

# *The Tempest*

William Shakespeare

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## Dramatis Personae

PROSPERO     *the former duke of Milan, now a magician on a Mediterranean island*

MIRANDA     *Prospero's daughter*

ARIEL     *a spirit, servant to Prospero*

CALIBAN     *an inhabitant of the island, servant to Prospero*

FERDINAND     *prince of Naples*

ALONSO     *king of Naples*

ANTONIO     *duke of Milan and Prospero's brother*

SEBASTIAN     *Alonso's brother*

GONZALO     *councillor to Alonso and friend to Prospero*

Courtiers in attendance on Alonso:

ADRIAN

FRANCISCO

TRINCULO     *servant to Alonso*

STEPHANO     *Alonso's butler*

SHIPMASTER

BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

Players who, as spirits, take the roles of Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, and Reapers in Prospero's masque, and who, in other scenes, take the roles of "islanders" and of hunting dogs

## Act 1

### Scene 1

*[A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.  
Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.]*

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?

MASTER Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely,  
or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!  
*[He exits.]*

*[Enter Mariners.]*

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my  
hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th'  
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 labor.  
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 councillor; 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! *[He exits.]*

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.

*[He exits with Alonso, Sebastian,  
and the other courtiers.]*

*[Enter Boatswain.]*

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!  
Bring her to try wi' th' main course. *[(A cry  
within.)]* A plague upon this howling! They are  
louder than the weather or our office.

*[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 ahold, ahold! Set her two courses.  
Off to sea again! Lay her off!

*[Enter more Mariners, wet.]*

MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!  
*[Mariners exit.]*

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 am out of patience.

ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.  
This wide-chopped rascal—would thou  
mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!  
*[Boatswain exits.]*

GONZALO He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of  
water swear against it and gape at wid'st 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 wi' th' King.

SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.  
*[He exits with Antonio.]*

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

*[He exits.]*

## Scene 2

*[Enter Prospero and Miranda.]*

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 th' 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,

Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.  
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 swallowed, 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, naught 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.  
*[Putting aside his cloak.]*

So,  
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have  
comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched  
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  
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 stopped  
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 anything 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?

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 abysm of time?  
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st 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 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 sayst, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds



To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,  
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,  
farther.

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, called 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 t' advance, and who  
To trash for overtopping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new formed 'em, having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk  
And sucked my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
Who, having into truth by telling of it,

Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' substitution  
And executing th' outward face of royalty  
With all prerogative. Hence, his ambition growing—  
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

To have no screen between this part he played  
And him he played it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,  
So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!

PROSPERO

Mark his condition and th' event. Then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother.  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,  
Which was that he, in lieu o' th' premises  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honors, on my brother; whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and i' th' dead of darkness  
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,

Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROSPERO Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now 's upon 's, without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

MIRANDA Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO Well demanded, wench.  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us  
To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh  
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groaned, which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA How came we ashore?

PROSPERO By providence divine.  
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much. So, of his  
gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me  
From mine own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA Would I might  
But ever see that man.

PROSPERO [*standing*] Now I arise.  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived, and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA  
Heavens thank you for 't. And now I pray you, sir—  
For still 'tis beating in my mind—your reason  
For raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO Know thus far forth:  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.  
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

*[Miranda falls asleep.]*

*[Prospero puts on his cloak.]*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel. Come.

*[Enter Ariel.]*

ARIEL  
All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure. Be 't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,  
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.  
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide  
And burn in many places. On the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors  
O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks  
Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and played  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—  
Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO  
But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot. *[He folds his arms.]*

PROSPERO Of the King's ship,  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' th' fleet.

ARIEL Safely in harbor  
Is the King's ship. In the deep nook, where once  
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;

The mariners all under hatches stowed,  
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,  
I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet,  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
And are upon the Mediterranean float,  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked  
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is performed. But there's more work.  
What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL Past the mid season.

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 performed 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 no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise  
To bate me a full year.

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

ARIEL No.

