THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

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, Lord

FRANCISCO, „

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, presented by[2] Spirits.

CERES, „ „

JUNO, „ „

Nymphs, „ „

Reapers, „ „

Other Spirits attending on Prospero[3].

SCENE--\_A ship at sea[4]: an uninhabited island.\_

Footnotes:

1: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] NAMES OF THE ACTORS F1 at the end of the Play.

2: \_presented by\_] Edd.

3: \_Other ... Prospero\_] Theobald.

4: A ship at sea:] At sea: Capell.]

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. \_On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder

and lightning heard.\_

\_Enter \_a Ship-Master\_ and \_a Boatswain\_.\_

\_Mast.\_ Boatswain!

\_Boats.\_ Here, master: what cheer?

\_Mast.\_ Good, speak to the mariners: fall to’t, yarely, or

we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [\_Exit.\_

\_Enter \_Mariners\_.\_

\_Boats.\_ Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! 5

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.\_

\_Alon.\_ Good boatswain, have care. Where’s the master?

Play the men.

\_Boats.\_ I pray now, keep below. 10

\_Ant.\_ Where is the master, boatswain?

\_Boats.\_ Do you not hear him? You mar our labour:

keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

\_Gon.\_ Nay, good, be patient.

\_Boats.\_ When the sea is. Hence! What cares these 15

roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble

us not.

\_Gon.\_ Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

\_Boats.\_ None that I more love than myself. You are a

Counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, 20

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.\_ 25

\_Gon.\_ 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 30

is miserable. [\_Exeunt.\_

\_Re-enter Boatswain.\_

\_Boats.\_ 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. 35

\_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?

\_Seb.\_ A pox o’ your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,

incharitable dog!

\_Boats.\_ Work you, then. 40

\_Ant.\_ Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker.

We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

\_Gon.\_ I’ll warrant him for drowning; though the ship

were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched

wench. 45

\_Boats.\_ 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!

\_Boats.\_ What, must our mouths be cold?

\_Gon.\_ The king and prince at prayers! let’s assist them, 50

For our case is as theirs.

\_Seb.\_ I’m out of patience.

\_Ant.\_ We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp’d rascal,--would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

\_Gon.\_ He’ll be hang’d yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it, 55

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!”]

\_Ant.\_ Let’s all sink with the king. 60

\_Seb.\_ Let’s take leave of him. [\_Exeunt Ant. and Seb.\_

\_Gon.\_ 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.\_ 65

Notes: I, 1.

SC. I. On a ship at sea] Pope.

Enter ... Boatswain] Collier MS. adds ‘shaking off wet.’

3: \_Good,\_] Rowe. \_Good:\_ Ff. \_Good.\_ Collier.

7: \_till thou burst thy wind\_] \_till thou burst, wind\_ Johnson conj.

\_till thou burst thee, wind\_ Steevens conj.

8: Capell adds stage direction [Exeunt Mariners aloft.

11: \_boatswain\_] Pope. \_boson\_ Ff.

11-18: Verse. S. Walker conj.

15: \_cares\_] \_care\_ Rowe. See note (I).

31: [Exeunt] Theobald. [Exit. Ff.

33: \_Bring her to try\_] F4. \_Bring her to Try\_ F1 F2 F3.

\_Bring her to. Try\_ Story conj.

33-35: Text as in Capell. \_A plague\_--A cry within. Enter Sebastian,

Anthonio, and Gonzalo. \_upon this howling.\_ Ff.

34-37: Verse. S. Walker conj.

43: \_for\_] \_from\_ Theobald.

46: \_two courses off to sea\_] \_two courses; off to sea\_ Steevens

(Holt conj.).

46: [Enter...] [Re-enter... Dyce.

47: [Exeunt. Theobald.

50: \_at\_] \_are at\_ Rowe.

50-54: Printed as prose in Ff.

56: \_to glut\_] \_t’ englut\_ Johnson conj.

57: See note (II).

59: \_Farewell, brother!\_] \_Brother, farewell!\_ Theobald.

60: \_with the\_] Rowe. \_with’\_ F1 F2. \_with\_ F3 F4.

61: [Exeunt A. and S.] [Exit. Ff.

63: \_furze\_ Rowe. \_firrs\_ F1 F2 F3. \_firs\_ F4.

\_long heath, brown furze\_] \_ling, heath, broom, furze\_ Hanmer.]

65: [Exeunt] [Exit F1, om. F2 F3 F4.]

SCENE II. \_The island. Before PROSPERO’S cell.\_

\_Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.\_

\_Mir.\_ If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

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

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer’d 5

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish’d!

Had I been any god of power, I would 10

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

It should the good ship so have swallow’d and

The fraughting souls within her.

\_Pros.\_ Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart

There’s no harm done.

\_Mir.\_ O, woe the day!

\_Pros.\_ No harm. 15

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, 20

And thy no greater father.

\_Mir.\_ More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

\_Pros.\_ ’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. 25

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 30

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.

\_Mir.\_ You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp’d,

And left me to a bootless inquisition, 35

Concluding “Stay: not yet.”

\_Pros.\_ 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 40

Out three years old.

\_Mir.\_ Certainly, sir, I can.

\_Pros.\_ By what? by any other house or person?

Of any thing the image tell me that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

\_Mir.\_ ’Tis far off,

And rather like a dream than an assurance 45

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

\_Pros.\_ 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? 50

If thou remember’st ought ere thou camest here,

How thou camest here thou mayst.

\_Mir.\_ But that I do not.

\_Pros.\_ Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and

A prince of power.

\_Mir.\_ Sir, are not you my father? 55

\_Pros.\_ Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir

And princess, no worse issued.

\_Mir.\_ O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 60

Or blessed was’t we did?

\_Pros.\_ Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say’st, were we heaved thence;

But blessedly holp hither.

\_Mir.\_ O, my heart bleeds

To think o’ the teen that I have turn’d you to.

Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther. 65

\_Pros.\_ My brother, and thy uncle, call’d Antonio,--

I pray thee, mark me,--that a brother should

Be so perfidious!--he whom, next thyself,

Of all the world I loved, and to him put

The manage of my state; as, at that time, 70

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, 75

And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle--

Dost thou attend me?

\_Mir.\_ Sir, most heedfully.

\_Pros.\_ Being once perfected how to grant suits,

How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom 80

To trash for over-topping, new created

The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed ’em,

Or else new form’d ’em; having both the key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i’ the state

To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was 85

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,

And suck’d my verdure out on’t. Thou attend’st not.

\_Mir.\_ O, good sir, I do.

\_Pros.\_ I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90

With that which, but by being so retired,

O’er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother

Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him

A falsehood in its contrary, as great 95

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, 100

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,-- 105

Dost thou hear?

\_Mir.\_ Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

\_Pros.\_ 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 110

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!-- 115

To most ignoble stooping.

\_Mir.\_ O the heavens!

\_Pros.\_ Mark his condition, and th’ event; then tell me

If this might be a brother.

\_Mir.\_ I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

\_Pros.\_ Now the condition. 120

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 125

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, 130

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence

Me and thy crying self.

\_Mir.\_ 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.

\_Pros.\_ Hear a little further, 135

And then I’ll bring thee to the present business

Which now’s upon ’s; without the which, this story

Were most impertinent.

\_Mir.\_ Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

\_Pros.\_ Well demanded, wench:

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, 140

So dear the love my people bore me; nor set

A mark so bloody on the business; but

With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,

Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared 145

A rotten carcass of a boat, 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, 150

Did us but loving wrong.

\_Mir.\_ Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

\_Pros.\_ O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

When I have deck’d the sea with drops full salt, 155

Under my burthen groan’d; which raised in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

\_Mir.\_ How came we ashore?

\_Pros.\_ By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160

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, 165

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish’d me

From mine own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

\_Mir.\_ Would I might

But ever see that man!

\_Pros.\_ Now I arise: [\_Resumes his mantle.\_

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170

Here in this island we arrived; and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princesses can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

\_Mir.\_ Heavens thank you for’t! And now, I pray you, sir, 175

For still ’tis beating in my mind, your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

\_Pros.\_ 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 180

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; ’tis a good dulness, 185

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\_.\_

\_Ari.\_ All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be’t to fly, 190

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl’d clouds, to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

\_Pros.\_ Hast thou, spirit,

Perform’d to point the tempest that I bade thee?

\_Ari.\_ To every article. 195

I boarded the king’s ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flamed amazement: sometime I’ld divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200

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, 205

Yea, his dread trident shake.

\_Pros.\_ My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil

Would not infect his reason?

\_Ari.\_ Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play’d

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210

Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me: the king’s son, Ferdinand,

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

Was the first man that leap’d; cried, “Hell is empty,

And all the devils are here.”

\_Pros.\_ Why, that’s my spirit! 215

But was not this nigh shore?

\_Ari.\_ Close by, my master.

\_Pros.\_ But are they, Ariel, safe?

\_Ari.\_ Not a hair perish’d;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,

In troops I have dispersed them ’bout the isle. 220

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.

\_Pros.\_ Of the king’s ship

The mariners, say how thou hast disposed, 225

And all the rest o’ the fleet.

\_Ari.\_ 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; 230

Who, with a charm join’d to their suffer’d labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o’ the fleet,

Which I dispersed, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,

Bound sadly home for Naples; 235

Supposing that they saw the king’s ship wreck’d,

And his great person perish.

\_Pros.\_ Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform’d: but there’s more work.

What is the time o’ the day?

\_Ari.\_ Past the mid season.

\_Pros.\_ At least two glasses. The time ’twixt six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

\_Ari.\_ Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,

Which is not yet perform’d me.

\_Pros.\_ How now? moody?

What is’t thou canst demand?

\_Ari.\_ My liberty. 245

\_Pros.\_ Before the time be out? no more!

\_Ari.\_ I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

\_Pros.\_ Dost thou forget 250

From what a torment I did free thee?

\_Ari.\_ No.

\_Pros.\_ 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 255

When it is baked with frost.

\_Ari.\_ I do not, sir.

\_Pros.\_ 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?

\_Ari.\_ No, sir.

\_Pros.\_ Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me. 260

\_Ari.\_ Sir, in Argier.

\_Pros.\_ O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget’st. This damn’d witch Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing, from Argier, 265

Thou know’st, was banish’d: for one thing she did

They would not take her life. Is not this true?

\_Ari.\_ Ay, sir.

\_Pros.\_ This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270

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, 275

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 280

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.

