

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—  
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or 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  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.

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

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

To have no screen between this part he play'd  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—  
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend  
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

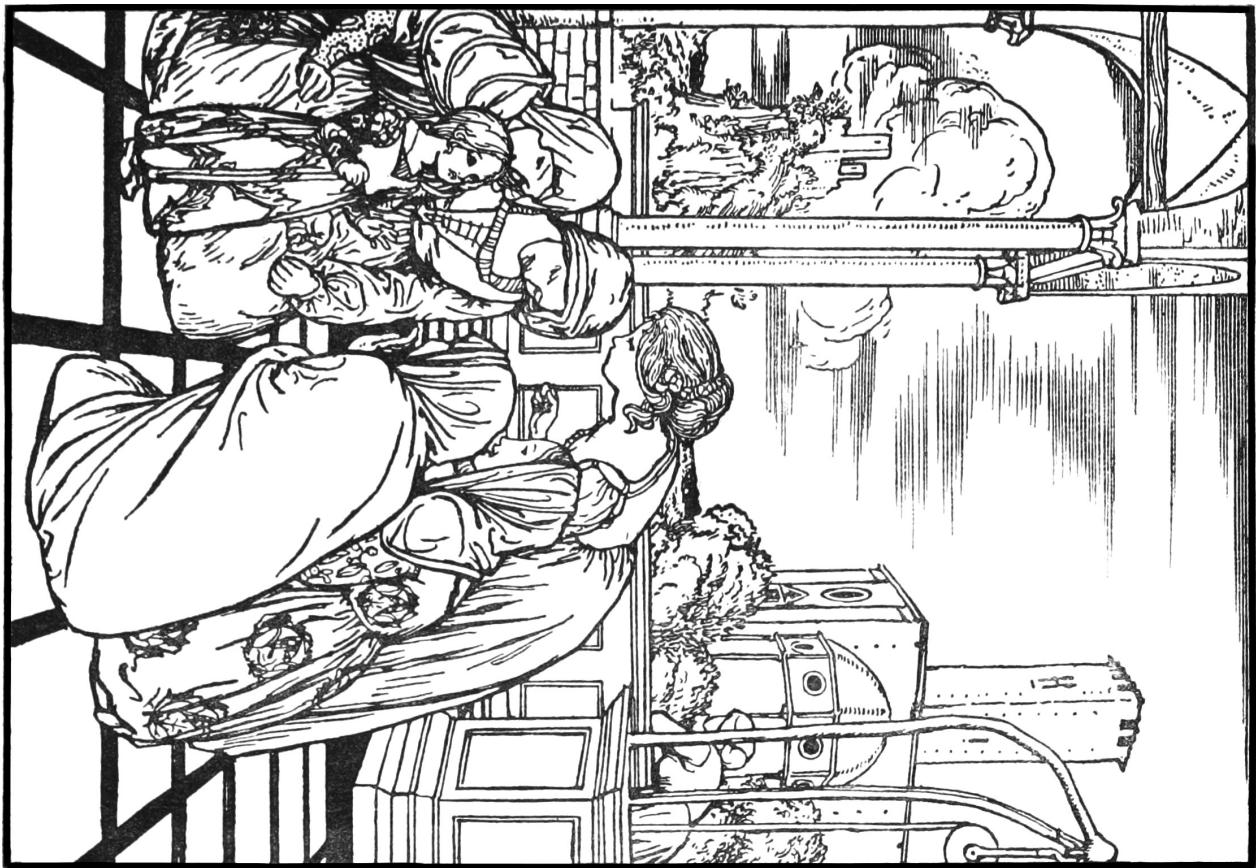
I should sin

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

PROSPERO

Now the condition.

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



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

MIRANDA  
Alack, for pity!

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.

MIRANDA  
But that I do not.

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

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

MIRANDA  
Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

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

MIRANDA  
Alack, what trouble

PROSPERO  
Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

PROSPERO  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

PROSPERO  
Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly holp hither.

MIRANDA  
Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

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

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might

PROSPERO

Now I arise:

*(Stands and resumes his mantle)*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit



Than other princesses can that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth.

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

(MIRANDA sleeps)

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.  
(Enter ARIEL)

