

SHAKESPEARE FREE LIBRARY SCRIPTS

“THE TEMPEST”
by William Shakespeare

lightly abridged by Peter Gould

for

“Get Thee to the Funnery”

at the Sign of the Four
Craftsbury Vermont
August 2010

“THE TEMPEST”
by William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, King of Naples
 SEBASTIAN, his brother
 PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
 ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
 FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples
 GONZALO, an honest old counsellor
 FRANCISCO, a nobleman-assistant to Gonzalo
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave
 TRINCULO, a jester
 STEPHANO, a drunken butler
 MASTER OF A SHIP
 BOATSWAIN, MARINERS
 MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero
ARIEL, an airy spirit attendant on Prospero
IRIS, goddess of the rainbow, messenger to the gods and goddesses
CERES, goddess of the harvest (mother of persephone)
JUNO, queen of gods and goddesses
NYMPHS, REAPERS & Other HELPFUL SPIRITS attending on PROSPERO

SCENE 1

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

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN. Here, master; what cheer?

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

Enter MARINERS

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

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND GONZALO, and OTHERS

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

BOATSWAIN. I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO. Where is the master, boson?

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

GONZALO. Nay, good, be patient.

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

GONZALO. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN. None that I more love than myself. You are counsellor;
 if you can command these elements to silence,
 and work the peace of the present, we will not
 hand a rope more. Use your authority; if you cannot, give
 thanks you have liv'd 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 hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exeunt*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN

BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast. Yare, lower, lower!
 Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse. [*A cry within*] A plague
 upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

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

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

BOATSWAIN. Work you, then.

ANTONIO. Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker;
 we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

GONZALO. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were
 no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench!

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

Enter MARINERS, Wet

MARINERS. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! *Exeunt*

BOATSWAIN. What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO. The King and Prince at prayers!

Let us assist them, for our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN. I am out of patience.

ANTONIO. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

[*A confused noise within: Mercy on us!*]

We split, we split!

GONZALO. Farewell, my wife and children!

Farewell, brother! [*We split, we split, we split!*]

ANTONIO. Let's all sink wi' th' King.

SEBASTIAN. Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

GONZALO. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
an acre of barren ground-long heath, brown furze, any thing.

The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. *Exeunt*

SCENE 2

The Island. Before PROSPERO'S cell

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

MIRANDA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,

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 contented;

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 three years old. Has any house, or person
 Kept clear in thy remembrance?

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

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

MIRANDA. But that I do not.

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

MIRANDA. Sir, are not you my father?

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

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

PROSPERO. Both, both, my girl.
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
 But blessedly helped hither.
 My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio-
 I pray thee, mark me that a brother should

Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The manage of my state; as at that time
 I was absorbed, most rapt in secret studies,
 The government I cast upon my brother
 And to my state grew stranger. Thy false uncle-
 Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA. O, good sir, I do!

PROSPERO. I pray thee, mark me!

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To books, and to the bettering of my mind,
 In my false brother awak'd an evil nature;
 My trust begot in him a falsehood,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 He did begin to credit his own lie-
 He did believe he was indeed the Duke;
 Hence his ambition growing---Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO. Hence his ambition growing, Antonio
 Conspires with Alonso, King of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject my coronet to his crown, and bend
 My dukedom, yet unbow'd-alas, poor Milan!-
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA. O the heavens!

PROSPERO. This King of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 To help him remove me and mine
 Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
 With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,
 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA. Alack, for pity!

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

PROSPERO. Yet here this more:

And then I'll bring thee to the present business--

MIRANDA. But 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. No,
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
 A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
 To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

PROSPERO. O, a cherubin

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

MIRANDA. How came we ashore?

PROSPERO. By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd 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.

