

I.  
T E M P E S T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*  
 SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*  
 PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*  
 ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*  
 FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*  
 GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*  
 ADRIAN, } *Lords.*  
 FRANCISCO, }  
 CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*  
 TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*  
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.  
 MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*  
 ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*  
 IRIS, }  
 CERES, } *Spirits.*  
 JUNO, }  
 Nymphs, }  
 Reapers, }  
 Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE — *the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea.*

*A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

*Master.*

BOATSWAIN, —

*Boats.* Here, master: What cheer?

*Mast.* Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yare-ly, <sup>1)</sup> or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle. — Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. <sup>2)</sup>

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

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

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

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

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, <sup>3)</sup> 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.*]

*Gon.* <sup>4)</sup> I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable,

for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. <sup>5)</sup> [*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 hear? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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

*Boats.* Work you, then.

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

*Gon.* I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd yench. <sup>6)</sup>

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold: <sup>7)</sup> set her two courses; off to sea again, <sup>8)</sup> lay her off.

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them, For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely <sup>9)</sup> cheated of our lives by drunkards. —

This wide-chapped rascal; — 'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him. <sup>10)</sup>

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us! We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! <sup>11)</sup> We split, we split, we split! —

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea

for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,<sup>12)</sup> any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,<sup>13)</sup> Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er<sup>14)</sup> It should the good ship so have swallowed, and The freighting souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected; No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day!

*Pro.* No harm.<sup>15)</sup> I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who art ignorant of what thou art, not knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better<sup>16)</sup> Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,<sup>17)</sup> And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.<sup>18)</sup>

*Pro.* 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

*[Lays down his Mantle.]*

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion<sup>19)</sup> in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no soul—<sup>20)</sup> No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down; For thou must now know further.

*Mira.* You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd And left me to a bootless inquisition; Concluding, *Stay not yet.*—

*Pro.* The hour's now come; The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not Out three years old.<sup>21)</sup>

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can. *Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person? Of any thing the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

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

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it, That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time?<sup>22)</sup> If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,<sup>23)</sup>

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was duke of Milan; and his only heir A princess; no worse issued.<sup>24)</sup>

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

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl; By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; But blessedly help hither.

*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds To think o'the teen<sup>25)</sup> that I have turn'd you to, Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,— I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself, Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as, at that time, Through all the signiories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,

Without a parallel: those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew stranger, being transported, And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle — Dost thou attend me?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom To trash for over-topping;<sup>26)</sup> new created The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them, Or else new form'd them; having both the key<sup>27)</sup> Of officer and office, set all hearts<sup>28)</sup> To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, And suck'd my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not: I pray thee, mark me.<sup>29)</sup>

*Mira.* O good sir, I do. *Pro.* I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate<sup>30)</sup> To closeness, and the bettering of my mind

With that, which, but by being so retired, O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust, Like a good parent,<sup>31)</sup> did beget of him

A falsehood, in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit, A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact, — like one,

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory, To credit his own lie,<sup>32)</sup> — he did believe He was the duke: out of the substitution,<sup>33)</sup>

And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prerogative; — Hence his ambition Growing, — Dost hear?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he play'd, And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! — my library Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable: confederates

(So dry he was for sway)<sup>34)</sup> with the king of Naples, To give him annual tribute, do him homage; Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!) To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heavens!

*Pro.* Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me, If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sin To think but nobly<sup>35)</sup> of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pro.* Now the condition. This king of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit: Which was, that he in lieu o'the premises, —<sup>36)</sup> Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, — Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness, The ministers for the purpose hurried thence Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then, Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,<sup>37)</sup> That wrings mine eyes.<sup>38)</sup>

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

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench; My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not; (So dear the love my people bore me) nor set A mark so bloody on the business; but With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark; Bore us some leagues to sea: where they prepar'd A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us, To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.* Alack! what trouble Was I then to you!

*Pro.* 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<sup>39)</sup> with drops full salt; Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me An undergoing stomach,<sup>40)</sup> to bear up Against what should ensue.

*Mira.* How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By Providence divine. Some food we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity, (who being then appointed Master of this design,) did give us;<sup>41)</sup> with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities, Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness, Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, From my own library, with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.* 'Would I might But ever see that man!

