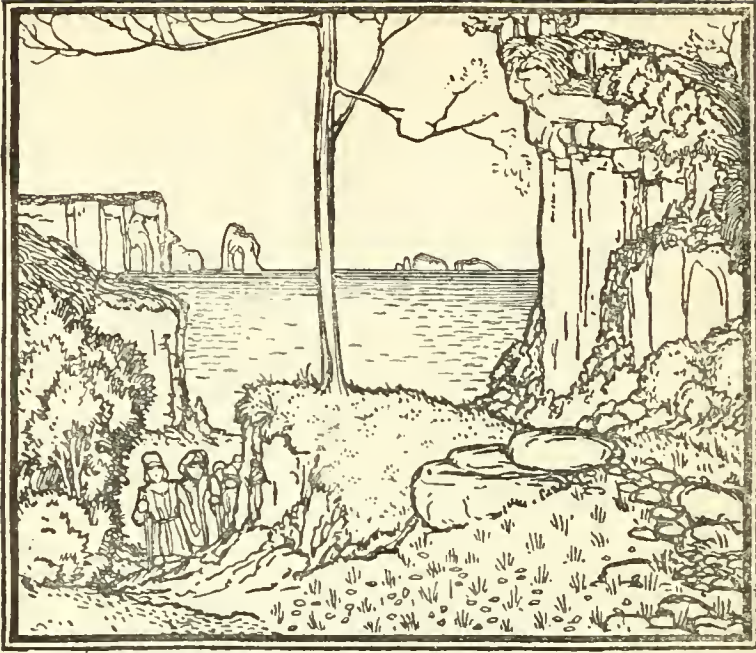


ACT II



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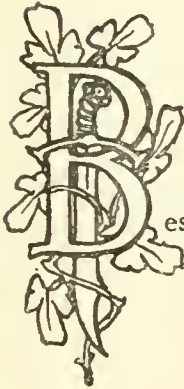


ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Another part of the island.

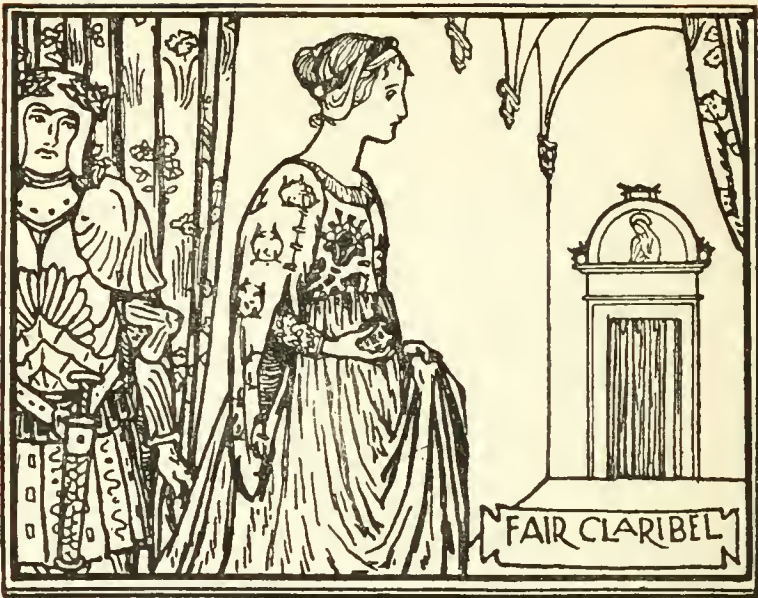
[*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*]



*Gonzalo.*

Reseech 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.  
*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 entertain'd that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—  
*Sebastian.* A dollar.  
*Gonzalo.* Dolour 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.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Antonio.* Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

*Sebastian.* What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

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

*Gonzalo.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adrian.* Carthage?

*Gonzalo.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Antonio.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Sebastian.* He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

*Antonio.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Sebastian.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Antonio.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gonzalo.* Ay.

*Antonio.* Why, in good time.

*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.

*Sebastian.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Antonio.* O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

*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 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; and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd 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  
 Mo 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.

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

*Sebastian.* Foul weather?

*Antonio.* Very foul.

*Gonzalo.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Antonio.* He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

*Sebastian.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gonzalo.* And were the king on 't, what would I do?

*Sebastian.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gonzalo.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
 No occupation; all men idle, all;  
 And women too, but innocent and pure;  
 No sovereignty;—

*Sebastian.* Yet he would be king on 't.

*Antonio.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the  
 beginning.

*Gonzalo.* All things in common nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeavour: 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,  
To 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; you would lift  
the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it  
five weeks without changing.

[*Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.*]

*Sebastian.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Antonio.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gonzalo.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my dis-  
cretion 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 dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—  
And yet methinks 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 lett'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 persuaded,—  
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  
As 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,—  
The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins

Be rough and razorable; she that from whom  
 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; I myself could make  
 A chough of as deep chat. 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? if 'twere a kibe  
 'Twould put me to my slipper: but 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. 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 gott'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.*]

*Alonzo.* 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?

