

populates cities, recreates and rules the race. Some have objected that this play does not develop; that within Prospero's charmed circle, for the space of three hours, all stands still. In truth a great deal happens, and the ease of its happening is a trick of most cunning preparation.

Who is Prospero? Is he perchance Destiny itself; the master-spirit that has brooded invisible and moved in the deep waters of the greater tragedies, and now comes to shore on a lost nest of the main to sun himself; laying by his robe of darkness to play, at his great ease, one last trick before following the way of the old gods? Is he (as Campbell the poet was the first to suggest) Shakespeare himself, in this last of his plays breaking his wand and drowning his book 'deeper than did ever plummet sound'? The lights in the banqueting house are out: the Princess Elizabeth is dust: and as for the island conjured out of the sea for a night's entertainment—

From that day forth the Isle has been  
By wandering sailors never seen.

Ariel has nestled to the bat's back and slid away following summer or else 'following darkness like a dream.' But still this play abides, after three hundred years, eloquent of Shakespeare's slow sunseting through dream after dream of reconciliation; forcing tears, not by 'pity and terror' but by sheer beauty; with a royal sense of the world, how it passes away, with a catch at the heart surmising hope in what is to come. And still the sense is royal: we feel that we are greater than we know. So in the surge of our emotion, as on the surges rounding Prospero's island, is blown a spray, a mist. Actually it dims our eyes: and as we brush it away, there rides on it a rainbow; and its colours are chastened wisdom, wistful charity; with forgiveness, tender ruth for all men and women growing older, and perennial trust in young love.

Q.







## A NOTE ON PUNCTUATION

In the main, the punctuation of the old texts is Shakespeare's, or at worst that of the play-house. No doubt the compositor had his share too; in plays hurriedly written perhaps a large one, in others such as *Hamlet* or *The Tempest* a small one—probably little more than the addition of certain commas. In either event the framework is Shakespearian. This punctuation is dramatic, that is to say it is a question of pause, emphasis and intonation; and is quite independent of syntax. A comma indicates a short pause, a semicolon a longer one, a colon one longer still, and a full-stop—a *full* stop, which sometimes occurs in the middle of a sentence. Further, absence of punctuation, where a modern reader would expect to find it, implies rapid delivery. Brackets, on the other hand, affect intonation rather than speed. Often they denote the drop in the voice which a parenthesis demands; but there are many beautiful instances which mark a much more significant change of tone: a hushed whisper, a touch of anxiety, a note of tenderness, surprise or awe. In the same way the pause, especially with the semicolon, the colon or the period, often needs filling by a sob, a kiss, or by other and lengthier 'business.' As he wrote Shakespeare had the living voice ever sounding in his ears, the flesh and blood of his creations ever moving before his eyes.

To translate this exquisite pointing into symbols convenient to the modern eye is no easy task. We have retained as much of the original system as possible; but, inasmuch as it was non-syntactical in character, to keep it all would have tended to bewilderment and confusion. Thus we have been forced, reluctantly, to compromise, as follows:



*Full-stop.* When this occurs at the end of a speech no change has been made. When it is internal, it invariably denotes a long pause, often for stage-business, and we have shown its presence by four dots, thus ....

It follows that internal full-stops which occur in this text are not Shakespearian, but introduced for grammatical reasons, being generally a substitute for an original comma.

*Colon.* Except for obvious misprints, this has been retained, either in its original form or as three dots, thus ... The translation by dots has been found useful at the end of a speech, in places where a colon is grammatically impossible, or where for dramatic reasons it seemed well to bring the pause prominently before the reader's attention.

*Semicolon.* This is often difficult to distinguish from the colon on the one hand and the comma on the other. It has been retained wherever possible; at times, however, it has been translated by a dash, and at others by three dots, as with the colon. In a prose play, like *The Merry Wives*, it has occasionally been found necessary to substitute a semicolon for a comma.

*Comma.* Where this appears to possess special dramatic significance, it is given as a dash, or as a couple of dashes on either side of a word or phrase. Obviously, however, we have been obliged to take greater liberties with this stop than with the others. A large number of fresh commas have been introduced into the text for grammatical reasons; original ones have been omitted for a like cause; sometimes full-stops or, less often, semicolons, have been substituted.

*Exclamation-marks.* Shakespeare was very sparing in his use of these; and, though in scenes full of movement we have felt compelled to introduce some which do not appear in the old texts, we have dispensed with hundreds of unauthorised examples of this rhetorical flourish which have hitherto found a place in modern editions. It



should here be noted that in the old texts a question-mark often did service for a note of exclamation, and that the printers only had small stocks of the latter, which partly explains its infrequency.

*Brackets.* Really significant instances of this have been retained; commas have been substituted where simple parenthesis alone is implied; between these two extremes lie a number of examples in which a couple of dashes and often an exclamation-mark have taken the place of the brackets.

The single bracket occasionally found at the beginning of speeches in the text is a device of our own to mark off subsidiary dialogue or a series of 'asides' from the main dialogue.

*Emphasis-capitals.* Shakespeare generally conveyed emphasis by the use of the pause. Sometimes, however, he indicated the emphatic word by beginning it with a capital letter. The Folio teems with emphasis-capitals, which are probably due in the main to an affection for capitals among seventeenth century compositors; anyhow it is certain that, in bulk, they are non-Shakespearian. Yet here and there we can catch a Shakespearian emphasis even in the Folio, while in the Quartos, where they are far less frequent, the dramatist's hand is more often in evidence. Where we have felt tolerably certain that Shakespeare himself intended emphasis we have printed the word with spaced lettering.

*Inverted commas.* These are sometimes used in the old texts, at the beginning of the line, to draw attention to maxims or proverbial 'sentences,' and will be retained in the double form the original gives. Single inverted commas are our own and will be introduced to indicate quotation. Stage-directions in inverted commas are those taken direct from the Folio or Quartos.

*The Tempest* is a particularly beautiful example of dramatic pointing; and we feel confident that if, after glancing at this brief note, the reader will turn to the



second scene and follow for a moment or two the pause-effects in the exquisite dialogue between Miranda and her father, he will not only master its principles without difficulty but will become a complete convert to Shakespearian punctuation.

D. W.



# THE TEMPEST



‘The scene, an uninhabited island’

*Persons to Drama*  
CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ALONSO, *King of Naples*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples*

GONZALO, *an honest old Councillor*

ADRIAN and FRANCISCO, *Lords*

CALIBAN, *a salvage and deformed slave*

TRINCULO, *a Jester*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler*

SHIP-MASTER

BOATSWAIN

*Mariners*

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit*

IRIS

CERES

JUNO

*Nymphs*

*Reapers*

} *Spirits*  
*Cupids*



# THE TEMPEST

[1. 1.] 'A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.'  
*The waist of a ship is seen, seas breaking over it.*

*A SHIP-MASTER: A BOATSWAIN.*

*Master* [from the poop-deck]. Bos'n!

*Boatswain* [in the waist]. Here, master: what cheer? *Prompt*

*Master*. Good: speak to th' mariners: fall to't—yarely—  
or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir.

*[he returns to the helm]*

*Master's whistle heard. Mariners come aft.*

*Boatswain*. Heigh my hearts! cheerly, cheerly my hearts  
...yare, yare...take in the topsail...tend to th' master's  
whistle... [to the gale] Blow till thou burst thy wind—if  
room enough!

'ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,  
GONZALO, and others' come on deck.

*Alonso*. Good boatswain have care...Where is the master?  
Play the men. *Change a lot.*

*Boatswain*. I pray now, keep below.

*Antonio*. Where is the master, bos'n? *Com. over it a bit?*

*Boatswain*. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.  
Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gonzalo*. Nay, good, be patient.

*Boatswain*. When the sea is...Hence!  
What care these roarers for the name of king?  
To cabin...silence...trouble us not!

*Gonzalo*. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boatswain*. None that I more love than myself...You are  
a Councillor—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.

*[he runs forward]*  
*Gonzalo* *[his speech interrupted as the ship pitches]*. I have great comfort from this fellow...Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows...Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage...If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

*BOATSWAIN* comes aft: courtiers retreat before him to their cabins.

*Boatswain*. Down with the topmast...yare, lower, lower! bring her to try with main-course.... *['A cry' is heard below]*. A plague upon this howling...they are louder than the weather, or our office...

*SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO* return.

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. *[he turns from them]*

*Antonio*. Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gonzalo*. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstaunched wench.



*Boatswain* [shouting]. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! [*in despair*] lay her off!

*The ship strikes. Fireballs flame along the rigging and from beak to stern. 'Enter mariners wet.'*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*Boatswain* [stupefied, slowly pulling out a bottle]. 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*' below      Mercy on us!—  
We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—  
Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!

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

*Sebastian.* Let's take leave of him. [*they go below*]

*Gonzalo.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea—  
for an acre of barren ground...long heath, brown firs,  
any thing...The wills above be done, but I would fain  
die a dry death!

*A crowd bursts upon deck, making for the ship's side, in the glare of the fireballs. Of a sudden these are quenched. A loud cry of many voices.*



[1. 2.] *The Island. A green plat of undercliff, approached by a path descending through a grove of lime-trees alongside the upper cliff, in the face of which is the entrance of a tall cave, curtained. MIRANDA, gazing out to sea: PROSPERO, in wizard's mantle and carrying a staff, comes from the cave.*

*Miranda [turning].* 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,

[in a whisper

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her!)

Dashed all to pieces: [sobbing] 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 e'er

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

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,

And thy no greater father.

*Miranda [her eyes on the sea again].* 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,  
*[he lays aside his mantle]*  
Lie there my art: Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,  
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched  
The very virtue of compassion in thee...  
I have with such provision in mine art  
†So safely ordered, that there is no soil,  
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....

*[he sits on a bench of rock, Miranda beside him]*  
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 remembrest 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 years since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power...

*Miranda.*

Sir, are not you my father?

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

*Miranda.*

O the heavens,

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

*Prospero.*

Both, both, my girl....

By foul play—as thou sayst—were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly help 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,  
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* [*recalling her eyes from the sea*]. 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* [*guiltily*]. 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 revénue 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.

*From history. ... curious ...*



*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) with' 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* [*her tears falling again*]. Alack, for pity:  
I not remembering how I cried out then  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Prospero.* Hear a little further



And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon us: 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....

*[he falters and proceeds swiftly]*

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,  
Infused 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,

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow...

*[he resumes his mantle]*

Here in this island we arrived, and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours—and tutors not so careful.

*Miranda.* Heaven thank you for't....*[she kisses him]*

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... *[at a pass of his hands, her  
eyes close and presently she sleeps]* 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way... I know thou canst not choose...

*He traces a magic circle on the grass*

Come away, servant, come; I am ready now,  
Approach my Ariel.... *[he lifts his staff]* Come!



*ARIEL appears aloft.*

*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... [*alighting and bowing*] 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 boresprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join.... Jove's lightnings, 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 leaped; cried, 'Hell  
is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'



*Prospero.* Why, that's my spirit:  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ariel.* Close by, my master.

*Prospero* [*anxious*]. But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ariel.* Not a hair perished:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou badst 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.

[*mimics*]

*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 call'dst 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 suffered 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 wracked,  
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* [*glancing at the sun*]. At least two glasses... The  
time 'twixt six and now,  
Must by us both be spent most precious.



*Ariel* [*mutinous*]. 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...

[*lifting his staff*

*Ariel.*

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
†Told thee no lies, made 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 blew-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 eye-ball else: go take this shape,

And hither come in't...go...hence

With diligence.