*Pro.* Now I arise: —<sup>42)</sup> Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in this island we arriv'd; and here Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit Than other princes can, that have more time For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason For raising this sea-storm?

*Pro.* Know thus far forth. — By accident most strange, bountiful fortune, Now my dear lady,<sup>43)</sup> hath mine enemies Brought to this shore: and by my prescience I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star; whose influence If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes Will ever after droop. — Here cease more questions; Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,<sup>44)</sup> And give it way; — I know thou can'st not choose. —

*[MIRANDA sleeps.]*  
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now; Approach, my Ariel; come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds;<sup>45)</sup> to thy strong bidding, task Ariel, and all his quality.<sup>46)</sup>

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit, Perform'd to point<sup>47)</sup> the tempest that I bade thee?  
*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,<sup>48)</sup> Now in the waist,<sup>49)</sup> the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide, And burn in many places;<sup>50)</sup> on the top-mast 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-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread trident shake.<sup>51)</sup>

*Pro.* My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners, Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,<sup>52)</sup> Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,) Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty, And all the devils are here.*

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

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe?  
*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd; On their sustaining<sup>53)</sup> garments not a blemish, But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle;

The king's son have I landed by himself; Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs, In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship, The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd, And all the rest o'the fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,<sup>54)</sup> there she's hid: The mariners all under hatches stow'd;

Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour, I have left asleep: and for the rest o'the fleet, Which I dispers'd, they all have met again; And are upon the Mediterranean flote,<sup>55)</sup> Bound sadly home for Naples;

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd, And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:  
What is the time o'the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season;

*Pro.* At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,  
Must by us both be spent most precisely.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now? moody?  
What is't thou can'st demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.

*Ari.* I pray thee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget <sup>56</sup>  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* 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 back'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* 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?

*Ari.* No, sir.

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

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier. <sup>57</sup>

*Pro.* 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 hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,  
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,  
(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban her son.

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

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

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

*Ari.* Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,

And do my spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

*Pro.* Go, make thyself like to a nymph o'the sea; <sup>58</sup>  
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible  
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence. [Exit ARIEL.  
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mira.* The strangeness <sup>59</sup> of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

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

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

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: <sup>60</sup> he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* [within.] There's wood enough within  
*Pro.* Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:  
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-Nymph.*

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

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.  
*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew <sup>61</sup> as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er.

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stiches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins <sup>62</sup>  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work, <sup>63</sup>  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st  
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 lov'd thee,  
And shew'd 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 king; and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest of the island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, till thou did'st seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho! <sup>64</sup>—'would it had been done!  
Thou did'st prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pro.* Abhorred slave;  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other; when thou did'st not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, <sup>65</sup> but would'st gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known: But thy vile  
race, <sup>66</sup>

Though thou did'st learn, had that in't which good  
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
Who had'st deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you, <sup>67</sup>  
For learning me your language!

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert 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.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—  
I must obey; his art is of such power. [Aside.  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos, <sup>68</sup>  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence! [Exit CALIBAN.]

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, <sup>69</sup> playing and singing;  
FERDINAND following him.*

*ARIEL'S SONG.*

*Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd, <sup>70</sup>  
(The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feately here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

*Hark, Hark!*  
*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [Dispersedly.  
*The watch-dogs bark:*

*Bur.* Bowgh, wowgh. [Dispersedly.  
*Hark, hark! I hear.*

*The strain of strutting chanticlere  
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i'the air, or  
the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon  
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck, <sup>71</sup>  
This musick crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

*Full fathom five thy father lies; <sup>72</sup>  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade, <sup>73</sup>  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.*

[Burden ding-dong. <sup>74</sup>  
*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—<sup>75</sup>  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes: <sup>76</sup> I hear it now above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains <sup>77</sup> of thine eye advance  
And say, what thou seest yond'.

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

*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such  
senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,  
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

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

*Pro.* It goes on, <sup>78</sup> [Aside.  
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer  
May know, if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here: My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be made or no? <sup>79</sup>

*Mira.* No wonder, sir;  
But, certainly a maid.

