

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.
 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,

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

O, good sir, I do.

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

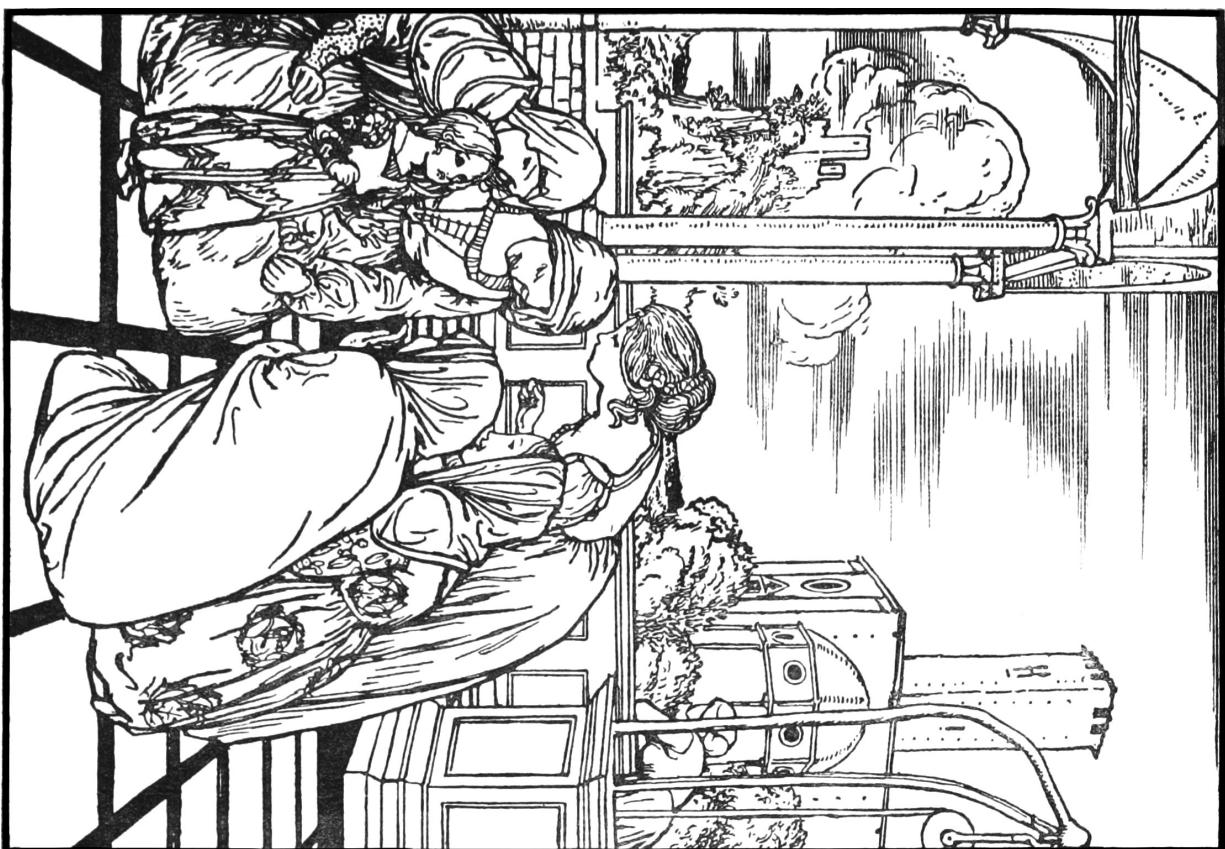
I should sin

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.



MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

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

O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed wasn't we did?

PROSPERO

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

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.

MIRANDA

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.

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

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.
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.

MIRANDA
Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO
O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
Infusèd 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
But ever see that man!

A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA
Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO
By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA

'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

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



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?

