

ANTONIO

*[Aside to SEBASTIAN]* I am right glad that he's so out of  
hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN

*[Aside to ANTONIO]* The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO

*[Aside to SEBASTIAN]* Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN

*[Aside to ANTONIO]* I say, to-night: no more.  
(*Solemn and strange music*)

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

(Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange  
Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with  
gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to  
eat, they depart)

ALONSO

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?



SEBASTIAN

A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO

I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO

If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders—  
For, certes, these are people of the island—

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO

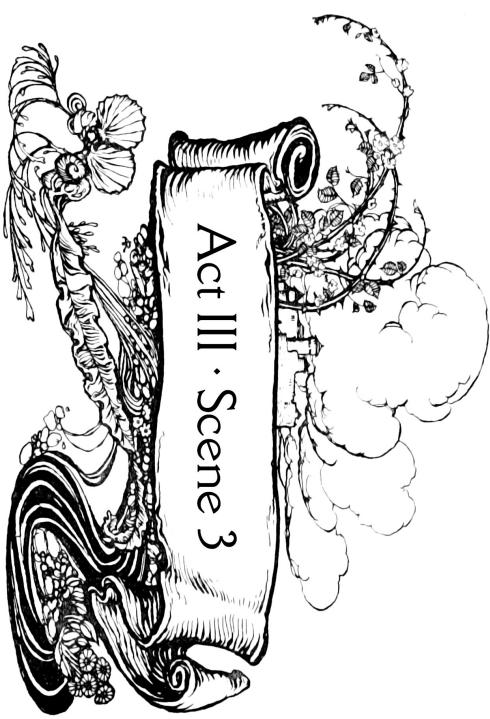
*Honest lord,*

*[Aside]*  
*Thou hast said well; for some of you there present*  
*Are worse than devils.*

ALONSO

I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,  
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO

*Praise in departing.**[Aside]*

(*Another part of the island.*)

(Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others)

GONZALO

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed  
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

CALIBAN  
When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO  
TRINCULO

That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRINCULO  
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANO  
Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

(*Exeunt*)



FRANCISCO  
They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN  
No matter, since

They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.  
Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO  
Not I.

GONZALO  
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find  
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us

Good warrant of.

ALONSO  
I will stand to and feed,

Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to and do as we.

(*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*)

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't, the never-surfeted sea  
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad,  
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves.

(ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords)

You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

(He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the  
Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and  
carrying out the table)



SOMETIMES VOICES...MAKE ME SLEEP AGAIN

TRINCULO

PROSPERO

This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of  
Nobody.

STEPHANO

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions; they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
And his and mine loved darling.

If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou  
beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULO

O, forgive me my sins!

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN

GONZALO

(*He exits, above.*)

Art thou afear'd?

STEPHANO

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afear'd; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have  
my music for nothing.

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded.

(*Exit Alonso*)

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

(Exit SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO)

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

(Exeunt)



STEPHANO

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou  
livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy  
him then?

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:  
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANO

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.  
Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

(Sings)

*Flout 'em and scout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em  
Thought is free.*

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

(ARIEL plays the tune on a tabour and pipe)

STEPHANO

What is this same?



(Before PROSPERO's cell.)

(Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA)

PROSPERO

If I have too austerely punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live; who once again  
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it halt behind her.



*III.2*

*The Tempest*

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,  
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seized his books, or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezard with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them—  
Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
As great'st does least.

STEPHANO

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN

Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be  
king and queen—save our graces!—and Trinculo and  
thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