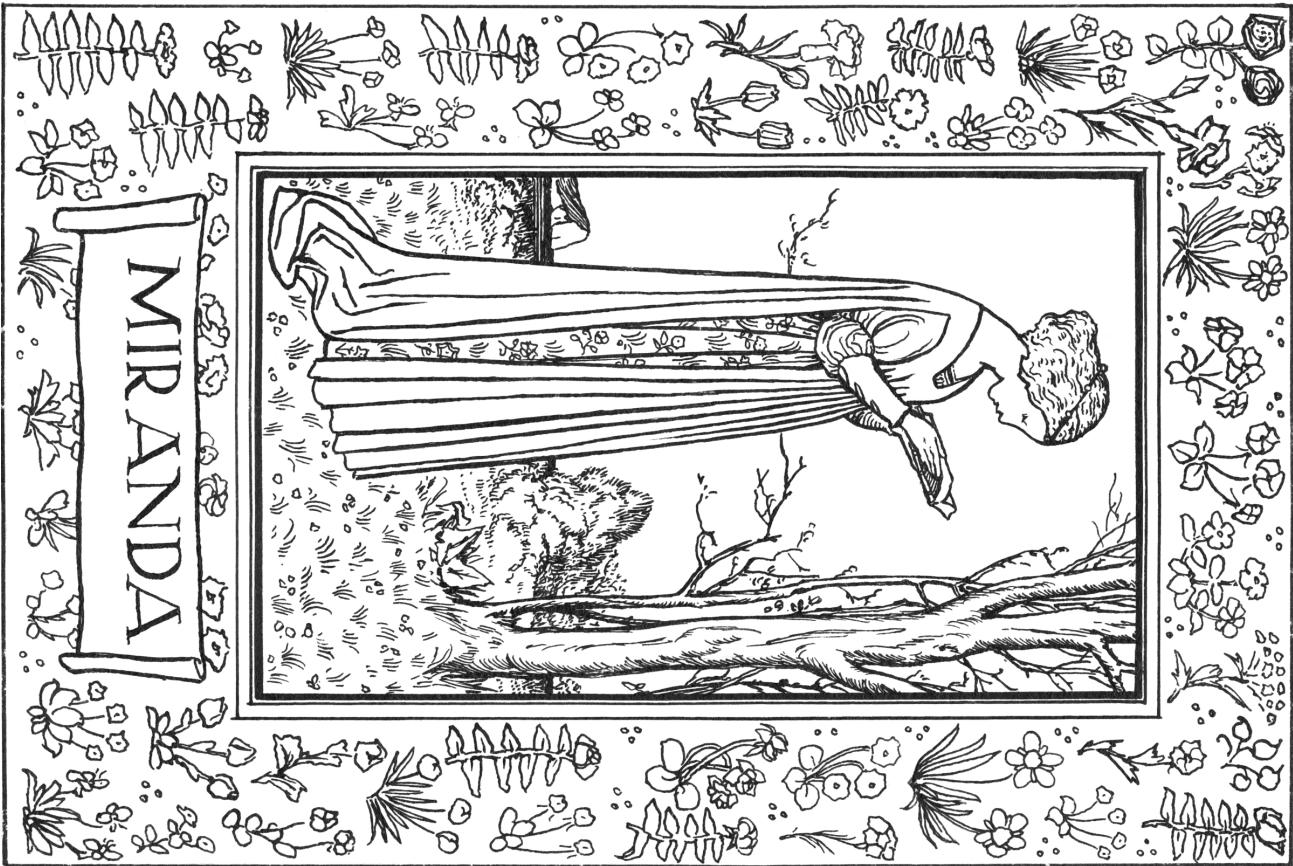
ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

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



Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA

More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

"Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

*(Lays down his mantle)*

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel.

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit  
down;  
For thou must now know farther.

*(They sit.)*

MIRANDA

You have often

To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight outrunning were not; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,



Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

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

ARIEL

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

PROSPERO

Why that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,



His arms in this sad knot.

(He folds his arms.)

PROSPERO

Of the king's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

What is the time o' the day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

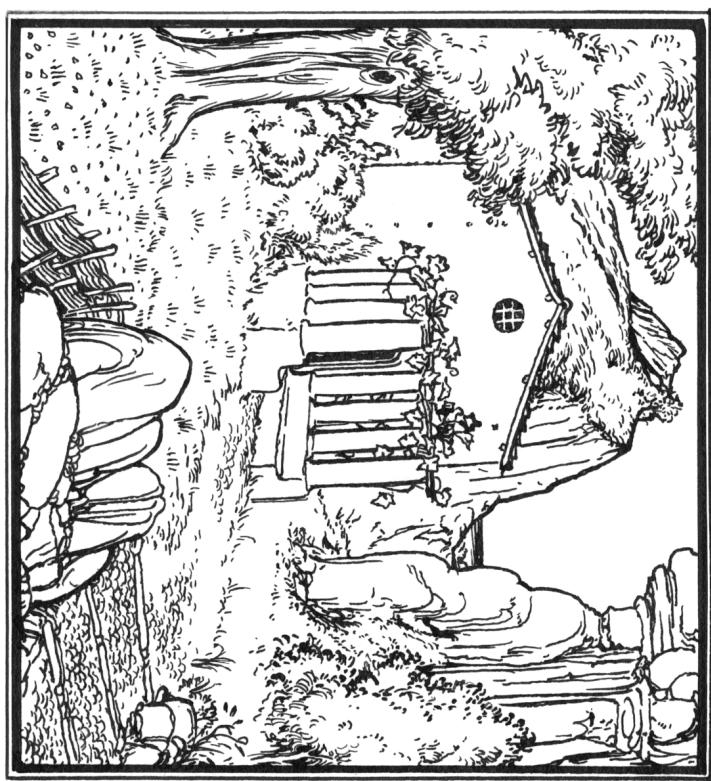
PROSPERO

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



MIRANDA

f 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,



Act I  
Scene 2  
*The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.*  
(Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA)