The Tempest

By

William Shakespeare

Prepared for the Blackfriars of Agnes Scott College
and Department of Theatre and Dance
production of The Tempest

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THE TEMPEST: EDITOR’S NOTE

This script represents the combined efforts of the faculty of the Agnes Scott College Theatre Program. It is for that reason that the title page alternates “top billing” and production credits. Each of our productions to date has represented collaboration in the truest sense of the word, so the notion of shared interest and responsibility finds graphic depiction here.

As theatre professionals and educators we do not undertake this project lightly. Despite various contemporary theories concerning the death of the author or the impossibility of ownership, we usually tread very carefully into the area of altering a written text. Part of our discomfort stems from our own writing experiences. Part comes from our work in the production arena where interpreting a script affords theatre artists ample room to insert their own ideas. Still another reason for not routinely rewriting a script is grounded in a respect for the vision of fellow artists. Even if we dislike a work or disagree with its technique who is to say that our approaches are inherently superior?

In this instance, however, we feel that other concerns take precedence. Rather than rewriting for personal gain or egotistical satisfaction, we hope to serve the campus community. Therefore, ours is a specific adaptation aimed at achieving a specific educational goal for our students and a specific production possibility for our organization and audience. Although other reasons for rewriting Shakespeare may exist, for us they do not immediately leap to mind.

In order to offer a legitimate opportunity for the Blackfriars of Agnes Scott College to work with a play by William Shakespeare, we felt that an adaptation was necessary. As one of Shakespeare’s shortest and most joyous works *The Tempest* seemed a perfect candidate. Additionally, realizing that a traditional production could quite likely include a cast of men with the sole exception of a woman playing Miranda, we felt that a gender reversal could serve the needs of women’s college. Thus, Miranda will be the only man in the cast of our production. Allowing more of our students access to the material proved the deciding justification in our decision to adapt the script.

Any adaptation is the product of the work of all editors who preceded it as well as any new thoughts for the present version. This means that some versions seek to recreate the original text and others seek to update it. We have tried to find a middle ground, which means that this text matches some published editions in punctuation and construction, but not all. In some instances modernized language and spelling appears as an aid to the actor; in other instances condensed or British spellings remain in order to emphasize style, tone or theme. Trying to merge a variety of ideas also produced some curiosities such as the fact that line numbers are not always accurate.

Our work begins with the premise that most of the characters in the play are women, meaning that actors are playing their own gender rather than performing in drag. To clarify references, particularly to off stage personnel, we have reversed the gender of the original pronouns and gender-specific terms. However, we have not changed the character names since we consider them essential to the Shakespearean legacy. As often as possible, we have sought to maintain the original scansion when making changes. More obvious changes—he/she, father/mother, lad/lass—are not otherwise noted in the text. More difficult changes are noted with a strikethrough font over the original text and the new phrase appearing immediately afterwards. For the convenience of actor research, the whole of Shakespeare’s text (sans the obvious changes just noted) appears here. Even lines cut from production appear as text with strikethrough so that the cast may know the origin of the script.

September 2000
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO Queen of Naples.
SEBASTIAN her sister.
PROSPERO the right Duchess of Milan.
ANTONIO her sister, the usurping Duchess of Milan.
FERDINAND daughter to the Queen of Naples.
GONZALO an honest old Counselor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, Lords (Nobles).
CALIBAN a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO a Jester.
STEPHANO a drunken Butler.
Captain of a Ship. (CAPTAIN)
Boatswain. (BOATSWAIN)
Mariners. (Mariners)
MIRANDA son to Prospero.
ARIEL an airy Spirit.
—IRIS, CERES, JUNO, presented by Spirits, Nymphs, Reapers—
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE A ship at Sea; an island.
THE TEMPEST  1.1

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

[Enter a MASTER and a BOATSWAIN]

CAPTAIN
    Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN
    Here, Captain—what cheer?

