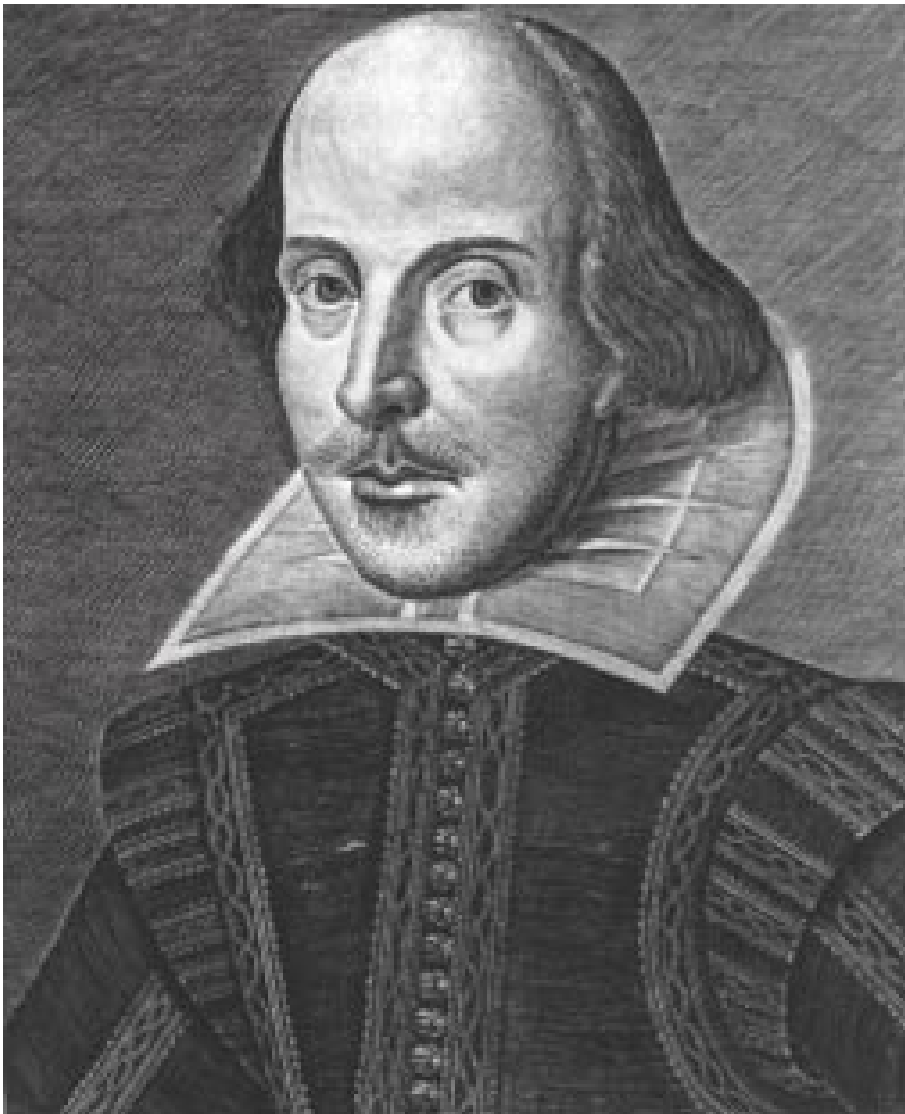


VOLUME I BOOK XII



# THE TEMPEST



*By William Shakespeare*

## *Dramatis Personae*



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.*

ADRIAN }  
FRANCISCO } *Lords.*

CALIBAN *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO *a Jester.*

STEPHANO *a drunken Butler.*

*Master of a Ship. (MASTER)*

*Boatswain. (BOATSWAIN)*

*Mariners. (MARINERS)*

MIRANDA *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS

CERES

JUNO

*Nymphs*

*Reapers*



*presented by Spirits.*

*Other Spirits attending on Prospero.*

SCENE *A ship at Sea: an island.*

# The Tempest



## ACT I

### SCENE I

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

*[Enter a Master and a Boatswain]*

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely,  
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

*[Exit]*

*[Enter Mariners]*

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my  
hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the  
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if  
room enough!

*[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,  
FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others]*

ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the  
master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain?

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

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

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

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou  
hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are  
a counsellor; if you can command these elements to  
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not  
hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot,  
give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself  
ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it  
so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

*[Exit]*

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow:  
methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his  
complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to  
his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for  
our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be  
hanged, our case is miserable.

*[Exeunt]*

*[Re-enter Boatswain]*

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

*[A cry within]*

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

*[Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,  
and GONZALO]*

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

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

BOATSWAIN Work you then.

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

GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning; though the  
ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an  
unstanched wench.

BOATSWAIN Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses  
off to sea again; lay her off.

[Enter Mariners wet]

MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO The king and prince at prayers! Let's  
assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN I'm out of patience.

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

GONZALO He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it  
And gape at widest to glut him.

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

ANTONIO Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.

[Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN]

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

[Exeunt]

SCENE II

The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.

[Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA]

MIRANDA If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
The fraughting souls within her.

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

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

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

MIRANDA More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

[Lays down his mantle]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.  
Sit down;  
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding "Stay: not yet."

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

*MIRANDA* Certainly, sir, I can.

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

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

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

*MIRANDA* But that I do not.

*PROSPERO* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve  
year since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

*MIRANDA* Sir, are not you my father?

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

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

*PROSPERO* Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly help hither.

*MIRANDA* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

*PROSPERO* My 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 loved and to him put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

*MIRANDA* Sir, most heedfully.

*PROSPERO* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased 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.

*MIRANDA* O, good sir, I do.

*PROSPERO* I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—  
Dost thou hear?

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

*PROSPERO* To have no screen between this part  
he 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—wi' 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.

MIRANDA O the heavens!

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

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

PROSPERO Now the condition.  
The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me invetrate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan  
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

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

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

MIRANDA Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a 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.

MIRANDA Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

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

MIRANDA How came we ashore?

PROSPERO By Providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA Would I might  
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO Now I arise:

[Resumes his mantle]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA Heavens thank you for't! And now,  
I pray you, sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO Know thus far forth.  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA sleeps]

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

[Enter ARIEL]

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

*PROSPERO* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

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

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

*ARIEL* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty  
And all the devils are here."

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

*ARIEL* Close by, my master.

*PROSPERO* But are they, Ariel, safe?

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

*PROSPERO* Of the king's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*ARIEL* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd  
And his great person perish.

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

*ARIEL* Past the mid season.

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

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

*PROSPERO* How now? Moody?  
What is't thou canst demand?

*ARIEL* My liberty.

*PROSPERO* Before the time be out? No more!

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

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

*ARIEL* No.

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

*ARIEL* I do not, sir.

*PROSPERO* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast  
thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

*ARIEL* No, sir.

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

*ARIEL* Sir, in Argier.

*PROSPERO* O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This 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?

*ARIEL* Ay, sir.

*PROSPERO* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought  
with child  
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
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 didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*ARIEL* Yes, Caliban her son.

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

*ARIEL* I thank thee, master.

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

*ARIEL* Pardon, master;  
I will be correspondent to command  
And do my spiriting gently.

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

*ARIEL* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? Say what; what shall I do?

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

[Exit *ARIEL*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well; Awake!

*MIRANDA* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

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

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

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

*CALIBAN* [Within] There's wood enough within.

*PROSPERO* Come forth, I say! There's other business  
for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! When?

[Re-enter *ARIEL* like a water-nymph]

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

*ARIEL* My lord it shall be done.

[Exit]

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

[Enter *CALIBAN*]

*CALIBAN* As wicked dew as e'er my mother 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!

*PROSPERO* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt  
have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins



Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*CALIBAN* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst  
give me  
Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee  
And show'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 o' the island.

*PROSPERO* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have  
used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*CALIBAN* O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*PROSPERO* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which  
good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*CALIBAN* You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!

*PROSPERO* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

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

*CALIBAN* No, pray thee.

*[Aside]*

I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
and make a vassal of him.

*PROSPERO* So, slave; hence!

*[Exit CALIBAN]*

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

*ARIEL* (Sings) Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feately here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!

*[Burthen dispersedly, within Bow-wow]*

The watch-dogs bark!

*[Burthen Bow-wow]*

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

*FERDINAND* Where should this music be? 'T the air or  
the earth?

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

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

[*Burthen Ding-dong*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*FERDINAND* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wreck'd.

*MIRANDA* Alack, for mercy!

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

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

[*To FERDINAND*]

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

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

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

*PROSPERO* Soft, sir! One word more.

[*Aside*]

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.

[*To FERDINAND*]

One word more; I charge thee  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*FERDINAND* No, as I am a man.

*MIRANDA* There's nothing ill can dwell in such  
a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

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

*FERDINAND* No;  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

*[Draws, and is charmed from moving]*

MIRANDA O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle and not fearful.

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

MIRANDA Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO Hence! Hang not on my garments.

