

[Within]
within.

CALIBAN

There's wood enough.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

(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)

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 camest first,

Thou strokdest me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
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.



ARIEL

That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

(Exit ARIEL)

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL

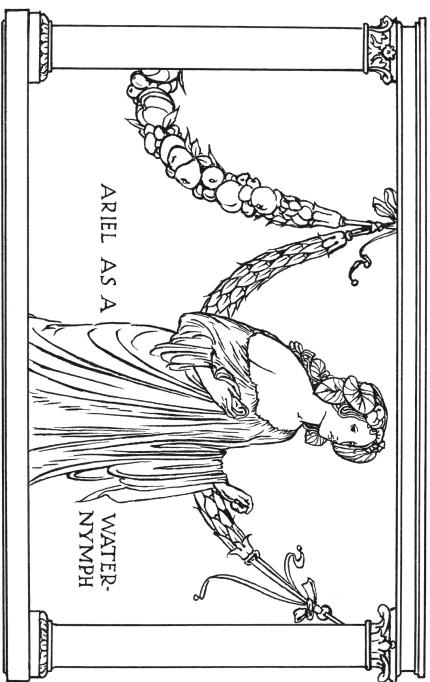
I thank thee, master.
PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master;

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.



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'nt 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 pitted 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
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!

I will discharge thee.

PROSPERO
Do so, and after two days

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)

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
 And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift

Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
 A human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,



PROSPERO

Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

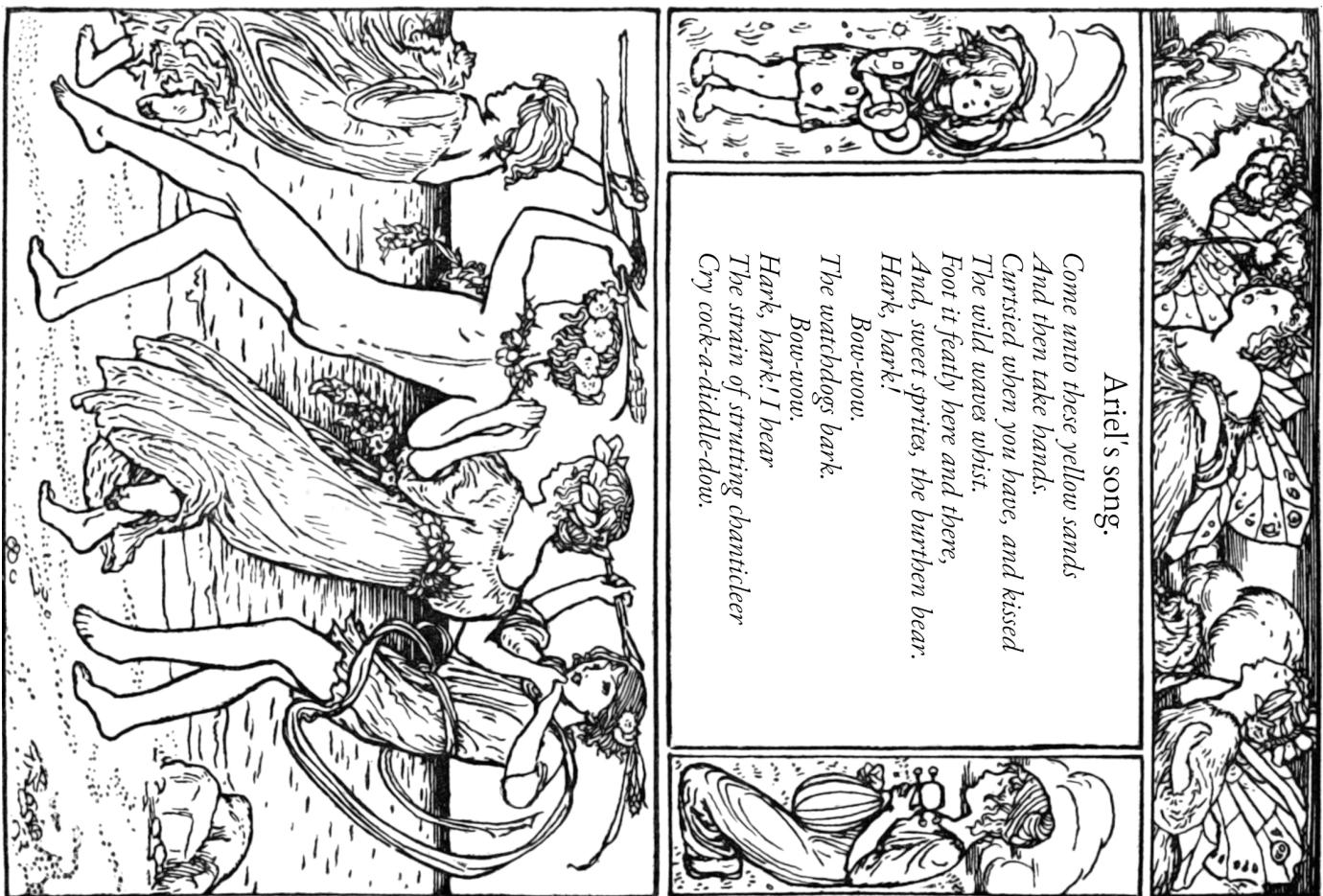
ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO

O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ariel's song.

*Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands.**Cursied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist.**Foot it feathly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.**Hark, hark!*
*Bow-wow.**The watchdogs bark.*
*Bow-wow.**Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanterelle
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,
 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, —*



PROSPERO

At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARIEL

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised, Which is not
yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO

How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? no more!

ARIEL

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL

No.



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.

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.

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean floe,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