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

*Pro.* How, the best?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;  
And that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wreck'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!  
*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,  
And his brave son, being twain. <sup>80</sup>

*Pro.* The duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee, <sup>81</sup>  
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [Aside.  
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: <sup>82</sup> a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

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

*Pro.* Soft, sir; one word more.—  
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.  
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.  
*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.—  
[To FERD.]

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled; Follow.

*Fer.* No;  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.]

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful. <sup>83</sup>

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy  
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;<sup>84)</sup>  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father!  
*Pro.* Hence; hang not on my garments.

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

*Pro.* Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
An advocate for an impostor? hush!  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

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

*Pro.* Come on; obey: [To FERD.]  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.<sup>85)</sup>  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,<sup>86)</sup>  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o'the earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works:—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[To FERD. and MIRA.]  
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.]

*Mira.* Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pro.* Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. Another part of the Island.

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

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe<sup>1)</sup>  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant,<sup>2)</sup> and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,<sup>3)</sup>  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor<sup>4)</sup> will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;  
By and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One:—Tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have  
spoken truer than you purposed.

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

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I pr'ythee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

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

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done: the wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

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

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ant.* So, you've pay'd.<sup>5)</sup>

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and de-  
licate temperance.<sup>6)</sup>

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.<sup>7)</sup>

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-  
livered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.  
*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush<sup>8)</sup> and lusty the grass looks? how  
green?

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.<sup>9)</sup>

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed al-  
most beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were,  
drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their  
freshness, and glosses: being rather new dy'd, than  
stain'd with salt water.

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

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as  
when we put them on first in Africk, at the mar-  
riage of the king's fair daughter Claribel<sup>10)</sup> to the  
king of Tunis.

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

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

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

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow  
in? Widow Dido!<sup>11)</sup>

*Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too?  
good Lord, how you take it!

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

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

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.<sup>12)</sup>

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

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

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

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

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem  
now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the  
marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first  
day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against  
The stomach of my sense:<sup>13)</sup> 'Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,

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!

*Fran.* Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swollen that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentitious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,

He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd,<sup>14)</sup> between lothness and obedience, at

Which end o'the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them:<sup>15)</sup> The fault's

Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgically.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?

*Ant.* Very foul.

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

*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king of it, What would I do?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

*Gon.* 'The commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known;<sup>16)</sup> no use of service,

Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,

Successions; 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:—

*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.<sup>17)</sup>

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce,  
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,<sup>18)</sup>

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison,<sup>19)</sup> all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it

to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of

such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always

use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-

thing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at

nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given?

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

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you

would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would

continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn musick.<sup>20)</sup>

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

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

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my

discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,

for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but ALON., SEB. and ANT.]

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,

They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: wondrous heavy.—

[ALONZO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o'the climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou did'st say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

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

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,  
Trebles thee o'er.<sup>21)</sup>

*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.  
*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it!<sup>22)</sup> Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee say on:  
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,<sup>23)</sup> this  
(Who shall be of as little memory,  
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded  
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only.)

The king, his son's alive: 'tis as impossible  
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here, swims.<sup>24)</sup>

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he is undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high an hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,<sup>25)</sup>  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

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

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life;<sup>26)</sup> she that from  
Naples

Can have no note,<sup>27)</sup> unless the sun were post,  
(The man i'the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom<sup>28)</sup>  
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;<sup>29)</sup>  
And, by that, destin'd<sup>30)</sup> to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.<sup>31)</sup>

*Seb.* What stuff is this? — How say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* 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 seiz'd them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,  
As well as he that sleeps: lords that can prate  
As amply, and unnecessarily,  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough<sup>32)</sup> 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?

*Seb.* Methinks, I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;

Much feater than before: My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience —

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,  
'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!<sup>33)</sup> Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like:<sup>34)</sup> 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<sup>35)</sup> might put  
This ancient morsel,<sup>36)</sup> this sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;<sup>37)</sup>  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* 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 pay'st;  
And I the king shall love thee.

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

*Seb.* O, but one word.

[They converse apart.]