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

PROSPERO Silence! One word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
An advocate for an imposter! Hush!  
Thou think'st there is 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.

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

PROSPERO Come on; obey:  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND So they are;  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO *[Aside]* It works.

*[To FERDINAND]*

Come on.  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

*[To FERDINAND]*

Follow me.

*[To ARIEL]*

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

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

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

ARIEL To the syllable.

PROSPERO Come, follow. Speak not for him.

*[Exeunt]*



## ACT II

### SCENE I

*Another part of the island.*

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

GONZALO Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant and the merchant  
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

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

*GONZALO* Sir,—

*SEBASTIAN* One: tell.

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

*SEBASTIAN* A dollar.

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

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

*GONZALO* Therefore, my lord,—

*ANTONIO* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*ALONSO* I prithee, spare.

*GONZALO* Well, I have done: but yet,—

*SEBASTIAN* He will be talking.

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

*SEBASTIAN* The old cock.

*ANTONIO* The cockerel.

*SEBASTIAN* Done. The wager?

*ANTONIO* A laughter.

*SEBASTIAN* A match!

*ADRIAN* Though this island seem to be desert,—

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

*ADRIAN* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

*SEBASTIAN* Yet,—

*ADRIAN* Yet,—

*ANTONIO* He could not miss't.

*ADRIAN* It must needs be of subtle, tender and  
delicate temperance.

*ANTONIO* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*SEBASTIAN* Ay, and a subtle; as he most  
learnedly delivered.

*ADRIAN* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*SEBASTIAN* As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

*ANTONIO* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*GONZALO* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*ANTONIO* True; save means to live.

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

*GONZALO* How lush and lusty the grass looks!  
How green!

*ANTONIO* The ground indeed is tawny.

*SEBASTIAN* With an eye of green in't.

*ANTONIO* He misses not much.

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

*GONZALO* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed  
almost beyond credit,—

*SEBASTIAN* As many vouched rarities are.

*GONZALO* That our garments, being, as they were,  
drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their  
freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than  
stained with salt water.

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

*SEBASTIAN* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report

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

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

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

*GONZALO* Not since widow Dido's time.

*ANTONIO* Widow! Apox o' that! How came that widow  
in? Widow Dido!

*SEBASTIAN* What if he had said "widower Æneas" too?  
Good Lord, how you take it!

*ADRIAN* "Widow Dido" said you? You make me study  
of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*GONZALO* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*ADRIAN* Carthage?

*GONZALO* I assure you, Carthage.

*SEBASTIAN* His word is more than the miraculous harp;  
he hath raised the wall and houses too.

*ANTONIO* What impossible matter will he make  
easy next?

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

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

*GONZALO* Ay.

*ANTONIO* Why, in good time.

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

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

*SEBASTIAN* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*ANTONIO* O, widow Dido! Ay, widow Dido.

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

*ANTONIO* That sort was well fished for.

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

*ALONSO* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,  
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

*FRANCISCO* Sir, he may live:  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious 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.

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

*SEBASTIAN* Sir, you may thank yourself for this  
great loss,

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

*ALONSO* Prithee, peace.

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

*ALONSO* So is the dear'st o' the loss.

*GONZALO* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*SEBASTIAN* Very well.

*ANTONIO* And most chirurgically.

*GONZALO* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*SEBASTIAN* Foul weather?

*ANTONIO* Very foul.

*GONZALO* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*ANTONIO* He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.

*SEBASTIAN* Or docks, or mallows.

*GONZALO* And were the king on't, what would I do?

*SEBASTIAN* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

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

*SEBASTIAN* Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

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

SEBASTIAN No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.

GONZALO I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN God save his majesty!

ANTONIO Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And,—do you mark me, sir?

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

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

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

[Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music]

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

ANTONIO Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

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

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]

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

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

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

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL]

SEBASTIAN What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO It is the quality o' the climate.

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

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

SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO Do you not hear me speak?

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

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

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

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

SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

*ANTONIO* I'll teach you how to flow.

*SEBASTIAN* Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

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

*SEBASTIAN* Prithee, say on:  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*ANTONIO* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,—  
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
And he that sleeps here swims.

*SEBASTIAN* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*ANTONIO* O, out of that "no hope"  
What great hope have you! No hope that way is  
Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*SEBASTIAN* He's gone.

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

*SEBASTIAN* Claribel.

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

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

*ANTONIO* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! What a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*SEBASTIAN* Methinks I do.

*ANTONIO* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*SEBASTIAN* I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*ANTONIO* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: my brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

*SEBASTIAN* But, for your conscience?

