

## 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.



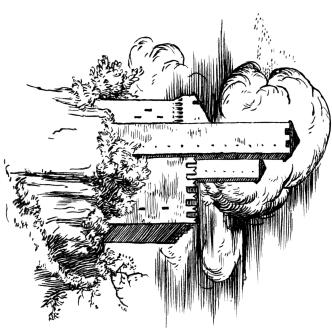
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

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)*



(*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.

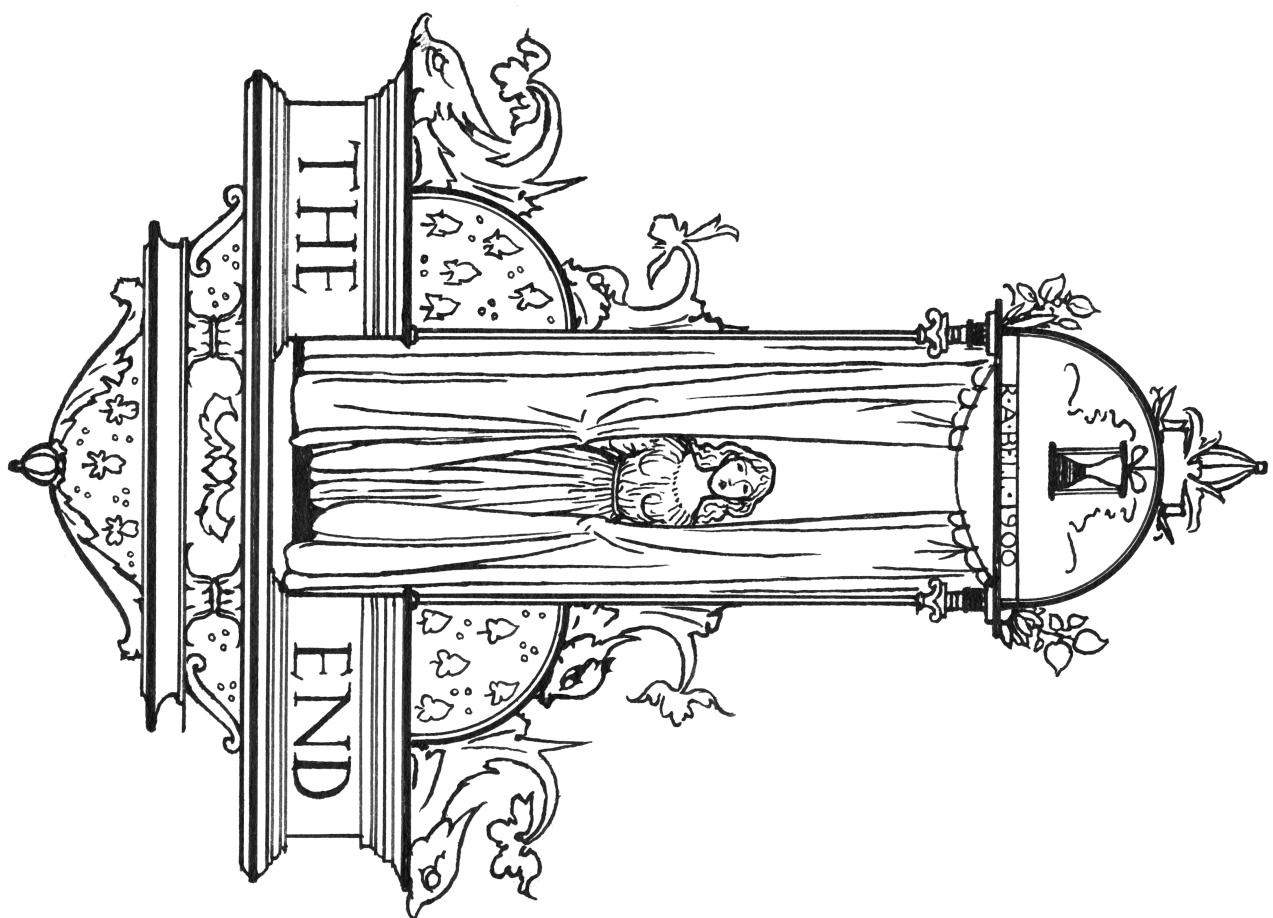
SEBASTIAN

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



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-blowning.

SEBASTIAN

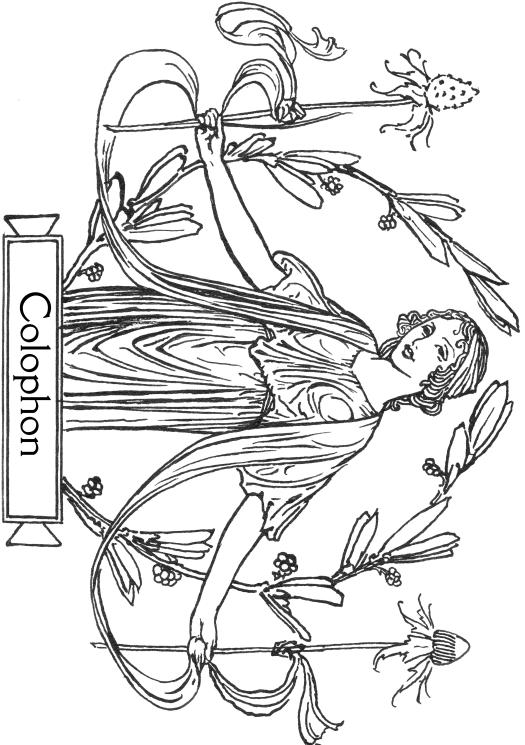
Why, how now, Stephano!

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.



*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 Original Copies: the so-called 'First Folio'*. Illustrations by British artist Robert Anning Bell (1863–1933) are from a 1901 edition published in London (UK) by Freemantle & Co. Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington D.C. (USA) for making available excellent-quality scans.

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[github.com/georgd/EB-Garamond](https://github.com/georgd/EB-Garamond)  
[www.glyphography.com/fonts/](http://www.glyphography.com/fonts/)



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?

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