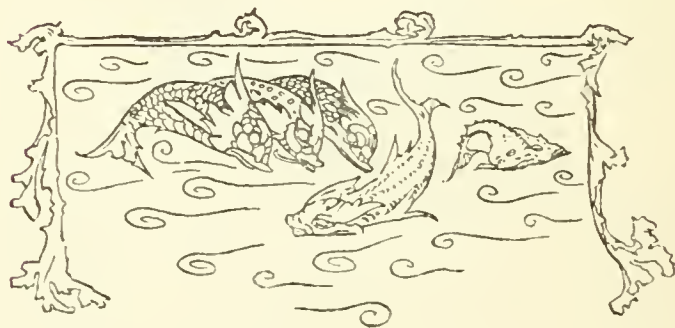
*Gonzalo.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our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

*Alonso.* Lead away.

*Ariel.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]





## SCENE TWO

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 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.*]

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 pail-fuls. 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; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay 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 thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: 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 a-shore,—  
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 Moll, 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. [*Drinks.*]



*Caliban.* Do not torment me:—O!

*Stephano.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages 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 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 thunder-stroke. 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 gaberdine 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 sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will kneel to him.

*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! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*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 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: 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 pig-nuts;

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?

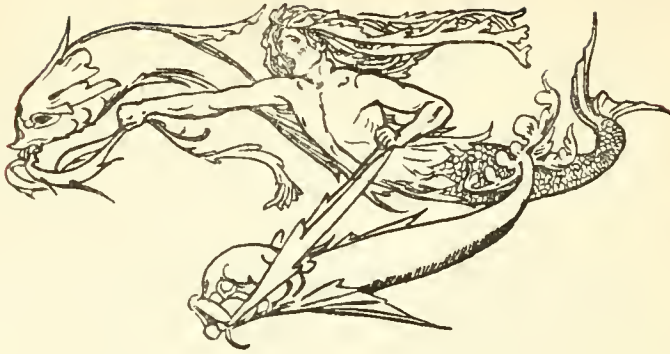
*Stephano.* I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Caliban.* [*Sings drunkenly.*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Trinculo.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!