\_Ari.\_ Yes, Caliban her son.

\_Pros.\_ Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban, 285

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 290

Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape

The pine, and let thee out.

\_Ari.\_ I thank thee, master.

\_Pros.\_ If thou more murmur’st, I will rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till 295

Thou hast howl’d away twelve winters.

\_Ari.\_ Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,

And do my spiriting gently.

\_Pros.\_ Do so; and after two days

I will discharge thee.

\_Ari.\_ That’s my noble master!

What shall I do? say what; what shall I do? 300

\_Pros.\_ Go make thyself like a nymph o’ the sea:

Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible

To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,

And hither come in’t: go, hence with diligence!

[\_Exit Ariel.\_

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; 305

Awake!

\_Mir.\_ The strangeness of your story put

Heaviness in me.

\_Pros.\_ Shake it off. Come on;

We’ll visit Caliban my slave, who never

Yields us kind answer.

\_Mir.\_ ’Tis a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.

\_Pros.\_ But, as ’tis, 310

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.

\_Cal.\_ [\_within\_] There’s wood enough within.

\_Pros.\_ Come forth, I say! there’s other business for thee: 315

Come, thou tortoise! when?

\_Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.\_

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

\_Ari.\_ My lord, it shall be done. [\_Exit.\_

\_Pros.\_ Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

\_Enter CALIBAN.\_

\_Cal.\_ 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!

\_Pros.\_ For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, 325

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch’d

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging

Than bees that made ’em.

\_Cal.\_ I must eat my dinner. 330

This island’s mine, by Sycorax my mother,

Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,

Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me

Water with berries in’t; and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less, 335

That burn by day and night: and then I loved 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! 340

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.

\_Pros.\_ Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee, 345

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.

\_Cal.\_ O ho, O ho! would ’t had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350

This isle with Calibans.

\_Pros.\_ 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, 355

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 360

Deservedly confined into this rock,

Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

\_Cal.\_ 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!

\_Pros.\_ Hag-seed, hence! 365

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, 370

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

\_Cal.\_ 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.

\_Pros.\_ So, slave; hence! [\_Exit Caliban.\_

\_Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND

following.\_

\_ARIEL’S song.\_

Come unto these yellow sands, 375

And then take hands:

Courtsied when you have and kiss’d

The wild waves whist:

Foot it featly here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear. 380

\_Burthen\_ [\_dispersedly\_]. Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

\_Ari.\_ Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer 385

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

\_Fer.\_ 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, 390

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. 395

\_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 400

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

\_Burthen:\_ Ding-dong.

\_Ari.\_ Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

\_Fer.\_ The ditty does remember my drown’d father. 405

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes:--I hear it now above me.

\_Pros.\_ The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

And say what thou seest yond.

\_Mir.\_ What is’t? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 410

It carries a brave form. But ’tis a spirit.

\_Pros.\_ 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 415

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find ’em.

\_Mir.\_ I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside\_] It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I’ll free thee 420

Within two days for this.

\_Fer.\_ 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, 425

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!

If you be maid or no?

\_Mir.\_ No wonder, sir;

But certainly a maid.

\_Fer.\_ My language! heavens!

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where ’tis spoken.

\_Pros.\_ How? the best? 430

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

\_Fer.\_ 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 435

The king my father wreck’d.

\_Mir.\_ Alack, for mercy!

\_Fer.\_ Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside\_] The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter could control thee,

If now ’twere fit to do’t. At the first sight 440

They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,

I’ll set thee free for this. [\_To Fer.\_] A word, good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

\_Mir.\_ Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e’er I saw; the first 445

That e’er I sigh’d for: pity move my father

To be inclined my way!

\_Fer.\_ O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I’ll make you

The queen of Naples.

\_Pros.\_ Soft, sir! one word more.

[\_Aside\_] They are both in either’s powers:

but this swift business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light. [\_To Fer.\_] One word more; I charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself

Upon this island as a spy, to win it 455

From me, the lord on’t.

\_Fer.\_ No, as I am a man.

\_Mir.\_ 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.

\_Pros.\_ Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he’s a traitor. Come; 460

I’ll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither’d roots, and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

\_Fer.\_ No;

I will resist such entertainment till 465

Mine enemy has more power.

[\_Draws, and is charmed from moving.\_

\_Mir.\_ O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He’s gentle, and not fearful.

\_Pros.\_ What! I say,

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience 470

Is so possess’d with guilt: come from thy ward;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick

And make thy weapon drop.

\_Mir.\_ Beseech you, father.

\_Pros.\_ Hence! hang not on my garments.

\_Mir.\_ Sir, have pity;

I’ll be his surety.

\_Pros.\_ Silence! one word more 475

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, 480

And they to him are angels.

\_Mir.\_ My affections

Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

\_Pros.\_ Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

\_Fer.\_ So they are: 485

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father’s loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wreck of all my friends, nor this man’s threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day 490

Behold this maid: all corners else o’ th’ earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside\_] It works. [\_To Fer.\_] Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [\_To Fer.\_] Follow me.

[\_To Ari.\_] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

\_Mir.\_ Be of comfort; 495

My father’s of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted

Which now came from him.

\_Pros.\_ Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do

All points of my command.

\_Ari.\_ To the syllable. 500

\_Pros.\_ Come, follow. Speak not for him. [\_Exeunt.\_

Notes: I, 2.

3: \_stinking\_] \_flaming\_ Singer conj. \_kindling\_ S. Verges conj.

4: \_cheek\_] \_heat\_ Collier MS. \_crack\_ Staunton conj.

7: \_creature\_] \_creatures\_ Theobald.

13: \_fraughting\_] Ff. \_fraighted\_ Pope. \_fraighting\_ Theobald.

\_freighting\_ Steevens.

15: Mir. \_O, woe the day!\_ Pros. \_No harm.\_] Mir. \_O woe the day!

no harm?\_ Johnson conj.

19: \_I am more better\_] \_I’m more or better\_ Pope.

24: [Lays ... mantle] Pope.

28: \_provision\_] F1. \_compassion\_ F2 F3 F4. \_prevision\_ Hunter conj.

29: \_soul\_] \_soul lost\_ Rowe. \_foyle\_ Theobald. \_soil\_ Johnson conj.

\_loss\_ Capell. \_foul\_ Wright conj.

31: \_betid\_] F1. \_betide\_ F2 F3 F4.

35: \_a\_] F1. \_the\_ F2 F3 F4.

38: \_thou\_] om. Pope.

41: \_Out\_] \_Full\_ Pope (after Dryden). \_Quite\_ Collier MS.

44: \_with\_] \_in\_ Pope (after Dryden).

53: \_Twelve year ... year\_] \_Tis twelve years ... years\_ Pope.

58, 59: \_and his only heir And princess\_] \_and his only heir

A princess\_ Pope. \_thou his only heir And princess\_ Steevens.

\_and though his only heir A princess\_] Johnson conj.

63: \_holp\_] \_help’d\_ Pope.

\_O, my heart\_] \_My heart\_ Pope.

78: \_me\_] om. F3 F4.

80: \_whom ... whom\_] F2 F3 F4. \_who ... who\_ F1.

81: \_trash\_] \_plash\_ Hanmer.

82, 83: \_’em ... ’em\_] \_them ... them\_ Capell.

84: \_i’ the state\_] \_i’th state\_ F1. \_e’th state\_ F2.

\_o’th state\_ F3 F4. om. Pope.

88: \_O, good sir ... mark me.\_] \_Good sir ... mark me then.\_ Pope.

\_O yes, good sir ... mark me.\_ Capell.

Mir. \_O, ... do.\_ Pros. \_I ... me\_] \_I ... me.\_ Mir. \_O ... do.\_

Steevens.

89: \_dedicated\_] \_dedicate\_ Steevens (Ritson conj.).

91: \_so\_] F1. om. F2 F3 F4.

97: \_lorded\_] \_loaded\_ Collier MS.

99: \_exact, like\_] \_exact. Like\_ Ff.

100: \_having into truth ... of it\_] \_loving an untruth, and telling

’t oft\_ Hanmer. \_having unto truth ... oft\_ Warburton. \_having to

untruth ... of it\_ Collier MS. \_having sinn’d to truth ... oft\_

Musgrave conj.

\_telling\_] \_quelling\_ S. Verges conj.

101: \_Made ... memory\_] \_Makes ... memory\_ Hanmer. \_Makes ...

memory too\_ Musgrave conj.

103: \_indeed the duke\_] \_the duke\_ Steevens. \_indeed duke\_ S. Walker

conj.

\_out o’ the\_] \_from\_ Pope.

105: \_his\_] \_is\_ F2.

105, 106: \_ambition growing\_] \_ambition Growing\_ Steevens.

106: \_hear?\_] \_hear, child?\_ Hanmer.

109: \_Milan\_] \_Millanie\_ F1 (Capell’s copy).

112: \_wi’ the\_] Capell. \_with\_ Ff. \_wi’ th’\_ Rowe. \_with the\_

Steevens.

116: \_most\_] F1. \_much\_ F2 F3 F4.

119: \_but\_] \_not\_ Pope.

120: \_Good ... sons\_] Theobald suggested that these words should be

given to Prospero. Hanmer prints them so.

122: \_hearkens\_] \_hears\_ Pope. \_hearks\_ Theobald.

129: \_Fated\_] \_Mated\_ Dryden’s version.

\_purpose\_] \_practise\_ Collier MS.

131: \_ministers\_] \_minister\_ Rowe.

133: \_out\_] \_on’t\_ Steevens conj.

135: \_to ’t\_] om. Steevens (Farmer conj.).

138: \_Wherefore\_] \_Why\_ Pope.

141: \_me\_] om. Pope.

146: \_boat\_] Rowe (after Dryden). \_butt\_ F1 F2 F3. \_but\_ F4.

\_busse\_ Black conj.

147: \_sail\_] F1. \_nor sail\_ F2 F3 F4.

148: \_have\_] \_had\_ Rowe (after Dryden).

150: \_the winds\_] \_winds\_ Pope.

155: \_deck’d\_] \_brack’d\_ Hanmer. \_mock’d\_ Warburton. \_fleck’d\_

Johnson conj. \_degg’d\_ anon. ap. Reed conj.

162: \_who\_] om. Pope. \_he\_ Steevens conj.

169: \_Now I arise\_] Continued to Miranda. Blackstone conj.

[Resumes his mantle] om. Ff. [Put on robe again. Collier MS.

173: \_princesses\_] \_princesse\_ F1 F2 F3. \_princess\_ F4.

\_princes\_ Rowe. \_princess’\_ Dyce (S. Walker conj.). See note (III).

186: [M. sleeps] Theobald.

189: SCENE III. Pope.

190: \_be’t\_] F1. \_be it\_ F2 F3 F4.

193: \_quality\_] \_qualities\_ Pope (after Dryden).

198: \_sometime\_] F1. \_sometimes\_ F2 F3 F4.

200: \_bowsprit\_] \_bore-sprit\_ Ff. \_bolt-sprit\_ Rowe.

201: \_lightnings\_] Theobald. \_lightning\_ Ff.

202: \_o’ the\_] \_of\_ Pope.

\_thunder-claps\_] \_thunder-clap\_ Johnson.

205: \_Seem\_] \_Seem’d\_ Theobald.

206: \_dread\_] F1. \_dead\_ F2 F3 F4.

\_My brave\_] \_My brave, brave\_ Theobald. \_That’s my brave\_ Hanmer.

209: \_mad\_] \_mind\_ Pope (after Dryden).

211, 212: \_vessel, ... son\_] \_vessell; Then all a fire with me

the King’s sonne\_ Ff.

218: \_sustaining\_] \_sea-stained\_ Edwards conj. \_unstaining\_ or

\_sea-staining\_ Spedding conj.

229: \_Bermoothes\_] \_Bermudas\_ Theobald.

231: \_Who\_] \_Whom\_ Hanmer.

234: \_are\_] \_all\_ Collier MS.

\_upon\_] \_on\_ Pope.

239-240: Ari. \_Past the mid season.\_ Pros. \_At least two glasses\_]

Ari. \_Past the mid season at least two glasses.\_ Warburton.

Pros. \_... Past the mid season?\_ Ari. \_At least two glasses\_

Johnson conj.

244: \_How now? moody?\_] \_How now, moody!\_ Dyce (so Dryden, ed. 1808).

245: \_What\_] F1. \_Which\_ F2 F3 F4.

248: \_made thee\_] Ff. \_made\_ Pope.

249: \_didst\_] F3 F4. \_did\_ F1 F2.

264: \_and sorceries\_] \_sorceries too\_ Hanmer.

267: \_Is not this true?\_] \_Is this not true?\_ Pope.

271: \_wast then\_] Rowe (after Dryden). \_was then\_ Ff.

273: \_earthy\_] \_earthly\_ Pope.

282: \_son\_] F1. \_sunne\_ F2. \_sun\_ F3 F4.

\_she\_] Rowe (after Dryden). \_he\_ Ff.

298: See note (IV).

301: \_like\_] F1. \_like to\_ F2 F3 F4.

302: \_Be subject to\_] \_be subject To\_ Malone.

\_but thine and mine\_] \_but mine\_ Pope.

304: \_in’t\_] \_in it\_ Pope.

\_go, hence\_] \_goe: hence\_ Ff. \_go hence\_ Pope. \_hence\_ Hanmer.

307: \_Heaviness\_] \_Strange heaviness\_ Edd. conj.

312: \_serves in offices\_] F1. \_serves offices\_ F2 F3 F4.

\_serveth offices\_ Collier MS.

316: \_Come, thou tortoise! when?\_] om. Pope.

\_Come\_] \_Come forth\_ Steevens.]

320: \_come forth!\_] \_come forth, thou tortoise!\_ Pope.

321: SCENE IV. Pope.

332: \_camest\_] Rowe. \_cam’st\_ Ff. \_cam’st here\_ Ritson conj.

333: \_madest\_] Rowe (after Dryden). \_made\_ Ff.

339: \_Curs’d be I that\_] F1. \_Curs’d be I that I\_ F2 F3 F4.

\_cursed be I that\_ Steevens.

342: \_Which\_] \_Who\_ Pope, and at line 351.

346: \_thee\_] om. F4.

349: \_would ’t\_] Ff. \_I wou’d it\_ Pope.

351: Pros.] Theobald (after Dryden). Mira. Ff.

352: \_wilt\_] F1. \_will\_ F2 F3 F4.

355, 356: \_didst not ... Know\_] \_couldst not ... Shew\_ Hanmer.

356: \_wouldst\_] \_didst\_ Hanmer.

361, 362: \_Deservedly ... deserved\_] \_Justly ... who hadst Deserv’d\_

S. Walker conj. \_Confin’d ... deserv’d\_ id. conj.

362: \_Who ... prison\_] om. Pope (after Dryden).

366: \_thou’rt\_] F1 F2 F3. \_thou art\_ F4. \_thou wer’t\_ Rowe.

375: SCENE V. Pope.

following.] Malone.

378: \_The wild waves whist\_] Printed as a parenthesis by Steevens.

See note (V).

380: \_the burthen bear\_] Pope. \_bear the burthen\_ Ff.

381-383: Steevens gives \_Hark, hark! The watch-dogs bark\_ to Ariel.

387: \_i’ th’ air or th’ earth?\_] \_in air or earth?\_ Pope.

390: \_again\_] \_against\_ Rowe (after Dryden).

407: \_owes\_] \_owns\_ Pope (after Dryden), but leaves \_ow’st\_ 454.

408: SCENE VI. Pope.

419: \_It goes on, I see,\_] \_It goes, I see\_ Capell. \_It goes on\_

Steevens.

420: \_fine spirit!\_] om. Hanmer.

427: \_maid\_] F3. \_mayd\_ F1 F2. \_made\_ F4.

443: See note (VI).

444: \_ungently\_] F1. \_urgently\_ F2 F3 F4.

451: \_lest\_] F4. \_least\_ F1 F2 F3.

452: \_One\_] \_Sir, one\_ Pope.

\_I charge thee\_] \_I charge thee\_ [to Ariel. Pope.

460: Pros. prefixed again to this line in Ff.

468: \_and\_] \_tho’\_ Hanmer.

469: \_foot\_] \_fool\_ S. Walker conj. \_child\_ Dryden’s version.

470: \_makest\_] \_mak’st\_ F1. \_makes\_ F2 F3 F4.

471: \_so\_] F1. om. F2 F3 F4. \_all\_ Pope.

478: \_is\_] \_are\_ Rowe.

488: \_nor\_] \_and\_ Rowe (after Dryden). \_or\_ Capell.

489: \_are\_] \_were\_ Malone conj.

ACT II.

SCENE I. \_Another part of the island.\_

\_Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,

and others.\_

\_Gon.\_ 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, 5

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.

\_Alon.\_ Prithee, peace.

\_Seb.\_ He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

\_Ant.\_ The visitor will not give him o’er so.

\_Seb.\_ Look, he’s winding up the watch of his wit; by

and by it will strike.

\_Gon.\_ Sir,--

\_Seb.\_ One: tell. 15

\_Gon.\_ When every grief is entertain’d that’s offer’d,

Comes to the entertainer--

\_Seb.\_ A dollar.

\_Gon.\_ Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken

truer than you purposed. 20

\_Seb.\_ You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

\_Gon.\_ Therefore, my lord,--

\_Ant.\_ Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

\_Alon.\_ I prithee, spare.

\_Gon.\_ Well, I have done: but yet,-- 25

\_Seb.\_ He will be talking.

\_Ant.\_ Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first

begins to crow?

\_Seb.\_ The old cock.

\_Ant.\_ The cockerel. 30

\_Seb.\_ Done. The wager?

\_Ant.\_ A laughter.

\_Seb.\_ A match!

\_Adr.\_ Though this island seem to be desert,--

\_Seb.\_ Ha, ha, ha!--So, you’re paid. 35

\_Adr.\_ Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,--

\_Seb.\_ Yet,--

\_Adr.\_ Yet,--

\_Ant.\_ He could not miss’t.

\_Adr.\_ It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate 40

temperance.

\_Ant.\_ Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

\_Adr.\_ The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

\_Seb.\_ As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. 45

\_Ant.\_ Or as ’twere perfumed by a fen.

\_Gon.\_ Here is every thing advantageous to life.

\_Ant.\_ True; save means to live.

\_Seb.\_ Of that there’s none, or little.

\_Gon.\_ How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green! 50

\_Ant.\_ The ground, indeed, is tawny.

\_Seb.\_ With an eye of green in’t.

\_Ant.\_ He misses not much.

\_Seb.\_ No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

\_Gon.\_ But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost 55

beyond credit,--

\_Seb.\_ As many vouched rarities are.

\_Gon.\_ 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. 60

\_Ant.\_ If but one of his pockets could speak, would it

not say he lies?

\_Seb.\_ Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

\_Gon.\_ Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when

we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king’s 65

fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

\_Seb.\_ ’Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in

our return.

\_Adr.\_ Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon

to their queen. 70

\_Gon.\_ Not since widow Dido’s time.

\_Ant.\_ Widow! a pox o’ that! How came that widow

in? widow Dido!

\_Seb.\_ What if he had said ‘widower Æneas’ too? Good

Lord, how you take it! 75

\_Adr.\_ ‘Widow Dido’ said you? you make me study of

that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

\_Gon.\_ This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

\_Adr.\_ Carthage?

\_Gon.\_ I assure you, Carthage. 80

\_Seb.\_ His word is more than the miraculous harp; he

hath raised the wall, and houses too.

\_Ant.\_ What impossible matter will he make easy next?

\_Seb.\_ I think he will carry this island home in his

pocket, and give it his son for an apple. 85

\_Ant.\_ And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring

forth more islands.

\_Gon.\_ Ay.

\_Ant.\_ Why, in good time.

\_Gon.\_ Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now 90

as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your

daughter, who is now queen.

\_Ant.\_ And the rarest that e’er came there.

\_Seb.\_ Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

\_Ant.\_ O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido. 95

\_Gon.\_ Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I

wore it? I mean, in a sort.

\_Ant.\_ That sort was well fished for.

\_Gon.\_ When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage?

\_Alon.\_ You cram these words into mine ears against 100

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 105

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

\_Fran.\_ 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 110

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 115

He came alive to land.

\_Alon.\_ No, no, he’s gone.

\_Seb.\_ 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, 120

Who hath cause to wet the grief on’t.

\_Alon.\_ Prithee, peace.

\_Seb.\_ You were kneel’d to, and importuned otherwise,

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh’d between loathness and obedience, at

Which end o’ the beam should bow. We have lost your son, 125

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.

\_Alon.\_ So is the dear’st o’ the loss.

\_Gon.\_ My lord Sebastian, 130

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

\_Seb.\_ Very well.

\_Ant.\_ And most chirurgeonly.

\_Gon.\_ It is foul weather in us all, good sir, 135

When you are cloudy.

\_Seb.\_ Foul weather?

\_Ant.\_ Very foul.

\_Gon.\_ Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,--

\_Ant.\_ He’ld sow’t with nettle-seed.

\_Seb.\_ Or docks, or mallows.

\_Gon.\_ And were the king on’t, what would I do?

\_Seb.\_ ’Scape being drunk for want of wine. 140

\_Gon.\_ 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, 145

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;-- 150

\_Seb.\_ Yet he would be king on’t.

\_Ant.\_ The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the

beginning.

\_Gon.\_ All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, 155

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

\_Seb.\_ No marrying ’mong his subjects?

\_Ant.\_ None, man; all idle; whores and knaves. 160

\_Gon.\_ I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

\_Seb.\_ ’Save his majesty!

\_Ant.\_ Long live Gonzalo!

\_Gon.\_ And,--do you mark me, sir?

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

\_Gon.\_ I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister 165

occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible

and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

\_Ant.\_ ’Twas you we laughed at.

\_Gon.\_ Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to

you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still. 170

\_Ant.\_ What a blow was there given!

\_Seb.\_ An it had not fallen flat-long.

\_Gon.\_ 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. 175

\_Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.\_

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

\_Ant.\_ Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

\_Gon.\_ No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion

so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very

heavy? 180

\_Ant.\_ Go sleep, and hear us.

[\_All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.\_

\_Alon.\_ What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find

They are inclined to do so.

\_Seb.\_ Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it: 185

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

\_Ant.\_ We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

\_Alon.\_ Thank you.--Wondrous heavy.

[\_Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.\_

\_Seb.\_ What a strange drowsiness possesses them! 190

\_Ant.\_ It is the quality o’ the climate.

\_Seb.\_ Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

\_Ant.\_ Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp’d, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, 195

Worthy Sebastian?--O, 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.

\_Seb.\_ What, art thou waking? 200

\_Ant.\_ Do you not hear me speak?

\_Seb.\_ 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, 205

And yet so fast asleep.

\_Ant.\_ Noble Sebastian,

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

Whiles thou art waking.

\_Seb.\_ Thou dost snore distinctly;

There’s meaning in thy snores.

\_Ant.\_ I am more serious than my custom: you 210

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do

Trebles thee o’er.

\_Seb.\_ Well, I am standing water.

\_Ant.\_ I’ll teach you how to flow.

\_Seb.\_ Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

\_Ant.\_ O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish 215

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.

\_Seb.\_ Prithee, say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim 220

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

\_Ant.\_ 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,-- 225

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.

\_Seb.\_ I have no hope

That he’s undrown’d.

\_Ant.\_ O, out of that ‘no hope’ 230

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?

\_Seb.\_ He’s gone.

\_Ant.\_ Then, tell me, 235

Who’s the next heir of Naples?

\_Seb.\_ Claribel.

\_Ant.\_ 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 240

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.

\_Seb.\_ What stuff is this! How say you? 245

’Tis true, my brother’s daughter’s queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; ’twixt which regions

There is some space.

\_Ant.\_ A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, “How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, 250

And let Sebastian wake.” Say, this were death

That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

As amply and unnecessarily 255

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

\_Seb.\_ Methinks I do.

\_Ant.\_ And how does your content 260

Tender your own good fortune?

\_Seb.\_ I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

\_Ant.\_ 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. 265

\_Seb.\_ But for your conscience.

\_Ant.\_ 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, 270

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, 275

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 280

We say befits the hour.

\_Seb.\_ 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.

\_Ant.\_ Draw together; 285

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall it on Gonzalo.

\_Seb.\_ O, but one word. [\_They talk apart.\_

\_Re-enter ARIEL invisible.\_

\_Ari.\_ 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. 290

[\_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: 295

Awake, awake!

\_Ant.\_ Then let us both be sudden.

\_Gon.\_ Now, good angels

Preserve the king! [\_They wake.\_

\_Alon.\_ Why, how now? ho, awake!--Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

\_Gon.\_ What’s the matter? 300

\_Seb.\_ 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.

\_Alon.\_ I heard nothing.

\_Ant.\_ O, ’twas a din to fright a monster’s ear, 305

To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

\_Alon.\_ Heard you this, Gonzalo?

\_Gon.\_ Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open’d, 310

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.

\_Alon.\_ Lead off this ground; and let’s make further search

For my poor son.

\_Gon.\_ Heavens keep him from these beasts! 315

For he is, sure, i’ th’ island.

\_Alon.\_ Lead away.

\_Ari.\_ Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [\_Exeunt.\_

Notes: II, 1.

3: \_hint\_] \_stint\_ Warburton.

5: \_masters\_] \_master\_ Johnson. \_mistress\_ Steevens conj.

\_master’s\_ Edd. conj.

6: \_of woe\_] om. Steevens conj.

11-99: Marked as interpolated by Pope.

11: \_visitor\_] \_’viser\_ Warburton.

\_him\_] om. Rowe.

15: \_one\_] F1. \_on\_ F2 F3 F4.

16: \_entertain’d ... Comes\_] Capell. \_entertain’d, That’s offer’d

comes\_] Ff. Printed as prose by Pope.

27: \_of he\_] Ff. \_of them, he\_ Pope. \_or he\_ Collier MS.

See note (VII).

35: Seb. \_Ha, ha, ha!--So you’re paid\_] Theobald. Seb. \_Ha, ha, ha!\_

Ant. \_So you’r paid\_ Ff. Ant. \_So you’ve paid\_ Capell.

81, 82: Seb. \_His ... too\_] Edd. Ant. \_His ... harp.\_

Seb. \_He ... too\_ Ff.

88: \_Ay.\_] I. Ff. \_Ay?\_ Pope.

96: \_sir, my doublet\_] F1. \_my doublet, sir\_ F2 F3 F4.

113: \_stroke\_] F1 F2 F3. \_strokes\_ F4.

124: \_Weigh’d\_] \_Sway’d\_ S. Verges conj.

\_at\_] \_as\_ Collier MS.]

125: \_o’ the\_] \_the\_ Pope.

\_should\_] \_she’d\_ Malone.

129: \_The fault’s your own\_] \_the fault’s your own\_ (at the end

of 128) Capell. \_the fault’s Your own\_ Malone.

137: \_plantation\_] \_the plantation\_ Rowe. \_the planting\_ Hanmer.

139: \_on’t\_] \_of it\_ Hanmer.

144: \_riches, poverty\_] \_wealth, poverty\_ Pope. \_poverty, riches\_

Capell.

145: \_contract, succession\_] \_succession, Contract\_ Malone conj.

\_succession, None\_ id. conj.

146: \_none\_] \_olives, none\_ Hanmer.

157: \_its\_] F3 F4. \_it\_ F1 F2. See note (VIII).

162: \_’Save\_] F1 F2 F3. \_Save\_ F4. \_God save\_ Edd. conj.

175: Enter ... invisible ... music.] Malone. Enter Ariel, playing

solemn music. Ff. om. Pope. [Solemn music. Capell.

181: [All sleep ... Ant.] Stage direction to the same effect,

first inserted by Capell.

182-189: Text as in Pope. In Ff. the lines begin \_Would ... I find

... Do not ... It seldom ... We two ... While ... Thank.\_

189: [Exit Ariel] Malone.

192: \_find not\_ Pope. \_find Not\_ Ff.

211: \_so too, if heed\_] \_so too, if you heed\_ Rowe.

\_so, if you heed\_ Pope.

212: \_Trebles thee o’er\_] \_Troubles thee o’er\_ Pope.

\_Troubles thee not\_ Hanmer.

222: \_throes\_] Pope. \_throwes\_ F1 F2 F3. \_throws\_ F4.

\_Thus, sir\_] \_Why then thus Sir\_ Hanmer.

226: \_he’s\_] \_he’as\_ Hanmer. \_he\_ Johnson conj.

227: \_Professes to persuade\_] om. Steevens.

234: \_doubt\_] \_drops\_ Hanmer. \_doubts\_ Capell.

241: \_she that from whom\_] Ff. \_she from whom\_ Rowe.

\_she for whom\_ Pope. \_she from whom coming\_ Singer.

\_she that--from whom?\_ Spedding conj. See note (IX).

242: \_all\_] om. Pope.

243: \_And ... to perform\_] \_May ... perform\_ Pope. \_And by that

destin’d to perform\_ Musgrave conj. \_(And that by destiny)

to perform\_ Staunton conj.

244: \_is\_] F1. \_in\_ F2 F3 F4.

245: \_In\_] \_Is\_ Pope.

250: \_to\_] F1. \_by\_ F2 F3 F4.

\_Keep\_] \_Sleep\_ Johnson conj.

251: See note (X).

267: \_’twere\_] \_it were\_ Singer.

267-271: Pope ends the lines with \_that? ... slipper ... bosom ...

Milan ... molest ... brother.\_

267: See note (XI).

269: \_twenty\_] \_Ten\_ Pope.

270: \_stand\_] \_stood\_ Hanmer.

\_candied\_] \_Discandy’d\_ Upton conj.

271: \_And melt\_] \_Would melt\_ Johnson conj. \_Or melt\_ id. conj.

273, 274: \_like, that’s dead; Whom I, with\_] \_like, whom I With\_

Steevens (Farmer conj.).

275: \_whiles\_] om. Pope.

277: \_morsel\_] \_Moral\_ Warburton.

280, 281: \_business ... hour.\_] \_hour ... business.\_ Farmer conj.

282: \_precedent\_] Pope. \_president\_ Ff.

\_O\_] om. Pope.

[They talk apart] Capell.

Re-enter Ariel invisible.] Capell. Enter Ariel with music and

song. Ff.

289: \_you, his friend,\_] \_these, his friends\_ Steevens

(Johnson conj.).

289, 290: \_friend ... project dies ... them\_] \_friend ... projects

dies ... you\_ Hanmer. \_friend ... projects die ... them\_

Malone conj. \_friend ... project dies ... thee\_ Dyce.

298: [They wake.] Rowe.

300: \_this\_] \_thus\_ Collier MS.

