

THE
TEMPEST

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George A. Cornish 10.12.53

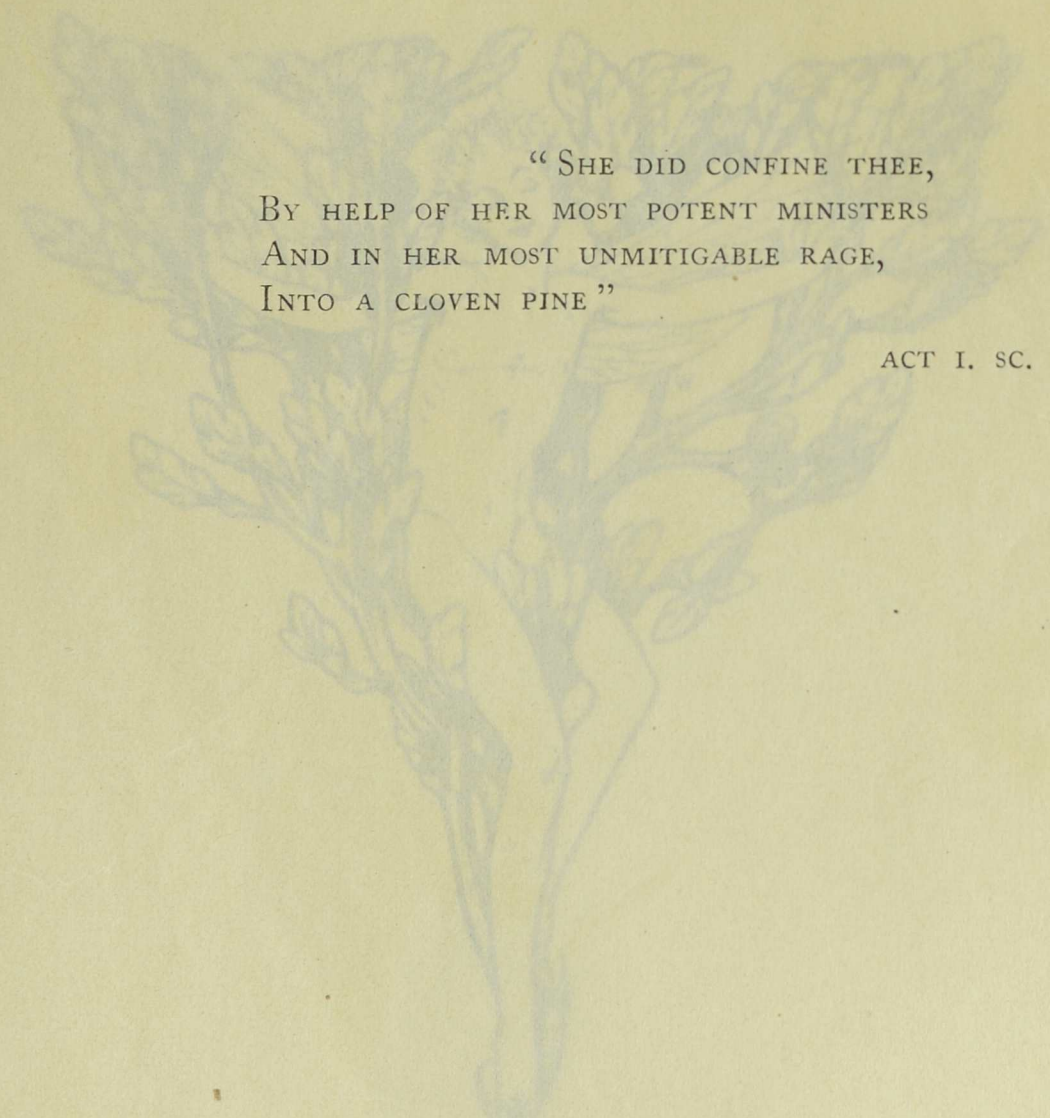


From Myself Ramsden

THE TEMPEST



THE TEMPEST
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN
COLOUR BY PAUL WOODROFFE
AND SONGS BY JOSEPH MOORAT



“ SHE DID CONFINE THEE,
BY HELP OF HER MOST POTENT MINISTERS
AND IN HER MOST UNMITIGABLE RAGE,
INTO A CLOVEN PINE ”

ACT I. SC. II.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.
HENRIETTA ST. COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
MCMVIII

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS HAVE BEEN REPRODUCED
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ILLUSTRATIONS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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 and FRANCISCO, Lords.

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.

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, and Reapers, presented by
Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE : *On shipboard ; then an uninhabited island.*

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

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

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN

MASTER

Boatswain !

BOATSWAIN

Here, master : what cheer ?

MASTER

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

Enter MARINERS

BOATSWAIN

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

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

ALONSO

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

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, 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 a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the

peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more ; use your authority : if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts !—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

GONZALO

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

Re-enter BOATSWAIN

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to. Try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO *and* GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

BOATSWAIN

Work you, then.

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an 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 !

BOATSWAIN

What, must our mouths be cold ?

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

He 'll be hang'd yet
Though every drop of water swear against it.
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within.*] “Mercy on us!”—
“We split, we split!”—“Farewell my wife and children!”—
“Farewell, brother!”—“We split, we split, we split!”

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*]

GONZALO

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

SCENE II

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls, they perish'd !
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
 The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected :

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

MIRANDA

Oh, 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 order'd, that there is no soul . . .
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down ;
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding “ Stay : not yet.”

PROSPERO

The hour 's now come ;

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

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts

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

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being more perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them, who to advance, and who
 To trash for over-topping, new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

Oh, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary, as great

As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke ;
Out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative :
Hence his ambition growing . . .
Dost thou hear ?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

O the heavens !

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Now the condition.

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

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

Oh, 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 burthen 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 : [*Resumes 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 princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth.

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

[MIRANDA *sleeps*.

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

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Hast thou,

Spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad 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 'ld divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not : the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

ARIEL

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
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,—

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO

Hast thou

submit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bid 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: sometimes I'd divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

"ON THE TOPMAST,

THE YARDS AND BOWSPRIT, WOULD I FLAME DISTINCTLY"

Of our dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

ACT I. SC. II.

And right-entrancing were not; the fire-brands

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

Flang'd in the roaring brine, and quit the vessel,

Then all adore with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—



Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, " Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe ?

ARIEL

Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou 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' the fleet.

ARIEL

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

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains
 Let me remember thee what thou hast 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' the 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, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years ; within which space she died,
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

That 's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself like to 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 !
Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph

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

ARIEL

My lord, it shall be done.

[*Exit.*]

PROSPERO

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

Enter CALIBAN

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er !

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall forth at 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 tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st 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,
Filt' 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 peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO

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

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence !
 Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

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

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

ARIEL [*Sings*]

*Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist :
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, bear
 The burthen . . .*

BURTHEN [*dispersedly*]. *Hark, hark !*

Bow-wow.

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us to fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.
 [Aside] I must obey; his art is of such power,
 It would control "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"
 And make a vassal of him.

ACT I. SC. II.

PROSPERO

So, slave; hence! [Exit CALIBAN.]

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

ARIEL [Sings]

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Courtesied when you bate and bid
 The wild waves whist;
 Foot it feathery here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, bear
 The burthen . . .

BURTHEN [dispersedly]. Hark, hark!

How-wow.



COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

Moderato con moto

P

Come un-to these yel- low sands, And then take

hands *Court-sied when you have & kiss'd The*

P wild waves whist: *P* Foot it feat·ly here & there;

cres *cres* *mf* *mf* *dim*
 And, sweet sprites, the bur·den bear. Come, come un·to these

cres *cres* *mf* *dim*

P *Allegretto*
 yel· low sands ~

P *p a tempo* *rall* *sf > p.*

P *pp*

Hark! Hark! Bow-wow The watch dogs bark: Bow-wow

Moderato *p* *lento*

Hark, hark! I

sf > pp *pp (far away)* *pp* *lento*

mf

hear the strain of strut-ting Chan-ti-deer Cry, cock-a-doodle doo.

mf

Ped

mf tempo primo

Come Come un-to these

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a fermata and then singing the lyrics 'Come Come un-to these'. The piano accompaniment is in the bottom two staves, featuring a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff and a steady bass line.

