

UNIT ONE

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard
Enter a Shipmaster and a Bosun*

MASTER:

Bosun!

BOSUN:

Here, Master. What cheer?

MASTER

Good; speak to th'mariners. Fall to't ,yarely, or
we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir! *Exit*

Enter mariners

BOSUN:

Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail!
Tend to th'Master's whistle! - Blow till thou burst thy wind, if
room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo and others

ALONSO:

Good Bosun, have a care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOSUN:

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO:

Where is the master, Bosun?

BOSUN:

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins! You
assist the storm.

GONZALO:

Nay, good, be patient.

BOSUN:

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.

BOSUN:

None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor. If you can
command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,
we will not handle 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. If he be not born to
be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exit Gonzalo and the other nobles

Enter Bosun

BOSUN:

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.

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!

BOSUN: Work you, then. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses! Off to sea again! Lay her off!

Enter Mariners wet

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

Exeunt

BOSUN: What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO:

The King and Prince at prayers, let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN: I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO:

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

A confused noise within:

"Mercy on us!" - "We split, we split!" - "Farewell, my wife and children!" - "Farewell brother!" - "We split, we split, we split!"

Exit Bosun

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

SEBASTIAN: Let's take leave of him.

Exit with Antonio

GONZALO: Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. Long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. *Exit*

UNIT TWO.

Enter Prospero and Miranda

MIRANDA:

If by your Art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar; allay them.
The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th'welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her),
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
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 swallowed and
The freighting souls within her.

PROSPERO: Be collected.

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

MIRANDA: O, woe the day!

PROSPERO: No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught 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 wrack, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul lost -
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou sawst sink. Sit down.
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA: You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped,
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 rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA: But that I do not.

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

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

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

MIRANDA: O my heart bleeds
To think o'th'teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROSPERO:

My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio -
I pray thee mark me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious! - he, whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
The liberal arts 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-
Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th'state
To what tune pleased his ear, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, his ambition growing -
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA: Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO:

To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played 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'th'King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbowed - alas, poor Milan-
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA: O the heavens!

PROSPERO:

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was that he, in lieu o'th'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 th'purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'th'dead of darkness,
The ministers for th'purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA: Alack, for pity.

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. 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
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast. The very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,

To cry to th'sea that roared to us, to sigh
To th'winds, whose pity sighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA: Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO: O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA: How came we ashore?
PROSPERO:

By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished 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.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

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

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

Miranda sleeps

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

Enter Ariel

UNIT THREE

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 curled clouds. To thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO: Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL:

To every article.
I boarded the King's ship. Now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards, and boresprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
O'th'dreadful thunderclaps, 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 played
Some tricks of desperation. All but th'mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring - then like reeds, not hair -
Was the first man that leaped; 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 perished.
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO: Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o'th'fleet?

ARIEL:

Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship, in the deep nook where once
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o'th'fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote

Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked,
And his great person perish.

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

ARIEL: Past the mid-season.

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

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

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

ARIEL: My liberty.

PROSPERO: Before the time be out? No more.

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

PROSPERO: Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL: No.

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

ARIEL: I do not, sir.

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

ARIEL: No, sir.

PROSPERO: Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak! Tell me!

ARIEL: Sir, in Argier.

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

ARIEL: Ay, sir.

PROSPERO:

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th'sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant.
And for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most inmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as millwheels strike. Then was this island -
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born - not honoured 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 damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine Art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL:

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO:

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

ARIEL:

Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO:

Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

ARIEL:

That's my noble master!

What shall I do? Say what! What shall I do?

PROSPERO:

Go make thyself like a nymph o'th'sea.
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't. Go! Hence with diligence!

Exit Ariel

UNIT FOUR

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

MIRANDA:

The strangeness of your story put
Weariness 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?

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 brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on both of you. A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er.

PROSPERO: For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-comb, 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 made much of me, would'st give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o'th'isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that I 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 used thee,
Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN:

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

MIRANDA:

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

CALIBAN:

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

PROSPERO:

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel - and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll wrack 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:

Go, slave. Hence!
Exit Caliban. Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing

UNIT FIVE

ARIEL:

Song
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

(*Burden, dispersedly*) Bow-wow!
The watch-dogs bark.
(*Burden, dispersedly*) Bow-wow!
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 wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me, rather. But 'tis gone.
No. it begins again.