[*Ariel vanishes. Prospero stoops over Miranda*

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. [*they approach a hole in the rock*

*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...[*calling*] What ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Caliban [from the hole].* There's wood enough within.

*Prospero.* Come forth, I say, there's other business

for thee:

Come, thou tortoise, when?



*ARIEL* reappears, 'like a water-nymph.'

Fine apparition: my quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear. [*whispers*

*Ariel.*

My lord, it shall be done. [*vanishes*

*Prospero* [*to Caliban*]. Thou poisonous slave, got by the  
devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam; come forth.

*CALIBAN* comes from the hole, munching.

*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* [*snarling*].

I must eat my dinner...

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou camest 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.  
Curséd 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 will 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 achës, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Caliban* [cowering].

No, pray thee....



I must obey—his art is of such power, [*growls to himself*]  
It would control my dam's god Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Prospero.*

So, slave, hence!

[*Caliban slinks away. Prospero and Miranda withdraw a little within the cave*]

*Music heard: ARIEL 'invisible, playing and singing';  
FERDINAND following down the cliff path.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

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 bear  
The burthen...Hark!  
Hark!

'*Burthen dispersedly.*' Bow-wow!

*Ariel.* The watch-dogs bark:

*Burthen.* Bow-wow!

*Ariel.* Hark, hark, I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry—

*Burthen.* Cockadiddle-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 wrack....  
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'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes.  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange...  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
*Burthen.* Ding-dong.

*Ariel.* Hark! now I hear them—  
Ding-dong bell.

*Ferdinand.* The ditty does remember my drowned  
father.

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

*Prospero* [*leading Miranda from the cave*]. 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 wrack: and but he's something stained  
With grief—that's beauty's canker [*touching her cheek*]  
—thou mightst call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Miranda* [*moving forward, under the spell*]. I might  
call him



A thing divine—for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Prospero* [*holding back*]. It goes on I see,  
As my soul prompts it...Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Ferdinand* [*as Miranda confronts him*]. Most sure,  
the goddess

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

*Miranda*. No wonder, sir,  
But certainly a maid.

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

*Prospero* [*advancing*]. 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 wracked.

*Miranda*. Alack, for mercy!

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

*Prospero* [*to himself*]. 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....[*sternly*] 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....  
They are both in either's power: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light....One word more: I charge thee  
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou 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* [*imperatively to Ferdinand*]. Follow me...  
[*to Miranda*] Speak not you for him: he's a traitor...[*to*

*Ferdinand*] 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.

[*Ferdinand's sword falls from his hand*]

*Miranda* [*plucking his mantle*]. Beseech you father.

*Prospero.* Hence: hang not on my garments.

*Miranda.* Sir have pity,  
I'll be his surety.

*Prospero.* Silence: one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: what,  
An advocate for an impostor! [*as she weeps*] 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* [*to Ferdinand*]. 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 wrack 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.* It works...[*to Ferdinand*] Come on....



[*to Ariel*] 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* [*turns again to Ferdinand*]. Come, follow:

[*to Miranda*] speak not for him.

*They enter the cave.*

[2. 1.] *A forest glade in another part of the Island.*

*KING ALONSO* lies upon the turf, his face buried in the grass: *GONZALO*, *ADRIAN*, *FRANCISCO*, and others stand about him: *SEBASTIAN* and *ANTONIO* converse apart in low mocking tones.

*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* [*without looking up*]. 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 the entertainer—

*Sebastian* [*aloud*].

A dollar.

*Gonzalo* [*turning*]. Dolour comes to him, indeed. You  
have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Sebastian*. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

*Gonzalo* [*to the king again*]. Therefore, my lord,—

(*Antonio*. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

*Alonso*. I prithee, spare.

*Gonzalo*. Well, I have done: But yet—

(*Sebastian*. He will be talking.

(*Antonio*. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,  
first begins to crow?

(*Sebastian*. The old cock.

(*Antonio*. The cockerel.