P

yel - low sands

p a tempo *rall* *pp*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'yel - low sands'. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes a treble staff with a series of chords and a bass line. Dynamic markings include 'p', 'p a tempo', 'rall', and 'pp'. The system ends with a fermata over the final notes.



The watch dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

ARIEL

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

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' 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 [*Sings*]

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

BURTHEN. Ding-dong.

ARIEL

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

The music begins.

Bow-wow.

ARIEL

*Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlers
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-doo.*

FERDINAND

*Where should this music be? 't' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again, I hear my father's wreck.
This music c*
"FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES;
OF HIS BONES ARE CORAL MADE"
*Alleying 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.*

ACT I. SC. II.

ARIEL. *[Sings]*

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

Heaven. Ding-dong.

ARIEL

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



FULL FATHOM FIVE

Andante

pp smorz

p lento sosten

Full fa - thom five thy fa - ther lies;

pp *oboe* 3 3

p lento

Of his bones is co - ral made; Those are

p

pp dim

pearls that were his eyes: ~~~~~ No thing of him that doth

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "pearls that were his eyes:" followed by a wavy line indicating a long note. The piano accompaniment includes a five-fingered trill in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with the vocal line starting "No thing of him that doth".

fade, ~~~~~ But doth suffer a sea-change

The second system continues the vocal line with "fade," followed by a wavy line and the lyrics "But doth suffer a sea-change". The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including trills and a consistent bass line. The system ends with the vocal line on a long note.

p lento

In to some thing rich ~~~~~ and strange. ~~~~~

The third system begins with the tempo marking "p lento". The vocal line starts with "In to some thing rich" followed by a wavy line, and then "and strange." followed by another wavy line. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with chords and a steady bass line. The system concludes with the vocal line on a long note.

Adagio p

Sea-nymphs hour-ly toll his knell:

pp (bells) *lento*

Ped ~~~~~ * *Ped* ~~~~~ *

pp

sosten Hark! now I hear them,

pp lento *piu mosso*

p. molto rall *tempo primo* *pp*

ding-dong, bell. Full fathom five thy

pp smorz *pp*

p. molto rall

fa-ther lies

This system contains the first system of music. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "fa-ther lies" and includes a wavy line indicating a melisma. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef part with various rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes.

This system contains the second system of music. It features a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part continues with rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes. There are some markings above the treble staff, including a "3" and a "74".

This system contains the third system of music. It features a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part continues with rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes. The word "rall" is written below the treble staff towards the end of the system. There is a small musical staff at the bottom right of the page.

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 prayer
May know if you remain upon this island ;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here : my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder,
If you be maid or no ?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir ;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy !

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

[*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't.—At the first sight
They have 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

Oh, 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 ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Follow me.—

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

FERDINAND

No ;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.]

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO

Hence ! hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence ! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
An advocate for an impostor ? 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 subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

[*Aside*] It works. [*To FERDINAND*] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! [*To FERDINAND*] Follow me.
[*To ARIEL*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort ;

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

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL

To the syllable.

PROSPERO

Come, follow.—Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

Another part of the island

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

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN

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

GONZALO

Sir . . .

SEBASTIAN

One : tell.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

A dollar.

GONZALO

Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

SEBASTIAN

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO

Therefore, my lord . . .

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

ALONSO

I prithee, spare.

GONZALO

Well, I have done : but yet . . .

SEBASTIAN

He will be talking.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

The old cock.

ANTONIO

The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN

Done. The wager ?

ANTONIO

A laughter.

SEBASTIAN

A match !

ADRIAN

Though this island seem to be desert . . .

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha, ha !—So, you 're paid.

ADRIAN

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible . . .

SEBASTIAN

Yet . . .

ADRIAN

Yet . . .

ANTONIO

He could not miss 't.

ADRIAN

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

ANTONIO

Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN

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

ADRIAN

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True : save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there 's none, or little.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

ANTONIO

The ground, indeed, is tawny.

SEBASTIAN

With an eye of green in 't.

ANTONIO

He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN

No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ADRIAN

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

GONZALO

Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO

"Widow" ! a pox o' that ! How came that widow in ? "widow Dido" !

SEBASTIAN

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

ADRIAN

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

GONZALO

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN

Carthage ?

GONZALO

I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO

His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN

He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANTONIO

What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

Ay.