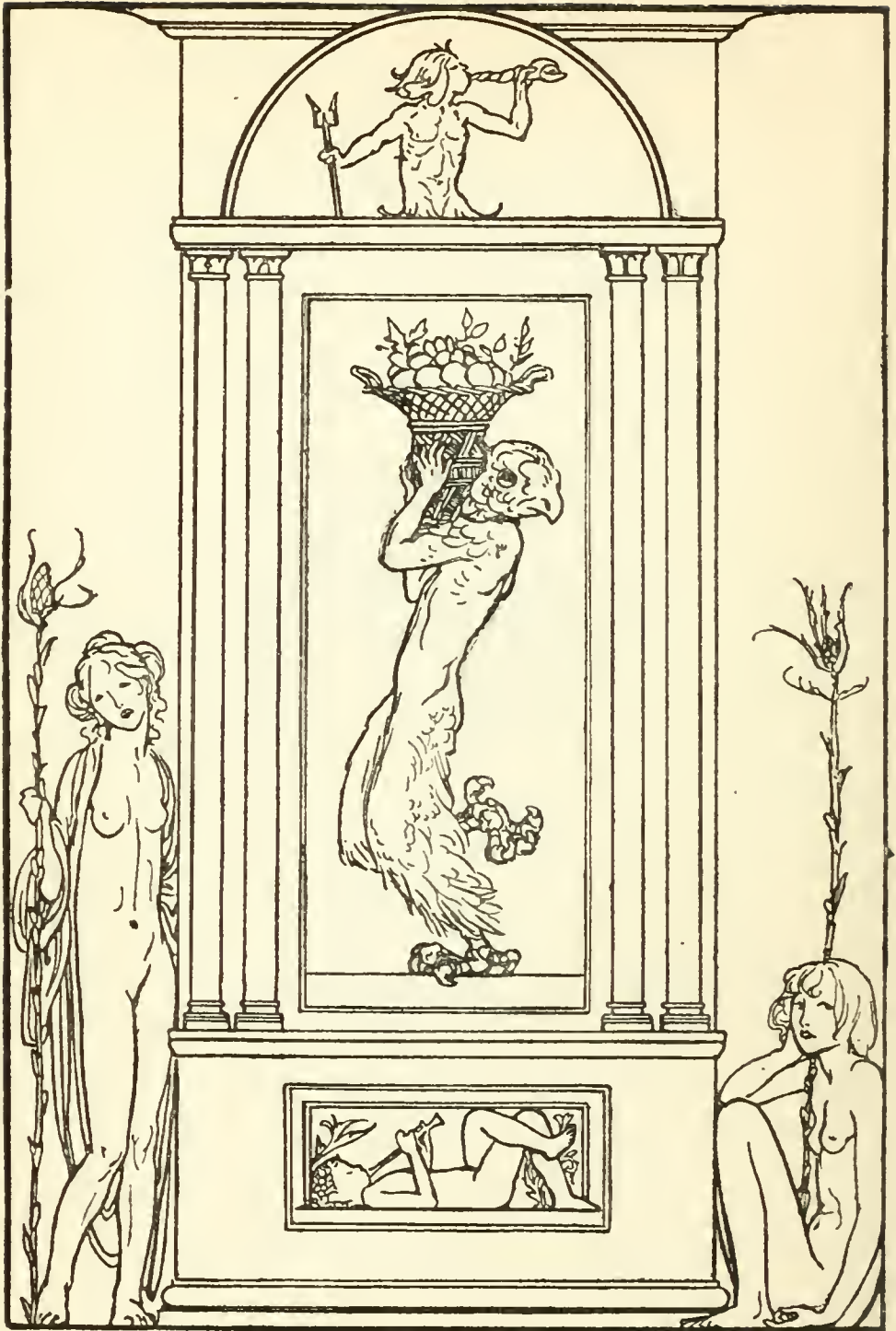




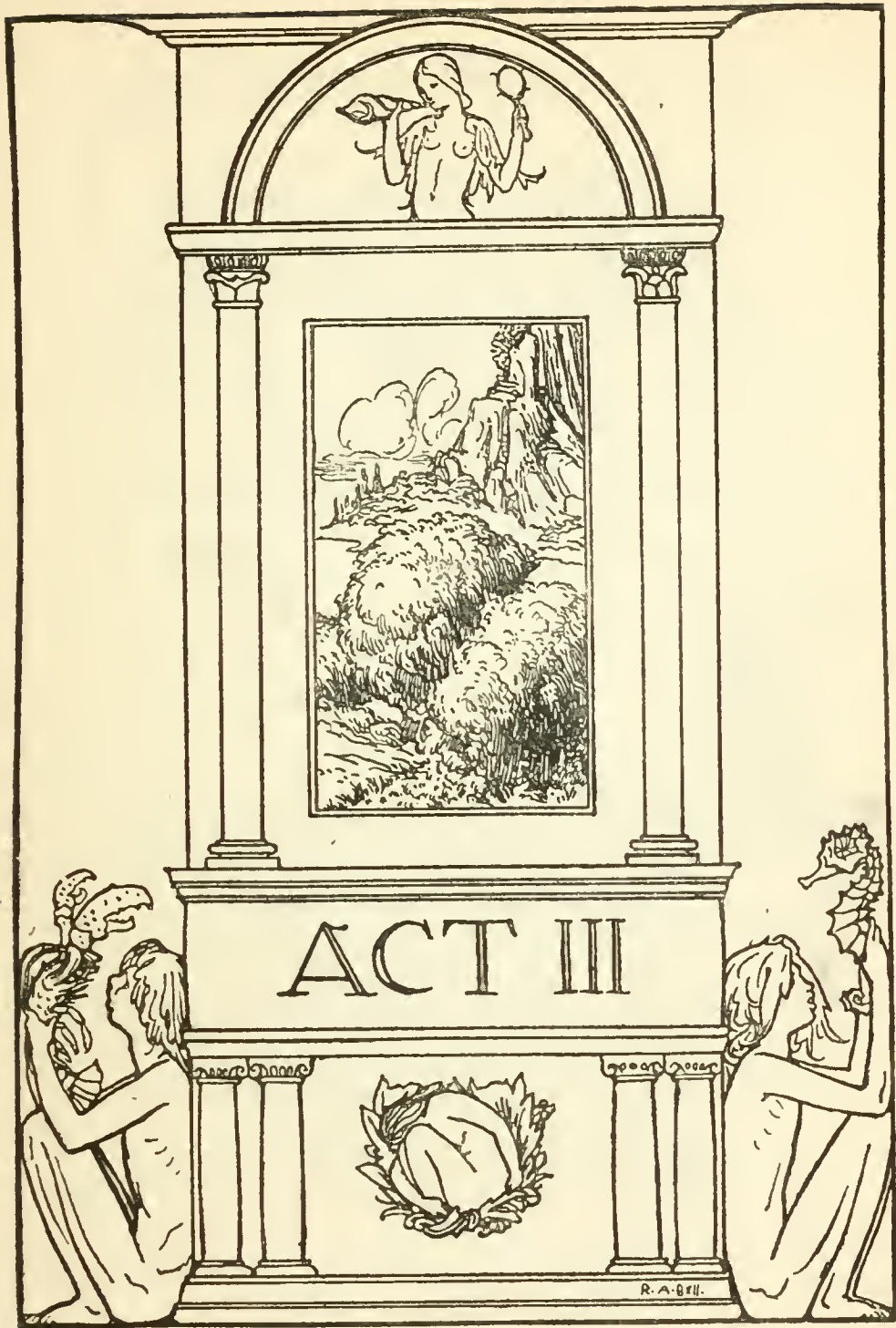
*Caliban.* No more dams I'll make for fish;  
 Nor fetch in firing  
 At requiring;  
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:  
 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
 Has a new master:—get a new man.  
 Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day,  
 freedom!  
*Stephano.* O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*





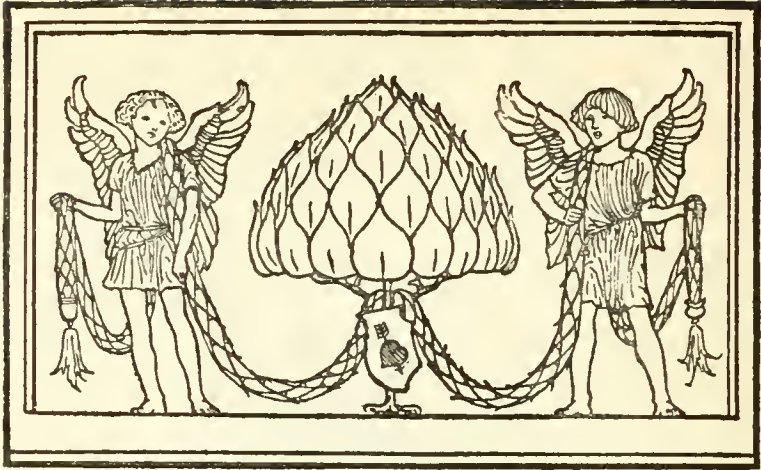






ACT III

R. A. Bell.



ACT THREE

SCENE ONE



Before Prospero's cell.

[Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.]

*Ferdinand.*

here 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 base-  
ness

Had never like executor. I forget:  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
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 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 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, 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, if 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.

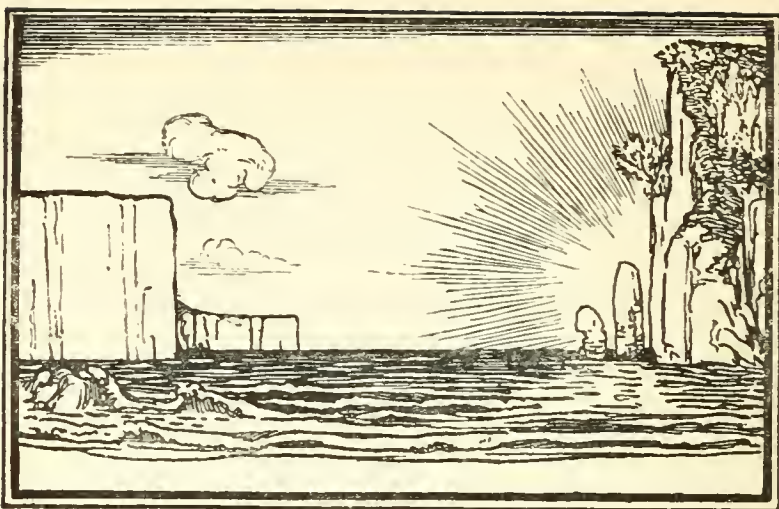
*Ferdinand.* A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*]

*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.

[*Exit.*]





## SCENE TWO

Another part of the island.

[*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*]

*Stephano.*

ell 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 honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trinculo.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed 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 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 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 naught 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 him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trinculo.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing 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 wezand 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 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. [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 tabor 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 taborer; he lays it on.

*Trinculo.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

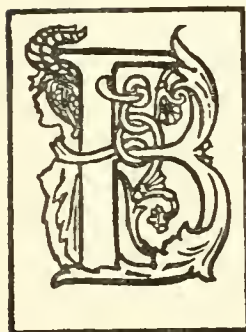




### SCENE THREE

Another part of the island.

[*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*]



*Gonzalo.*  
y'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.* [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage  
 Will we take throughly.

*Antonio.* [*Aside to Sebastian*] 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.* [*Aside to Antonio*] 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 above, invisible. Enter several strange  
 Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it  
 with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the  
 King, etc., 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; that in Arabia  
 There is one tree, the phœnix' throne: one phœnix  
 At this hour reigning there.

*Antonio.* I'll believe both;  
 And what does else want credit, come to me,  
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,  
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*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



THE MASQUE OF COURTEOUS MONSTERS



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.

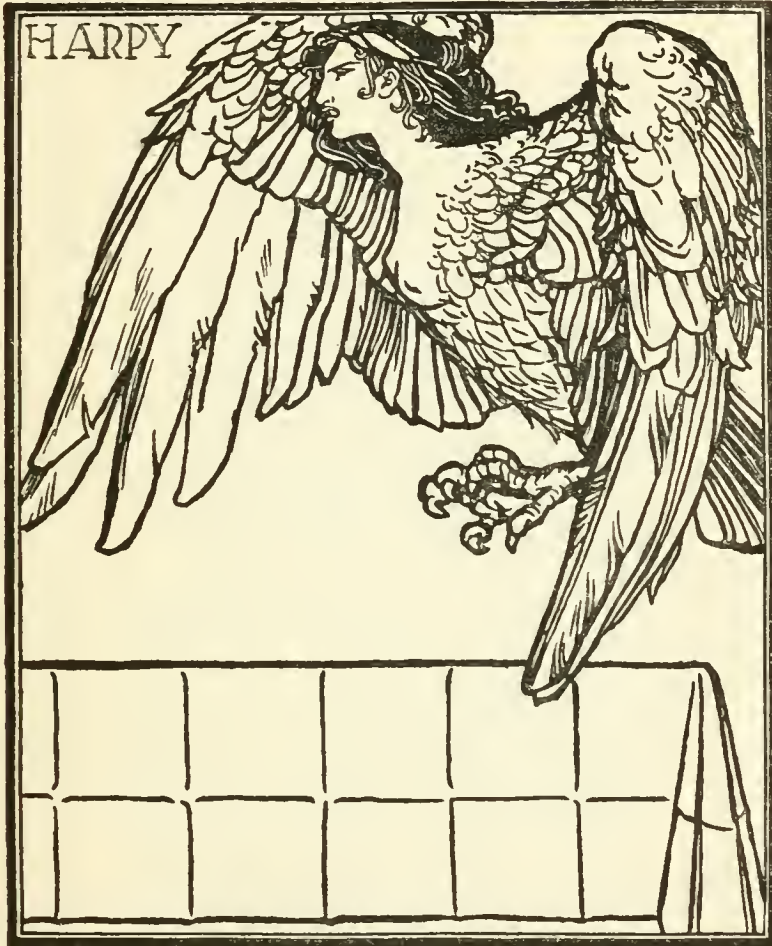
*Gonzalo.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find  
Each putter-out of five for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

[*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  
 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' 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.