CAPTAIN
    Good, speak to the mariners. Fall to't, yarely, or we
run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

    [Exit]
    [Enter Mariners]

BOATSWAIN
    Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
    Yare, yare! Take in the topsail.
    Tend to the Captain’s whistle. [to the storm] 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 Captain?
    Play the crew.

BOATSWAIN
    I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO
    Where is the Captain, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN
    Do you not hear her? 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 queen? 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 councilor; 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 sailor. Methinks she hath no drowning mark upon her; her complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to her hanging: make the rope of her destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If she be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt]

[Re-enter Boatswain]

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!
Bring her to try with main-course.

[A cry within]

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

[Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO]

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

SEBASTIAN

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

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

I'll warrant her 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!

BOATSWAIN
What, must our mouths be cold? 50

GONZALO
The queen and prince at prayers princess pray! Let's assist them,
for our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN
I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapped rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning 55
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO
She'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut her.

[A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'—'We split, we split!'— 60
'Farewell, my wife and children family!'—'Farewell, brother sister!'—
'We split, we split, we split!']

ANTONIO
Let's all sink with the queen.

SEBASTIAN
Let's take leave of her.

[Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN]

GONZALO
Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an 65
acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any
thing. The wills above be done! But I would fain
die a dry death.

[Exeunt]
THE TEMPEST 1.2

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

[Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA]

MIRANDA
  If by your art, my dearest mother, you have
  Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
  The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
  But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
  Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
  With those that I saw suffer—a brave vessel,
  Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
  Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
  Against my very heart. 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 swallow'd and
  The fraughting souls within her.

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

MIRANDA
  O, woe the day!

PROSPERO
  No harm.
  I have done nothing but in care of thee,
  Of thee, my dear one, thee, my dear son, who
  Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
  Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
  Than Prospero, mistress of a full poor cell,
  And thy no greater mother.

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 her mantle]
  Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes;
  Worry not, but 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 hear'dst cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
  For thou must now know farther.
MIRANDA
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 open 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, ma'am, 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 servants once that tended me?

PROSPERO
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIRANDA
But that I do not.

PROSPERO
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy mother was the Duke Duchess of Milan, and a
A prince princess of power.

MIRANDA
Ma'am, are not you my mother?

PROSPERO
Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter, and Thy mother
Was Duke of Duchess Milan; and thou her only heir
And princess a prince 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 boy:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,

But blessedly holp hither. 75

MIRANDA

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROSPERO

My sister and thine own aunt, call'd Antonio--
I pray thee, mark me—that a sister should

Be so perfidious!—she whom next thyself

Of all the world I loved and to her put

The manage of my state; as at that time

Through all the signories it was the first

And Prospero the prime duchess, being so reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts

Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my sister

And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy disloyal aunt—

Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Ma'am, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,

How to deny them, who to advance and who

To trash for over-topping, new created

The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,

Or else new formed 'em; having both the key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state

To what tune pleased her ear; that now she was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,

And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, good ma'am, 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 sister

Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of her

A falsehood in its contrary as great

As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,

A confidence sans bound. She 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 her memory,
To credit her own lie, she did believe
She was indeed the duke the true duchess; out o’ the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence her ambition growing—
Dost thou hear? 

MIRANDA

Your tale, ma’am, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

To have no screen between this part she play’d
And her she played it for, she needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man soul, my library
Was duchy large enough: of temporal royalties
She thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry she was for sway—wi’ the Queen of Naples
To give her annual tribute, do her homage,
Subject her coronet to her crown and bend
The duchy yet unbow’d—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

PROSPERO

Mark her condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a sister.

MIRANDA

I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons

PROSPERO

The Queen of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my sister’s suit;
Which was, that she, in lieu o’ the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the duchy and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my sister. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i’ the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

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

Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench whelp.
My tale provokes that question. Son, 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 boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of her charity, being then appointed
Mistress of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of her gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, she furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my duchy.
MIRANDA
Would I might
But ever see that woman!