*Musick.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master, through his art foresees the danger  
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,  
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.<sup>38)</sup>  
[Sings in GONZALO'S ear.]

*While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-ey'd conspiracy  
His time doth take:  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware;  
Awake! Awake!*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They awake.]

*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you  
drawn?<sup>39)</sup>

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

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

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* 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.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming.  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,  
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;<sup>40)</sup>

Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further  
search

For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts;  
For he is, sure, i'the island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

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

## SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of Wood.

A noise of Thunder heard.

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me:  
Sometimes like apes, that moe<sup>41)</sup> and chatter at me,  
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their pricks<sup>42)</sup> at my foot-fall; sometimes am I  
All wound with adders,<sup>43)</sup> who, with cloven tongues,  
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,  
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;  
Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trin.* 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<sup>44)</sup> 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 chuse but fall by painfuls.  
— What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or  
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient  
and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest,  
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,  
(as once I was,) and had but this fish painted,<sup>45)</sup>  
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of  
silver: there would this monster make a man;<sup>46)</sup>  
any strange beast there makes a man: when they  
will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they  
will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like  
a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth!  
I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer;  
this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately  
suffered by a thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! under  
the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under  
his gaberdine;<sup>47)</sup> there is no other shelter here-  
about: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-  
lows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the  
storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a Bottle in his hand.

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I dye a-shore; —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:  
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where e'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.]

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do  
you put tricks upon us with savages,<sup>48)</sup> and men  
of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be

afear'd now of your four legs; for it hath been said,  
As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot  
make him give ground: and it shall be said so again,  
while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four  
legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where  
the devil should he learn our language? I will give  
him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can re-  
cover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples  
with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever  
trod on neat's leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee;  
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talk after  
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have  
never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove  
his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame,  
I will not take too much<sup>49)</sup> for him: he shall pay  
for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt  
Anon, I know it by thy trembling;<sup>50)</sup>  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth: here  
is that which will give language to you, cat;<sup>51)</sup>  
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.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: It should be — But  
he is drowned: and these are devils: O! defend me! —

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate  
monster! His forward voice<sup>52)</sup> now is to speak well  
of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul  
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my  
bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, —  
Amen!<sup>53)</sup> I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano, —

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy!  
This a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I  
have no long spoon.<sup>54)</sup>

*Trin.* Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch  
me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; — be not  
afear'd, — thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* 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 cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-  
calf?<sup>55)</sup> Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:  
— But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope  
now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-  
blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaber-  
dine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living,  
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach  
is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape? how cam'st thou  
hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither.  
I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors  
heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of  
the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I  
was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy  
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.<sup>56)</sup>

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim  
like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

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

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

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven? <sup>57)</sup>

*Ste.* Out o'the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush. <sup>58)</sup>

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afraid of him? — a very weak monster: <sup>59)</sup> — The man i'the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'the island; And kiss thy foot: <sup>60)</sup> I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then; down and swear.

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

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* — but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells <sup>61)</sup> from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in fring

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,

Has a new master — Get a new man. <sup>62)</sup>

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful; but 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 'tis odious; <sup>2)</sup> but The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed: And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness Had ne'er like éxecutor. I forget: <sup>3)</sup> But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.

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

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

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

*Fer.* No, precious creature: I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* 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 against. <sup>4)</sup>

*Pro.* Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shews it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress: 'tis fresh morning with me, When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,) What is your name?

*Mira.* Miranda: — O my father, I have broke your hest <sup>5)</sup> to say so!

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd 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 lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil: But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

*Mira.* I do not know One of my sex: no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men, than you, good friend, And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty, (The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts Therein forget. <sup>6)</sup>

*Fer.* I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; (I would, not so!) and would no more endure This wooden slavery, than I would suffer The flesh-fly blow my mouth. <sup>7)</sup> — 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.

*Mira.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* 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, <sup>8)</sup> Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of. <sup>9)</sup>

*Pro.* Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer What I desire to give; and much less take, And all the more it seeks to hide itself, The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning! And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I am your wife, if you will marry me; If not, I'll die your maid; to be your fellow <sup>10)</sup> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest, And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine with my heart in't: <sup>11)</sup> And now farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand! thousand!

[Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.]

*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surpriz'd with all; <sup>12)</sup> but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book; For yet, ere supper time, must I perform Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

### SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a Bottle.

*Ste.* Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: <sup>13)</sup> Servant-monster, drink to me.

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

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack; for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. <sup>14)</sup>

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, — he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: why, thou deboshed fish thou, <sup>15)</sup> was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a

monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

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

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

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

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased To hearken once again the suit <sup>16)</sup> I made thee?

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Cal.* As I told thee

Before, I am subject to a tyrant; <sup>17)</sup>

A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath Cheated me of this island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

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

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more. — [To CALIBAN.] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

From me he got it. If thy greatness will

Revenge it on him — for, I know, thou dar'st;

But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

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

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

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

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this? <sup>18)</sup> Thou scurvy patch! —

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

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

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

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

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

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

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

*Ste.* Stand further. — Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batten his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, <sup>19)</sup> nor hath not

One spirit to command: They all do hate him,  
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,<sup>20)</sup>  
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As greatest does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, my lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter  
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)  
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys: — Dost  
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

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

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

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;  
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch<sup>21)</sup>

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any  
reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*]

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em,  
and flout 'em;  
Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by  
the picture of No-body.<sup>22)</sup>

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy  
likeness: if thou beest a devil, tak't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—  
Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?<sup>23)</sup>

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* 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 wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,

I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where

I shall have my musick for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

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

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let's follow it,  
and after, do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would, I could

see this taborer: he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.<sup>24)</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

## Another part of the Island.

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

*Gon.* By'r lakin,<sup>25)</sup> I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

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

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search<sup>26)</sup> on land: Well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say, to-night; no more.

*Solemn and strange Musick; and PROSPERO above, in-  
visible. 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.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!  
*Gon.* Marvellous sweet musick!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were  
these?

*Seb.* A living drollery:<sup>27)</sup> Now I will believe,  
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne;<sup>28)</sup> one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

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

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders,  
(For, certes,<sup>29)</sup> these are people of the island,)  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind,<sup>30)</sup> than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pro.* Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,  
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,<sup>31)</sup>  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing.<sup>32)</sup>  
[*Aside.*]

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we have stom-  
achs. —

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.  
*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,<sup>33)</sup>  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging  
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,  
Whose heads stood in their breasts?<sup>34)</sup> which now  
we find,

Each putter-out on five for one,<sup>35)</sup> will bring us  
Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past:<sup>36)</sup> — Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

*Pro.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,<sup>1)</sup>  
Or that for which I live; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test:<sup>2)</sup> here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it,  
Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies<sup>3)</sup> may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion<sup>4)</sup> shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,  
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worse Genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust; to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke:<sup>5)</sup>  
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own. —  
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

*Enter* ARIEL.

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

*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,<sup>6)</sup>  
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;<sup>7)</sup> it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pro.* Aye, with a twink.

*Ari.* 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 mowe;  
Do you love me, master? no.

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

*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*]

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

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir,  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pro.* Well. —  
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,<sup>8)</sup>  
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and perty. —  
No tongue;<sup>9)</sup> all eyes; be silent. [*Soft musick.*]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter* ARIEL like a harpy;  
*claps his wings upon the table, and, with a  
quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*<sup>37)</sup>

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny  
(That hath to instrument this lower world,<sup>38)</sup>  
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.

And even with such like valour, men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate; the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume;<sup>39)</sup> my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,  
(For that's my business to you,) that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,  
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death  
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend  
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from  
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,  
And a clear life<sup>40)</sup> ensuing.<sup>41)</sup>

*He vanishes in thunder: then to soft musick, enter the  
Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,*<sup>42)</sup>  
*and carry out the table.*

*Pro.* [*aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,  
In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,<sup>43)</sup>  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done:<sup>44)</sup> my high charms  
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit  
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd),  
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO from above.

