

THE TEMPEST

by

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THE TEMPEST

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

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

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

MASTER

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master; what cheer?

MASTER

Good! Speak to th' mariners; fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir.

(Exit)

Enter MARINERS.

BOATSWAIN

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' 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, boson?

BOATSWAIN

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

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN

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

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself. You are 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 wi' th' maincourse.

(A cry within)

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

(Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO)

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

SEBASTIAN

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

BOATSWAIN

Work you, then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched 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!

Exeunt.

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 am out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopped rascal -- would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO

He'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st 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!

Exit BOATSWAIN.

ANTONIO

Let's all sink wi' th' 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 2

The Island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIRANDA

If 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 th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed 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, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

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 touched
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 stopped,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay; not yet.'

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st 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
And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA

O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

MIRANDA

O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio --
I pray thee, mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; 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

(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

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 t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new formed 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And sucked 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' th' substitution,
And executing th' 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 played
 And him he played it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man -- my library
 Was dukedom large enough -- of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
 So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbowed -- alas, poor Milan! --
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

PROSPERO

Mark his condition, and th' 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' th' 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 th' purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,
 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 (MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

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 aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roared to us; to sigh
To th' 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,
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned; 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 necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Now I arise.
(Puts on 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 dullness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.
(MIRANDA sleeps)
Come away, servant; come; I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL

To every article.
 I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join Jove's lightning, the precursors
 O' th' 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 played
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me; the King's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring -- then like reeds, not hair --
 Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO

Why, that's my spirit!
 But was not this high shore?

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARIEL

Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suff'ring labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' 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 wrecked,
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

How now, moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' 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 forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier
Thou know'st was banished; 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 th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island --
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born -- not honoured with
A human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting 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' th' sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence!

(Exit ARIEL)

Awake, dear heart, awake; thou hast slept well;
Awake.

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO

But as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! Speak.

CALIBAN

(within)

There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

(Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph)

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARIEL

My lord, it shall be done.
(Exit)

PROSPERO

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

Enter CALIBAN.

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinched
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 tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made 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 showed 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.

MIRANDA

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 endowed 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. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.
(*Aside*)
I must obey. His art is of such pow'r,
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

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

(Burden dispersedly)

Bow-wow.

The watch dogs bark.

(Burden dispersedly)

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? I' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god o' 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 followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL

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:

(Burden)

Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them -- Ding-dong bell.

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wrecked.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

(aside)

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

(To FERDINAND)

A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Soft, Sir! one word more.

(Aside)

They are both in either's pow'rs; 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 ow'st 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 mussels, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND

No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
(He 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 mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed 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!
(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

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 th' 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

(to ARIEL)
Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL

To th' syllable.

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND)

Come, follow.

(To MIRANDA)

Speak not for him.

Exeunt.

SCENE 3

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and OTHERS.

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. 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 entertained that's offered,
Comes to th' 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 cock'rel.

SEBASTIAN

Done. The wager?

ANTONIO

A laughter.

SEBASTIAN

A match!

ADRIAN
Though this island seem to be desert --

ANTONIO
Ha, ha, ha!

SEBASTIAN
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 Aeneas' 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 swoll'n that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
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;
(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them;
The fault's your own.

ALONSO

So is the dear'st o' th' 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 chirurgeonly.

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

Heed 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' th' 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 it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN

No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO

None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

GONZALO

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN

Save his Majesty!

ANTONIO

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO

And -- do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO

Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN

An it had not fall'n flat-long.

GONZALO

You are gentlemen of brave mettle; 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 discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANTONIO

Go sleep, and hear us.

All sleep but 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' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! 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 earthed, 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 undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO

O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! 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 drowned?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Claribel.

ANTONIO

She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow, till newborn chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, 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 ev'ry 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;

(MORE)

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.
(They talk apart)

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and song.

ARIEL

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth --
For else his project dies -- to keep them living.

(Sings in GONZALO'S ear)

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

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good angels
Preserve the King!

They wake.

ALONSO

Why, how now? -- Ho, awake! -- Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

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

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO

Upon mine 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 opened,
I saw their weapons drawn -- there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' 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 4

Another part of the island.

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

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' 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' th' wind. Yond
same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard
that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did
before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man
or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a
very ancient and fish-like smell; 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 thunderbolt.

(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 ashore --

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well,
here's my comfort.

(Drinks)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!'
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

(Drinks)

CALIBAN

Do not torment me. O!

STEPHANO

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

(MORE)

STEPHANO (CONT'D)

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 the by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou are 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 cam'st thou hither? Swear by this
bottle how thou cam'st 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

(passing the bottle)

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 th' seaside,
where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine
ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee; I was the Man i' th' Moon,
when time was.

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.
My mistress showed 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.

CALIBAN drinks.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard
of him! A very weak monster! The Man i' th' 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 clust'ring 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 trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master -- Get a new man.
Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day,
freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

FERDINAND

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

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such 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

(aside)

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!
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
Th' 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,
(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

And my dear father. How features are abroad,
 I am skilless 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' th' world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

(aside)

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,

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

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 2

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

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 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, sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO

Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

That's most certain.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

ARIEL

Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him. When that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster
one word further and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o'
doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? Take thou that.

(Beats 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 further 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
liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch
You taught me but 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 sometimes 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 3

Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and OTHERS.*

GONZALO

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod, indeed,
(MORE)

GONZALO (CONT'D)

Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

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

ANTONIO

(aside to SEBASTIAN)

I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved t' effect.

SEBASTIAN

(aside to ANTONIO)

The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO

(aside to SEBASTIAN)

Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppressed 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; and PROSPERO on the top,
invisible. Enter several strange SHAPES, bringing
in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle
actions of salutations; and inviting the KING,
etc., to eat, they depart.*

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

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 phoenix' throne, one phoenix
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
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 vanished 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,
 Dewlapped 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 tempered may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked -- at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
 And will not be uplifted. But remember --
 For that's my business to you -- that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed
 The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend

(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from --
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads -- is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 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
 Performed, 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 pow'r;
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
 And his and mine loved darling.

(Exit above)

GONZALO

I' th' 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,
 (MORE)

GONZALO (CONT'D)

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.

SCENE 4

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for
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
Worth'hily purchased, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minist'red,
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 worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered
 Or Night kept chained 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 pow'r, 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 th' fire i' th' 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 thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd 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' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry 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.

(JUNO descends in her car)

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CERES

Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing show'rs;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth -- why hath thy Queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

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

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scanded 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-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is returned 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.

JUNO alights.

CERES

Highest Queen of State,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

JUNO

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honoured 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 gamers never empty;
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden 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 called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

Let me live here ever;
So rare a wond'ered 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 marred.

IRIS

You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wind'ring brooks,
With your sledged 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)

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

You sun-burnt 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 touched with anger so distempered.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

Exeunt.

PROSPERO

Come, with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
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 unbacked colts they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music; so I charmed their cars,
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I go, I go.
(Exit)

PROSPERO

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

(Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel,
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 hushed 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. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' 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 't alone,
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO

Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin?
Now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like
to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO

Do, do. We steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

And this.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, in
shape of dogs and hounds, bunting 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
(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

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
Lies 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.

SCENE 5

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
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,
Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you termed, sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em

(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

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 th' 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 be-dimmed
The noontide sun, called 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 plucked 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 --

(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

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. Here enters ARIEL before; then ALONSO,
 with 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, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopped.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n 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 pinched for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
 Expelled 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.

*Exit ARIEL and returns immediately. ARIEL sings and
 helps to attire him.*

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.

(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

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

GONZALO

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement,
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave --
An if this be at all -- a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

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' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

(Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO)

But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

(aside)

The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault -- all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost --
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! --
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

You the like loss!

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. 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 wrecked, 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.

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA,
playing at chess.*

MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

ALONSO

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

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

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

ALONSO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

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

FERDINAND

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

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our 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 chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

(to FERDINAND and MIRANDA)

Give me your hands.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy.

GONZALO

Be it so. Amen!

*(Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN
amazedly following)*

O look, sir; look, sir! Here is more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN

The best news is that we have safely found
 Our King and company; the next, our ship --
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split --
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged, as when
 We first put out to sea.

ARIEL

(aside to PROSPERO)
 Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO

(aside to ARIEL)
 My 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 clapped under hatches;
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awaked; straightway at liberty;
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL

(aside to PROSPERO)
 Was't well done?

PROSPERO

(aside to ARIEL)
 Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO

Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.

(Aside to ARIEL)

Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.

(Exit ARIEL)

How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and
TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel*

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave --
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robbed 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 pinched 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 cam'st 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

(pointing to CALIBAN)

This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.

PROSPERO

He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

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 solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.
(*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

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 pardoned 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 pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

THE END