*ANTONIO* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

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

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

*SEBASTIAN* O, but one word.

[They talk apart]

[Re-enter ARIEL, invisible]

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

[Sings in GONZALO's ear]

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

ANTONIO Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO Now, good angels  
Preserve the king.

[They wake]

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

GONZALO What's the matter?

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

ALONSO I heard nothing.

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

ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.  
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

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

GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALONSO Lead away.

ARIEL Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II

Another part of the island.

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

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By 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 firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

[Enter TRINCULO]

Lo, now, lo!

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

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it  
sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge  
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his  
liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? A 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, not a  
holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there  
would this monster make a man; any strange beast  
there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead  
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like arms! Warm  
o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no  
longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately  
suffered by a thunderbolt.

[Thunder]



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

[Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand]

STEPHANO I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore—

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

[Sings]

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

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

[Drinks]

CALIBAN Do not torment me: Oh!

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

CALIBAN The spirit torments me; Oh!

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

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

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

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

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

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

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

STEPHANO If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN [Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.  
I will kneel to him.

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

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

*STEPHANO* Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

*TRINCULO* Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

*TRINCULO* O Stephano. hast any more of this?

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

*CALIBAN* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

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

*CALIBAN* I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

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

*TRINCULO* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

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

*TRINCULO* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*CALIBAN* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*STEPHANO* Come on then; down, and swear.

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

*STEPHANO* Come, kiss.

*TRINCULO* But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

*CALIBAN* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

*TRINCULO* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a Poor drunkard!

*CALIBAN* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts; Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

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

*CALIBAN* [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

*TRINCULO* A howling monster: a drunken monster!

*CALIBAN* No more dams I'll make for fish  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish  
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master: get a new man.

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

*STEPHANO* O brave monster! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt*]



ACT III

SCENE I

Before PROSPERO's Cell.

[Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log]

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIRANDA It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO Poor worm, thou art infected!  
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

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

MIRANDA Miranda.—O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration! Worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so fun soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

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

FERDINAND I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
I would, not so!—And would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log—man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND O heaven, O earth, bear witness to  
this sound  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert

What best is boded me to mischief! I  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world  
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

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

FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?

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

FERDINAND My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband, then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA And mine, with my heart in't; and  
now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally*]

PROSPERO So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit*]

## SCENE II

*Another part of the island.*

[*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*]

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

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

STEPHANO Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:  
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRINCULO Where should they be set else? He were a  
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue  
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam,  
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off  
and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,  
monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STEPHANO We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and  
yet say nothing neither.

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

CALIBAN How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in  
case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish  
thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so  
much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie,  
being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him,  
my lord?

TRINCULO "Lord" quoth he! That a monster should be  
such a natural!

CALIBAN Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

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

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

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

[*Enter ARIEL, invisible*]

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

ARIEL Thou liest.

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

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

TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

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

STEPHANO That's most certain.

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

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

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

ARIEL Thou liest; thou canst not.

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

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

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

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? Take thou that.

[Beats TRINCULO]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

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

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

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

CALIBAN Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO Stand farther. Come, proceed.

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

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?

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

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

TRINCULO Excellent.

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

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

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure: Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings]

Flout 'em and scout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em  
Thought is free.

CALIBAN That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe]

STEPHANO What is this same?

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

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

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!

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

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

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

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

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRINCULO The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

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

TRINCULO Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III

Another part of the island.

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

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

ALONSO 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 on land. Well, let him go.

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

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

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

SEBASTIAN [Aside to ANTONIO] I say, to-night: no more.

[Solemn and strange music]

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

GONZALO Marvellous sweet music!

[Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart]

ALONSO Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns, that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

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

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

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

ALONSO I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,  
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

FRANCISCO They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we have  
stomachs.  
Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO Not I.

GONZALO Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we  
were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had  
hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh? Or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now  
we find  
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.

ALONSO I will stand to and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to and do as we.

[*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*]

ARIEL You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves.

[*ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords*]

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 dowe that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
Lingering 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-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

[*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table*]

PROSPERO Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
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  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions; they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
And his and mine loved darling.

[*Exit above*]

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

ALONSO O, it is monstrous, monstrous:  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded.

[Exit]

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

ANTONIO I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]

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

ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt]



## ACT IV

### SCENE I

Before PROSPERO's cell.

[Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and  
MIRANDA]

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

FERDINAND I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

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

FERDINAND As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.  
Our 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 Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke.  
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.  
What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

[Enter ARIEL]

ARIEL What would my potent master? Here I am.

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

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL Before you can say "come" and "go,"  
And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"  
Each one, tripping on his toe,



Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? No?