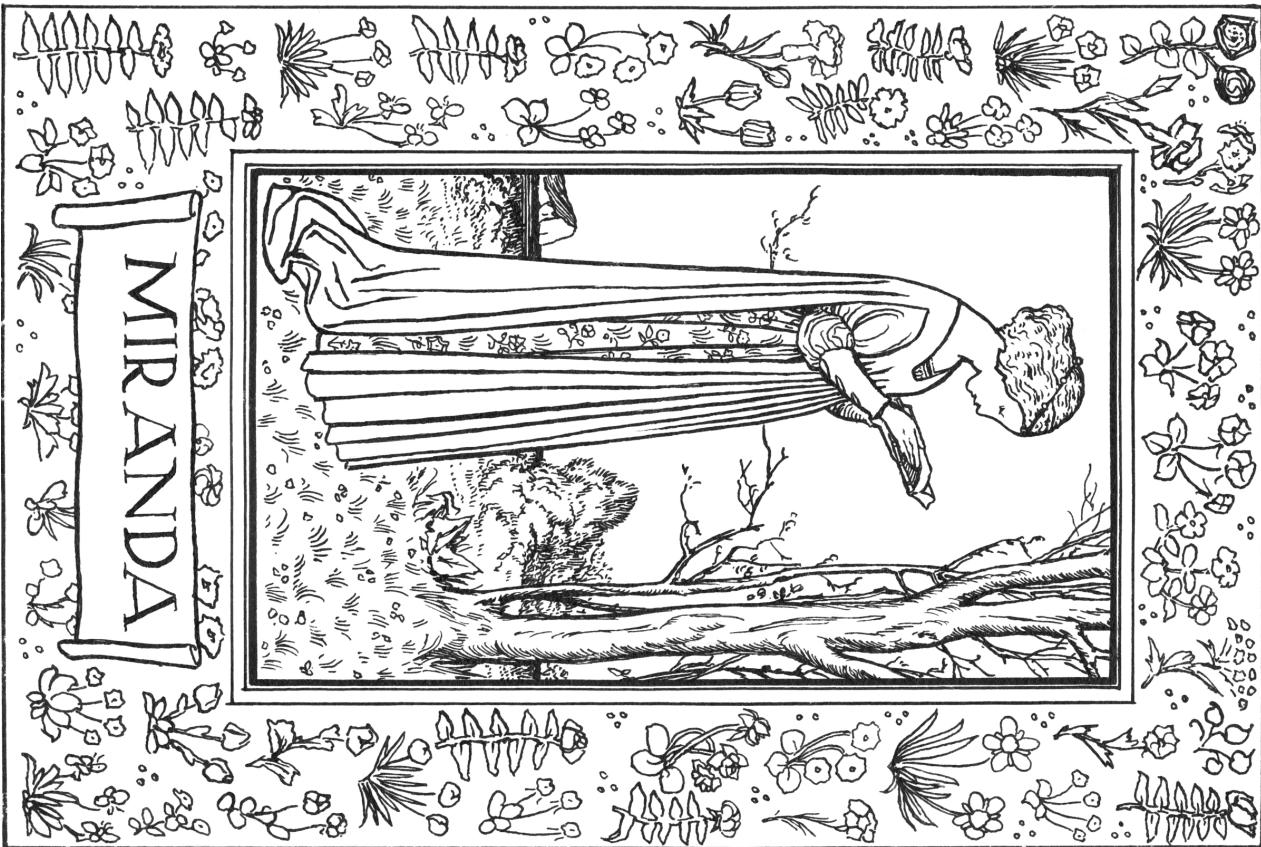
PROSPERO

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.



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

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

ARIEL

The hour's now come;

To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

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

PROSPERO

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

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
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better



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

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
 Then all affre 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.'

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

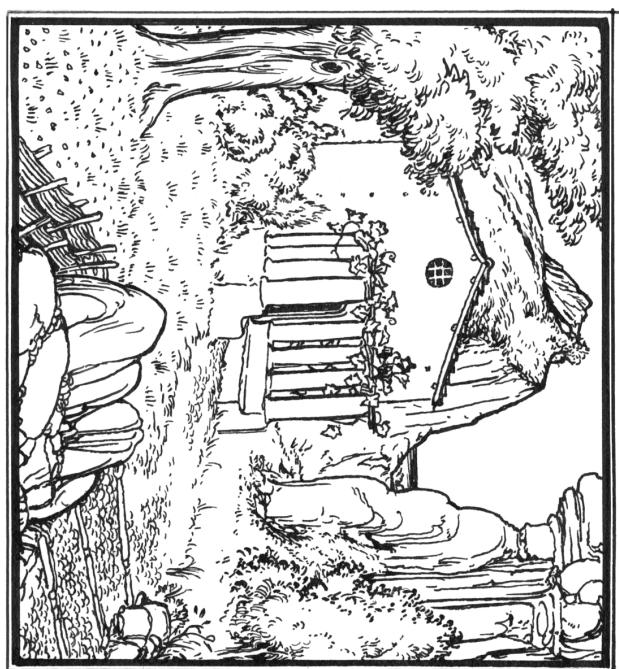
The mariners say how thou hast disposed

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,



Act I Scene 2

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

(Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA)

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,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered