

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

PROSPERO

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

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
(*To TRINCULO*) How earnest thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO

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

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

PROSPERO

You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO

(*Pointing to CALIBAN*) This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd
on.

PROSPERO

He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. (*To CALIBAN*) Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Go to; away!

ALONSO

(*to STEPHANO and TRINCULO*) Hence, and bestow your
luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it, rather.

(*Exit CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*)

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

[*Aside to ARIEL*] *Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.*

ALONSO

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO

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

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell.

(*Exit ARIEL*)

How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

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

STEPHANO

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

BOATSWAIN

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

[Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!

ALONSO

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

BOATSWAIN

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
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.

ALONSO

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. *[Aside to ARIEL]* My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
(Exeunt)

Which brought us hither.

ALONSO

I say, 'Amen,' Gonzalo!

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
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
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALONSO

(*To FERDINAND and MIRANDA*) Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO

Be it so! Amen!

(*Re-enter 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?

ALONSO

(*To FERDINAND*) What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
 And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine:
 I chose her when I could not ask my father
 For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,
 But never saw before; of whom I have
 Received a second life; and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO

I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

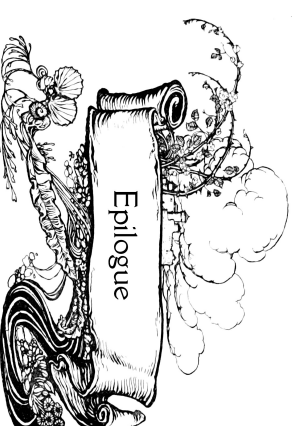
PROSPERO

There, sir, stop:

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
 A heaviness that's gone.

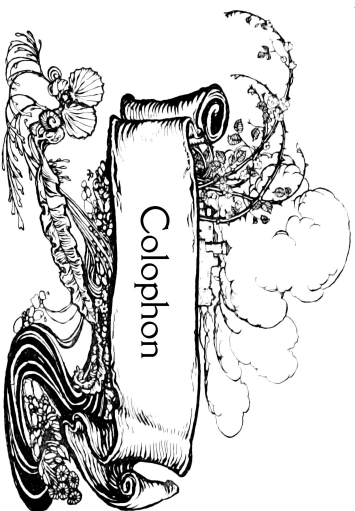
GONZALO

I have only wept,
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way



PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands:
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,
 Which pierces so that it assaults
 Mercy itself and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.



The Tempest was probably written in 1610 or 1611, not long before William Shakespeare (1564–1616) retired from the stage and returned to his native Stratford-upon-Avon. It was first published by William Jaggard in London, in 1623, as part of *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies; Published according to the True and Originall Copies*: the so-called ‘First Folio’. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham (1867–1939) are from a 1926 edition published by William Heinemann Ltd. in London (UK) and by Doubleday, Page & Co. in New York City (USA).

gutenberg.org/ebooks/23042

Text is set in ‘EB Garamond’, Georg Mayr-Duffner’s free and open source implementation of Claude Garamond’s famous humanist typefaces from the mid-sixteenth century.

Chapter heads are set in ‘Della Respira,’ by Nathan Willis, based on the 1913 American Type Founders font ‘Della Robbia.’

github.com/georgd/EB-Garamond

www.glyphography.com/fonts/

This typeset is dedicated to the public domain under a Creative Commons CC0 1.0 Universal deed: creativecommons.org/publicdomain/zero/1.0/

Typeset in L^AT_EX. Last revised 9th July 2025.

V.1

The Tempest

MIRANDA

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

ALONSO

If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

(*seeing ALONSO and coming forward*) Though the seas
threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

(*He kneels*)

ALONSO

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

(*FERDINAND stands*)

MIRANDA

(*rising and coming forward*) O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in’t!

PROSPERO

’Tis new to thee.