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

*ARIEL* Well, I conceive.

[Exit]

*PROSPERO* 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!

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

*PROSPERO* Well.  
Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit: appear and pertly!  
No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.

[Soft music]

[Enter IRIS]

*IRIS* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pioned and twiled brims,  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy  
broom-groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' 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]

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

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

*CERES* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or 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-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but vain;  
Mars's hot minion is returned again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows  
And be a boy right out.

*CERES* High'st queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[Enter JUNO]

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

[They sing:]

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

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

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

*PROSPERO* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*FERDINAND* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise.

*[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send Iris  
on employment]*

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

*IRIS* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the  
winding brooks,  
With your saged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command:  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*[Enter certain Nymphs]*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:  
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

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

*PROSPERO [Aside]* I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.

*[To the Spirits]*

Well done! Avoid; no more!

*FERDINAND* This is strange: your father's in  
some passion  
That works him strongly.

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

*PROSPERO* You do look, my son, in a moved 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 fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled:  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*FERDINAND* }  
*MIRANDA* } We wish your peace.

*[Exeunt]*

*PROSPERO* Come with a thought. I thank thee,  
Ariel: come.

*[Enter ARIEL]*

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

*PROSPERO* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

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

*PROSPERO* Say again, where didst thou leave  
these varlets?

*ARIEL* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So fun of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabour;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears  
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,  
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

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

ARIEL I go, I go.

[Exit]

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

[Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering  
apparel, &c.]

Come, hang them on this line.

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

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

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy, which you say is  
a harmless fairy, has done little better than  
played the Jack with us.

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

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

TRINCULO Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonour in  
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

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

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

CALIBAN Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

TRINCULO O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy  
Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRINCULO O, ho, monster! We know what belongs  
to a frippery.  
O king Stephano!

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

TRINCULO Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN The dropsy drown this fool I what do  
you mean  
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone  
And do the murder first: if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

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

TRINCULO Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like  
your grace.

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

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

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

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

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

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

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver I there it goes, Silver!

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

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

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted  
make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL Hark, they roar!

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

[Exeunt]



ACT V

SCENE I

Before PROSPERO's cell.

[Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL]

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

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

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

ARIEL Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that 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 'em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

PROSPERO Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to  
the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gaitist my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir.

[Exit]

PROSPERO Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes  
and groves,  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and, when I have required

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

[Solemn music]

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

A solemn air and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,  
For you are spell-stopp'd.  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.  
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,  
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature; 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 shore  
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:  
I will discase me, and myself present  
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

[ARIEL sings and helps to attire him]

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

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

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

[Exit]

GONZALO All torment, trouble, wonder  
and amazement  
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

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

ALONSO Whether thou best he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
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 and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here?

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

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

PROSPERO You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]

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

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

PROSPERO No.

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

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

PROSPERO I am woe for't, sir.

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

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

ALONSO You the like loss!

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

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

PROSPERO In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have  
Been jostled 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.

*[Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and  
MIRANDA playing at chess]*

MIRANDA Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

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

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

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

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

*[Kneels]*

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

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

PROSPERO 'Tis new to thee.

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

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

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

*PROSPERO* There, sir, stop:  
Let us not burthen our remembrance with  
A heaviness that's gone.

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

*ALONSO* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

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

*ALONSO* [To *FERDINAND* and *MIRANDA*] Give me  
your hands:  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

*GONZALO* Be it so! Amen!

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

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

*BOATSWAIN* The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king and company; the next, our ship—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when  
We first put out to sea.

*ARIEL* [*Aside to PROSPERO*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*PROSPERO* [*Aside to ARIEL*] My tricky spirit!

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

*BOATSWAIN* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;  
Where but even now with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master  
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them  
And were brought moping hither.

*ARIEL* [*Aside to PROSPERO*] Was't well done?

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

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

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

[*Aside to ARIEL*]

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

[*Exit ARIEL*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*PROSPERO* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without her power.  
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!  
Acknowledge mine.

*CALIBAN* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*ALONSO* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*SEBASTIAN* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

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

*TRINCULO* I have been in such a pickle since I  
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of  
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*SEBASTIAN* Why, how now, Stephano!

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

*PROSPERO* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*STEPHANO* I should have been a sore one then.

*ALONSO* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban*]

*PROSPERO* 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.

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

*PROSPERO* Go to; away!

*ALONSO* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
found it.

*SEBASTIAN* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*]

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

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

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

[*Aside to ARIEL*]

My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt*]

## EPILOGUE

*PROSPERO* Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And 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:  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.