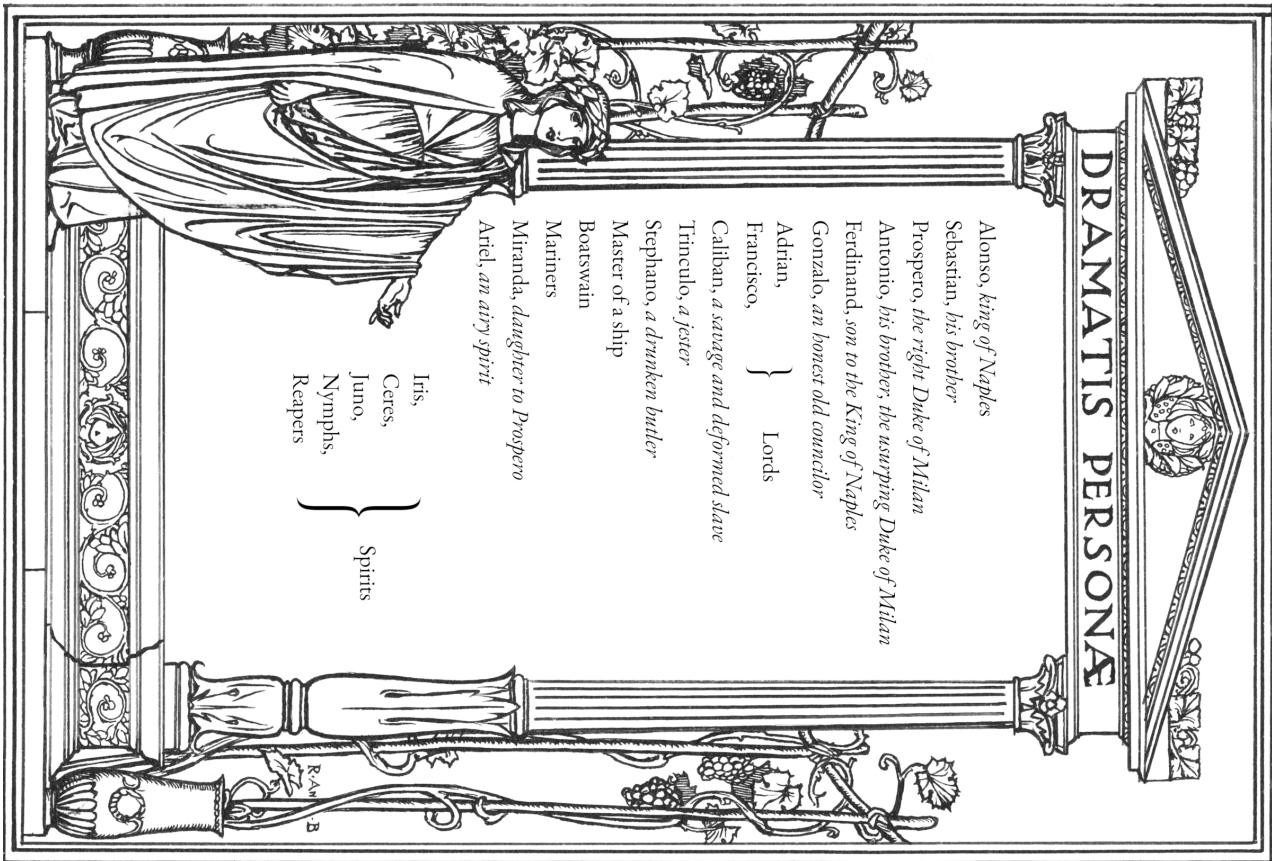


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# THE TEMPEST

*On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

MASTER

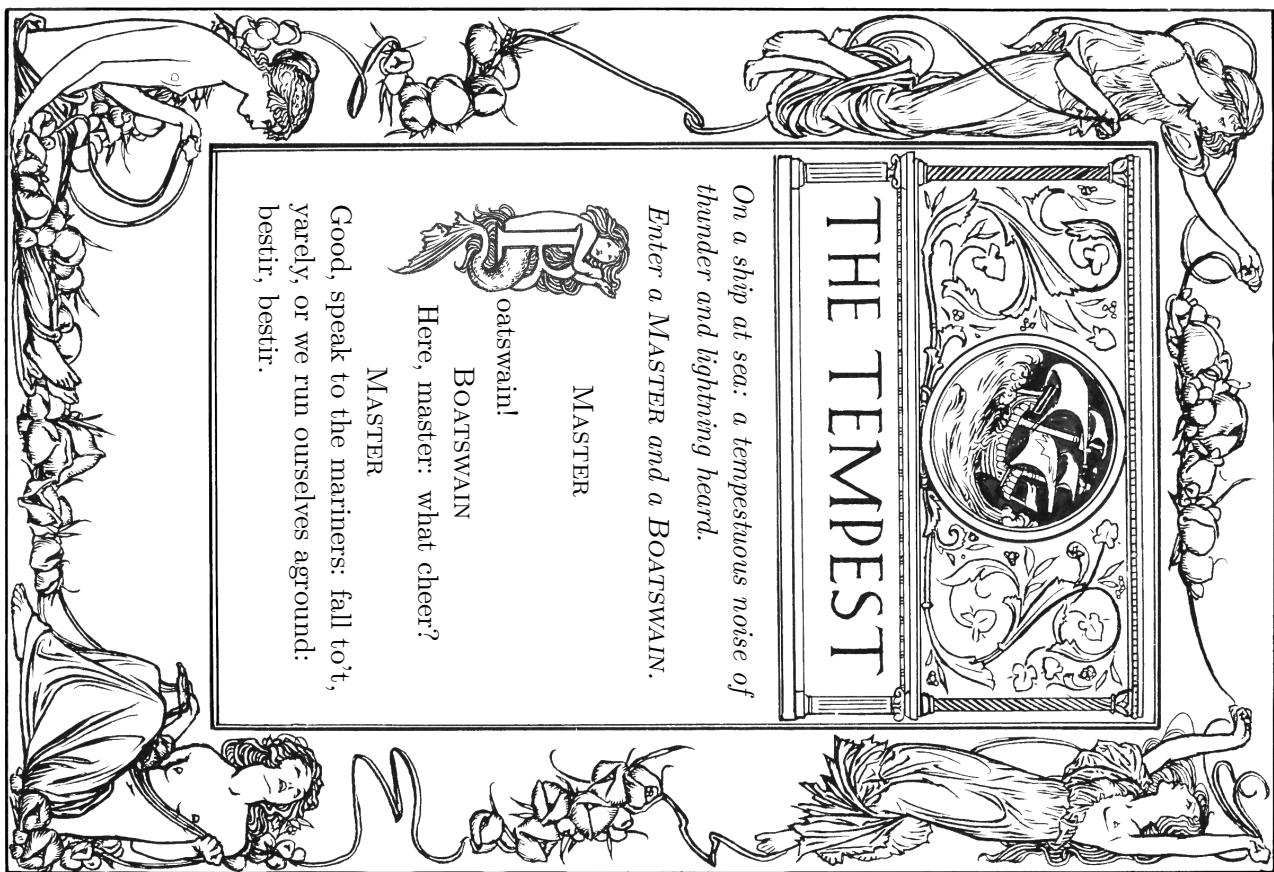
oatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't,  
barely, or we run ourselves aground:  
bestir, bestir.



BOATSWAIN

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! rare, yare!  
Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow,  
till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

(Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,  
GONZALO, and others)

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play  
the men.

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your  
cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the  
name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor;  
if you can command these elements to silence, and work  
the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more;  
use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have



lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

(Exit BOATSWAIN)

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

(Exit GONZALO, with ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and the other courtiers.)

(Enter BOATSWAIN)

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

(A cry within)

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

(Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO)

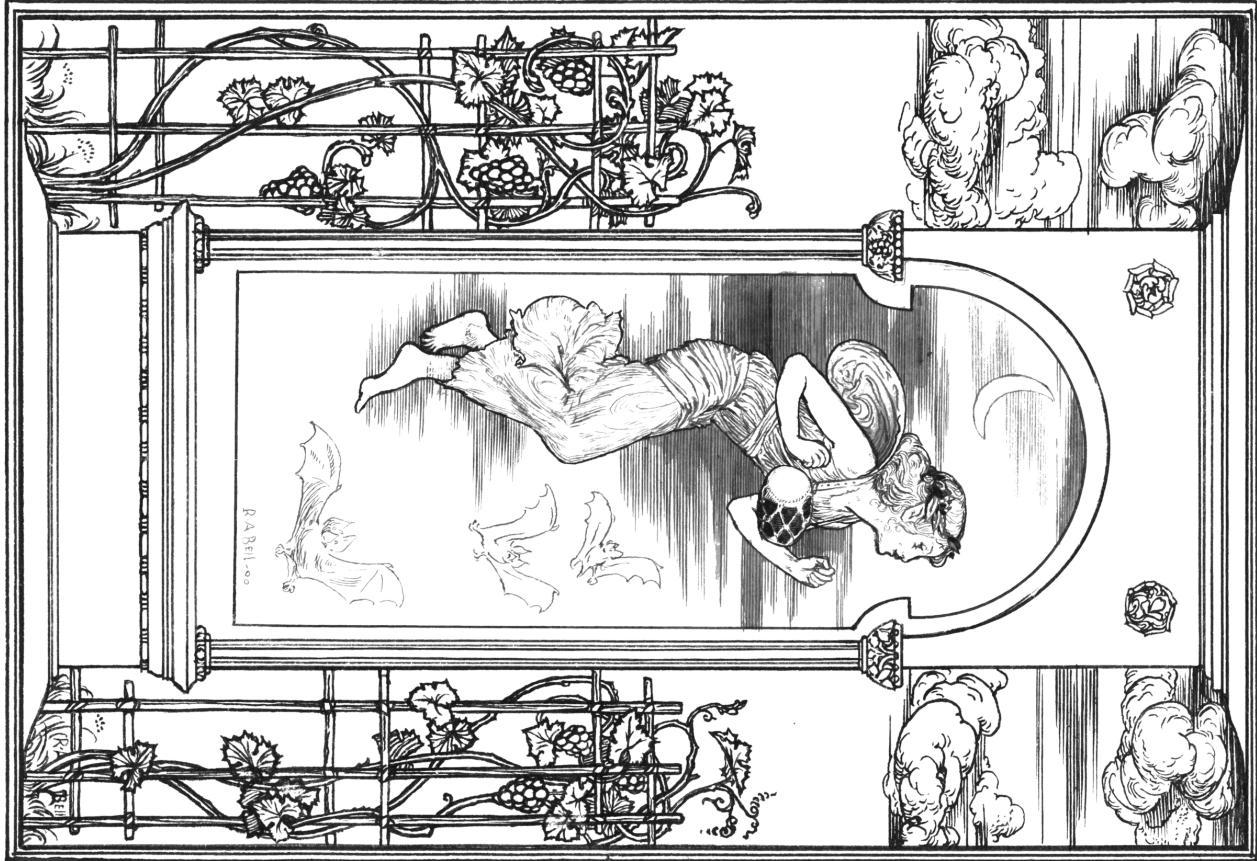
Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.



ANTONIO

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATSWAIN

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

(Enter MARINERS wet)

MARINERS

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

(Exit MARINERS)

BOATSWAIN

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:  
This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie  
drowning  
The washing of ten tides!

(Exit BOATSWAIN)





## GONZALO

He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it  
And gape at widest to glut him.

*(A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'—'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!')*



ANTONIO  
Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.  
*(Exit ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN)*

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

*(Exeunt)*