(*Sebastian*. Done: the wager?

(*Antonio*. A laughter.

(*Sebastian*. A match!

*Adrian*. Though this island seem to be desert,—

(†*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 every thing 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 †gloss, as being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

(*Antonio*. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

(*Sebastian*. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

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

(*Sebastian*. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

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

*Gonzalo*. Not since widow Dido's time.

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



(*Sebastian*. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

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

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

*Adrian*. Carthage?

*Gonzalo*. I assure you, Carthage.

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

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

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

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

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

†*Gonzalo*. I.

(*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* [*sitting up*]. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense...Would I had never  
Married my daughter there: for, coming thence,  
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed,  
I ne'er again shall see her...O thou mine heir



Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

†*Francisco*.

Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside...and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept....and 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* [*aloud*]. Sir, you may thank yourself for this  
great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather loose her to an African,  
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alonso*.

Prithee, peace.

*Sebastian*. You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise  
By all of us: and the fair soul herself  
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end of the beam sh'ould bow...We have lost  
your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
Mo widows in them of this business' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them:  
The fault's your own.

*Alonso*.

So is the dear'st o'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.* Fowl weather?

(*Antonio.* Very foul.

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

(*Antonio.* He'd 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, and—



*Sebastian* [*aloud*]. 'Save his majesty!

*Antonio*. Long live Gonzalo!

*Gonzalo*. Do you mark me, sir?

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

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

*Antonio*. 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

*Antonio*. What a blow was there given!

*Sebastian*. An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gonzalo*. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere—if she would continue in it five weeks without changing!

*ARIEL* appears aloft, 'playing solemn music.'

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

*GONZALO* turns away.

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

*Gonzalo*. No, I warrant you. I will not adventure my discretion so weakly...[*he lies down*] 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. Ariel vanishes*]

*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...[*in a whisper,*  
*pointing at the sleepers*] 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* [*points to Gonzalo*]. 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 an hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
†But douts 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 new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable: she that...from whom  
We were all 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 every cubit  
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake'....Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them—why, they were no worse  
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples,  
As well as he that sleeps: lords, that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat: O, that you bore  
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Sebastian.* Methinks I do.

*Antonio.*

And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

*Sebastian.*

I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Antonio.*

True;

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



Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Sebastian.* But, for your conscience?

*Antonio.* Ay, sir: where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom...Twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt ere they molest...Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon.

If he were that which now he's like—*[sinks his voice]*  
that's dead—

Whom I with this obedient steel—*[touching his dagger]*  
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...*[pointing to Gonzalo]* this Sir  
Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course...For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk—  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

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

*Antonio.*

Draw together:

*[they unsheath swords]*

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

*Sebastian.*

O, but one word.

*[they talk apart]*



*'Music.'* *ARIEL* appears again, unseen by them,  
and bends over *GONZALO*.

*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 thee 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* [*waking*]. Now, good angels preserve  
the king!

Why, how now? Ho! awake! [*shaking Alonso,*  
*who wakes.*]

*Alonso* [*to Antonio and Sebastian*]. Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking? 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* [*as the band moves off*]. Prospero my lord shall  
know what I have done....

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [vanishes]

[2. 2.] *A barren upland: the weather lowering.*

*'Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*

*A noise of thunder heard.'*

*Caliban.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease: [*lightning*] His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse.... [*casts down his burden*]

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.

*[he falls upon his face, so that his gaberdine hides him]*  
*Trinculo* *[stumbling forward, looking at the sky]*. 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...*[trips over Caliban]*  
What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or  
alive? *[sniffing]* A fish, he smells like a fish...a very ancient  
and fish-like smell...a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-  
john: a strange fish...Were I in England now, as once  
I was, and had but this fish painted,—not a holiday  
fool there but would give a piece of silver: there  
would this monster make a man: any strange beast  
there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead  
Indian...*[lifts the gaberdine]* Legged like a man; and his  
fins like arms...*[feels the body warily]* Warm, o' my  
troth! *[starts back]* I do now let loose my opinion; hold  
it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath  
lately suffered by a thunderbolt: *[more thunder]* Alas!  
the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under  
his gaberdine: *[he does so, at the tail end]* there is no  
other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with  
strange bed-fellows: *[pulling the skirt round him]* I will  
here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*'Enter STEPHANO, singing'; a bottle in his hand.*

*Stephano*. I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore,—  
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:



Well, here's my comfort. [*'drinks'*]

[*'sings'*] The master, the swabber, the bos'n, 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? [*turning*] Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afraid 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* [*showing his face*]. Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

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

[*seizing him by the shoulder*]



*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: [*thrusting the bottle in his face*] 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... [*Caliban drinks*] 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...[*Caliban drinks again*] Amen, I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trinculo.* Stephano,—

*Stephano* [*starting back*]. 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...[*returns*] come forth: [*grips his ankles*] I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: [*pulls and pauses*] if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they: [*spies his face*] Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trinculo* [*staggering to his feet*]. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke...But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned: Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaber-



dine, for fear of the storm: [*fondling him foolishly*] And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Stephano*. Prithee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

*Caliban*. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites: That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:

I will kneel to him.

[*he does so*]

*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'er-board—by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Caliban* [*coming forward*]. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

*Stephano*. Here: [*offering Trinculo the bottle*] swear then how thou escapedst.

*Trinculo*. Swam ashore, man, like a duck...I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Stephano*. Here, kiss the book....[*Trinculo drinks*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose [*snatching the bottle from him*].

*Trinculo*. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Stephano*. The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid...[*spies Caliban*] How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

*Caliban*. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Stephano*. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee....[*draining the bottle*] I was the man i'th' moon, when time was.

*Caliban* [*bowing low*]. 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.



*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...[*as Caliban sucks at the empty bottle*] Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Caliban.* I'll show thee every fertile inch of the 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.

[*Caliban kneels with his back to Trinculo*]

*Trinculo.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him—

*Stephano.* Come, kiss.

[*Caliban kisses his foot*]

*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 marmozet: I'll bring thee To clustring 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: [*to Caliban*]  
Here; bear my bottle: [*clutching at Trinculo's arm*] 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. [*they reel off*]

[3. 1.] *Before Prospero's cell*: '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.... [*he sits*] 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... [*rising to continue*] I forget...

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours—

†Most busie lest, when I doe it.



*MIRANDA comes from the cave; PROSPERO, behind her, stands at the door, 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.)* 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.* Admir'd Miranda,  
Indeed, the top of admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world... Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
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,  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty— *[faltering]*  
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.)*

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections: heavens rain grace  
 On that which breeds between 'em!

*Ferdinand.*

Wherefore weep you?

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

*Ferdinand* [*kneeling*]. 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!

[*Miranda pursues her way: Ferdinand goes to fetch  
 more logs*]

*Chorus to see me  
 alyra...*



*Prospero.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more...I'll to my book,  
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*he turns back into his cell*]

[3. 2.] *A cove by the sea: on one side the land slopes gently down to the shore, on the other are cliffs with a little cave. STEPHANO, TRINCULO and CALIBAN sit by the entrance to the cave, drinking.*

*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! [*pledges Stephano*] †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 a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Caliban.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trinculo.* 'Lord,' quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

*Caliban.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Stephano.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

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

*Stephano.* Marry will I: kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

[*Caliban kneels, Stephano and Trinculo totter to their feet*

'*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*'

*Caliban.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant—  
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath  
Cheated me of the island.

*Ariel.* Thou liest.

*Caliban* [*turning on Trinculo*]. 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: [*to Caliban*] 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 will 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 of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trinculo.* Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go further off.

*Stephano.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ariel.* Thou liest.

*Stephano.* Do I so? take thou that [*strikes him*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trinculo.* I did not give the lie: Out of 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. [*threatening Trinculo*]

*Caliban.* Beat him enough: after a little time,  
I'll beat him too.