[Puts on his mantle]

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

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

PROSPERO. Know thus far forth:

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

SCENE 3

Before PROSPERO'S cell

PROSPERO. 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 her 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 flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly!
 Jove's lightning, the precursors
 O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seemed to besiege, and made 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
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me; the King's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
 Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this 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 bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
 The King's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO. Of the King's ship,

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARIEL. Safely in harbour

Is the King's ship;
 The mariners all under hatches stowed,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring labour,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet,
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
 And are upon the Mediterranean float
 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' th' day?

ARIEL. Past the mid season.

PROSPERO. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

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, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

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

ARIEL. No.

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

ARIEL. I do not, sir.

PROSPERO. Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,? Hast thou forgot?

ARIEL. No, sir.

PROSPERO. Thou hast.

ARIEL. No, Sir!

PROSPERO. I see I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
This damn'd witch Sycorax--the blue-eyed hag--
From Algiers was exiled upon this island,
Was hither brought with child. 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 alone, venting thy groans!
Then was this island empty,
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born, not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARIEL. Yes, Caliban!

PROSPERO. Aye he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I, arriving, found thee in;
Thy groans did make wolves howl, and pierce the breasts

Of ever-angry bears; It was mine art,
 When I arriv'd 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 spriting gently.

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

ARIEL. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? Say what. What shall I do?

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

SCENE 4

Before PROSPERO'S cell

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

MIRANDA. The strangeness of your story put
 A 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?
 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;
 Sea urchins exercise on thee; each pinch more stinging
 Than a bee's!

CALIBAN. I must eat my dinner.
 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
 Water with berries in't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
 Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd 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 peopl'd else
 This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA. Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known.

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

CALIBAN. No, pray thee. *[Aside]* I must obey. His art is of such pow'r,
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
 And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO. So, slave; hence! *Exit CALIBAN*

SCENE 5

Before PROSPERO'S cell

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

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands;
 Curtsied when you have and kiss'd,
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark! Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

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

ARIEL'S SONG

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 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? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
 As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
 Was in the wreck; and but he's something 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 pray'r
 May know if you remain upon this island;
 And that you will some good instruction give
 How I may bear me here. My prime request,
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
 If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA. No wonder, sir; but certainly a maid.

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

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

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

MIRANDA. Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND. Yes, faith, and all his lords!

PROSPERO. *[Aside]* At the first sight
They have chang'd 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 inclin'd my way!

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

PROSPERO. Soft, Sir! one word more.

[Aside] They are both in either's pow'rs; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. *[To FERDINAND]* One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me; thou dost here usurp
The name thou ownest not; and 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!

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

FERDINAND. No;

I will resist such entertainment till-- *[He draws, and is charmed from moving]*

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

PROSPERO. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike,
Come, 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 impostor! Hush!
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
 To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
 And they to him are angels.

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

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

FERDINAND. So they are;
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
[Aside] My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid.

PROSPERO. *[Aside]* It works. *[To FERDINAND]* Come on.-
[To Ariel, off] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

[To FERDINAND] Follow me.

[To ARIEL] Hark what thou else shalt do me. *[He goes aside]*

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

PROSPERO. *[To ARIEL]* Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

ARIEL. To th' syllable.

PROSPERO. *[To FERD.]* Come, follow. *[To MIR.]* Speak not for him. *Exeunt*

SCENE 6

Another part of the island

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, 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. It is a miracle!
 I mean our preservation, few in millions
 Can speak like us.

ALONSO. Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

GONZALO. Then wisely, good sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort. Therefore, my lord-

ALONSO. I prithee, spare.

GONZALO. Well, I have done; but yet-

SEBASTIAN. He will be talking.

ANTONIO. (*looking at Francisco*) Or him.

SEBASTIAN. The old cock or the cockerel!

ANTONIO. Ha, ha, ha!

FRANCISCO. Though this island seems to be desert--

ANTONIO. Yes----

FRANCISCO. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible-

SEBASTIAN. Yet-

FRANCISCO. Yet-

ANTONIO. Yet---

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

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

ANTONIO. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

GONZALO. Ay, 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 vouch'd rarities are.

