

SHAKESPEARE FREE LIBRARY SCRIPTS

THE TEMPEST

by William Shakespeare

Abridged by Jonny Flood
& Peter Gould

for

“GET THEE TO THE FUNNERY”

at the New England Youth Theatre
Brattleboro, VT
2013

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
 ADRIAN & FRANCISCO, Lords
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave
 TRINCULO, a Jester & Ventriloquist
 STEPHANO, a drunken Butler
 MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit (in this version, sometimes two spirits)
 ISIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers; spirits
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners

SCENE 1

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?

BOATSWAIN. I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO. Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN. You mar our labour: keep to 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.
 Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

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.

Exeunt.

BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! *[A cry within]*
A plague upon this howling!

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 unstanch'd wench!

Enter Mariners

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!

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! *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 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. Poor souls, they perish'd.
 PROSPERO. Be collected; no more amazement.
 Tell your piteous heart there's no harm done.
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter.
 '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. I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely ordered that there is no soul--
 No, not so much perdition as a 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. 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. '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?
 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.

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 holp 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 to thyself

Of all the world I loved and to him put

The manage of my state; for at that time

The liberal arts were all my study, thus

The government I cast upon my brother

And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle,

Having both the key of officer and office,

Set all hearts in the state

To what tune pleased his ear; in my false brother

Awaked an evil nature; he did believe

He was indeed the duke. Me, poor man, my library

Was dukedom large enough.

The King of Naples, being an enemy

To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;

Which was that he

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.

PROSPERO. 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 guardian angel
 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.

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 necessities,
 Which since have steaded much.

Resumes his mantle.

MIRANDA. Would I might
 But ever see that man!
 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 dullness,
 And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps

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

SCENE 3

Same. Enter ARIELS.

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: sometimes--

ARIEL II. I'd divide,
And burn in many places--

ARIEL. On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly.
Then meet--

ARIEL II. 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.

ARIEL II. The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring--

ARIEL. --Then like reeds, not hair--

ARIEL II. 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 II. Close by, my master.

PROSPERO. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL II. Not a hair perish'd.

ARIEL. 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.

ARIEL II. 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--

ARIEL. 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?

ARIELS. Past the mid season.

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

ARIEL II. 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 II. My liberty.

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.

ARIELS. 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?

ARIELS. No, sir.

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

ARIEL. Sir, in Algiers.

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,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; is not this true?

ARIELS. 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,
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 II. 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, and was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

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

Scene 4
The same.

PROSPERO. 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.
 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 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.

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.

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

Scene 5

The same.

Enter ARIELS, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following

ARIELS. *[singing]*

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

FERDINAND. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the 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.

ARIELS. *[singing]*

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.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

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 prayer

May know if you remain upon this island;

Though my prime request, 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.

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. Put thy sword up, traitor;
 Who makest a show but darest not strike; 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; space enough have I in such a prison.
PROSPERO. *[To FERDINAND]* Come on.
[To ARIEL] Thou hast done well, fine 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.*

SCENE 6

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. Good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO. Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ADRIAN. Though this island seem to be desert,
 Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--

SEBASTIAN. Yet--?

ADRIAN. Yet 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. 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. Now, 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. Is not, sir,

my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it?

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; 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.

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

(changes the subject)

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' 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.

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!

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.

SEBASTIAN. '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!

Enter ARIELS, invisible, playing solemn music

GONZALO. Will you laugh
 me asleep, for I am very heavy? *All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO*

ALONSO. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
 Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.

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. *ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIELS.*

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.

Worthy Sebastian, 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.

ANTONIO. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN. Thou dost snore distinctly.

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.

ANTONIO. Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom rung

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. This, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

Who shall be of as little memory
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade
 The king his son's alive, that he's undrown'd.
 SEBASTIAN. I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd.
 ANTONIO. 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.
 SEBASTIAN. What stuff is this!
 '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, "Claribel! 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. 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? 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; and 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. *Re-enter ARIELS, 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. *[to GONZALO]*
 Awake, awake!

ANTONIO. Then let us both be sudden. *The sleepers 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--

SEBASTIAN. 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.
 There was a noise; '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.

SEBASTIAN. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

ALONSO. Lead away.

ARIEL II. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

ARIEL. So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 7

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. Thunder.

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 hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO (carrying a large sack)

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 in the wind. 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: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! 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.*

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!