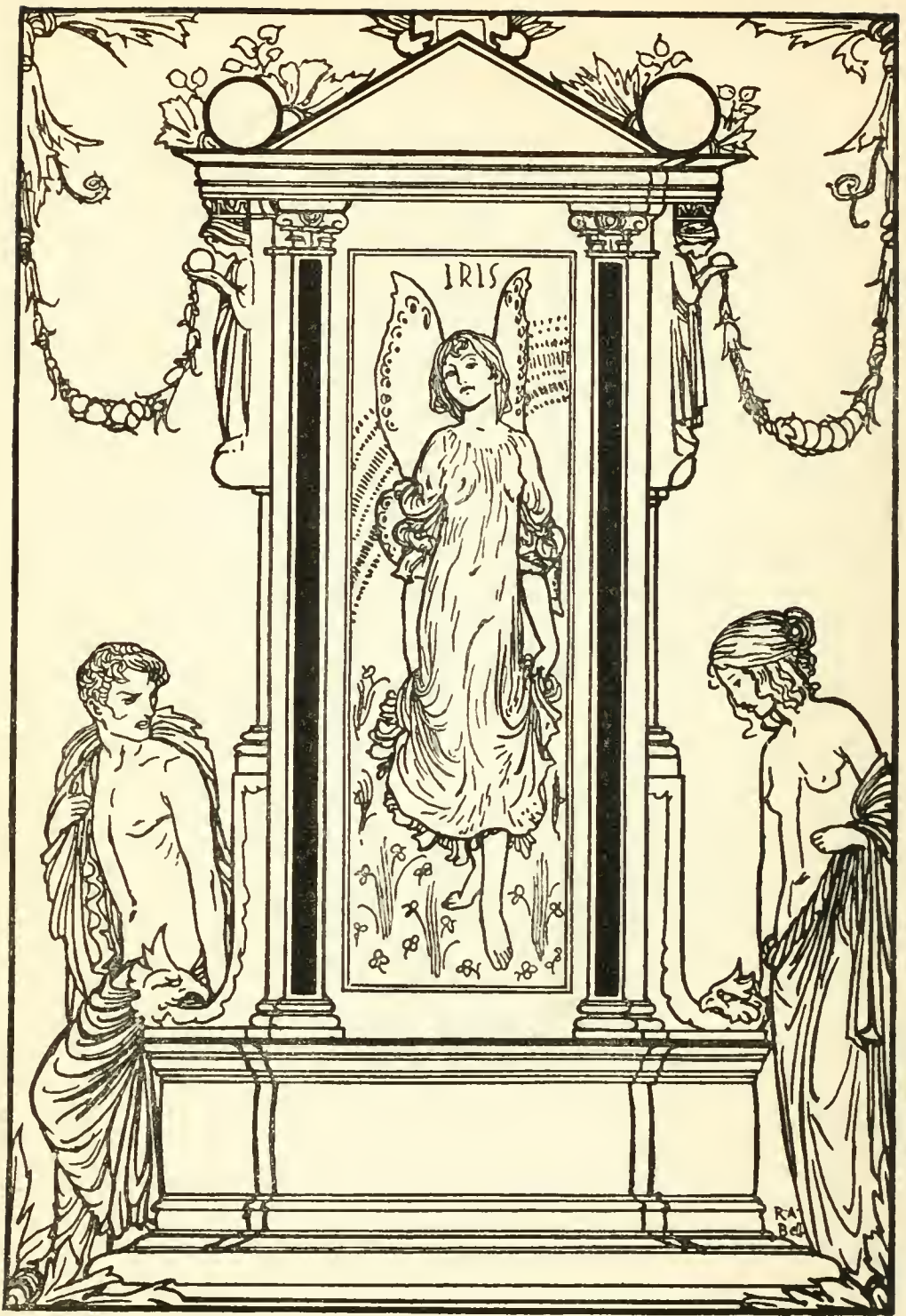
*Antonio.* I'll be thy second.