307: \_Gonzalo\_] om. Pope.

312: \_verily\_] \_verity\_ Pope.

\_upon our guard\_] \_on guard\_ Pope.

SCENE II. \_Another part of the island.\_

\_Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.\_

\_Cal.\_ 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, 5

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 10

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 15

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

Perchance he will not mind me.

\_Trin.\_ 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 20

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 25

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 30

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 35

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.\_

\_Ste.\_ I shall no more to sea, to sea, 40

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, 45

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; 50

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.\_

\_Cal.\_ Do not torment me:--O!

\_Ste.\_ What’s the matter? Have we devils here? Do 55

you put tricks upon ’s with savages and men of Ind, ha? I

have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four

legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went

on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be

said so again, while Stephano breathes at’s nostrils. 60

\_Cal.\_ The spirit torments me:--O!

\_Ste.\_ 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 65

get to Naples with him, he’s a present for any emperor that

ever trod on neat’s-leather.

\_Cal.\_ Do not torment me, prithee; I’ll bring my wood

home faster.

\_Ste.\_ He’s in his fit now, and does not talk after the 70

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.

\_Cal.\_ Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I 75

know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

\_Ste.\_ 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. 80

\_Trin.\_ I should know that voice: it should be--but he

is drowned; and these are devils:--O defend me!

\_Ste.\_ 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. 85

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.

\_Trin.\_ Stephano!

\_Ste.\_ Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! 90

This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have

no long spoon.

\_Trin.\_ Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me,

and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,--be not afeard,--thy

good friend Trinculo. 95

\_Ste.\_ 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 earnest thou to be

the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

\_Trin.\_ I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. 100

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! 105

\_Ste.\_ Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not

constant.

\_Cal.\_ [\_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. 110

\_Ste.\_ 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. 115

\_Cal.\_ I’ll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject;

for the liquor is not earthly.

\_Ste.\_ Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

\_Trin.\_ Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim

like a duck, I’ll be sworn. 120

\_Ste.\_ Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim

like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

\_Trin.\_ O Stephano, hast any more of this?

\_Ste.\_ The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by

the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! 125

how does thine ague?

\_Cal.\_ Hast thou not dropp’d from heaven?

\_Ste.\_ Out o’ the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man

i’ the moon when time was.

\_Cal.\_ I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: 130

My mistress show’d me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

\_Ste.\_ Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish

it anon with new contents: swear.

\_Trin.\_ By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!

I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The 135

man i’ the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well

drawn, monster, in good sooth!

\_Cal.\_ I’ll show thee every fertile inch o’ th’ island;

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

\_Trin.\_ By this light, a most perfidious and drunken 140

monster! when’s god’s asleep, he’ll rob his bottle.

\_Cal.\_ I’ll kiss thy foot; I’ll swear myself thy subject.

\_Ste.\_ Come on, then; down, and swear.

\_Trin.\_ I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed

monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in 145

my heart to beat him,--

\_Ste.\_ Come, kiss.

\_Trin.\_ But that the poor monster’s in drink: an abominable

monster!

\_Cal.\_ I’ll show thee the best springs; I’ll pluck thee berries; 150

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.

\_Trin.\_ A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder 155

of a poor drunkard!

\_Cal.\_ 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 160

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I’ll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

\_Ste.\_ 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 165

Trinculo, we’ll fill him by and by again.

\_Cal. sings drunkenly.\_] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

\_Trin.\_ A howling monster; a drunken monster!

\_Cal.\_ No more dams I’ll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing 170

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, 175

freedom!

\_Ste.\_ O brave monster! Lead the way. [\_Exeunt.\_

Notes: II, 2.

4: \_nor\_] F1 F2. \_not\_ F3 F4.

15: \_and\_] \_now\_ Pope. \_sent\_ Edd. conj. (so Dryden).

21: \_foul\_] \_full\_ Upton conj.

35: [Thunder] Capell.

38: \_dregs\_] \_drench\_ Collier MS.

40: SCENE III. Pope.

[a bottle in his hand] Capell.]

46: \_and Marian\_] \_Mirian\_ Pope.

56: \_savages\_] \_salvages\_ Ff.

60: \_at’s nostrils\_] Edd. \_at ’nostrils\_ F1. \_at nostrils\_ F2 F3 F4.

\_at his nostrils\_ Pope.

78: \_you, cat\_] \_you Cat\_ Ff. \_a cat\_ Hanmer. \_your cat\_ Edd. conj.

84: \_well\_] F1 om. F2 F3 F4.

115, 116: Steevens prints as verse, \_I’ll ... thy True ... earthly.\_

118: \_swear, then, how thou escapedst\_] \_swear then: how escapedst

thou?\_ Pope.

119: \_Swum\_] \_Swom\_ Ff.

131: \_and thy dog, and thy bush\_] \_thy dog and bush\_ Steevens.

133: \_new\_] F1. \_the new\_ F2 F3 F4.

135: \_weak\_] F1. \_shallow\_ F2 F3 F4.

138: \_island\_] F1. \_isle\_ F2 F3 F4.

150-154, 157-162, printed as verse by Pope (after Dryden).

162: \_scamels\_] \_shamois\_ Theobald. \_seamalls, stannels\_ id. conj.

163: Ste.] F1. Cal. F2 F3 F4.

165: Before \_here; bear my bottle\_ Capell inserts [To Cal.].

See note (XII).

172: \_trencher\_] Pope (after Dryden). \_trenchering\_ Ff.

175: \_hey-day\_] Rowe. \_high-day\_ Ff.

ACT III.

SCENE I. \_Before PROSPERO’S cell.\_

\_Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.\_

\_Fer.\_ 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 5

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, 10

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.\_

\_Mir.\_ Alas, now, pray you, 15

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; 20

He’s safe for these three hours.

\_Fer.\_ O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

\_Mir.\_ If you’ll sit down,

I’ll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

I’ll carry it to the pile.

\_Fer.\_ No, precious creature; 25

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,

While I sit lazy by.

\_Mir.\_ 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, 30

And yours it is against.

\_Pros.\_ Poor worm, thou art infected!

This visitation shows it.

\_Mir.\_ You look wearily.

\_Fer.\_ 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,-- 35

What is your name?

\_Mir.\_ Miranda. --O my father,

I have broke your hest to say so!

\_Fer.\_ 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 40

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I liked several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed, 45

And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature’s best!

\_Mir.\_ I do not know

One of my sex; no woman’s face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 50

More that I may call men than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,

I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,

The jewel in my dower, I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you; 55

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.

\_Fer.\_ I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60

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, 65

To make me slave to it; and for your sake

Am I this patient log-man.

\_Mir.\_ Do you love me?

\_Fer.\_ O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70

What best is boded me to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i’ the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

\_Mir.\_ I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

\_Pros.\_ Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace 75

On that which breeds between ’em!

\_Fer.\_ Wherefore weep you?

\_Mir.\_ 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, 80

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, 85

Whether you will or no.

\_Fer.\_ My mistress, dearest;

And I thus humble ever.

\_Mir.\_ My husband, then?

\_Fer.\_ Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e’er of freedom: here’s my hand.

\_Mir.\_ And mine, with my heart in’t: and now farewell 90

Till half an hour hence.

\_Fer.\_ A thousand thousand!

[\_Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.\_

\_Pros.\_ So glad of this as they I cannot be,

Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing

At nothing can be more. I’ll to my book;

For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform 95

Much business appertaining. [\_Exit.\_

Notes: III, 1.

1: \_and\_] \_but\_ Pope.

2: \_sets\_] Rowe. \_set\_ Ff.

4, 5: \_my ... odious\_] \_my mean task would be As heavy to me as

’tis odious\_ Pope.

9: \_remove\_] \_move\_ Pope.

14: \_labours\_] \_labour\_ Hanmer.

15: \_Most busy lest\_] F1. \_Most busy least\_ F2 F3 F4. \_Least busy\_

Pope. \_Most busie-less\_ Theobald.\_ Most busiest\_ Holt White conj.

\_Most busy felt\_ Staunton. \_Most busy still\_ Staunton conj.

\_Most busy-blest\_ Collier MS. \_Most busiliest\_ Bullock conj.

\_Most busy lest, when I do\_ (\_doe\_ F1 F2 F3) \_it\_] \_Most busy when

least I do it\_ Brae conj. \_Most busiest when idlest\_ Spedding

conj. \_Most busy left when idlest\_ Edd. conj. See note (XIII).

at a distance, unseen] Rowe.

17: \_you are\_] F1. \_thou art\_ F2 F3 F4.

31: \_it is\_] \_is it\_ Steevens conj. (ed. 1, 2, and 3). om. Steevens

(ed. 4) (Farmer conj.).

34, 35: \_I do beseech you,--Chiefly\_] \_I do beseech you Chiefly\_ Ff.

59: \_I therein do\_] \_I do\_ Pope. \_Therein\_ Steevens.

62: \_wooden\_] \_wodden\_ F1.

\_than to\_] \_than I would\_ Pope.

72: \_what else\_] \_aught else\_ Malone conj. (withdrawn).

80: \_seeks\_] \_seekd\_ F3 F4.

88: \_as\_] F1. \_so\_ F2 F3 F4.

91: \_severally\_] Capell.

93: \_withal\_] Theobald. \_with all\_ Ff.

SCENE II. \_Another part of the island.\_

\_Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.\_

\_Ste.\_ 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.

\_Trin.\_ Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They

say there’s but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if 5

th’ other two be brained like us, the state totters.

\_Ste.\_ Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes

are almost set in thy head.

\_Trin.\_ Where should they be set else? he were a brave

monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 10

\_Ste.\_ 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. 15

\_Trin.\_ Your lieutenant, if you list; he’s no standard.

\_Ste.\_ We’ll not run, Monsieur Monster.

\_Trin.\_ Nor go neither; but you’ll lie, like dogs, and

yet say nothing neither.

\_Ste.\_ Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a 20

good moon-calf.

\_Cal.\_ How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I’ll not serve him, he is not valiant.

\_Trin.\_ Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case

to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, was 25

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?

\_Cal.\_ Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

\_Trin.\_ ‘Lord,’ quoth he! That a monster should be 30

such a natural!

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

\_Ste.\_ 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. 35

\_Cal.\_ I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to

hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

\_Ste.\_ Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand,

and so shall Trinculo.

\_Enter ARIEL, invisible.\_

\_Cal.\_ As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a 40

sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

\_Ari.\_ Thou liest.

\_Cal.\_ Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:

I would my valiant master would destroy thee!

I do not lie.

\_Ste.\_ Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in’s tale, by 45

this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

\_Trin.\_ Why, I said nothing.

\_Ste.\_ Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

\_Cal.\_ I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

From me he got it. If thy greatness will 50

Revenge it on him,--for I know thou darest,

But this thing dare not,--

\_Ste.\_ That’s most certain.

\_Cal.\_ Thou shalt be lord of it, and I’ll serve thee.

\_Ste.\_ How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou 55

bring me to the party?

\_Cal.\_ Yea, yea, my lord: I’ll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

\_Ari.\_ Thou liest; thou canst not.

\_Cal.\_ What a pied ninny’s this! Thou scurvy patch! 60

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.

\_Ste.\_ Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the 65

monster one word further, and, by this hand, I’ll turn my

mercy out o’ doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

\_Trin.\_ Why, what did I? I did nothing. I’ll go farther

off.

\_Ste.\_ Didst thou not say he lied? 70

\_Ari.\_ Thou liest.

\_Ste.\_ Do I so? take thou that. [\_Beats him.\_] As you

like this, give me the lie another time.

\_Trin.\_ I did not give the lie. Out o’ your wits, and

hearing too? A pox o’ your bottle! this can sack and 75

drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil

take your fingers!

\_Cal.\_ Ha, ha, ha!

\_Ste.\_ Now, forward with your tale. --Prithee, stand farther

off. 80

\_Cal.\_ Beat him enough: after a little time,

I’ll beat him too.

\_Ste.\_ Stand farther. Come, proceed.

\_Cal.\_ 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 85

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 90

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 95

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.

\_Ste.\_ Is it so brave a lass?

\_Cal.\_ Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, 100

And bring thee forth brave brood.

\_Ste.\_ 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? 105

\_Trin.\_ Excellent.

\_Ste.\_ Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,

while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

\_Cal.\_ Within this half hour will he be asleep:

Wilt thou destroy him then?

\_Ste.\_ Ay, on mine honour. 110

\_Ari.\_ This will I tell my master.

\_Cal.\_ Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

\_Ste.\_ At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any 115

reason. --Come on. Trinculo, let us sing. [\_Sings.\_

Flout ’em and scout ’em, and scout ’em and flout ’em;

Thought is free.

\_Cal.\_ That’s not the tune.

[\_Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.\_

\_Ste.\_ What is this same? 120

\_Trin.\_ This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture

of Nobody.

\_Ste.\_ If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:

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

\_Trin.\_ O, forgive me my sins! 125

\_Ste.\_ He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy

upon us!

\_Cal.\_ Art thou afeard?

\_Ste.\_ No, monster, not I.

\_Cal.\_ Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, 130

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, 135

The clouds methought would open, and show riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,

I cried to dream again.

\_Ste.\_ This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I

shall have my music for nothing. 140

\_Cal.\_ When Prospero is destroyed.

\_Ste.\_ That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

\_Trin.\_ The sound is going away; let’s follow it, and

after do our work.

\_Ste.\_ Lead, monster; we’ll follow. I would I could see 145

this taborer; he lays it on.

\_Trin.\_ Wilt come? I’ll follow, Stephano. [\_Exeunt.\_

Notes: III, 2.

SCENE II. Another...] Theobald. The other... Pope.

Enter ...] Enter S. and T. reeling, Caliban following with a bottle.

Capell. Enter C. S. and T. with a bottle. Johnson.]

8: \_head\_] F1. \_heart\_ F2 F3 F4.

13, 14: \_on. By this light, thou\_] \_on, by this light thou\_ Ff.

\_on, by this light. --Thou\_ Capell.

25: \_debauched\_] \_debosh’d\_ Ff.

37: \_to the suit I made to thee\_] \_the suit I made thee\_ Steevens,

who prints all Caliban’s speeches as verse.

60: Johnson conjectured that this line was spoken by Stephano.

68: \_farther\_] F1 \_no further\_ F2 F3 F4.

72: [Beats him.] Rowe.

84: \_there\_] \_then\_ Collier MS.

89: \_nor\_] \_and\_ Pope.

93: \_deck\_] \_deck’t\_ Hanmer.

96: \_I never saw a woman\_] \_I ne’er saw woman\_ Pope.

99: \_great’st does least\_] \_greatest does the least\_ Rowe.

115, 116:] Printed as verse in Ff.

115: \_any\_] F1. \_and\_ F2 F3 F4.

117: \_scout ’em, and scout ’em\_] Pope. \_cout ’em and skowt ’em\_ Ff.

125: \_sins\_] \_sin\_ F4.

132: \_twangling\_] \_twanging\_ Pope.

133: \_sometime\_] F1. \_sometimes\_ F2 F3 F4.

137: \_that\_] om. Pope.

147: Trin. \_Will come? I’ll follow, Stephano\_] Trin. \_Wilt come?\_

Ste. \_I’ll follow.\_ Capell. Ste. \_... Wilt come?\_

Trin. \_I’ll follow, Stephano.\_ Ritson conj.

SCENE III. \_Another part of the island.\_

\_Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,

and others.\_

\_Gon.\_ By’r lakin, I can go no further, sir;

My old bones ache: here’s a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,

I needs must rest me.

\_Alon.\_ Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach’d with weariness, 5

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. 10

\_Ant.\_ [\_Aside to Seb.\_] I am right glad that he’s so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolved to effect.

\_Seb.\_ [\_Aside to Ant.\_] The next advantage

Will we take throughly.

\_Ant.\_ [\_Aside to Seb.\_] Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress’d with travel, they 15

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

\_Seb.\_ [\_Aside to Ant.\_] I say, to-night: no more.

[\_Solemn and strange music.\_

\_Alon.\_ What harmony is this?--My good friends, hark!

\_Gon.\_ 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.\_

\_Alon.\_ Give us kind keepers, heavens!--What were these? 20

\_Seb.\_ 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.

\_Ant.\_ I’ll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me, 25

And I’ll be sworn ’tis true: travellers ne’er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn ’em.

\_Gon.\_ 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,-- 30

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.

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside\_] Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present 35

Are worse than devils.

\_Alon.\_ 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.

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside\_] Praise in departing.

\_Fran.\_ They vanish’d strangely.

\_Seb.\_ No matter, since 40

They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.--

Will’t please you taste of what is here?

\_Alon.\_ Not I.

\_Gon.\_ 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 45

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.

\_Alon.\_ I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50

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.\_

\_Ari.\_ You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,--

That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in’t,--the never-surfeited sea 55

Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,

Where man doth not inhabit,--you ’mongst men

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

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

Their proper selves. [\_Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.\_

You fools! I and my fellows 60

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 65

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; 70

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, 75

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:

Lingering perdition--worse than any death

Can be at once--shall step by step attend

You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,--

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80

Upon your heads,--is nothing but heart-sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

\_He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes

again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the

table.\_

\_Pros.\_ Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform’d, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated 85

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; 90

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit

Young Ferdinand,--whom they suppose is drown’d,--

And his and mine loved darling. [\_Exit above.\_

\_Gon.\_ I’ the name of something holy, sir, why stand you

In this strange stare?

\_Alon.\_ O, it is monstrous, monstrous! 95

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 100

I’ll seek him deeper than e’er plummet sounded,

And with him there lie mudded. [\_Exit.\_

\_Seb.\_ But one fiend at a time,

I’ll fight their legions o’er.

\_Ant.\_ I’ll be thy second.

[\_Exeunt Seb. and Ant.\_

\_Gon.\_ All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after, 105

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.

\_Adr.\_ Follow, I pray you. [\_Exeunt.\_

Notes: III, 3.

2: \_ache\_] \_ake\_ F2 F3 F4. \_akes\_ F1.

3: \_forth-rights\_] F2 F3 F4. \_fourth rights\_ F1.

8: \_flatterer\_] F1. \_flatterers\_ F2 F3 F4.

17: Prospero above] Malone. Prosper on the top Ff. See note (XIV).

20: \_were\_] F1 F2 F3. \_are\_ F4.

26: \_’tis true\_] \_to ’t\_ Steevens conj.

\_did lie\_] \_lied\_ Hanmer.

29: \_islanders\_] F2 F3 F4. \_islands\_ F1.

32: \_gentle-kind\_] Theobald. \_gentle, kind\_ Ff. \_gentle kind\_ Rowe.

36: \_muse\_] F1 F2 F3. \_muse\_, F4. \_muse\_; Capell.

48: \_of five for one\_] Ff. \_on five for one\_ Theobald.

\_of one for five\_ Malone, (Thirlby conj.) See note (XV).

49-51: \_I will ... past\_] Mason conjectured that these lines formed

a rhyming couplet.

53: SCENE IV. Pope.

54: \_instrument\_] \_instruments\_ F4.

56: \_belch up you\_] F1 F2 F3. \_belch you up\_ F4. \_belch up\_ Theobald.

60: [... draw their swords] Hanmer.

65: \_dowle\_] \_down\_ Pope.]

\_plume\_] Rowe. \_plumbe\_ F1 F2 F3. \_plumb\_ F4.

67: \_strengths\_] \_strength\_ F4.

79: \_wraths\_] \_wrath\_ Theobald.

81: \_heart-sorrow\_] Edd. \_hearts-sorrow\_ Ff. \_heart’s-sorrow\_ Rowe.

\_heart’s sorrow\_ Pope.

82: mocks] mopps Theobald.

86: \_life\_] \_list\_ Johnson conj.

90: \_now\_] om. Pope.

92: \_whom\_] \_who\_ Hanmer.

93: \_mine\_] \_my\_ Rowe.

[Exit above] Theobald.]

94: \_something holy, sir\_,] \_something, holy Sir\_, F4.

99: \_bass\_] Johnson. \_base\_ Ff.

106: \_do\_] om. Pope.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. \_Before PROSPERO’S cell.\_

\_Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.\_

\_Pros.\_ 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 5

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, 10

And make it halt behind her.

\_Fer.\_ I do believe it

Against an oracle.

\_Pros.\_ Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but

If thou dost break her virgin-knot before 15

All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy rite be minister’d,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall

To make this contract grow; but barren hate,

Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20

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.

\_Fer.\_ As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,

With such love as ’tis now, the murkiest den, 25

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, 30

Or Night kept chain’d below.

\_Pros.\_ Fairly spoke.

