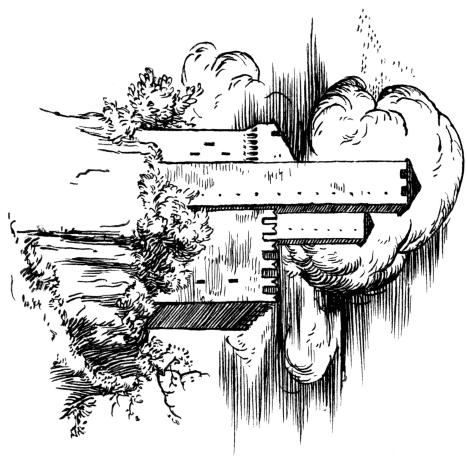




Epilogue

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.



(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.

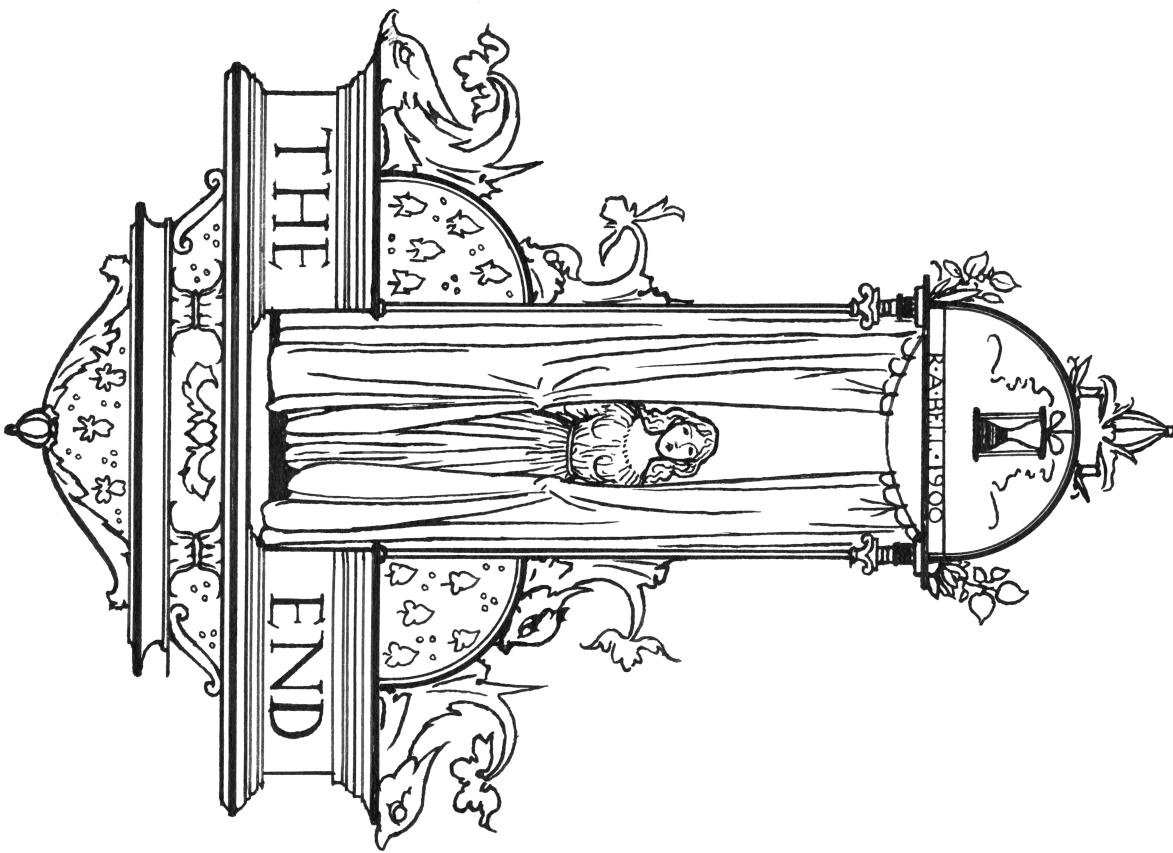
ALONSO

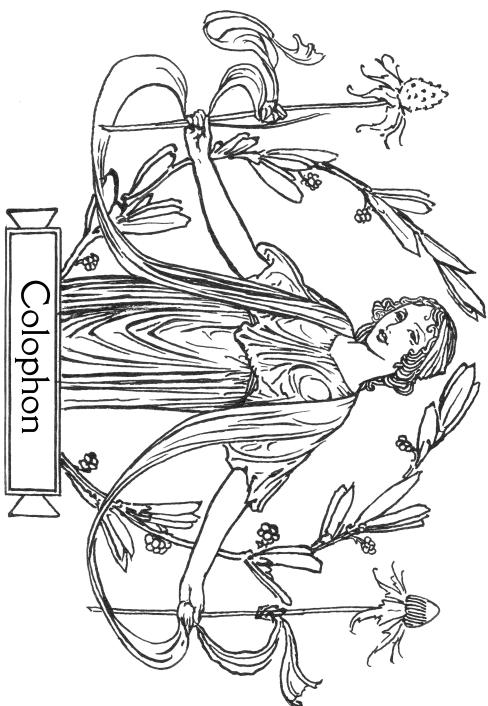
I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

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)





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.

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 misshapen 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 camest 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-blown.