ANTONIO

Why, in good time.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO

Oh, widow Dido ! ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

That sort was well fished for.

GONZALO

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ?

ALONSO

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

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may live :

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him ; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather ?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN

Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too, but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty ; . . .

SEBASTIAN

Yet he would be king on 't.

ANTONIO

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

ANTONIO

None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

'Save his majesty !

ANTONIO

Long live Gonzalo !

GONZALO

And,—do you mark me, sir ?

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

What a blow was there given !

SEBASTIAN

An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.]

ALONSO

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

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 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 ?—Oh, what might ?—No more :—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee ; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking ?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak ?

SEBASTIAN

I do ; and surely

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I 'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so : to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

He 's gone.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Claribel.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

SEBASTIAN

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience.

ANTONIO

Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,
Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead ;
Whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it ;
Can lay to bed for ever, whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put

SEBASTIAN

Nothing I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your contest
Trade your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

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

ACT II. SC. I.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience,

ANTONIO

Ax, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
I would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
The deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever, whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put



This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Oh, but one word. *[They talk apart.]*

Re-enter ARIEL invisible

ARIEL

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

[Sings in GONZALO's ear.]

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

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good angels

Preserve the king !

[*They wake.*]

ALONSO

Why, how now ? ho, awake !—Why are you drawn ?
Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

GONZALO

What's the matter ?

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

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

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

GONZALO

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :

I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise;
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

Lead away.

ARIEL

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Another part of the island

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood

A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease ! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo !

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

TRINCULO

Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all,
and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : yond
same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here ? a man or
a fish ? dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very
ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of not of the newest Poor-
John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once I was,
and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would
give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ;
any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give

By torment of a disease I his spirits bear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch
 Me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
 Nor beat 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; sometimes am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness.

“AND YET I NEEDS MUST CURSE”

Lo, now, lo!

ACT II. SC. II.

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 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

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 and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would
 give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;
 any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give



a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: 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 a-shore, . . .*

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 Moll, 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:—Oh!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me :—Oh !

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, 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

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

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STEPHANO

"FOUR LEGS AND TWO VOICES: A MOST DELICATE MONSTER!"
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STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth! I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very

Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO

Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

O Stephano, hast any more of this ?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee : my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Come on, then ; down, and swear.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Come, kiss.

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

I'll show 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 clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

TRINCULO

A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring ;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master :—get a new man.

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

STEPHANO

O brave monster ! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

K

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Before PROSPERO'S cell

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor masters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: Oh, 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 lest, when I do it . . .

Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are 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.

PROSPERO

[*Aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

Admir'd Miranda!

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

Do you love me ?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you ?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows.—Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !—
I am your wife, 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 ?

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

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Of two most rare affections!—Heavens rain grace
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FERDINAND "FAIR ENCOUNTER
OF TWO MOST RARE AFFECTIONS"

ACT III. SC. II.

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What I desire to give; and much less take
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You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA

My husband, then?



FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally.*]

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are 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 II

Another part of the island

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible

CALIBAN

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

ARIEL

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO

Mum, then, and no more.—Proceed.

CALIBAN

I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou 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 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 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 of 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 farther off.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Stand farther.—Come, proceed,

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep : there thou may'st 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 wilt 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 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, played by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Oh, forgive me my sins !

THE TEMPEST

ARIEL

That 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
That taught me but while-ere ?

STEPHANO

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

“LEAD, MONSTER ; WE’LL FOLLOW. I WOULD I COULD SEE
THIS TABORER : HE LAYS IT ON”

Thought is free.

ACT III. SC. II.

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, played by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Oh, 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 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 III

Another part of the island

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

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

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





ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

[*Aside to ANTONIO*] The next advantage
Will we take th'roughly.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music !

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

ALONSO

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

M

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

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

THE TEMPEST

ACT III

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.

ARIEL AS A HARPY

GONZALO

ACT III. SC. III.

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Whom, 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.

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[*Aside*] Honest lord,

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Are worse than devils.

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



PROSPERO

[*Aside*] Praise in departing.

FRANCISCO

They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

Not I.

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

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

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

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
 (That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath 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, &c., *draw their swords.*

You fools ! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that 's in my plume : my fellow ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted. But remember,
 (For that 's my business to you), that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me :
 Lingerin' perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once) shall step by step attend
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from,
 (Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads), is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

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

PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd),
And his and mine lov'd darling. [Exit above.]

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

Oh, 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.

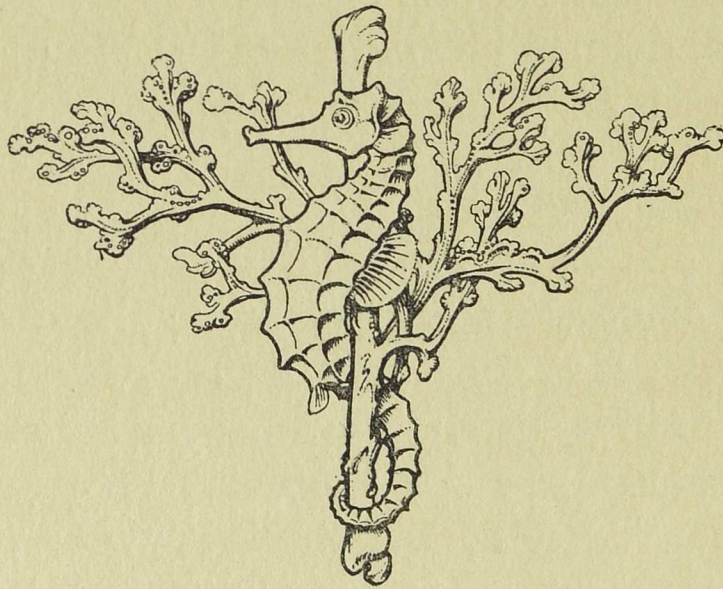
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

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.

ADRIAN

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



ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

*Before PROSPERO's cell. Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND,
and MIRANDA*

PROSPERO

If I have too austerely 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 purchas'd, 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-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

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 worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.

Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

What would my potent master ? here I am.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Presently ?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

Before you can say, "come," and "go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ? no ?

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.

[Exit.

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Well.

Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
 Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !
 No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent.

[*Soft music.*]

Enter IRIS

IRIS

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

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO

Love cannot be forc'd; do not give dalliance
To such the vein: the strongest oaths are sworn
To the eye; the blood; be more abstemious,
Or thy good night might your vow!

FERDINAND

I warrant you, no sin
The white cold virgin snow upon my beard
Abates the ardour of my liver.

“THE QUEEN O’ THE SKY,
WHOSE WATERY ARCH AND MESSENGER AM I,
BIDS THEE LEAVE THESE.”

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary. ACT IV. SC. I.
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and perdy
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

Ariel

IRIS

Ceres, most beautiful lady, thy rich loss
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy woody mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And fat meads thatch’d with clover, them to keep;
Thy banks with plow’d and trowl’d fields,
Which spongy April at thy best bestrides,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy fountains,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being his love; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen of 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 unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

IRIS

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

CERES

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

CERES

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

Enter JUNO

JUNO

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

[*They sing.*]

JUNO

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

CERES

*Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garner's never empty ;
 Vines with 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
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 wonder'd 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 windring 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 sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

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

PROSPERO

[*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits*] Well done! avoid; no more!

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a 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 *and* MIRANDA

We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

PROSPERO

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

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
 So 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 enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nature can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

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

Come, hang them on this line.

[PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible.]

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a dis-
pleasure against you, look you, . . .

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, . . .

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

Oh, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O
King Stephano!

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.

STEPHANO

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, moreover, 'tis an infinite loss.

TRINCULO

That's more to me than my bottles; yet this is your belly's belly, is't not?

STEPHANO

I will kick off my bottle, though I be a year's time for my belly.

“COME, HANG THEM ON THIS LINE”

CALIBAN

ACT IV. SC. I.

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

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, be, 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 's alone,
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

And this.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.

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

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey !

ARIEL

Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark, hark !

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

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

ARIEL

Hark, they roar !

PROSPERO

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

[Exeunt.]





ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Before the cell of PROSPERO

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

I did say so,
When first I 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 line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo" ;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit ?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.

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

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

[*Exit.*]

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the 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.

[*Solemn music.*]

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

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowy 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 shores,
 That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,

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

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy; cure thy brains,
Now useless, hod'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall not a tear. The show's the play of thine eyes.

“ON THE BAT'S BACK I DO FLY”

ACT V. SC. I.

And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their 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.—
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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 shores
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,



Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell :
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan : quickly, spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

[*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

[*Exit.*

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,

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

ALONSO

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,
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
 (An if this be at all) a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs.
 But how should Prospero
 Be living and be here ?

PROSPERO

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

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

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

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

pp leggiero Allegretto

Where the bee sucks, there lurk

p Moderato *pp delicato*

I: In a cow-slip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

pp *ritar*

On the bat's back I do fly

a tempo

Af *ter sum·mer merri·ly.*

a tempo

cres *cres* *ritar*

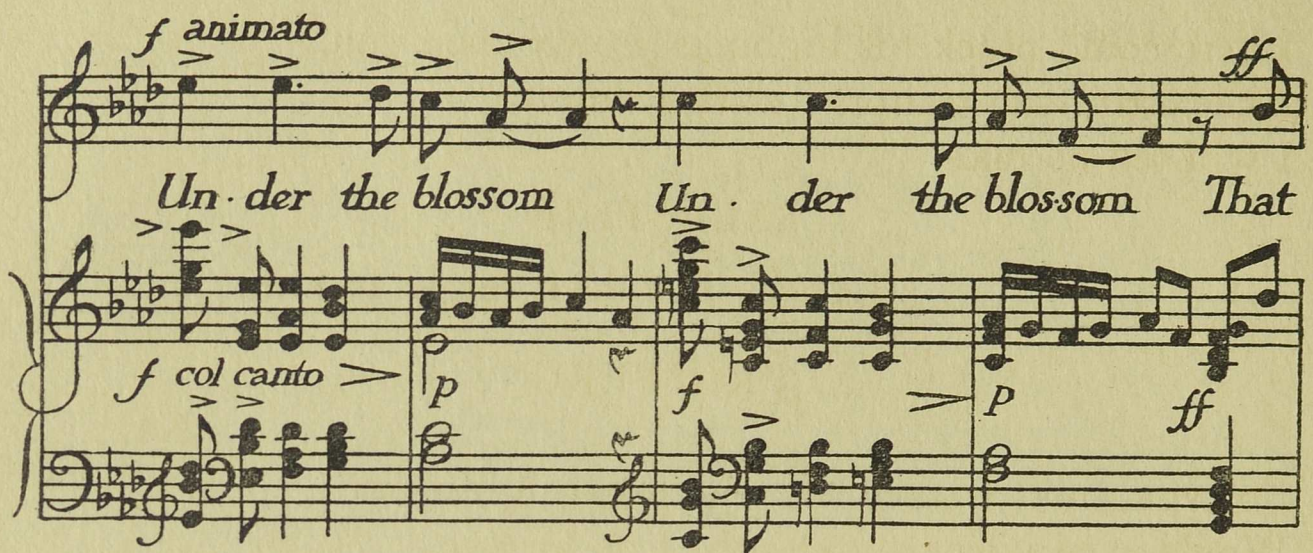
mer·ri·ly, mer·ri·ly *shall I live now*

cres *cres* *ritar*

f animato

Un·der the blossom Un·der the blossom That

f col canto *p* *f* *p* *ff*

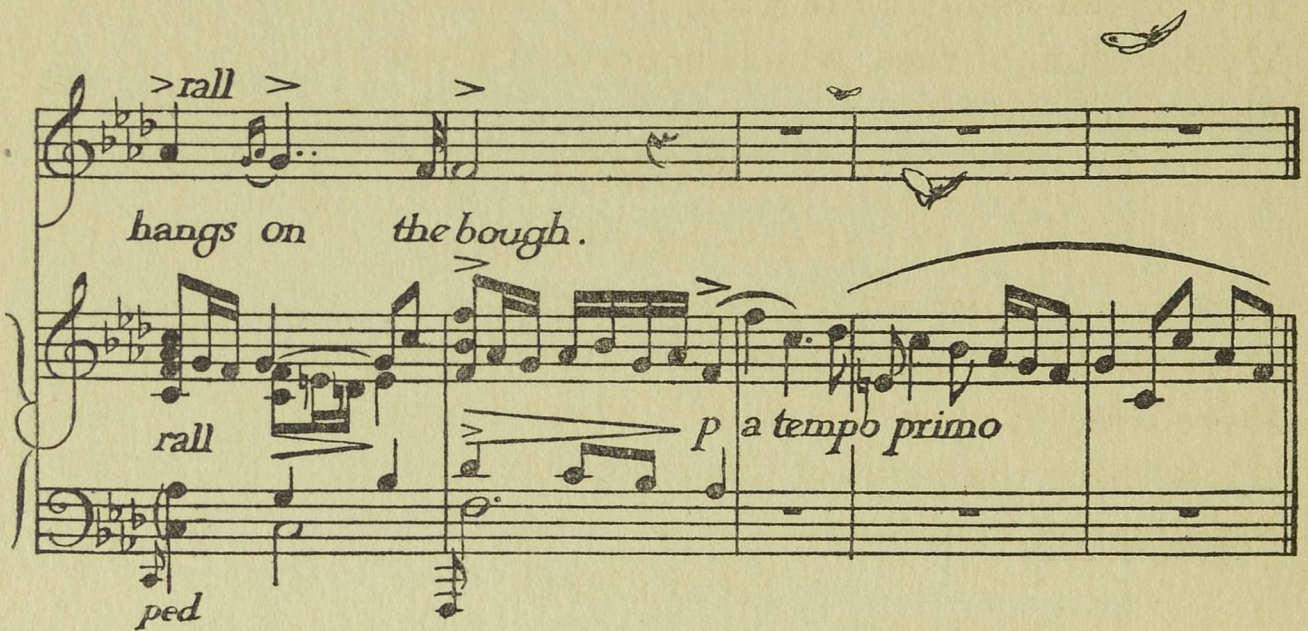


rall

hangs on the bough.

rall *p* *a tempo primo*

ped



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

SEBASTIAN

[*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.

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

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

I am woe for 't, sir.

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

You the like loss !

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

A daughter ?—

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

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting.—Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.

THE TEMPEST

ACT V

ALONSO

You the like loss!

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

A daughter?—

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,

The king and I—“SWEET LORD, YOU PLAY ME FALSE”

Myself were nodded in their cozy bed

ACT V. SC. I.

Where my son lies.—When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest, I perceive, these kinds
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on it. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chance of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Beating this first meeting.—Welcome, sir;
This cell is my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in.



My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

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

MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

ALONSO

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

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle !

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;
I have 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

Oh, 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, oh, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

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

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

BOATSWAIN

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

[*Aside to ARIEL*] My tricky spirit ?

ALONSO

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

BOATSWAIN

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld 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 moe 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 ; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

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 man trod :
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of : some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO

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

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

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO

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

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you

Must know and own ; this thing of darkness 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 : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano !

STEPHANO

Oh, touch me not ;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO

You 'ld 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 looked on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

PROSPERO

He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Go to ; away !

ALONSO

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away ; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-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

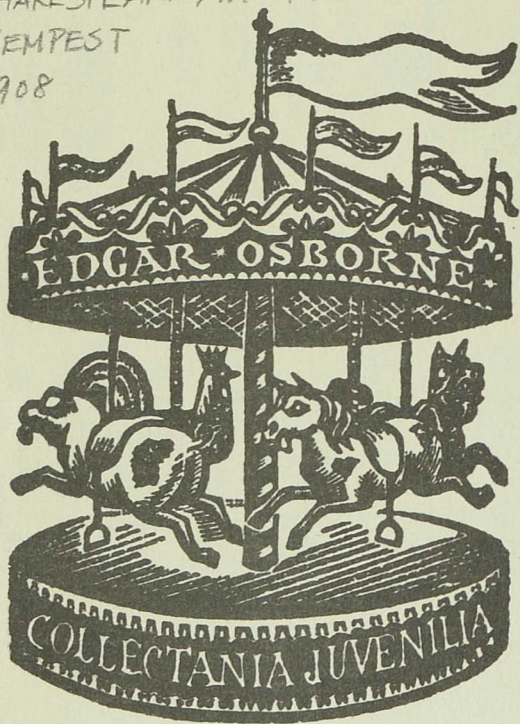
(Spoken by PROSPERO)

*Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint ; now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell ;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands :
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.*

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