

THE  
TEMPEST



SHAKSPEARIAN  
TALES IN VERSE.

NEW-YORK M<sup>c</sup>LOUGHLIN BROTHERS.



Tempest:

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# THE TEMPEST:

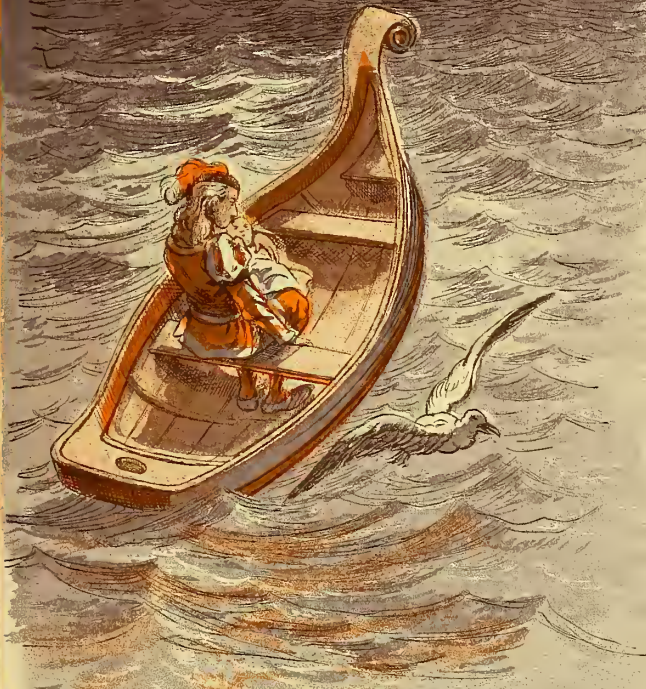


BOAT upon a moonlit sea  
Was floating without sail or  
oar ;  
A stately man within it sat,  
Gazing upon the less'ning shore

A cherub child was on his knee,  
Clasped closely by his circling  
arm,  
Who, by her little tender words,  
E'en then his troubled soul  
could charm.

The Duke of Milan thus is cast  
Upon the foaming waters wild  
(By his own wicked brother's  
deed),  
To perish with his only child.

But God sent aid with dawning  
light,—  
A lovely island he descried,  
To whose fair shores, with ver-  
dure clad,  
The boat was drifted by the  
tide.



He took his infant in his arms,  
And sprang upon the yellow sand,  
And there upon the shore he saw,  
A gibb'ring monster, staring stand.

The only human creature there,  
Who scarcely owned the name of man,  
A speechless monster—but in time  
The duke's strong servant—Caliban.

The banished Prince  
a home soon made  
Within a rosy coral  
cave;  
And Caliban (as we  
have said)  
Was his uncouth but  
useful slave.

And other servants,  
too, he had;  
A hundred sprites his  
will obeyed:  
Fairies that dwelt in forest bow'rs,  
Or spirits who on sunbeams played.



For he was skilled in magic arts,  
And could "call spirits from the deep,"  
And bid them hover round his child,  
Or watch beside her mid-day sleep.



And thus within th' enchanted isle,  
The sweet Miranda throve and grew,  
Her father, and the sprites he ruled,  
The only beings that she knew.

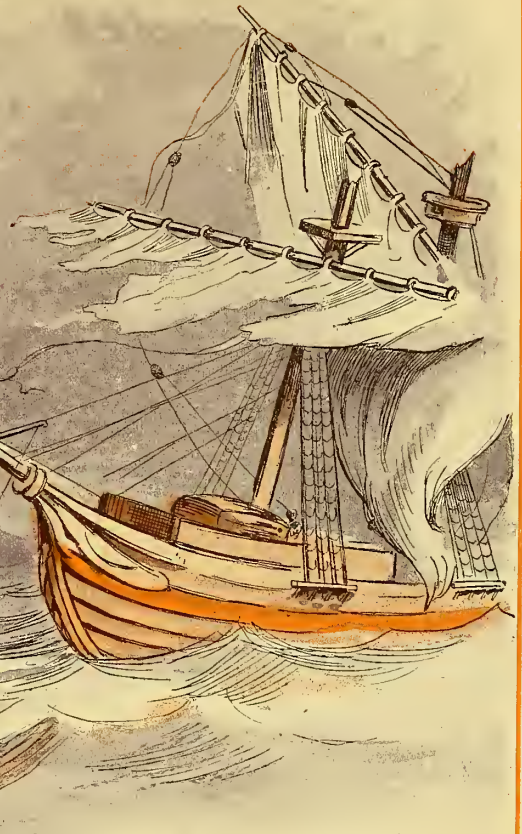
No birds nor animals were there ;  
Yet oft beneath the cloudless skies  
Sweet music floated on the air,  
And sang her gentle lullabies.

The years rolled on; a stately maid  
The young Miranda now had grown,  
And Prospero, for her sweet sake,  
Would fain once more possess a throne.



And Time and Chance now  
stood his friends;  
A stately ship was off the  
shore;  
And well he knew his ancient  
foes  
Across the seas that vessel  
bore.  
Now one dear spirit he em-  
ployed,  
Ariel — the airy creature's  
name, —  
Who always loved to do his will,  
And at his slightest summons  
came;  
But yet his freedom often  
craved, —  
For spirits ever would be  
free, —  
The only gift the duke could give  
His Ariel, was liberty.  
And now the mighty master  
called,  
“ My Ariel, I need thy aid,  
And if thou dost thy duty well,  
With freedom thou shalt be  
repaid.

“Go! Raise a tempest round  
the Isle,  
And by it let yon ship be  
tossed,—  
Cast all her crew upon the  
land,  
But do not let a life be lost.”



Swift Ariel at once obeyed,  
And soon a mighty tempest  
raised,  
And while the winds and  
waters strove,  
About the ship like fire he  
blazed.

Striking two guilty souls with fear  
Who stood upon the flaming  
deck ;  
The wicked brother and the king,  
Who saw Heav'n's judgment  
in the wreck.

The King of Naples, who had joined  
With that bad man in awful crime,  
Believed the punishment he feared  
Had come, in God's appointed  
time.

For Ferdinand, his only son,  
Had leapt distracted from the side,  
And (as his weeping father thought)  
Within the raging sea had died.  
But Ariel the youth had borne,  
Uninjured through the foaming  
sea,  
And laid him in unconscious rest,  
Upon a verdant flow'ry lea.







There he awoke to magic strains,  
Which seemed to mourn his father  
dead,  
And following the guiding sound,  
To Prospero's own cell was led.

The fair Miranda there he saw—  
Miranda, who had never known  
The face of any human thing  
Save her dear father's and her own.

She pitied him;—  
thought “noth-  
ing ill  
Could in so fair a  
temple dwell,”  
But the wise  
duke the youth  
would test,  
Before he came  
within their  
cell.

He feared lest King Alonzo's son  
Might not be honest, true, and good,  
So made him powerless by a spell,  
And set him to bear logs of wood.

Miranda, sorry for his fate,  
Would of his labor bear a part,  
And by her generous kindness won  
The captive prince's honest heart.



Prospero watched them both unseen,  
And learned to trust his princely  
slave;  
Released him from his irksome toil,  
And for his wife, Miranda gave.  
Thus in the royal exile's cell,  
The tale of love is told once  
more;  
And Ferdinand has won his queen,  
Upon th' enchanted Island's shore.



Meantime the king and the bad  
duke,  
Who reigned in noble Prosper's  
stead,  
By wand'ring music and sweet  
sounds,  
About the fairy isle were led.  
With them the good Gonzalo went  
Prospero's tried and faithful friend,  
Who comfort sought to give the  
king,  
For his fair son's untimely end.

Now Caliban was sent for wood ;  
A lazy slave of late he'd grown,  
Unwilling Prospero to serve,  
Or any law of duty own.

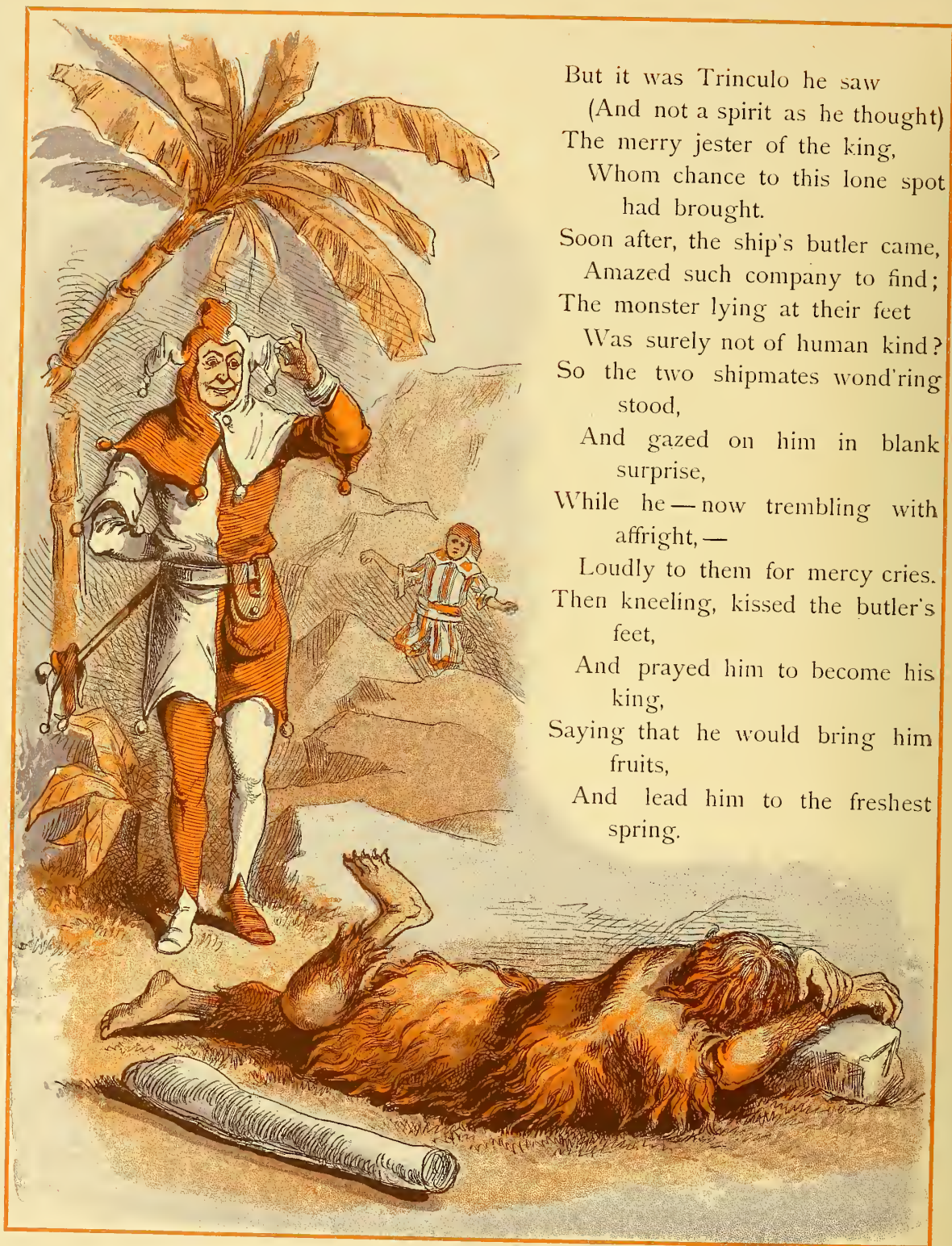
So the great master sent his  
elves  
To pinch him, or to give him  
pricks,  
To make him use his lazy strength,  
And keep him from malicious  
tricks.

Suddenly, as the wood he bore,  
There came before his startled  
sight,  
One that he thought a sprite  
must be,  
Who might, perchance, pinch,  
prick, or bite.

Then thinking if he lay down flat,  
This strange new elf might  
pass him by,  
Upon the earth he threw himself,  
And in deep slumber feigned  
to lie.



But it was Trinculo he saw  
(And not a spirit as he thought)  
The merry jester of the king,  
Whom chance to this lone spot  
had brought.  
Soon after, the ship's butler came,  
Amazed such company to find;  
The monster lying at their feet  
Was surely not of human kind?  
So the two shipmates wond'ring  
stood,  
And gazed on him in blank  
surprise,  
While he — now trembling with  
affright, —  
Loudly to them for mercy cries.  
Then kneeling, kissed the butler's  
feet,  
And prayed him to become his  
king,  
Saying that he would bring him  
fruits,  
And lead him to the freshest  
spring.



And when the butler gave consent,  
Up from the earth the monster sprang,  
And, reckless of Duke Prosper's power,  
This song of wild defiance sang:

## CALIBAN'S SONG Shakespeare:

**N**o more dams I'll make for fish

**N**or fetch firing

**A**t requiring

scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish

Ban! Ban! Ca-Caliban!

**H**as a new Master get a new Man!—

The monster next his plans revealed:—

“While Prospero, his master, slept,  
He—Caliban—should lead these men  
To where the magic books were kept.

These they must seize ; then kill the  
duke

While in his quiet sleep he lay—  
Miranda should the butler wed—  
Neither to this dark plot said nay!

But Ariel their treason heard,  
And their fell purpose to defeat  
Spread temptingly beside the path,  
Rich garments for a monarch meet.

And while they quarrelled  
o'er the spoil,  
He brought a pack of  
fairy hounds,

And hunted them the  
forest through,

With shouts and merry  
bugle sounds.

But still the king and  
the bad duke  
Searched smiling plain  
and barren shore,  
For the young prince  
whom still they  
hoped  
The hungry ocean  
would restore,



Yet dead they deemed him, for alas!  
They found him not in grove or glade.  
And now, with ceaseless wand'ring tired,  
Upon the turf the king is laid.

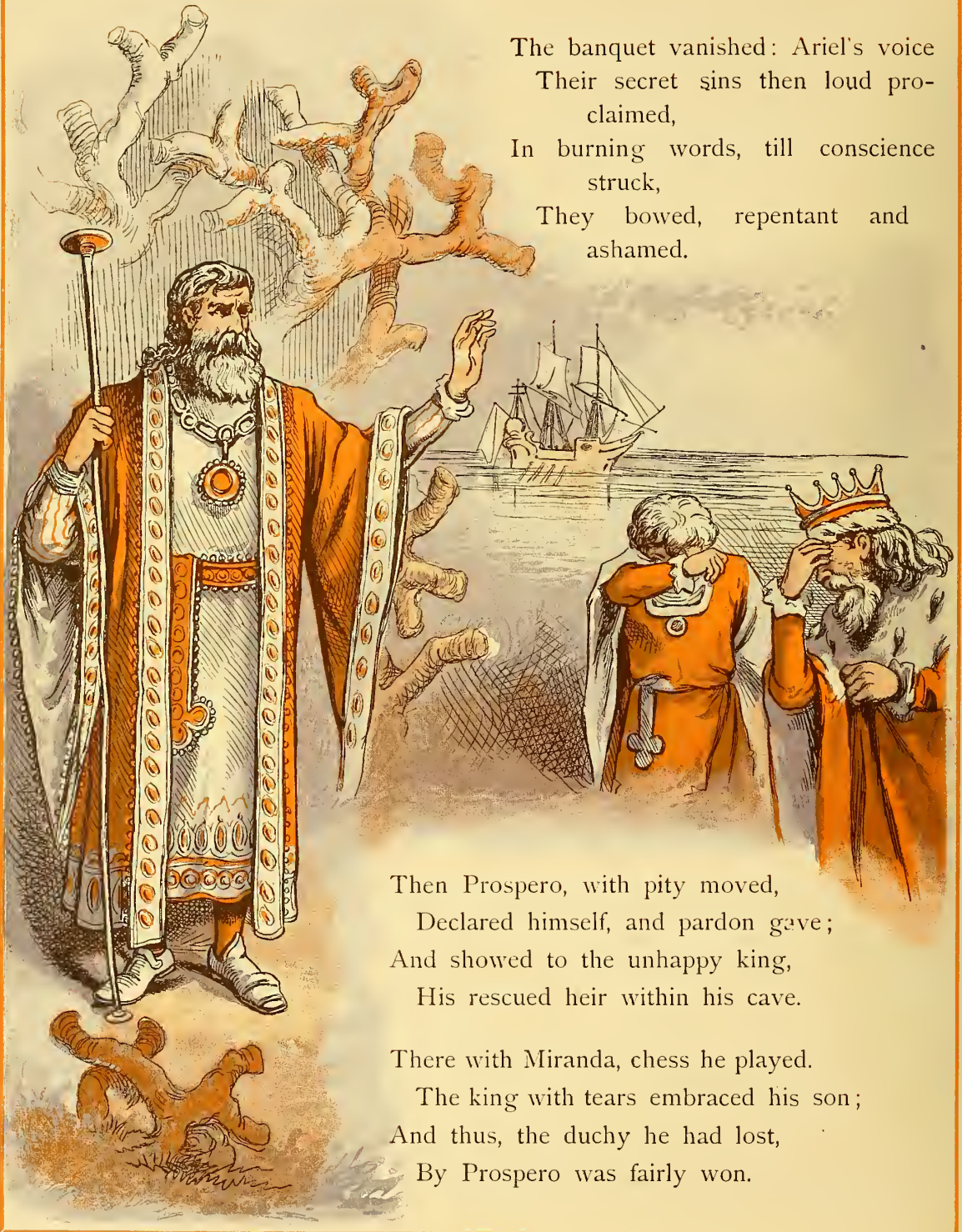
Suddenly, on the tranquil air,  
Soft solemn strains of music rise,  
And figures, strange, fantastic, wild,  
Appear before their startled eyes.



They bring a stately banquet in,  
And then, with gestures quaint but meet,  
Beckon the weary shipwrecked men  
To rise, and at the table eat.

But as the king approached the board,  
Thunder and lightning rent the sky,  
And a great harpy—dreadful bird!—  
Was seen upon the food to fly.

The banquet vanished: Ariel's voice  
Their secret sins then loud pro-  
claimed,  
In burning words, till conscience  
struck,  
They bowed, repentant and  
ashamed.



Then Prospero, with pity moved,  
Declared himself, and pardon gave;  
And showed to the unhappy king,  
His rescued heir within his cave.

There with Miranda, chess he played.  
The king with tears embraced his son;  
And thus, the duchy he had lost,  
By Prospero was fairly won.



His lovely child would wear a crown,  
Of Naples she would be the Queen,  
And never more upon that isle  
Would Ariel or his lord be seen.  
For Prospero will burn his books,  
And set his much-loved spirit free,  
Within the cowslip buds to lie,  
Or roam the air at liberty.



Yet first, at Prospero's request,  
The ship and crew all safe he brings;  
And then, rejoicing, takes his flight,  
And ever as he soars he sings.

ARIEL'S SONG Shakspeare.

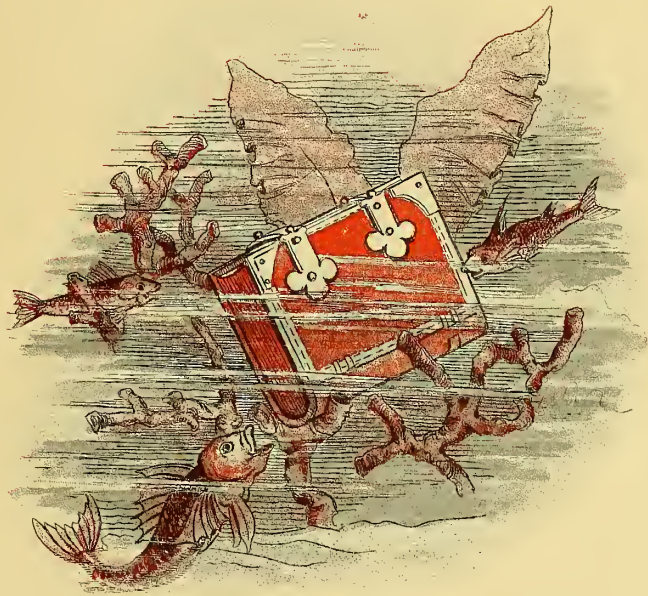
**W**HERE the Bee sucks there suck I  
In a Cowslips bell I lie:  
**T**here I couch when Owls do cry

On the  
Bats back  
I do fly

After  
Summer  
merrily.

**M**ERRILY! MERRILY! shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough





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