

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
Been jumbled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
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. (*To ALONSO*) Welcome, sir;
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
As much as me my dukedom.

(*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA
playing at chess*)

MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

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 earnest 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.

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

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
 My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO
 I am woe for't, sir.

ALONSO
 Irreparable is the loss, and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO
 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.

ALONSO
 You the like loss?

PROSPERO
 As great to me as late; and, supportable
 To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
 Than you may call to comfort you, for I
 Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO
 A daughter?
 O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

(*To GONZALO*) First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO

Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtilities o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to SEBASTIAN AND ANTONIO*] 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.

SEBASTIAN

[*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] No.
(*To ANTONIO*) For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
brother
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.

ALONSO

If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since

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 inly 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
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?

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

Whether thou best be 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,
 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?

*Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
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,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

(Exit)

GONZALO

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

(To ALONSO) Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
(He embraces ALONSO)
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

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.

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 infect 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!

TRINCULO

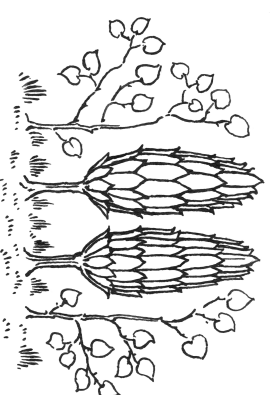
If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a
goodly sight.

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?



Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
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
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.
*(ARIEL exits and at once returns with PROSPERO's ducal
robes.)*

I will discase me, and myself present
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.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.*