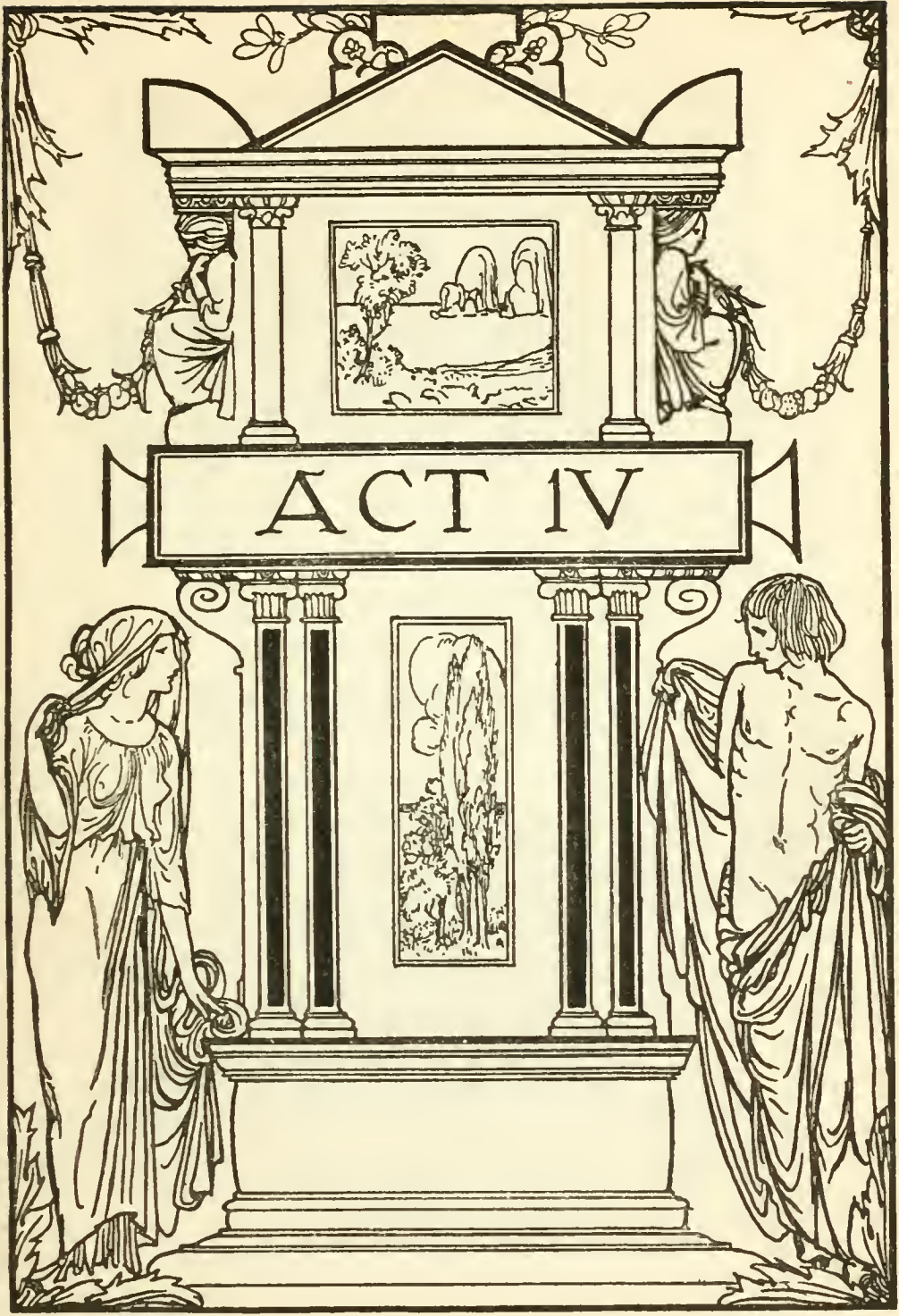
*[Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.]*

*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.]*







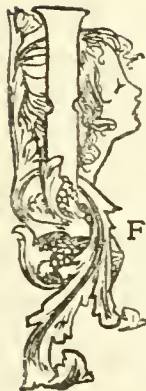
ACT IV



ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

Before Prospero's cell.



[Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.]

*Prospero.*

F I have too austerely 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 worsen genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

*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:  
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

*Ariel.* Presently?

*Prospero.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ariel.* Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'  
 And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'  
 Each one, tripping on his toe,  
 Will be here with mop and mow.  
 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: 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.* Well.  
 Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,  
 Rather than want a spirit: 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 pease;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;  
 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-  
 groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,



Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air;—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-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd 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? Since they did plot  
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
 I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
 Be not afraid: I met her deity  
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;  
 Mar's hot minion is return'd again;  
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
 And be a boy right out.

*Ceres.* High'st queen of state,  
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

IVNO

CERES

IRIS



R.A. Bell.

THE MASQUE OF THE GRACEFUL DANCE



[Enter Juno.]

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue. *[They sing.]*

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

*Ceres.* Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garner's never empty;  
Vines with 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  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Prospero.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Ferdinand.* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise  
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 marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd 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 sunburn'd 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! avoid; no  
more!

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

*Miranda.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Prospero.* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: 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 vex'd;  
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 fear'd  
 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;  
 So full 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 tabor;  
 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 enter'd 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 glistening apparel, etc.*]

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 favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*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.

*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 labour.

*Caliban.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st 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.

*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 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.

[*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting 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.*]

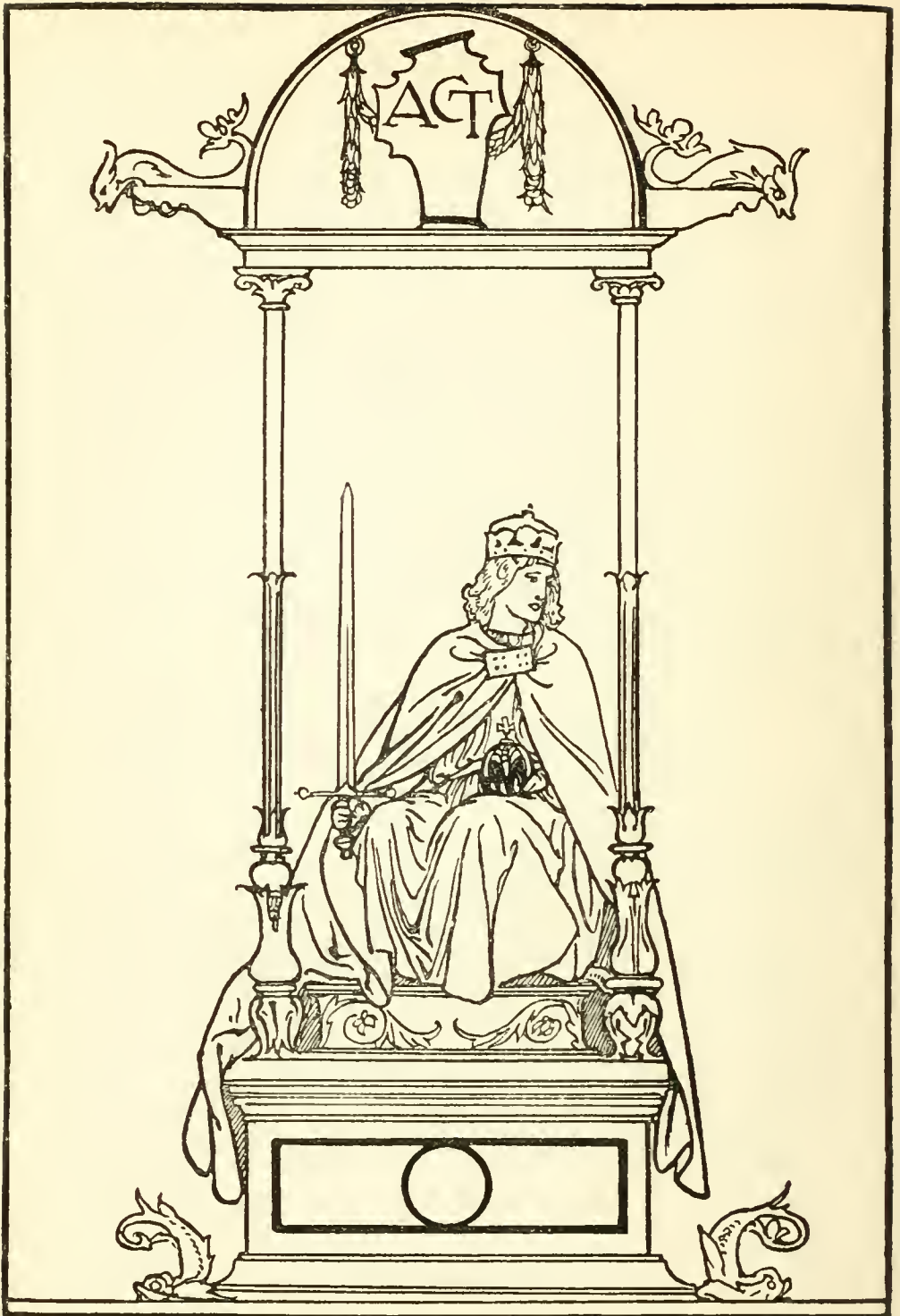
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

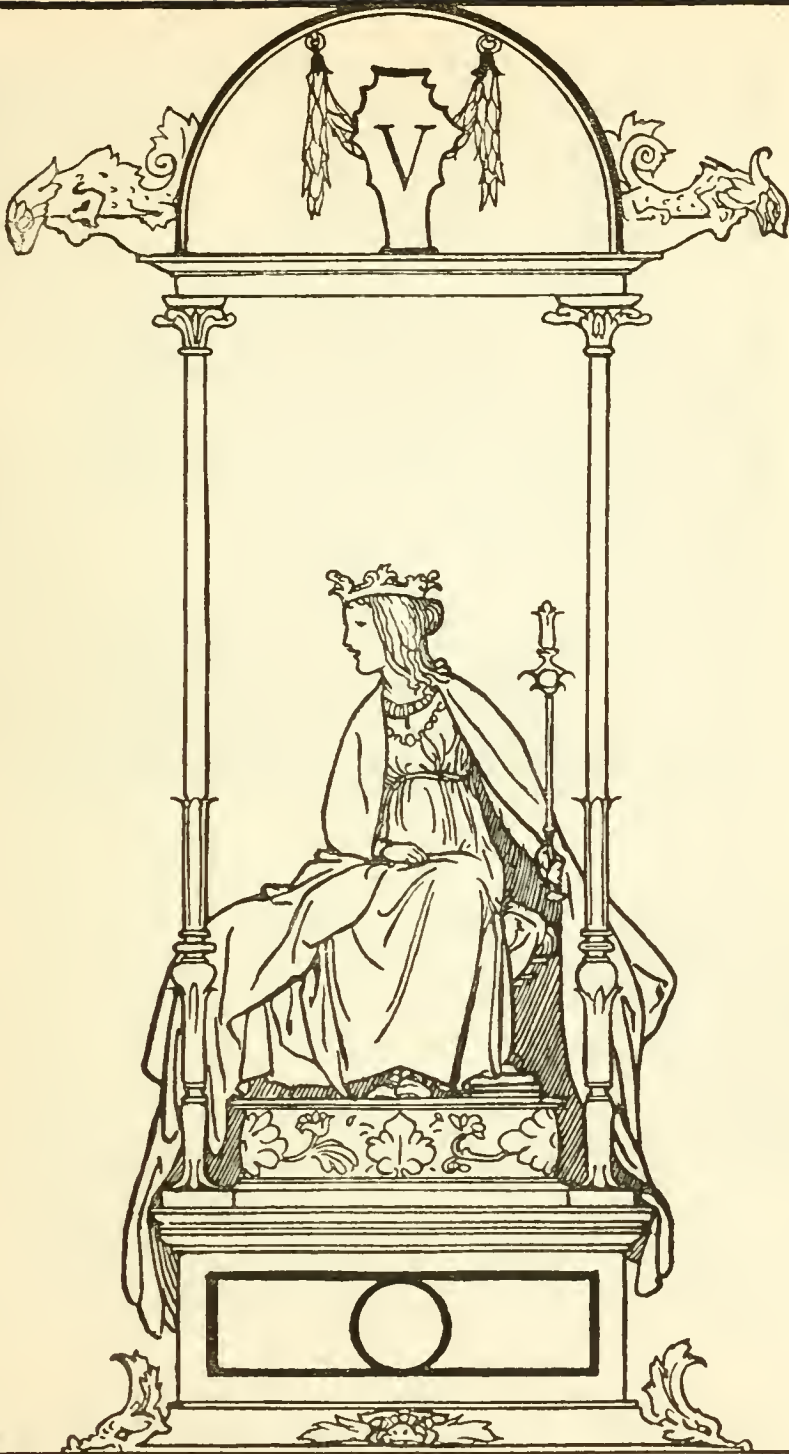
*Ariel.* Hark, they roar!