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

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.

GONZALO. Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the day I wore it?

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 oared
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To th' shore, I do 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!

ALONSO. Prithee, peace.

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

ALONSO. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

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

SEBASTIAN. Very well.

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

GONZALO. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord-

ANTONIO. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN. Or docks, or mallows.

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

SEBASTIAN. Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
 Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too, but innocent and pure;
 No sovereignty-

SEBASTIAN. Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
 beginning.

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

SEBASTIAN. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

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

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

SEBASTIAN. Save his Majesty!

ANTONIO. Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO. And-do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO. Prithce, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO. I do well believe your Highness; I 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 laugh'd at.

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

SEBASTIAN. What a blow was there given!

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

ANTONIO. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

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

ANTONIO. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]

ALONSO. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
 Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find
 They are inclin'd 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]*

SCENE 7

The same. GONZALO, FRANCISCO, ALONSO sleep.

SEBASTIAN. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO. It is the quality of the climate.

SEBASTIAN. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd 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 methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be; th' occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN. What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO. Do you not hear me speak?

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

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

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

ANTONIO. I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me.

SEBASTIAN. Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Prithee say on. The setting of thine eye
And cheek proclaim a matter from thee--

ANTONIO. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance,
 Who shall be of as little memory
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded-
 The King his son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
 As he that sleeps here swims.

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

ANTONIO. No hope? O, out of that 'no hope'
 What great hope have you! 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,
 Till newborn chins be rough and razorable;
 Alonso's daughter, from whose wedding we
 Were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast up again,
 And by that destiny, to perform an act
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
 In yours and my discharge.

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

ANTONIO. A space whose ev'ry cubit
 Seems now to cry out 'Claribel, keep in Tunis,
 And let Sebastian rule.' Say this were death
 That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
 Than now they are.

There be those that can rule Naples
 As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
 As amply and unnecessarily
 As this Gonzalo. 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? 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 do in
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence.

For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
 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. *Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and song*

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

[Sings in GONZALO'S ear]

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

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?

ANTONIO. 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.

SEBASTIAN. 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;

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. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, on 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 8

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' th' mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle are they set upon me;

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,

And after bite me; then like hedgehogs which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount

Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me

For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;

Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all,
 and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud,
 yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.
 If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head.
 Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.
 What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive?
 A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell;
 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 hay-penny
 to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
 Legg'd like a man, and his fins like arms!
 Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion;
 hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered
 by thunderbolt. *[Thunder]* Alas, the storm is come again!
 My best way is to creep under his gaberdine;
 there is noother shelter hereabout.
 Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.
 I will here shroud till the dregsof 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,
 Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
 But none of us car'd for Kate;
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!'
 She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. *[Drinks]*

CALIBAN. Do not torment me. O!

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

CALIBAN. The spirit torments me. O!

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

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

STEPHANO. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest.

He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore,
 it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him,
 and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him;
 he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

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

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

TRINCULO. I should know that voice; it should be-but he is
 drown'd; 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.
 Why, thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou
 to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO. I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke.

But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drown'd.
 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 Neapolitansscap'd!

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

CALIBAN. [*Aside*] These be fine things, if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor!

I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither-I escap'd
upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard-

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

STEPHANO. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

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

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

TRINCULO. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seaside,
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 in 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. [*CALIBAN drinks*]

TRINCULO. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!

I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The Man in the Moon!

A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; I prithee be my god.

TRINCULO. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!

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

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

TRINCULO. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.

A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him-

STEPHANO. Come, kiss.

TRINCULO. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

CALIBAN. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

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

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

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

Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN. I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Shellfish 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 drown'd, we will inherit here.

Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

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

TRINCULO. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CALIBAN. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.

'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,

Has a new master-Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO. O brave monster! Lead the way. *Exeunt*

SCENE 9

Before PROSPERO'S cell

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log, PROSPERO may stand aside.