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

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

\_Enter ARIEL.\_

\_Ari.\_ What would my potent master? here I am.

\_Pros.\_ Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service 35

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 40

Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,

And they expect it from me.

\_Ari.\_ Presently?

\_Pros.\_ Ay, with a twink.

\_Ari.\_ Before you can say, ‘come,’ and ‘go,’

And breathe twice, and cry, ‘so, so,’ 45

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? no?

\_Pros.\_ Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

\_Ari.\_ Well, I conceive. [\_Exit.\_ 50

\_Pros.\_ 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!

\_Fer.\_ I warrant you, sir;

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart 55

Abates the ardour of my liver.

\_Pros.\_ 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 60

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 best betrims, 65

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, 70

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. 75

\_Enter CERES.\_

\_Cer.\_ 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 80

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 85

On the blest lovers.

\_Cer.\_ 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 90

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, 95

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, 100

And be a boy right out.

\_Cer.\_ 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:\_ 105

\_Juno.\_ Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,

Long continuance, and increasing,

Hourly joys be still upon you!

Juno sings her blessings on you.

\_Cer.\_ Earth’s increase, foison plenty, 110

Barns and garners 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! 115

Scarcity and want shall shun you;

Ceres’ blessing so is on you.

\_Fer.\_ This is a most majestic vision, and

Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold

To think these spirits?

\_Pros.\_ Spirits, which by mine art 120

I have from their confines call’d to enact

My present fancies.

\_Fer.\_ Let me live here ever;

So rare a wonder’d father and a wife

Makes this place Paradise.

[\_Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.\_

\_Pros.\_ Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; 125

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 sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 130

Answer your summons; Juno does command:

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate

A contract of true love; be not too late.

\_Enter certain Nymphs.\_

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be merry: 135

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.\_

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside\_] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140

Against my life: the minute of their plot

Is almost come. [\_To the Spirits.\_] Well done! avoid; no more!

\_Fer.\_ This is strange: your father’s in some passion

That works him strongly.

\_Mir.\_ Never till this day

Saw I him touch’d with anger so distemper’d. 145

\_Pros.\_ You do look, my son, in a moved sort,

As if you were dismay’d: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air: 150

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, 155

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: 160

If you be pleased, retire into my cell,

And there repose: a turn or two I’ll walk,

To still my beating mind.

\_Fer.\_ \_Mir.\_ We wish your peace. [\_Exeunt.\_

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

\_Enter ARIEL.\_

\_Ari.\_ Thy thoughts I cleave to. What’s thy pleasure? 165

\_Pros.\_ Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

\_Ari.\_ Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear’d

Lest I might anger thee.

\_Pros.\_ Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? 170

\_Ari.\_ 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; 175

At which, like unback’d colts, they prick’d their ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music: so I charm’d their ears,

That, calf-like, they my lowing follow’d through

Tooth’d briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns, 180

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.

\_Pros.\_ This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still: 185

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

\_Ari.\_ I go, I go. [\_Exit.\_

\_Pros.\_ A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 190

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.\_

\_Cal.\_ Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell. 195

\_Ste.\_ Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless

fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

\_Trin.\_ Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my

nose is in great indignation.

\_Ste.\_ So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should 200

take a displeasure against you, look you,--

\_Trin.\_ Thou wert but a lost monster.

\_Cal.\_ 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. 205

All’s hush’d as midnight yet.

\_Trin.\_ Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,--

\_Ste.\_ There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,

monster, but an infinite loss.

\_Trin.\_ That’s more to me than my wetting: yet this is 210

your harmless fairy, monster.

\_Ste.\_ I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o’er ears for

my labour.

\_Cal.\_ Prithee, my king, be quiet. See’st thou here,

This is the mouth o’ the cell: no noise, and enter. 215

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

\_Ste.\_ Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody

thoughts. 220

\_Trin.\_ O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!

look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

\_Cal.\_ Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

\_Trin.\_ O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.

O King Stephano! 225

\_Ste.\_ Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I’ll

have that gown.

\_Trin.\_ Thy Grace shall have it.

\_Cal.\_ The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let’s alone, 230

And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he’ll fill our skins with pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

\_Ste.\_ Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this

my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, 235

you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

\_Trin.\_ Do, do: we steal by line and level, an’t like your

Grace.

\_Ste.\_ I thank thee for that jest; here’s a garment for’t:

wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 240

‘Steal by line and level’ is an excellent pass of pate;

there’s another garment for’t.

\_Trin.\_ Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers,

and away with the rest.

\_Cal.\_ I will have none on’t: we shall lose our time, 245

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

With foreheads villanous low.

\_Ste.\_ 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. 250

\_Trin.\_ And this.

\_Ste.\_ Ay, and this.

\_A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of

dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting

them on.\_

\_Pros.\_ Hey, Mountain, hey!

\_Ari.\_ Silver! there it goes, Silver!

\_Pros.\_ Fury, fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark! 255

[\_Cal., Ste., and Trin. 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

Then pard or cat o’ mountain.

\_Ari.\_ Hark, they roar!

\_Pros.\_ Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour 260

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.\_

Notes: IV, 1.

3: \_a third\_] \_a thread\_ Theobald. \_the thread\_ Williams conj.

4: \_who\_] \_whom\_ Pope.

7: \_test\_] F1. \_rest\_ F2 F3 F4.

9: \_off\_] F2 F3 F4. \_of\_ F1.

11: \_do\_] om. Pope.

13: \_gift\_] Rowe. \_guest\_ Ff.

14: \_but\_] F1. om. F2 F3 F4.

25: \_’tis\_] \_is\_ Capell.

30: \_Phœbus’\_] \_Phœbus\_ F1. \_Phœdus\_ F2 F3. \_Phœduus\_ F4.

34: SCENE II. Pope.

41: \_vanity\_] \_rarity\_ S. Walker conj.

48: \_no\_?] \_no\_. Rowe.

53: \_abstemious\_] \_abstenious\_ F1.

60: SCENE III. A MASQUE. Pope.]

\_thy\_] F1. \_the\_ F2 F3 F4.

64: \_pioned\_] \_pionied\_ Warburton. \_peonied\_ Steevens.

\_twilled\_] \_tulip’d\_ Rowe. \_tilled\_ Capell (Holt conj.). \_lilied\_

Steevens.]

66: \_broom-groves\_] \_brown groves\_ Hanmer.

68: \_pole-clipt\_] \_pale-clipt\_ Hanmer.

72: After this line Ff. have the stage direction, ’\_Juno descends.\_’

74: \_her\_] Rowe. \_here\_ Ff.

83: \_short-grass’d\_] F3 F4. \_short gras’d\_ F1 F2. \_short-grass\_ Pope.

96: \_bed-right\_] \_bed-rite\_ Singer.

101: \_High’st\_] \_High\_ Pope.

102: Enter JUNO] om. Ff.

110: Cer.] Theobald. om. Ff.

\_foison\_] F1 \_and foison\_ F2 F3 F4.

114: \_Spring\_] \_Rain\_ Collier MS.

119: \_charmingly\_] \_charming lay\_ Hanmer. \_charming lays\_ Warburton.

\_Harmoniously charming\_ Steevens conj.

121: \_from their\_] F1. \_from all their\_ F2 F3 F4.

123: \_wife\_] F1 (var.). Rowe. \_wise\_ F1 (var.) F2 F3 F4.

124: \_Makes\_] \_make\_ Pope.

\_sweet, now, silence\_] \_now, silence, sweet\_ Hanmer.

124: In Ff. the stage direction [Juno, &c. follows line 127.

Capell made the change.

128: \_windring\_] \_winding\_ Rowe. \_wand’ring\_ Steevens.

129: \_sedged\_] \_sedge\_ Collier MS.

136: \_holiday\_] \_holly day\_ F1 F2 F3. \_holy-day\_ F4.

139: SCENE IV. Pope.

143: \_This is\_] \_This’\_ (for This ’s) S. Walker conj.]

\_strange\_] \_most strange\_ Hanmer.

145: Ff put a comma after \_anger\_. Warburton omitted it.

146: \_do\_] om. Pope. See note (XVI).

151: \_this\_] F1. \_their\_ F2 F3 F4. \_th’ air visions\_ Warburton.

156: \_rack\_] F3 F4. \_racke\_ F1 F2. \_track\_ Hanmer. \_wreck\_ Dyce

(Malone conj.).

163: \_your\_] F1 F2 F3. \_you\_ F4.

164: \_I thank thee, Ariel: come.\_] \_I thank you:--Ariel, come.\_

Theobald.

169: \_Lest\_] F4. \_Least\_ F1 F2 F3.

170: \_Say again\_] \_Well, say again\_ Capell.

180: \_furzes\_] Rowe. \_firzes\_ Ff.

181: \_shins\_] \_skins\_ Warburton conj. (note, V. 1. p. 87).

182: \_filthy-mantled\_] \_filthy mantled\_ Ff. \_filth-ymantled\_

Steevens conj.

184: \_feet\_] \_fear\_ Spedding conj.

190: \_all, all\_] \_are all\_ Malone conj.

193: \_them on\_ Rowe. \_on them\_ Ff.

Prospero ... invisible. Theobald, Capell. om. Ff.

194: SCENE V. Pope.

230: \_Let’s alone\_] \_Let’s along\_ Theobald. \_Let it alone\_ Hanmer.

\_Let ’t alone\_ Collier. See note (XVII).

246: \_to apes\_] om. \_to\_ Pope.

255: Stage direction added by Theobald.

256: \_they\_] F1 F3 F4. \_thou\_ F2.

261: \_Lie\_] Rowe. \_lies\_ Ff.

ACT V.

SCENE I. \_Before the cell of Prospero.\_

\_Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.\_

\_Pros.\_ 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?

\_Ari.\_ On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

\_Pros.\_ I did say so, 5

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

How fares the king and’s followers?

\_Ari.\_ Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; 10

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;” 15

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.

\_Pros.\_ Dost thou think so, spirit?

\_Ari.\_ Mine would, sir, were I human.

\_Pros.\_ And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick, 25

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: 30

My charms I’ll break, their senses I’ll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

\_Ari.\_ I’ll fetch them, sir. [\_Exit.\_

\_Pros.\_ 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 35

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-- 40

Weak masters though ye be--I have bedimm’d

The noontide sun, call’d forth the mutinous winds.

And ’twixt the green sea and the azured vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove’s stout oak 45

With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck’d up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command

Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let ’em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50

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, 55

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, 60

For you are spell-stopp’d.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night, 65

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 70

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, 75

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 80

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:

I will discase me, and myself present 85

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. 90

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.