CALIBAN. Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO. What's the matter? Have we devils here?

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, (*six legs?*)
 whohath 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.

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

STEPHANO. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that
 which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth.

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!
 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, and 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.

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.

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;
 And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

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

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; 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.

CALIBAN. 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, Calaliban
 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.

SCENE 8.

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. 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 composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up.

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 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. Admired Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration! 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; 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, I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you,
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of.

FERDINAND. I am in my condition
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
 Hear my soul speak:
 From the very instant that I saw you, 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:
 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.

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!
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid.

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

PROSPERO. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
 Who are surprised withal.
 I'll to my book,
 For yet ere supper-time must I perform
 Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

SCENE 9

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

TRINCULO. Was there ever man that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? (*dummy may say yes*)

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

TRINCULO. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them;

(*four: T's dummy can make jokes about their numbers*)

if th' others 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:

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. Why, thou deboshed fish! Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie?

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

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 ARIELS, 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. (*may speak through dummy*)

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 II. 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.

CALIBAN. Ha, ha, ha!

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

CALIBAN. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
 In the 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.
 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.

ARIEL II. That's not the tune. *(Ariels offer another tune, which captivates listeners)*

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.

Lead, monster; we'll follow. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 10

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: 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.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIELS, like a harpy.

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!

ARIEL II. I have made you mad;
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves.

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN & c. draw their swords

ARIEL. You fools! I and my fellow
 Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 with bemock'd-at stabs kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-minister
 Is like invulnerable.

ARIEL II. 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. *ARIELS exit.*

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.*

SCENE 11

*Before PROSPERO'S cell.
Enter PROSPERO and ARIELS.*

PROSPERO. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; 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 ARIELS. Enter 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.

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 worsen genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust.

PROSPERO. Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIELS

ARIEL. What would my potent master?

ARIEL II. Here I am!

PROSPERO. Thou and thy meaner fellow 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 II. Presently?

PROSPERO. Ay, with a twink. *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. *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 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—

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

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

PROSPERO. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines 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. *(All hush)*

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
 With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
 Answer your summons; Juno does command:
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late. *Enter 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. *(Country dance) (Prospero in sudden rage)*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, and Naiads exit.

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.

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

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 old 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. Thank you. Ariel, come.

Enter ARIELS.

ARIEL II. 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 II. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet.

ARIEL. Yet always bending

Towards their project.

ARIEL II. Then I charm'd their ears,

And calf-like they my charming follow'd through

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns--

ARIEL II. Which entered their frail shins!

ARIEL. --At last I left them

In 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.

ARIELS. We go, we 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.

SCENE 12

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,--

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' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever.

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.

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

CALIBAN. What do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let it alone

And do the murder first: we'll lose our time!

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

STEPHANO. Here's garments for thee--

CALIBAN. I'll have none of them!

And all be turn'd to barnacles!

STEPHANO. Monster, 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.

Enter divers Spirits, commanded by PROSPERO and ARIELS. They gather around STEPHANO, CALIBAN, and TRINCULO and begin screaming and swirling. CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out

PROSPERO. 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.*

SCENE 13

Before PROSPERO'S cell. Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIELS

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.

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

ARIELS. I'll fetch them, sir. *Exeunt.*

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.

Re-enter ARIELS before: then ALONSO, GONZALO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO, ADRIAN and FRANCISCO; they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

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, 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 for it now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
 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; *ARIELS helps to attire him.*

Ariel (*sings*)
 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, find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,
 And presently, I prithee. *Exeunt ARIELS.*

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 beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
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 of the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

[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, 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!

PROSPERO. For the like loss
I rest myself content.

ALONSO. You the like loss!

PROSPERO. Alonso, 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. Pray you, look in.

My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing.

PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

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 eldest 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;
She's daughter to this famed Duke of Milan,
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 burden 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!
Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set this down
With gold on lasting pillars!

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 ARIELS, with the Master and Boatswain 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,
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.

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;
We were awaked; and straightway, all brought hither.

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

PROSPERO. *[Aside to ARIELS]* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
But first, set Caliban and his companions free;

Exit ARIELS.

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

Re-enter ARIELS, with CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO in their stolen apparel.

STEPHANO. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

PROSPERO. Mark but the badges

Of these men, my lords: 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--

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! *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; 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 ARIELS] My Ariel, chick,
 That is thy charge: then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

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.