

ARIEL

Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The king,

His brother and yours, abide all three distracted

And the remainder mourning over them,

Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury

Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

*(Exit Ariel)**(PROSPERO draws a large circle on the stage with his staff.)*

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,

Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command

Have wak'd their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic

I here abjure, and, when I have required

Some heavenly music, which even now I do,

(He gestures with his staff)

To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

(Solemn music)

(Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed, which PROSPERO observing, speaks:)

PROSPERO

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,



(Before PROSPERO's cell.)

(Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL)

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARIEL

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO

I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

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.

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 Ariel)

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

Whether thou best he 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?



ARIEL
Silver I there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO
Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!
(*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven off*)
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL
Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

(*Exeunt*)



MERRILY, MERRILY SHALL I LIVE NOW

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 subtilties 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.*

TRINCULO

Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STEPHANO

I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not
go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line
and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment
for't.

TRINCULO

Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away
with the rest.

CALIBAN

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

STEPHANO

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my
hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to,
carry this.

TRINCULO

And this.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.
*(A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of
dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL
setting them on.)*

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

STEPHANO
Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO
(Seeing the apparel) O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN
Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRINCULO
O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.
(He puts on one of the gowns.)
O king Stephano!

STEPHANO
Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO
Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN
The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO
Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin?
(He takes a jacket from the tree.)
Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to
lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

ALONSO
If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
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 muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

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 jostled 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.

STEPHANO
So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a
displeasure against you, look you,—

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STEPHANO

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but
an infinite loss.

TRINCULO

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless
fairy, monster.

STEPHANO

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CALIBAN

Prithce, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.