\_Pros.\_ Why, that’s my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee; 95

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, 100

And presently, I prithee.

\_Ari.\_ I drink the air before me, and return

Or ere your pulse twice beat. [\_Exit.\_

\_Gon.\_ All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us 105

Out of this fearful country!

\_Pros.\_ 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 110

A hearty welcome.

\_Alon.\_ Whether 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, 115

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?

\_Pros.\_ First, noble friend, 120

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot

Be measured or confined.

\_Gon.\_ Whether this be

Or be not, I’ll not swear.

\_Pros.\_ You do yet taste

Some subtilties o’ the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all! 125

[\_Aside to Seb. and Ant.\_]

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

I here could pluck his Highness’ frown upon you,

And justify you traitors: at this time

I will tell no tales.

\_Seb.\_ [\_Aside\_] The devil speaks in him.

\_Pros.\_ No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130

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.

\_Alon.\_ If thou be’st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation; 135

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.

\_Pros.\_ I am woe for’t, sir.

\_Alon.\_ Irreparable is the loss; and patience 140

Says it is past her cure.

\_Pros.\_ 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.

\_Alon.\_ You the like loss!

\_Pros.\_ As great to me as late; and, supportable 145

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I

Have lost my daughter.

\_Alon.\_ A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,

The king and queen there! that they were, I wish 150

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

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

\_Pros.\_ In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,

That they devour their reason, and scarce think 155

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 160

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; 165

This cell’s my court: here have I few attendants,

And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.

My dukedom since you have given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing;

At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170

As much as me my dukedom.

\_Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.\_

\_Mir.\_ Sweet lord, you play me false.

\_Fer.\_ No, my dear’st love,

I would not for the world.

\_Mir.\_ Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

\_Alon.\_ If this prove 175

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

\_Seb.\_ A most high miracle!

\_Fer.\_ Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;

I have cursed them without cause. [\_Kneels.\_

\_Alon.\_ Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about! 180

Arise, and say how thou camest here.

\_Mir.\_ O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in’t!

\_Pros.\_ ’Tis new to thee.

\_Alon.\_ What is this maid with whom thou wast at play? 185

Your eld’st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever’d us,

And brought us thus together?

\_Fer.\_ Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she’s mine:

I chose her when I could not ask my father 190

For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have

Received a second life; and second father 195

This lady makes him to me.

\_Alon.\_ I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

\_Pros.\_ There, sir, stop:

Let us not burthen our remembrances with

A heaviness that’s gone.

\_Gon.\_ I have inly wept, 200

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk’d forth the way

Which brought us hither.

\_Alon.\_ I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

\_Gon.\_ Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue 205

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy! and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210

Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves

When no man was his own.

\_Alon.\_ [\_to Fer. and Mir.\_] Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy!

\_Gon.\_ Be it so! Amen! 215

\_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? 220

\_Boats.\_ 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.

\_Ari.\_ [\_Aside to Pros.\_] Sir, all this service 225

Have I done since I went.

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside to Ari.\_] My tricksy spirit!

\_Alon.\_ These are not natural events; they strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

\_Boats.\_ If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I’ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230

And--how we know not--all clapp’d under hatches;

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awaked; straightway, at liberty; 235

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Capering to eye her:--on a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.

\_Ari.\_ [\_Aside to Pros.\_] Was’t well done? 240

\_Pros.\_ [\_Aside to Ari.\_] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

\_Alon.\_ This is as strange a maze as e’er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

\_Pros.\_ Sir, my liege, 245

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, 250

And think of each thing well.

[\_Aside to Ari.\_] 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. 255

\_Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,

in their stolen apparel.\_

\_Ste.\_ Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man

take care for himself; for all is but fortune. --Coragio,

bully-monster, coragio!

\_Trin.\_ If these be true spies which I wear in my head,

here’s a goodly sight. 260

\_Cal.\_ O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

\_Seb.\_ Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy ’em?

\_Ant.\_ Very like; one of them 265

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

\_Pros.\_ 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, 270

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 275

Acknowledge mine.

\_Cal.\_ I shall be pinch’d to death.

\_Alon.\_ Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

\_Seb.\_ He is drunk now: where had he wine?

\_Alon.\_ And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded ’em?-- 280

How camest thou in this pickle?

\_Trin.\_ 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.

\_Seb.\_ Why, how now, Stephano! 285

\_Ste.\_ O, touch me not;--I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

\_Pros.\_ You’ld be king o’ the isle, sirrah?

\_Ste.\_ I should have been a sore one, then.

\_Alon.\_ This is a strange thing as e’er I look’d on.

[\_Pointing to Caliban.\_

\_Pros.\_ He is as disproportion’d in his manners 290

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

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

\_Cal.\_ Ay, that I will; and I’ll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass 295

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

\_Pros.\_ Go to; away!

\_Alon.\_ Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

\_Seb.\_ Or stole it, rather. [\_Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.\_

\_Pros.\_ Sir, I invite your Highness and your train 300

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 305

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 310

Every third thought shall be my grave.

\_Alon.\_ I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

\_Pros.\_ 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 Ari.\_] My Ariel, chick, 315

That is thy charge: then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[\_Exeunt.\_

Notes: V, 1.

7: \_together\_] om. Pope.

9: \_all\_] \_all your\_ Pope.

10: \_line-grove\_] \_lime-grove\_ Rowe.

11: \_your\_] F1 F2. \_you\_ F3 F4.

15: \_sir\_] om. Pope.

16: \_run\_] \_runs\_ F1.

\_winter’s\_] \_winter\_ F4.]

23: F1 F2 put a comma after \_sharply\_. F3 F4 omit it.

24: \_Passion\_] \_Passion’d\_ Pope.

26: \_’gainst\_] Pope. \_gainst\_ F1 F2. \_against\_ F3 F4.

33: SCENE II. Pope.

37: \_green sour\_] \_green-sward\_ Douce conj.

46: \_strong-based\_] Rowe. \_strong-bass’d\_ Ff.

58: SCENE III. Pope.

60: \_boil’d\_] Pope. \_boile\_ F1 F2. \_boil\_ F3 F4.

62: \_Holy\_] \_Noble\_ Collier MS.

63: \_show\_] \_shew\_ Ff. \_flow\_ Collier MS.

64: \_fellowly\_] \_fellow\_ Pope.

68: \_O\_] \_O my\_ Pope. \_O thou\_ S. Walker conj.

69: \_sir\_] \_servant\_ Collier MS.

72: \_Didst\_] F3 F4. \_Did\_ F1 F2.

74: \_Sebastian. Flesh and blood,\_] \_Sebastian, flesh and blood.\_

Theobald.

75: \_entertain’d\_] \_entertaine\_ F1.

76: \_who\_] Rowe. \_whom\_ Ff.

82: \_lies\_] F3 F4. \_ly\_ F1 F2.

83: \_or\_] \_e’er\_ Collier MS.

84: Theobald gives as stage direction “Exit Ariel and returns

immediately.”

88: \_suck\_] \_lurk\_ Theobald.

90: \_couch\_] \_crowch\_ F3 F4.

[Capell punctuates \_There I couch: when owls do cry,\_]

92: \_summer\_] \_sun-set\_ Theobald.

106: \_Behold,\_] \_lo!\_ Pope.

111: \_Whether thou be’st\_] \_Where thou beest\_ Ff. \_Be’st thou\_ Pope.

\_Whe’r thou be’st\_ Capell.

112: \_trifle\_] \_devil\_ Collier MS.

119: \_my\_] \_thy\_ Collier MS.

124: \_not\_] F3 F4. \_nor\_ F1 F2.

132: \_fault\_] \_faults\_ F4.

136: \_who\_] F2 F3 F4. \_whom\_ F1.

145: \_and,\_] \_sir, and\_ Capell.

\_supportable\_] F1 F2. \_insupportable\_ F3 F4. \_portable\_ Steevens.

148: \_my\_] \_my only\_ Hanmer.

\_A daughter\_] \_Only daughter\_ Hanmer. \_Daughter\_ Capell.

156: \_eyes\_] F1. \_eye\_ F2 F3 F4.

\_their\_] \_these\_ Capell.]

172: SCENE IV. Pope.

Here Prospero discovers...] Ff. SCENE opens to the entrance of

the cell. Here Prospero discovers... Theobald. Cell opens and

discovers... Capell.]

172: \_dear’st\_] \_dearest\_ Ff.

179: [Kneels] Theobald.

191: \_advice\_] F4. \_advise\_ F1 F2 F3.

199, 200: \_remembrances with\_] \_remembrance with\_ Pope.

\_remembrances With\_ Malone.

213: \_When\_] \_Where\_ Johnson conj.]

\_and\_] om. Capell.

216: SCENE V. Pope.

\_sir, look, sir\_] \_sir, look\_ F3 F4.]

\_is\_] \_are\_ Pope.]

221: \_safely\_] \_safe\_ F3 F4.

230: \_of sleep\_] \_a-sleep\_ Pope.

234: \_more\_] Rowe. \_mo\_ F1 F2. \_moe\_ F3 F4.

236: \_her\_] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). \_our\_ Ff.

242-245: Given to Ariel in F2 F3 F4.

247: \_leisure\_] F1. \_seisure\_ F2. \_seizure\_ F3 F4.

248: \_Which shall be shortly, single\_] Pope. \_(which shall be

shortly single)\_ Ff.

253: [Exit Ariel] Capell.

256: SCENE VI. Pope.

258: \_Coragio\_] \_corasio\_ F1.

268: \_mis-shapen\_] \_mis-shap’d\_ Pope.

271: \_command, without her power.\_] \_command. Without her power,\_

anon. conj.

\_without\_] \_with all\_ Collier MS.

280: \_liquor\_] \_’lixir\_ Theobald.

282-284: Printed as verse in Ff.

289: \_This is\_] F1 F2. \_’Tis\_ F3 F4.]

\_e’er I\_] \_I ever\_ Hanmer.

[Pointing to Caliban.] Steevens.]

299: [Exeunt... Trin.] Capell.

308: \_nuptial\_] \_nuptiall\_ F1. \_nuptials\_ F2 F3 F4.

309: See note (XVIII).

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, 5

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: 10

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, 15

Unless I be relieved by prayer,

Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon’d be,

Let your indulgence set me free. 20