PROSPERO
Now I arise:
[Resumes her mantle]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 195
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmistress, made thee more profit
Than other princes can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA
Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ma'am,
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 205
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 mistress! Grave ma'am, 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 her quality.

PROSPERO
Hast thou, spirit, 220
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARIEL
To every article.
I boarded the queen's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO
My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect her 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 queen's girl, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man soul that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO
Why that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL
Close by, my mistress.

PROSPERO
But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL
Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The queen's son have daughter I landed by herself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
Her arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO
Of the queen's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.
ARIEL
Safely in harbour
Is the queen's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermudas, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Supposing that they saw the queen's ship wrecked
And her great person perish.

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

ARIEL
Past the mid season.

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

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 mistakeings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

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

ARIEL
No.
PROSPERO

Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL

I do not, ma'am.

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, ma'am.

PROSPERO

Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak; tell me.

ARIEL

Ma'am, in Argier.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Ay, ma'am.

PROSPERO

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
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 daughter she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honored with
A human shape.

ARIEL

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

ARIOEL
I thank thee, mistress.

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

ARIOEL
Pardon, mistress;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

PROSPERO
Do so, and after two days I will discharge thee.

ARIOEL
That's my noble mistress!
What shall I do? Say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO
Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't. Go, hence with diligence!

[Exit ARIEL]

MIRANDA
Awake, dear heart, my son, awake! Thou hast slept well. Awake!

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

MIRANDA
'Tis a villain, ma'am,
I do not love to look on.
PROSPERO
But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss her. She 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 lady it shall 'twill 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, tonight 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 takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o' the 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 queen; and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o’ the 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. Her art is of such power,  
It would control my dam’s god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO  
So, slave; hence!

[Exit CALIBAN]
[Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following]

ARIEL’S song. 430

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

[Burden [dispersedly, within] Bow-wow]

The watch-dogs bark!

[Burden Bow-wow]

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

FERDINAND
Where should this music be? I’ the air or the earth?
It sounds no more. And sure, it waits upon
Some god o’ the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the queen my mother’s wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. Thence I have follow’d it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But ’tis gone.
No, it begins again. 445

[ARIEL sings]

Full fathom five thy mother lies;
Of her bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were her eyes:
Nothing of her that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring her knell

[Burden Ding-dong]

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

FERDINAND
The ditty does remember my drowned mother.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me. 460

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, ma’am,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO

No, wench whelp; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but she's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call her
A goodly person. She hath lost her fellows fam’ly
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call her
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 great god
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 man or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, ma’am;
But certainly a maid man.

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 Queen of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. She does hear me;
And that she does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The queen my mother wreck’d.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!
FERDINAND
Yes, faith, and all her lords, ladies; the Duke of Milan
And her brave son, daughter being twain. 500

PROSPERO
[Aside] The Duke of Milan
And her more braver offspring 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. 505

[To FERDINAND]
A word, good ma'am;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA
Why speaks my mother so ungently? 'Tis
the third woman that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my mother
To be inclined my way. 510

FERDINAND
O, if a virgin, unpromised,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The prince of Naples. 515

PROSPERO
Soft, ma'am! One word more.
[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.
[To FERDINAND]
One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord mistress on't. 520

FERDINAND
No, as I am a mortal.

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. 525

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

No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[Draws, and is charmed from moving]

MIRANDA

O dear mother,
Make not too rash a trial of her, for
She's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO

What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

Beseech you, mother.

PROSPERO

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Ma'am, have pity;
I'll be her surety.

PROSPERO

Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an imposter! Hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as she,
Having seen but her and Caliban. Foolish wench pup!
To the most of men women this is a Caliban
And they to her are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man lass.

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 mother's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this one's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid man. All corners else o' the 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 mother's of a better nature, ma'am,
Than she appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from her.

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds, but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL

To the syllable.

PROSPERO

Come, follow. Speak not for her.

[Exeunt]
THE TEMPEST  2.1

Another part of the island.

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

GONZALO
Beseech you, ma’am, 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 love,
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 ma’am, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO
Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN
She receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

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

GONZALO
Ma’am, —

SEBASTIAN
One: tell.

GONZALO
When every grief is entertained that's offered,
Comes to the entertainer—

SEBASTIAN
A dollar.

GONZALO
Dolour comes to her, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purposed.

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

GONZALO
Therefore, my lord lady,—
ANTONIO
  Fie, what a spendthrift is she of her tongue!

ALONSO
  I prithee, spare.

GONZALO
  Well, I have done. But yet,—

SEBASTIAN
  She will be talking.

ANTONIO
  Which, of she or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN
  The old ead. 30

SEBASTIAN
  The eed young chick.

SEBASTIAN
  Done. The wager?

ANTONIO
  A laughter.

SEBASTIAN
  A match!

ADRIAN
  Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEBASTIAN
  Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

ADRIAN
  Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

SEBASTIAN
  Yet,—

ADRIAN
  Yet,—

ANTONIO
  She 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 she most learnedly delivered.

ADRIAN
    The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. 45

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. 50

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
    She misses not much.

SEBASTIAN
    No; she doth but mistake the truth totally. 55

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. 60

ANTONIO
    If but one of her pockets could speak, would it not say she lies?

SEBASTIAN
    Ay, or very falsely pocket up her report 65
GONZALO
  Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we
  put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of
  the queen'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 she 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, miss, was Carthage.

ADRIAN
  Carthage?

GONZALO
  I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO
  Her word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN
  She hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANTONIO
  What impossible matter will she make easy next?

SEBASTIAN
  I think she will carry this island home in her pocket
  and give it her 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. 90

GONZALO
    Ma’am, 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. 95

ANTONIO
    O, widow Dido! Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO
    Is not, ma’am, 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? 100

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 Another’s 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

ADRIAN
    Ma’am, she may live:
    I saw her beat the surges under her, 110
    And ride upon their backs; she trod the water,
    Whose enmity she flung aside, and breathed
    The surge most swoln that met her; her bold head
    ’Bove the contentious waves she kept, and oared
    Herself with her good arms in lusty stroke
    To the shore, that o’er her wave-worn basis bowed,
    As stooping to relieve her: I not doubt
    She came alive to land.

ALONSO
    No, no, she’s gone.
SEBASTIAN
Ma’am, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish’d from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on’t.

ALONSO
Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN
You were kneeling to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o’ the beam should bow. We’ve lost
your other girl,
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
More widows mourners in them of this business’ making
Than we bring men souls to comfort them:
The fault’s your own.

ALONSO
So is the dearst o’ the loss.

GONZALO
My lord good 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 madam,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN
Foul weather?

ANTONIO
Very foul.

GONZALO
Had I plantation of this isle, m’lady,—

ANTONIO
She’d sow’t with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN
Or docks, or mallows.
GONZALO
And were the queen on't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN
'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

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

SEBASTIAN
Yet she would be queen on't.

ANTONIO
The latter end of her commonwealth forgets the beginning.

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

SEBASTIAN
No marrying 'mong her subjects?

ANTONIO
None, miss; all idle—whores and knaves.

GONZALO
I would with such perfection govern, ma'am,
To excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN
Save her majesty!

ANTONIO
Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO
And,—do you mark me, ma'am?

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 good women, 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 ladies of brave metal; you would lift
the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it five weeks without changing.

[Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music]

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

ANTONIO
    Nay, good my lady, be not angry.

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

ANTONIO
    Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]

ALONSO
    What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN
    Please you, ma’am,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
ANTONIO

We two, my lord m'lady,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL]

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' the climate.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
While 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 me dames, 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, miss:
Although this lord peer of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When she is earthed, hath here almost persuaded,—
For she's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the queen her child's alive,
'Tis as impossible that she's undrowned
And she that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
That she'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

She's gone.
ANTONIO
Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN
Claribel.

ANTONIO
She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born legs
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom?
We all were sea-swallow’d, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN
What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my sister'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 she that sleeps; lords dames 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 sister Prospero.

ANTONIO
True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my sister's servants
Were then my fellows comrades; now they are my maids.
SEBASTIAN
But, for your conscience? 300

ANTONIO
Ay, miss; 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 sister,
No better than the earth she lies upon,
If she were that which now she'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 310
This ancient morsel, this Sir Dame 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. 315

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 queen shall love thee. 320

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

SEBASTIAN
O, but one word.
[They talk apart]
[Re-enter ARIEL, invisible]

ARIEL
My mistress through her art foresees the danger
That you, her friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else her project dies—to keep them living. 325
[Sings in GONZALO's ear]
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
Her 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 335
Preserve the queen.
[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. Didn’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, ma’am, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, ma’am, 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, girl.

GONZALO
Heavens keep her from these beasts!
For she is, sure, i’ the island.

ALONSO
Lead away.

ARIEL
Prospero my lord, Mistress Prospero shall know what I have done.
So, queen, go safely on to seek thy son, on to seek thy missing one.

[Exeunt]
[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 her
By inch-meal a disease! Her spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin—shows, pitch me i’ the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless she 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 hers, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance she will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same black
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head. Yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we
here? A woman or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish:
She 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
woman; any strange beast there makes a woman:
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 a human and her fins like
arms! Warm o’ my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt.

[Thunder]
Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under her gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in her 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 woman's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks]
[Sings]
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and her 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: Oh!

**STEPHANO**

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

**CALIBAN**

The spirit torments me. Oh!

**STEPHANO**

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should she learn our language? I will give her some relief, if it be but for that. if I can recover her and keep her tame and get to Naples with her, she'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
She's in her fit now and does not talk after the wisest. She shall taste of my bottle: if she have never drunk wine afore will go near to remove her fit. If I can recover her and keep her tame, I will not take too much for her; she shall pay for her that hath her, 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 she is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

STEPHANO
Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! Her forward voice now is to speak well of her friend; her backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover her, I will help her 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 her; I have no long spoon.

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

STEPHANO
If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can she vent Trinculos?
TRINCULO
   I took her 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 gaberline for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans ‘scape’d!

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 goddess and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to her.

STEPHANO
   How didst thou ‘scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o’erboard, by this bottle; which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

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

STEPHANO
   Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO
   Swum ashore, girl, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I’ll be sworn.

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

TRINCULO
   O Stephano. Hast any more of this?

STEPHANO
   The whole butt, man girl: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CALIBAN
   Hast thou not dropp’d from heaven?

STEPHANO
   Out o’ the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i’ the moon when time was.
CALIBAN
   I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
   My mistress 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 afraid of her! A very weak monster! The man i'
    the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well
    drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN
   I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
   And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my goddess.

    TRINCULO
    By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
    monster! When 's goddess's asleep, she'll rob her 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 her—

    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 her no more sticks, but follow thee,
   Thou wondrous man soul.

    TRINCULO
    A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a
    Poor drunkard!
CALIBAN
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO
I prithee now, lead the way without any more
talking. Trinculo, the queen and all our company
else being drowned, we will inherit here: here;
bear my bottle: gentle Trinculo, we'll fill her by
and by again.

CALIBAN
[Sings drunkenly as they depart]
Farewell mistress; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO
A howling monster: a drunken monster!

CALIBAN
No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban
Has a new master: get a new man
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

STEPHANO
O brave monster! Lead the way.

[Exeunt]
THE TEMPEST 3.1

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 master which I serve quickens what’s dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O, he is
Ten times more gentle than his mother’s crabbed,
And she’s composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet master
Weeps when he sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

[Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen]

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

FERDINAND
O most dear master,
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 master; '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 mother,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! Worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady fellow
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women good men; never any
With so fun soul, but some defect in him
Did quarrel with the noblest grace he 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 fellow'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 mother: 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 mother's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

I am in my condition
A prince princess, Miranda; I do think, a queen;
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 girl.
MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i’ the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO

Fair encounter

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

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

My master, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA

My husband own wife, 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]
THE TEMPEST 3.2

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? She were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in her tail.

STEPHANO
My brute-monster hath drown'd her 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; she's no standard.

STEPHANO
We'll not run, Mademoiselle 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 her; she's not valiant.

TRINCULO
Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever girl 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 she mocks me! Wilt thou let her, my lord lady? 30

TRINCULO
   'Lord' quoth she! That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN
   Lo, lo, again! Bite her 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 she shall not suffer indignity. 35

CALIBAN
   I thank my noble lord lady. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO
   Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

   [Enter ARIEL, invisible]

CALIBAN
   As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorceress, that by her cunning hath cheated me of the island. 40

ARIEL
   Thou liest.

CALIBAN
   Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant mistress would destroy thee! I do not lie.

STEPHANO
   Trinculo, if you trouble her any more in'r tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 45

TRINCULO
   Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO
   Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CALIBAN
   I say, by sorcery she got this isle; From me she got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on her, — for I know thou darest, But this thing dare not, —

STEPHANO
   That's most certain.

CALIBAN
   Thou shalt be lord queen 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 mistress. I'll yield her thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into her head.

ARIEL
Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN
What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!  
I do beseech thy greatness, give her blows  
And take her bottle from her. When that's gone  
She shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show her  
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 she lied?

ARIEL
Thou liest.

STEPHANO
Do I so? Take thou that.  
[Beats TRINCULO]  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

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

CALIBAN
Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO
Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

CALIBAN
Beat her enough: after a little time  
I'll beat her too.
STEPHANO
   Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CALIBAN
   Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with her, 85
   I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain her,
   Having first seized her books, or with a log
   Batter her skull, or paunch her with a stake,
   Or cut her wezand with thy knife. Remember
   First to possess her books; for without them
   She's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
   One spirit to command: they all do hate her
   As rootedly as I. Burn but her books. 90
   She has brave utensils—for so she calls them—
   Which when she has a house, she'll deck withal
   And that most deeply to consider is
   The beauty of her daughter fine son; she herself
   Calls him a nonpareil: I never saw a woman, 95
   But only Sycorax my dam and she;
   But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
   As great's does least.

STEPHANO
   Is it so brave a lass lad?

CALIBAN
   Ay, lady; he will become thy bed, I warrant.
   And bring plant in thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO
   Monster, I will kill this man woman. Her daughter son and I
   will be king and queen—save our graces!—and
   Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
   like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO
   Excellent.

STEPHANO
   Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,
   while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. 105

CALIBAN
   Within this half hour will she be asleep.
   Wilt thou destroy her then?

STEPHANO
   Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL
   This will I tell my mistress.

CALIBAN
   Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
   Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
   You taught me but while-ere?
STEPHANO
   At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.
   [Sings]
   Flout 'em and scout 'em
   And scout 'em and flout 'em
   Thought is free.

CALIBAN
   That's not the tune.

   [Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe]

STEPHANO
   What is this same?

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

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

TRINCULO
   O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO
   She that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN
   Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO
   No, monster, not I.

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

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

CALIBAN
   When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO
   That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
TRINCULO
   The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
   after do our work.

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

TRINCULO
   Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt]
THE TEMPEST  3.3

Another part of the island.

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

GONZALO
By'r lakin, I can go no further, ma'am;
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 dame, I cannot blame thee
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: she i s drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let her go.

ANTONIO
[Aside to SEBASTIAN] I am right glad that
she's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

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

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]

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

GONZALO
Marvelous sweet music

[Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart]
ALONSO
Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these? 25

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; 30
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO
If in Naples 35
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 dame, 40
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. 50

FRANCISCO ADRIAN
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. 55
GONZALO
Faith, ma’am, you need not fear. When we were girls, 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 Sister, lady duchess, 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 souls 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 souls hang and drown Their proper selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock’d 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, For that’s my business to you—that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Exposed unto the sea, which hath requir’d it, Her and her 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 child, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me: Lingering perdition, worse than any death Can be at once, shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wrath’s to guard you from— Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow And a clear life ensuing.
[She 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 meaker ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
And her and mine loved darling.
[Exit above]

GONZALO

I the name of something holy, ma’am, 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 child i’ the ooze is bedded, and
I’ll seek her deeper than e’er plummet sounded
And with her there lie mudded.
[Exit]

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,
I’ll fight their legions o’er.

ANTONIO

I’ll be thy second.

[Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now ’gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt]
THE TEMPEST  4.1

Before PROSPERO'S cell.

[Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA]

PROSPERO
If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast him off,
For thou shalt find he will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind him.

FERDINAND
I do believe it
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO
Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased take my daughter dear son: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
our ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
hat 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 swarkest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'est 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 [continued after cuts]

Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with him; he is thine own.
What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

[Enter ARIEL]

ARIEL
What would my potent mistress? 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, mistress? No?

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

ARIEL
Well, I conceive.

[Exit]

PROSPERO
Look thou be true: do not give dalliance.
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire: the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FERDINAND
I warrant you ma'am;
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; dramatic shift to romantic lighting]
[Enter IRIS]

IRIS
Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling heep.
And flat meads thatch’d with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns: and thy broom-groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air;  
--the queen o’ the sky,  
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these, and with him sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport: him peacocks fly amain:  
Approach, rich Ceres, him to entertain.

[Enter CERES]

CERES
Hail, many-colour’d messenger, that ne’er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres and my unshrubb’d down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen  
Summon’d me hither, to this short-grass’d green?

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

CERES
Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or him son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Him and him blind boy’s scandal’d company  
I have forsworn.

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

CERES
High’st queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes: I know him by him gait.
[Enter JUNO]

JUNO
How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour’d in their issue.

[They sing:]

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

CERES
Earth’s increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres’ blessing so is on you.

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

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

FERDINAND
Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered mother 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 windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.
[Enter certain Nymphs]
You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye straw hats put on
And these fresh nympha encounter everyone
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]

[A sound; the “spell” lighting flickers; a flash]

PROSPERO

[Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and her 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 mother’s in some passion
That works her strongly.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

You do look, my girl, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, miss.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Miss, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my, 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, ma'am, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun 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 tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they pricked
their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

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

ARIEL
I go, I go.

[Exit]

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

[Re-enter ARIEL, loaded with glistering apparel, &c]
PROSPERO
Come, hang them on this line.  

[PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter 
CALIBAN, STEPANO, and TRINCULO, all wet]

CALIBAN
Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not 
Hear a foot fall: we now are near her cell.

STEPANO
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.

STEPANO
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 lady, 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,—

STEPANO
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.

STEPANO
I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears 
for my labour.

CALIBAN
Prithee, my queen, be quiet. Seest thou here, 
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. 
Do that good mischief which may make this island 
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, 
For aye thy foot-licker.
STEPHANO
   Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO
   O queen 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 queen 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 I what do you mean
   To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
   And do the murder first: if she awake,
   From toe to crown she'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, and'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 queen of this
   country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent
   pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

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

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

STEPHANO
   Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this
   away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you
   out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.
TRINCULO
   And this.

STEPHANO
   Ay, and this.

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

PROSPERO
   Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL
   Silver I there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO
   Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark! Hark!

   [CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out]

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

ARIEL
   Hark, they roar!

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

   [Exeunt]
THE TEMPEST  5.1

Before PROSPERO’S cell.

[Enter PROSPERO in her 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 her carriage. How’s the day?

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

PROSPERO
I did say so.
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the queen and’s queen and’r followers?

ARIEL
Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, ma’am,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The queen,
Her sister and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Her that you termed, ma’am, 'The good old lord dame Gonzalo,'
Her tears run down her beard face, like winter’s drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works ’em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO
Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL
Mine would, ma’am, were I human.

PROSPERO
And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason ’gaitist 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, ma'am.

[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 bedimmed
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,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music]

[Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO;
SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner,
attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all
enter the circle which PROSPERO had made,
and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO
observing, speaks:]

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped. Holy Gonzalo, honourable man soul,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal ma'am soul
To her you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter dear son:
Thy sister was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, sister mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have killed your queen; 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 disrobe me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

[ARIEL sings and helps to attire her]

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO
Why, that’s my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the queen’s ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master Captain 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 and dame queen,
The wronged Duke of Duchess Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck her highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

[Aside] The devil speaks in her.

PROSPERO

No.

For you, most wicked woman, whom to call sister
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My duchy of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore: where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear girl Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, ma'am.

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 dear son.

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords dames
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 duchess
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord mistress 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, ma'am;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My duchy 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 duchy.

[Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess]

MIRANDA

Sweet lady, you play me false.

FERDINAND

No, my dear'st love, I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it, fair play.
ALONSO  If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
dear daughter
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN  A most high miracle! 195

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

[Kneels]

ALONSO  Now all the blessings
Of a glad mother compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here. 200

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. 205

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

FERDINAND  Ma’am, he is mortal;
But by immortal Providence he's mine:
I chose him when I could not ask my mother
For her advice, nor thought I had one. He
Is daughter son 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 mother
This lady good man makes her to me.

ALONSO  I am his:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO  There, ma’am, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
GONZALO

I have inly wept, 225
Or should have spokè ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalkè forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO

I say, Amen, Gonzalo! 230

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that her 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, 235
And Ferdinand, her sister, found a wife
Where she herself was lost, Prospero her duchy
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man no one was her own.

ALONSO

[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA]

Give me your hands: 240
Let grief and sorrow still embrace her heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO

Be it so! Amen!

[Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following]

O, look, ma’am, look, ma’am! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, 245
This woman 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 queen and company; the next, our ship— 250
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg’d as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL

[Aside to PROSPERO] Ma’am, all this service
Have I done since I went. 255

PROSPERO

[Aside to ARIEL] My tricksy spirit!

ALONSO

These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
BOATSWAIN
If I did think, ma’am, I were well awake,
I’d strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapped under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master Captain
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL
[Aside to PROSPERO] Was’t well done?

PROSPERO
[Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO
This is as strange a maze as e’er men was trod
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO
Sir, my liege, Good, my queen
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 her companions free;
Untie the spell.

[Exit ARIEL]

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

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

STEPHANO
Everyone shift for all the rest, and
let no man one take care for herself; 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 mistress is! I am afraid
She will chastise me. 295

SEBASTIAN
Ha, ha!
What things are these, my Lord good Antonio?
Will money buy 'em? 300

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

PROSPERO
Mark but the badges of these men two, my lords, ladies,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
Her mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil—
For she's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows villainous you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine. 310

CALIBAN
I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN
She is drunk now: where had she wine?

ALONSO
And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

TRINICULO
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. 320

SEBASTIAN
Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO
O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO
You’d be queen o' the isle, sirrah woman?

STEPHANO
I should have been a sore one then.
ALONSO
This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on. [Pointing to Caliban]

PROSPERO
She is as disproportion'd in her manners
As in her shape. Go, sirrah scoundrel, 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
goddess
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
Ma'am, 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]
SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my duchy 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.

[BLACKOUT]