



PROSPERO

How? the best?

What wret thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO

[Aside] *The Duke of Milan*

*And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.*

(To FERDINAND)

A word, good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.



WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? I' THE AIR OR THE EARTH?

PROSPERO

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO

[Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. *Spirit, fine spirit!* I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND

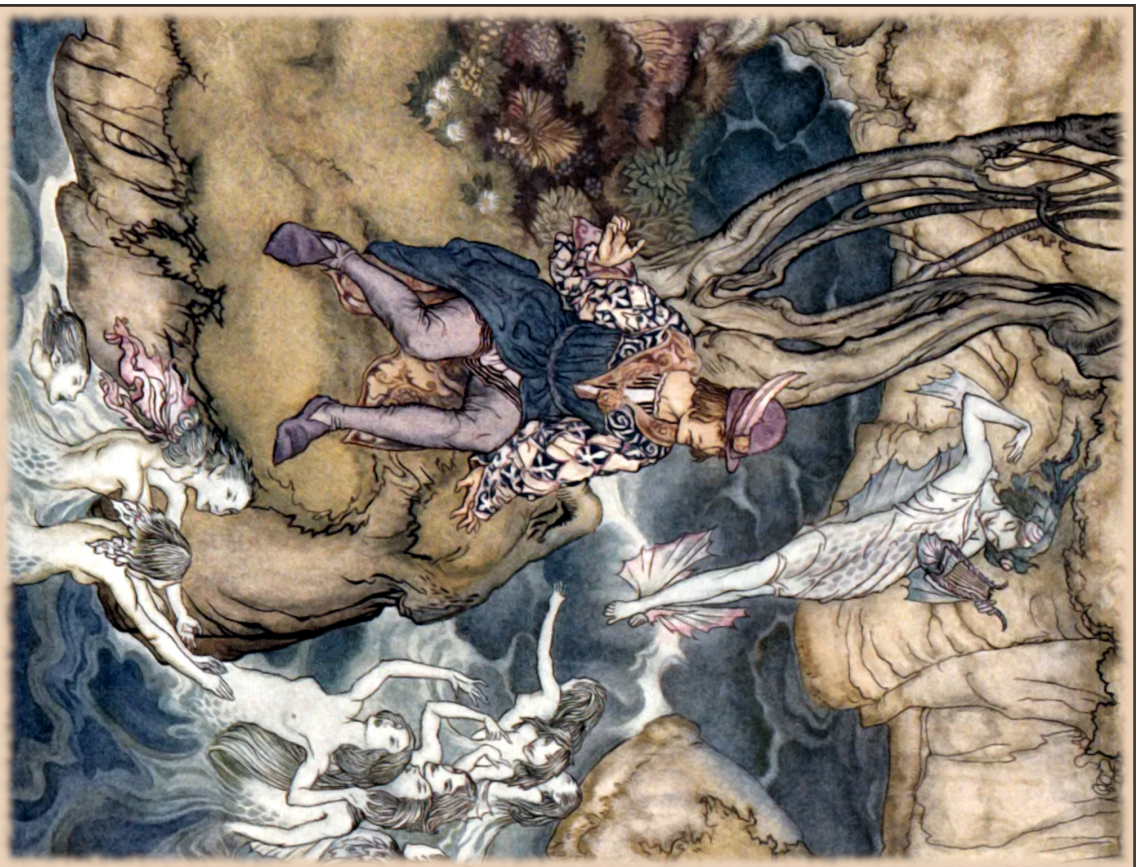
Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.



THIS MUSIC CREPT BY ME UPON THE WATERS

Allaying both their fury and my passion
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again.

(*ARIEL sings*)

*Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
 Ding-dong
 Hark! now I hear them,—
 Ding-dong, bell.*

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
 And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA

What is't? a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
 Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
 That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
 To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

O, if a virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
 The queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Soft, sir! one word more.

*[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but this swift
 business
 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
 Make the prize light.
 (To FERDINAND)*

One word more; I charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
 The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
 Upon this island as a spy, to win it
 From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO

(*To FERDINAND*)

Follow me.

(*To MIRANDA*)

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.

(*To FERDINAND*)

Come;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND

No;

I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power.

(*He draws, and is charmed from moving*)

MIRANDA

O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO

What? I say,

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who makest a show but dar'est not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick

And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO

Hence! hang not on my garments.



COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS



ARIEL'S song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtstied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feathly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow
The watch-dogs bark!
Bow-wow
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticler
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FERDINAND

*Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,*



FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an imposter! hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban

And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO

(To FERDINAND)

Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again

And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND

So they are;

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN

You taught me language; and my profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you

For learning me your language!

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.

*[Aside] I must obey: his art is of such power,**It would control my dam's god, Setebos,**And make a vassal of him.*

PROSPERO

So, slave; hence!

*(Exit CALIBAN)**(Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;**FERDINAND following)*

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
 The rest o' the island.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA

Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures

PROSPERO

[*Aside*]
It works.

(*To FERDINAND*)

Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

(*To FERDINAND*)

Follow me.

(*To ARIEL*)

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be free
 As mountain winds: but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

ARIEL

To the syllable.

PROSPERO

Come, follow. Speak not for him.
 (*Exeunt*)



(Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.)
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

(He whispers to ARIEL.)

ARIEL

My lord, it shall be done.

(Exit ARIEL)

PROSPERO

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

(Enter CALIBAN)

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou comest first,
Thou strok'dst me and madest much of me, wouldst give
me