*Gon.* I'the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alon.* 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, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.<sup>45)</sup>  
Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded.<sup>46)</sup> [*Exit.*]

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

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
[*Reunt* SEB. and ANT.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,  
Like poison given<sup>47)</sup> 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<sup>48)</sup>  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

## A Masque. Enter IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;  
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, <sup>(10)</sup> them to keep;  
Thy banks with peonied and lillied brims, <sup>(11)</sup>  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom  
groves, <sup>(12)</sup>

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn; <sup>(13)</sup> thy pole-clipt vineyard; <sup>(14)</sup>  
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o'the sky,  
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,  
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

## Enter CERES.

*Cer.* 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, <sup>(15)</sup> and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green? <sup>(16)</sup>

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate;  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot  
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

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

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

## Enter JUNO.

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

## Song.

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

*Cer.* Earth's increase, and foison plenty, <sup>(17)</sup>  
Barns, and garners never empty;  
Vines, with clustring bunches growing;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art

I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father, <sup>(18)</sup> and a wife,  
Make this place paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence;  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring  
brooks, <sup>(19)</sup>

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, <sup>(20)</sup> 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 sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;  
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join  
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards  
the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and  
speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and  
confused noise, they heavily vanish.

*Pro.* [aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
Against my life; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. — [to the Spirits.] Well done; —  
avoid; — no more.

*Fer.* This is most strange: <sup>(21)</sup> your father's in some  
passion  
That works him strongly.

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

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:  
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, <sup>(22)</sup> shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, <sup>(23)</sup>  
Leave not a rack behind: <sup>(24)</sup> We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.* We wish your peace. [Exeunt.]  
*Pro.* Come with a thought: — I thank you: — Ariel,  
come.

## Enter ARIEL.

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to: <sup>(25)</sup> what's thy pleasure?  
*Pro.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban. <sup>(26)</sup>

*Ari.* Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where did'st thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:  
So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, <sup>(27)</sup> and  
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I'the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

*Pro.* 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. <sup>(28)</sup>

*Ari.* I go, I go. [Exit.]  
*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; <sup>(29)</sup> on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, <sup>(30)</sup> quite lost:  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers: <sup>(31)</sup> I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering Apparel, &c.  
Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall: <sup>(32)</sup> we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a  
harmless fairy, has done little better than played  
the Jack with us. <sup>(33)</sup>

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which  
my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should  
take a displeasure against you; look you, —

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

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

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —  
*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in  
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet  
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

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

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, 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.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-  
phano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee! <sup>(34)</sup>

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to  
a frippery: <sup>(35)</sup> — O king Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,  
I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,  
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, <sup>(36)</sup>  
And do the murder first: if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;  
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress line, is not  
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: <sup>(37)</sup>  
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and  
prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't  
like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment  
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king  
of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an ex-  
cellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime <sup>(38)</sup> upon your  
fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes <sup>(39)</sup>  
With foreheads villainous low. <sup>(40)</sup>

*Ste.* 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.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. <sup>(41)</sup> Enter divers Spir-  
its, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about.

PROSPERO and ARIEL, setting them on.

*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. and TRIN. 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.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,  
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO in his magick robes; and ARIEL.

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. <sup>(1)</sup> How's the day?  
*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and his? <sup>(2)</sup>

*Ari.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;  
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners  
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
They cannot budge, till your release. <sup>(3)</sup> The king

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly

works them,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling <sup>(4)</sup>  
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, <sup>(5)</sup> be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury

Do I take part: the rarer action is



In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

**Ari.** I'll fetch them, sir. *[Exit.*  
**Pro.** Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and  
groves; <sup>6)</sup>

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that  
By moon-shine 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, <sup>7)</sup>) I have be-dimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd 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-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth  
By my so potent art: But this rough magick <sup>8)</sup>  
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly musick, (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 musick.*

**Re-enter ARIEL:** after him, ALONZO, with a fran-  
tic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and  
ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and  
FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROS-  
PERO had made, and there stand charmed; which  
PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, <sup>9)</sup>  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! <sup>10)</sup> There stand,  
For you are spell-stopp'd. —  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. <sup>11)</sup> — 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 <sup>12)</sup> that mantle  
Their clearer reason. — O my good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —  
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and  
blood, <sup>13)</sup>