ARIEL:

Song

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

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
(*Burden*) Ding-dong.

Hark! Now I hear them - Ding-dong bell.

FERDINAND:

This ditty doth remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO:

The fringed curtains of thy 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 wrack; and, but he's something stained
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!

UNIT SIX

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 wracked.

MIRANDA: Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND:

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

PROSPERO: (*Aside*) The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. - 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 sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way.

FERDINAND: O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO: Soft, sir! One word more.

(*Aside*) They are both in either's powers. But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. - 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.

(*To Miranda*) 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, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow!

FERDINAND: No!

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

He draws, and is charmed from moving

MIRANDA: O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROSPERO: What, I say,
My foot my tutor? - Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who makes a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed 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 th'most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

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

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

FERDINAND: So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o'th'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 else thou shalt do me.

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

PROSPERO: (*To Ariel*) Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL: To th'syllable.

PROSPERO: Come, follow! (*to Miranda*) Speak not for him. *Exeunt*

UNIT SEVEN

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: (*aside to Antonio*) He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO: (*aside to Sebastian*) The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN: (*aside to Antonio*) 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 entertained that's offered,
Comes to th'entertainer -

SEBASTIAN: A dollar.

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

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

GONZALO: (*to Alonso*) 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.

GONZALO: Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO: True, save means to live.

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.

ALONSO:

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

GONZALO: 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 swoll'n that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th'shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
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 banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO: Prithee, peace.

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

ALONSO: So is the dear'st o'th'loss.

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

SEBASTIAN: Very well.

ANTONIO: And most chirurgeonly.
GONZALO:

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the King on't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN: (*aside to Antonio*) 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GONZALO:

I'th'commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things. For no kind of traffic
Would I admit, no name of magistrate.
Letters should not be known. Riches, poverty,
And use of service, none: all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure.
No sovereignty -

SEBASTIAN: (*aside to Antonio*)

Yet he would be King on't

GONZALO:

All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, 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: (*aside to Antonio*) No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO: (*aside to Sebastian*) None, man, all idle - whores and knaves.

GONZALO:

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

SEBASTIAN: 'Save his majesty!

ANTONIO:

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO: And - do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO:

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.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN: 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 mine thoughts. I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN:

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

ANTONIO:

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

ALONSO:

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
Alonso sleeps, exit Ariel

UNIT EIGHT

SEBASTIAN:

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO:

It is the quality o'th'climate.

SEBASTIAN:

Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find
Not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO:

Nor I. My spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent.
They dropped, as by a thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? - O, what might? - No more!
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be. Th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN: What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO:

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN:

I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

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. Will you grant me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN:

He's gone. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN:

ANTONIO:

Claribel.
She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from whom

We all were sea-swallowed, 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?

ANTONIO: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps. O, that you bore

II.

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. 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.

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

ANTONIO: Draw together.
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN: O, but one word. *[They talk apart]*
Enter Ariel with music and song.

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

sings in Gonzalo's ear

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

ANTONIO:
Then let us both be sudden.

II./-

GONZALO: (*awakes*) Now, good angels
Preserve the King!

The others awake

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

ALONSO: What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN:

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

ALONSO: I heard nothing.

ANTONIO:

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO: Heard you this?

GONZALO:

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,
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*

UNIT NINE

II.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN:

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

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i'th'mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way unless he bid 'em. But
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount

II.

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.

UNIT TEN

TRINCULO: Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing. I hear it
sing i'th'wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one,

looks like a full 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
fishlike smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.
A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was,
and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but
would give a piece of silver. There would this monster
make a man. Any strange beast there makes a man.

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,
they will 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 bedfellows. I
will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stefano, singing, a bottle in his hand.

STEFANO:

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.

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

He drinks and then sings

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

II.

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

He drinks

CALIBAN: Do not torment me! O!

STEFANO: What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeared now of your four legs.

CALIBAN: The spirit torments me! O!

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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. (*He gives Caliban wine*) You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO: I should know that voice. It should be - but he is drowned and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEFANO: 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! (*Caliban drinks*) Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO: Stefano!

STEFANO: 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: Stefano! If thou beest Stefano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo - be not afear'd - thy good friend Trinculo.

STEFANO: If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

II.

TRINCULO: I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stefano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stefano? O Stefano, two

Neapolitans 'scaped?

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved 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.

STEFANO: Here! Swear, then, how thou escaped'st.

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

STEFANO: Here, kiss the book. (*He gives him wine*)

Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO: O Stefano, hast any more of this?

STEFANO: The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th'seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, mooncalf? How does thine ague?

CALIBAN: Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEFANO: Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee. I was the Man i'th'Moon when time was.

CALIBAN: I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEFANO: Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear! (*Caliban drinks*)

TRINCULO: By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeared of him? A very weak monster! The Man i'th'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.
STEFANO: 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-

II./III.

STEFANO: Come, kiss.

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

CALIBAN:

I'll show thee the best springs. I'll pluck thee berries. I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A Plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

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

CALIBAN:

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

STEFANO: 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

CALIBAN: Farewell, master! farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO: A howling monster! A drunken monster!

CALIBAN:

No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
Ban, Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master - get a new man!
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,
high-day, freedom!

STEFANO: O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log

FERDINAND:

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

MIRANDA: Alas, now pray you
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined 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: Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world. Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time

Th'harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

III.

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 skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
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'th'world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

PROSPERO: (*Aside*) Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections. Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

FERDINAND: Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA:

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me.
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

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

MIRANDA: My husband then?

III./III.

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!

Exit Ferdinand and Miranda in different directions

PROSPERO:

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all, but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere suppertime I must perform
Much business appertaining.

Exit

UNIT TWELVE

III.

Enter Caliban, Stefano, and Trinculo

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO: Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and

yet say nothing neither.

STEFANO: Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest

a good mooncalf.

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 juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? 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

III.

such a natural!

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

STEFANO: 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?

STEFANO: 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: (*to Trinculo*)

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou.

I would my valiant master would destroy thee!

I do not lie.

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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 -

STEFANO: That's most certain.

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

STEFANO: 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 naught but brine, for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STEFANO: Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt
the monster one word further and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy out o'doors, and make a stockfish of

thee.

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

STEFANO: Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL: Thou liest.

STEFANO: Do I so? Take thou that!

III.

he strikes Trinculo

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!

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

CALIBAN:

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

STEFANO: Stand farther. - Come, proceed.

CALIBAN:

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I'th'afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand 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.

STEFANO: Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN:

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

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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?

STEFANO: Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL: This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN:

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

III./III.

Let us be jocund! Will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

STEFANO: 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

STEFANO: What is this same?

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

STEFANO: If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness.

If thou beest a devil take't as thou list.

TRINCULO: O, forgive me my sins!

STEFANO: He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee.

Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN: Art thou afear'd?

STEFANO: No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN:

Be not afear'd; 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 had then waked after a long sleep,

Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

STEFANO: This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where

I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN: When Prospero is destroyed.

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer! He lays it on.

TRINCULO: Wilt come? - I'll follow, Stefano.

Exeunt.

III.

UNIT THIRTEEN

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo and others

GONZALO: By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir.

My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed,

Through forthrights and meanders! By your patience,

I needs must rest me.

ALONSO:

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

III.

Who am myself attached with weariness,

To th'dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned

Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO: (*aside to Sebastian*)

I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose

That you resolved t'effect.

SEBASTIAN: (*aside to Antonio*)

The next advantage

Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO: Let it be tonight;

For, now they are oppressed with travel, they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN: (*aside to Antonio*)

I say tonight. No more.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Prospero above.

Enter Ariel like a harpy

ARIEL:

You are three men of sin, whom destiny -

That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in't - the never-surfeited sea

Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men

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

I and my fellows are ministers of fate.

You three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero,

Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition - (worse than any death
Can be at once) - shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,

Here, in this most desolate isle,
Is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

Vanishes in thunder.

PROSPERO:

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up

In their distractions. They now are in my power;

III./IV.!

And in these fits I leave them whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drowned),
And his and mine loved darling.

Exit

GONZALO:

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

ALONSO:

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

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 Antonio and Sebastian

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'll follow
And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

Intermission.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda

PROSPERO:

If I have too austere punished 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: Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her: she is thine own.
What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

IV.

Enter Ariel

UNIT FIFTEEN

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.

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

UNIT SIXTEEN

IRIS:

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims;
Thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air - the queen o'th'sky,

Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,

IV.

To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

Juno descends

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres

CERES:

Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Why hath thy queen

Summoned me hither
To this short-grassed green?