FERDINAND. There be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but

The mistress whom I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction; my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget;

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA

MIRANDA. Alas, now; pray you,

Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.

Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;

He's safe for these three hours.

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.

MIRANDA. You look wearily.

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

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

FERDINAND. Admir'd Miranda!
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
 Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women, never any
 With so full soul---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! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

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

PROSPERO. [*Aside*] Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND. Wherefore weep you?

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

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

MIRANDA. My husband, then?

FERDINAND. Ay, with a heart as willing. 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 & MIRANDA apart*

PROSPERO. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
 Who are surpris'd 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 10*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 the other two be brain'd 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.

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

CALIBAN. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

TRINCULO. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou,
wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half fish and half a monster?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible

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

ARIEL. Thou liest.

CALIBAN. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee.

I do not lie!

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

TRINCULO. Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

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

STEPHANO. That's most certain.

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

STEPHANO. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou
 bring me to the party?

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

ARIEL. Thou liest; thou canst not.

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

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

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

STEPHANO. Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL. Thou liest.

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

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

CALIBAN. Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO. Now, forward with your tale.-Prithee stand further off.

CALIBAN. Beat him enough; after a little time, I'll beat him too!

STEPHANO. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CALIBAN. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
 I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him,
 Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
 First to possess his books; for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command; they all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
 He has brave utensils-for so he calls them-
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider is
 The beauty of his daughter; he himself
 Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
 But only Sycorax my dam and she;
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
 As great'st does least.

STEPHANO. Is it so brave a lass?

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

STEPHANO. Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I
 will be King and Queen-save our Graces!-and Trinculo
 and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO. Excellent.

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

CALIBAN. Within this half hour will he be asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO. Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL. This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANO. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. *[Sings]*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,

And scout 'em and flout 'em;

Thought is free.

CALIBAN. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe]

STEPHANO. What is this same?

TRINCULO. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANO. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness;

if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULO. O, forgive me my sins!

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

CALIBAN. Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO. No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,

That, if I then had wak'd 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 wak'd,
 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 destroy'd.

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

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

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

TRINCULO. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

Another part of the island

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

GONZALO. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
 My old bones ache.

FRANCISCO. Here's a maze trod, indeed,
 Through forth-rights and meanders!

GONZALO. By your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

ALONSO. Old lord, I can't blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness
 To th' dulling of my spirits; sit down and rest.
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer; he is 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, forgo the purpose
 That you resolv'd t' effect.

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

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

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

GONZALO. Marvellous sweet music!

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

SEBASTIAN. A living drollery. Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix

At this hour reigning-there.

ANTONIO. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true; travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

FRANCISCO. If we should say, we saw such islanders,

For certes these are people of the island--

GONZALO. 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. And mark how they expressed

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

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.

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 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 caus'd to belch up you; and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit-you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN etc., draw their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One feather 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;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways! In this most desolate isle!

*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.
And, with good life, and observation strange,
Our lesser spirits all their parts have done.
My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my pow'r;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine lov'd darling. *Exit PROSPERO*

FRANCISCO. I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. *Exit*

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

ANTONIO. I'll be thy second. *Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*

GONZALO. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after,
 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.

FRANCISCO. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt*

SCENE 12

Before PROSPERO'S cell

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO. If I have too austere'y punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends; for I
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,
 That part 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
 Wort'hily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minist'red,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed!