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature; <sup>14)</sup> who, with Sebastian,  
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)  
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art! — Their understanding  
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
That now lie 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; *[Exit ARIEL.*  
I will dis-case me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

**ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire**  
PROSPERO.

**Ari.** Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

*In a cowslip's bell I lie: <sup>15)</sup>  
There I couch <sup>16)</sup> when owls do cry. <sup>17)</sup>  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer, merrily: <sup>18)</sup>  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. <sup>19)</sup>*

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

**Ari.** I drink the air <sup>20)</sup> before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit ARIEL.*

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

**Pro.** Behold, sir king,  
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee, and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

**Alon.** Whe'r thou beest he, or no, <sup>21)</sup>  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave  
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign; <sup>22)</sup> and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should Prospero  
Be living, and be here?

**Pro.** First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

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

**Pro.** You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o'the isle, <sup>23)</sup> that will not let you  
Believe things certain: — Welcome, my friends all: —  
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
*[Aside to SEB. and ANT.]*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors; at this time  
I'll tell no tales.

**Seb.** The devil speaks in him. *[Aside.]*

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

**Alon.** If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation:  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since <sup>24)</sup>  
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!  
My dear son Ferdinand.

**Pro.** I am woe for't, sir. <sup>25)</sup>

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

**Pro.** 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.

**Alon.** You the like loss?

**Pro.** As great to me, as late; <sup>26)</sup> and, portable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

**Alon.** A daughter?  
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?  
**Pro.** In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason; and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: <sup>27)</sup> but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,  
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers*  
FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

**Mira.** Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

**Mira.** Yes, for a score of kingdoms, <sup>28)</sup> you should  
wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

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

**Seb.** A most high miracle!

**Fer.** Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:  
I have curs'd them without cause.

*[FERD. kneels to ALONZO.]*  
**Alon.** Now all the blessings

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

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

**Pro.** 'Tis new to thee.

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

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

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

**Pro.** There, sir, stop;  
Let us not burden our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.

**Gon.** I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;  
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither!

**Alon.** I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

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

**Alon.** Give me your hands:  
*[To FERD. and MIRA.]*  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you joy!

**Gon.** Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain,*  
*amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown: Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?  
**Boats.** The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king, and company: the next, our ship, —  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split, —  
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

**Ari.** Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

**Pro.** My tricky spirit! <sup>29)</sup> *[Aside.]*

**Alon.** These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger: — Say, how came you hither?

**Boats.** If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, <sup>30)</sup>  
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd; straitway, at liberty:  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

**Ari.** Was't well done? *[Aside.]*  
**Pro.** Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be  
free.

**Alon.** This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of; <sup>31)</sup> some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

**Pro.** Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business: <sup>32)</sup> at pick'd leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  
(Which to you shall seem probable, <sup>33)</sup>) of every  
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well. — Come, hither, spirit; *[Aside.]*

Set Caliban and his companions free:  
Untie the spell. *[Exit ARIEL.]* How fares my gracious sir?  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

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

**Ste.** Every man shift for all the rest, and let no  
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune: —  
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio! <sup>34)</sup>

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

**Cal.** O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha;  
What things are these, my lord Antonio!  
Will money buy them?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, <sup>35)</sup> and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say, if they be true: <sup>36)</sup> — This mis-shapen  
knave, —

His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moon, <sup>37)</sup> make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command, without her power: <sup>38)</sup>  
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil  
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of these fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.  
*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?  
*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? <sup>39)</sup> —  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* 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. <sup>40)</sup>

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano?  
*Ste.* O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp. <sup>41)</sup>

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?  
*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then. <sup>42)</sup>  
*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*]  
*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,  
As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
Take with you your companions; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

*Pro.* Go to; away!  
*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.  
[*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.*]  
*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,

To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest  
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste  
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away: the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents, gone by,  
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morn,  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

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

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

## E P I L O G U E.

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 confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island, by your spell;  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands. <sup>43)</sup>  
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 reliev'd by prayer; <sup>44)</sup>  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free. <sup>45)</sup>