IRIS:

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

CERES: Highest queen of state,

Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

JUNO:

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honoured 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 garners never empty,

Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND:

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

PROSPERO: Spirits, which by mine Art

I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND: Let me live here ever!
So rare a wondered father and a wise
Makes this place paradise.

PROSPERO: Hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Juno, Ceres and Iris perform the ceremony, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

UNIT SEVENTEEN

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. - 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 touched with anger so distempered.

PROSPERO:

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed. 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-capped 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 vext.
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.

If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND and MIRANDA:

We wish your peace.
Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda

UNIT EIGHTEEN

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 feared
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 unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

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

PROSPERO: This was well done, my bird!

Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL:

I go, I go!

Exit

PROSPERO:

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

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

Enter Ariel, laden with glistening apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

Enter Caliban, Stefano, and Trinculo, all wet.

UNIT NINETEEN

CALIBAN:

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

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you -

TRINCULO: Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN:

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
 Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore, speak softly.
 All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO: Ay, but to loose our bottles in the pool -

STEFANO: 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.

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

CALIBAN:

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

STEFANO: Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody

thoughts.

TRINCULO: O King Stefano! O peer! O worthy
 Stefano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN:

Let it alone, thou fool! It is but trash.

TRINCULO: O ho, monster! We know what belongs to a
 frippery. O King Stefano!

STEFANO: Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand,
 I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO: Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN:

The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let't alone,
 And do the murder first. If he awake,
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
 Make us strange stuff.

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

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

STEFANO: I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment
 for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of
 this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent
 pass of pate. There's another garment for't.

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

CALIBAN:

I will have none on't. We shall loose our time,
 And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
 With foreheads villainous low.

STEFANO: 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.

STEFANO: 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, Stefano and Trinculo are driven out

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

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

ARIEL: Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO:

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little

Follow, and do me service.

Exeunt

UNIT TWENTY

V.

Enter Prospero, in his magic robes, and Ariel

PROSPERO:

Now does my project gather to a head.

My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARIEL:

On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO: I did say so,

When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the King and's followers?

ARIEL: Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

Just as you left them - all prisoners, sir,

In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.

They cannot budge till your release. The King,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And Lord Gonzalo mourning over them,

Brimful of sorrow and dismay.

Your charm so strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them your affections

Would become tender.

PROSPERO: Dost thou think so, spirit?

V.

ARIEL:

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO: And mine shall.

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

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL: I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit

UNIT TWENTY ONE

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 mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid -

Weak masters though ye be - I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough magic

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

Solemn music.

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio*

in like manner. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

V.

UNIT TWENTY TWO

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull. There stand,

For you are spell-stopped.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
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
Did thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian
Would here have killed your King, I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
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

ARIEL:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO:

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom- so, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art!
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The master and the Bosun
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

UNIT TWENTY THREE

GONZALO:

All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO: Behold, sir King,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero.

V.

I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid

A hearty welcome.

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

PROSPERO: First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

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

PROSPERO: You do yet taste
Some subtleties o'th'isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
(*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*)

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

SEBASTIAN: (*Aside*) The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO: No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault - all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO: If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wracked 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?

V.

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. 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 is my court. 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.*

UNIT TWENTY FOUR

MIRANDA:

Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

MIRANDA:

Yet, for a score of kingdoms, you should wrong me,
And I would call it fair play.

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

SEBASTIAN: A most high miracle.

FERDINAND:

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

He comes forward and kneels

ALONSO: Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRANDA: O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

PROSPERO: 'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO:

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.

V.

Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND: Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal providence she's mine.

She's daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

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

PROSPERO: There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone. At picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened 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.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stefano, and Trinculo
in their stolen apparel*

UNIT TWENTY FIVE

STEFANO: 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.

PROSPERO:

These three have robbed 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 pinched to death.

ALONSO:

Is not this Stefano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN:

He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO:

And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they

V.

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How can'st thou in this pickle?

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

PROSPERO: You'd be king o'th'isle, sirrah?

STEFANO: I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO:

This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

PROSPERO:

He is as disproportioned in his manners

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

Take with you your companions. As you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN:

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

And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO: Go to. Away!

ALONSO:'

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN:

Or stole it, rather.

Exeunt Caliban, Stefano and Trinculo

PROSPERO:

Sir, I invite your highness and your train

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away - the story of my life,

And the particular accidents gone by

Since I came to this isle. And in the morn,

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;

And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO: I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO: I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off. - 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 confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, Art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Exit