*Prospero.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

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

[*Exeunt.*]







ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE



Before the cell of Prospero.

[*Enter Prospero in his magic robes,  
and Ariel.*]

*Prospero.*

How 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 '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.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and  
groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—  
Weak masters though ye be—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.

[*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:]*

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 thou 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 for't 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 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.*]

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.* Whether 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,  
 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 subtleties 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.* [*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, 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.

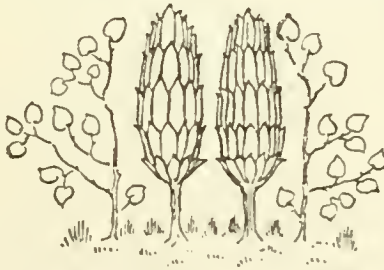
*Alonso.* You the like loss!

*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. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, 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 wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. 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.





R An Brll.

[Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at 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.

*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 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 remembrances with

A heaviness that's gone.

*Gonzalo.* I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
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.* [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 rigg'd 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 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 no 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.* [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 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. [*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 mis-shapen 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 robb'd me; and this demi-devil—  
 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: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*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 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.

*Sebastian.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*]

*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 solemnised;

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

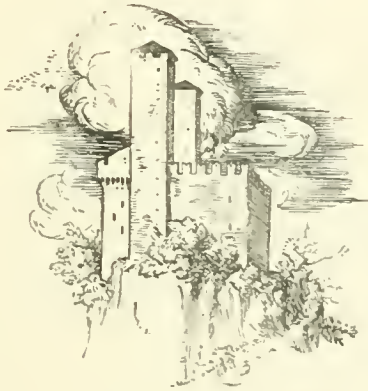
Take the ear strangely.



*Prospero.*

I'll deliver all;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

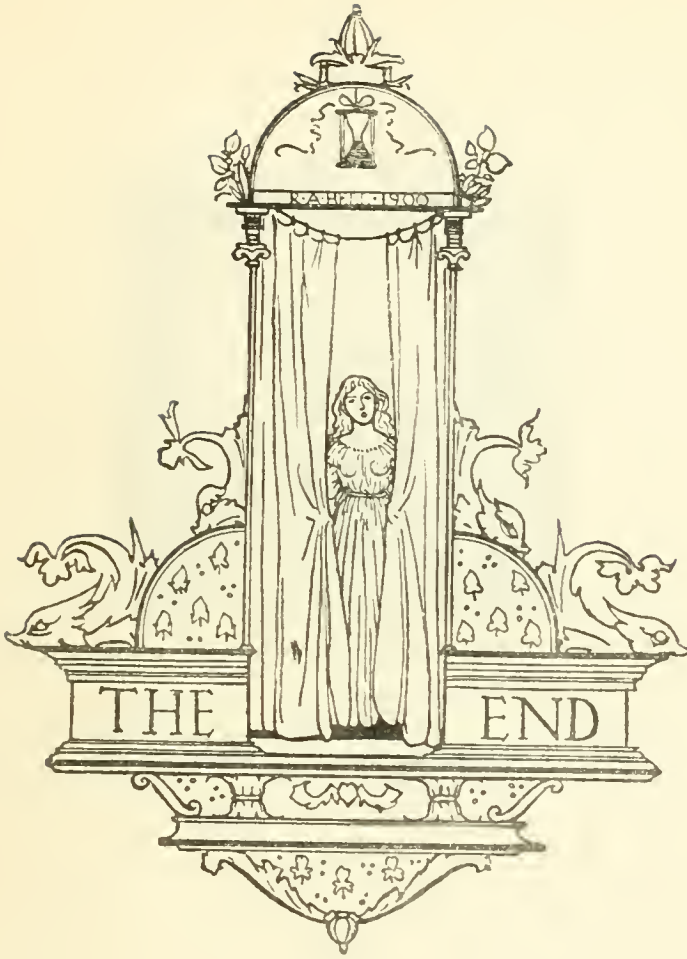




## EPILOGUE

[Spoken by Prospero.]

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell;  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands:  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
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 pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.





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