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
 ...shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 PROSPERO. Fairly spoke.
 Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
[Aside] What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel! *Enter ARIEL*
 ARIEL. What would my potent master? Here I am.
 PROSPERO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here to this place.
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.
 ARIEL. Presently?
 PROSPERO. Ay, with a twink.
 ARIEL. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
 And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so,'
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? No?
 PROSPERO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.
 ARIEL. Well! I conceive. *Exit*
 PROSPERO. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
 To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
 Or else good night your vow!
 FERDINAND. I warrant you, sir,
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.
 PROSPERO. Well!
 Now come, my Ariel!
 No tongue! All eyes! Be silent. *[Soft music]*

SCENE 13

A dancing field before Prospero's cell. 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;
 ...and thy broom groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air-the Queen o' th' sky,
 Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

[JUNO descends in her chariot]

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

CERES. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs
 Diffusest honey drops, refreshing show'rs;
 And with each end of thy rainbow 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 dark Hades 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 her temple, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted--- *[JUNO alights]*

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

JUNO. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 And 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 on you.

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

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

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

FERDINAND. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wond'ring father and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

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

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

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind'ring brooks,
 With your sedg'd 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 sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

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

SCENE 14

The dancing field before Prospero's cell

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

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. Where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL. Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,

At which like unback'd colts they prick'd their ears,
 Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt 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 ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO. This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
 For bait 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.

SCENE 15

Before PROSPERO'S cell

[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 play'd 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.

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

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

TRINCULO. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!

Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

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

TRINCULO. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery.

O King Stephano!

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

TRINCULO. Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,

And do the murder first. If he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO. Be you quiet, monster.

TRINCULO. Do, do. A jerkin for you, Sire!

STEPHANO. I thank thee, Trinculo.

TRINCULO. O King Stephano!

CALIBAN. I will have none of this! We shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this

away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out

of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO. And this.

STEPHANO. Ay, and this! *[they load him with frippery]*

A noise of dogs and hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, in shape of hounds, bunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

PROSPERO. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL. Silver! Catch them, 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

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
 Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt*

SCENE 16

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.
 Ariel! My Ariel! How is 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 rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
 How fares the King and 's followers?
 ARIEL. Confin'd together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
 Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
 In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
 They cannot budge till your release. The King,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
 Him you 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, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL. I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit

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

SCENE 17

Before PROSPERO'S cell

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

*Here enters ARIEL before; then ALONSO, GONZALO; SEBASTIAN & ANTONIO
 in like manner, attended by FRANCISCO and others. They all enter the circle
 which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charm'd.*

PROSPERO. 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, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter;
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for't 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; *Exit ARIEL*
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL, on returning, sings and helps to attire him

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

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

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

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

PROSPERO. Behold, Sir King,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALONSO. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were 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. Alonso, I have lost my daughter.

ALONSO. Your 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 you lords
Are 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 wrecked, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
'Tis a chronicle not 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.

PROSPERO reveals FERDINAND and MIRANDA, playing at chess

MIRANDA. Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

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 curs'd them without cause. *[Kneels]*

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

MIRANDA. O, wonder!

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

PROSPERO. 'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours;
Is she the goddess that hath 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
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

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

PROSPERO. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

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

ALONSO. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GONZALO. O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one wreck
Did Ferdinand, the King's son, find a wife
Where he himself was lost; and Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us found 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!

PROSPERO. [*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 whom I....

SCENE 18*Before PROSPERO'S cell**Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
in their stolen apparel. Exit Ariel.*

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 no doubt marketable.

PROSPERO. This mis-shapen knave:

His mother was a witch, and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs

Of tides. These three have robb'd me; and would take

My life. Two of these fellows you must know

And own. This thing of darkness I

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 cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that,

I fear me, will never out of my bones

SEBASTIAN. Why, how now, Stephano!

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

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

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

ALONSO. [*Pointing to CALIBAN*] This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

PROSPERO. He is as disproportioned in his manners

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO. Go to; away!

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

SEBASTIAN. Or stole it, rather. *Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, & TRINCULO*

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

GONZALO. 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. Sir, is that we've 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?

MASTER. 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 awak'd; straightway at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship!

BOATSWAIN. 'Tis true!

And then, so please you, even in a dream,
Were we divided from it, and brought 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.

Some oracle must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; be you cheerful
And think of each thing well.

Alonso, I invite you 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-belov'd 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 confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands.
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
 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.