

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched 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)



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.

(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)



(The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.)

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

(Lays down his mantle)

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel



THE TEMPEST

Act I • Scene I

*(On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and
lightning heard.)*
(Enter a MASTER and a BOATSWAIN)

MASTER

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER

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

BOATSWAIN

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

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

(They sit.)

MIRANDA

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

PROSPERO

The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA

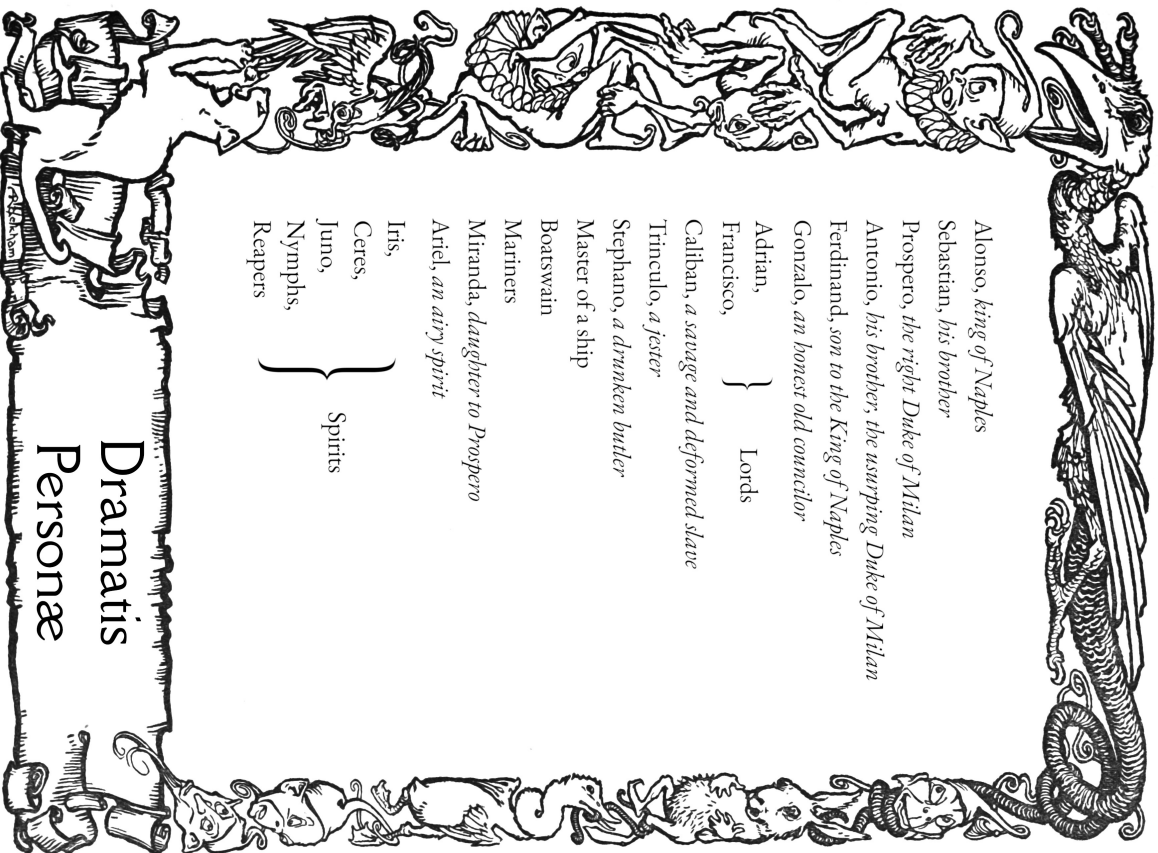
'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

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THOU WAST NOT OUT THREE YEARS OLD



Alonso, *king of Naples*
 Sebastian, *his brother*
 Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan*
 Antonio, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*
 Ferdinand, *son to the King of Naples*
 Gonzalo, *an honest old councillor*
 Adrian, }
 Francisco, } *Lords*
 Caliban, *a savage and deformed slave*
 Trinculo, *a jester*
 Stephano, *a drunken butler*
 Master of a ship
 Boatswain
 Mariners
 Miranda, *daughter to Prospero*
 Ariel, *an airy spirit*
 Iris,
 Ceres,
 Juno,
 Nymphs,
 Reapers

} *Spirits*

Dramatis Personæ

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
 In the dark backward and abyssm of time?
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou earnest here,
 How thou earnest here thou mayst.

MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
 A prince of power.

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
 Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
 And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
 Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
 But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA

O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