*Stephano.* Stand further: 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 cout'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* [*staring about him*]. This is the tune of our  
catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

*Stephano* [*shakes his fist*]. If thou beest a man, show thy-  
self in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trinculo* [*maudlin*]. O forgive me my sins!

*Stephano.* He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee; [*his  
courage suddenly ebbing*] Mercy upon us!

*Caliban.* Art thou afeard?

*Stephano.* No, monster, not I.

*Caliban.* Be not afeard—the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again—and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
I cried to dream again.

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

*Caliban.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Stephano.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trinculo.* The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and  
after do our work.



*Stephano.* Lead monster, we'll follow: I would I could see this taborer—he lays it on.

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

*[they follow Ariel up the cove]*

[3. 3.] *The lime-grove above Prospero's cave, close to the summit of the cliff. ALONSO and his train, tired and dejected, wend their way through the trees; GONZALO lags behind.*

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

*Alonso.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attached with weariness,  
To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit down, and rest...

*[Alonso, Gonzalo, Adrian and Francisco seat themselves]*  
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 [standing, with Sebastian, apart from the rest].)*  
I am right glad that he's so out of hope:  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved t'effect.

*(Sebastian.* The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

*(Antonio.* 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.* I say, to-night: no more.



*'Solemn and strange music: and PROSPER on the top,  
invisible.'*

*Alonso.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

*Gonzalo.* Marvellous sweet music!

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

*Alonso.* Give us kind keepers, heavens: what were these?

*Sebastian.* A living drollery: now I will believe  
That there are unicorns: 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.)* 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 [smiling grimly].)* Praise in departing.



*Francisco.* They vanished strangely.

*Sebastian.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we have  
stomachs....

[*Sebastian surveys the banquet hungrily*  
Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alonso.* Not I.

*Gonzalo.* Faith, sir, you need not fear...When we  
were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,  
Dew-lapped 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.

[*Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio seat themselves*

*'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—yea, and on this island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live: [*the three draw their swords*]  
I have made you mad;  
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves: [*they make to attack, but are charmed from moving*] 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 dowe that's in my plume: My fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted...But, remember  
(For that's my business to you!) that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea—which hath requit it!—  
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores—yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace...Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,  
Lingring perdition (worse than any death  
Can be at once!) shall step by step attend  
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart'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 power;



And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit  
 Young Ferdinand—whom they suppose is drowned—  
 And his and mine loved darling. *[he departs]*

*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. *[he rushes towards the sea]*

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

*Antonio.* I'll be thy second.

*[they move away, distraught, sword in hand]*

*Gonzalo.* All three of them are desperate: their  
 great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
 Now 'gins to bite the spirit: 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.

*[they pursue the madmen]*

[4. 1.] *Before Prospero's cell. PROSPERO comes from the  
 cave with FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*

*Prospero.* If I have too austere punished you,  
 Your compensation makes amends, for I  
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
 Or that for which I live: who once again



I tender to thy hand...All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,  
†Do not smile at me that I boast hereof,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it halt behind her.

*Ferdinand.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Prospero.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be ministred,  
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 lamp 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 Phœbus' steeds are foundered,  
Or Night kept chained below.

*Prospero.* Fairly spoke;  
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own...

*The lovers draw apart and sit together on the bench of  
rock. Prospero lifts his staff.*  
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!



*ARIEL appears.*

*Ariel.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Prospero.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform: and I must use you  
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,  
(O'er whom I give thee power) here, to this place:  
Incite them to quick motion, for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ariel.* Presently?

*Prospero.* Ay: with a twink.

*Ariel.* Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'  
And breathe twice; and cry 'so, so'...  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow....  
Do you love me, master? no?

*Prospero.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel...Do not approach,  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ariel.* Well: I conceive. [*vanishes*]

*Prospero* [*turning to Ferdinand*]. 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'*]