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' th' 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 damned witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did  
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child  
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant,  
And for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorred 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  
Imprisoned 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 honored 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 damned, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo. It was mine art,  
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 howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL Pardon, master.  
I will be correspondent to command  
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO Do so, and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

ARIEL That's my noble master.  
What shall I do? Say, what? What shall I do?

PROSPERO  
Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' 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!  
*[Ariel exits.]*

Awake, dear heart, awake. Thou hast slept well.  
Awake. *[Miranda wakes.]*

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 *[rising]* '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!

CALIBAN [*within*] There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO  
Come forth, I say. There's other business for thee.  
Come, thou tortoise. When?

*[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. *[He exits.]*

PROSPERO [*to Caliban*]  
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 brushed  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both. A southwest blow on you  
And blister you all o'er.

PROSPERO  
For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins  
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work  
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched  
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 tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,  
Thou strok'st me and made 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 showed thee all the qualities o' th' 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, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used  
thee,  
Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged  
thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honor of my child.

CALIBAN  
O ho, O ho! Would 't 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 pitied 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 endowed 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!

PROSPERO Hagseed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrugg'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.

*[Caliban exits.]*

*[Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible,  
playing and singing.]*

Song.

ARIEL

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands.  
Curtsied when you have, and kissed  
The wild waves whist.  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And sweet sprites bear  
The burden. Hark, hark!  
*[Burden dispersedly, within:]* Bow-wow.  
The watchdogs bark.  
*[Burden dispersedly, within:]* Bow-wow.  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? I' th' air, or th' earth?  
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the King my father's wrack,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

Song.

ARIEL

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.  
[Burden, within:] Ding dong.  
Hark, now I hear them: ding dong bell.*

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drowned father.  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the Earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO *[to Miranda]*

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 wrack; and, but he's something stained  
With grief—that's beauty's canker—thou might'st  
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. *[To Ariel.]* Spirit, fine spirit,  
I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND *[seeing Miranda]* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island,  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here. My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!—  
If you be maid or no.

MIRANDA No wonder, sir,  
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND My language! Heavens!  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO How? The best?  
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND  
A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,  
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The King my father wracked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND  
Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan  
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO [*aside*] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight  
They have changed eyes.—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Ferdinand.*] A word,  
good sir.  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA  
Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first  
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father  
To be inclined my way.

FERDINAND O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO Soft, sir, one word more.  
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers. But this  
swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. [*To Ferdinand.*] One word  
more. I charge thee  
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on 't.

FERDINAND No, as I am a man!

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

PROSPERO *[to Ferdinand]* Follow me.  
*[To Miranda.]* Speak not you for him. He's a traitor.  
*[To Ferdinand.]* Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.  
Sea water shalt thou drink. Thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND No,  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.  
*[He draws, and is charmed from moving.]*

MIRANDA O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO What, I say,  
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy  
conscience  
Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA Beseech you, father—

PROSPERO  
Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA Sir, have pity.  
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO Silence! One word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
An advocate for an impostor? Hush.  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,  
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA My affections  
Are then most humble. I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO [*to Ferdinand*] Come on, obey.  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND So they are.  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' Earth  
Let liberty make use of. Space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO [*aside*] It works.—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel.—Follow me.  
[*To Ariel.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA [*to Ferdinand*] Be of  
comfort.  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO [*to Ariel*] Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

ARIEL To th' syllable.

PROSPERO [*to Ferdinand*]  
Come follow. [*To Miranda.*] Speak not for him.  
[*They exit.*]

## Act 2

### Scene 1

*[Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.]*

GONZALO *[to Alonso]*

Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause—  
So have we all—of joy, for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant  
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle—  
I mean our preservation—few in millions  
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]* He receives comfort like  
cold porridge.

ANTONIO The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit.  
By and by it will strike.

GONZALO *[to Alonso]* Sir—

SEBASTIAN One. Tell.

GONZALO When every grief is entertained that's offered,  
comes to th' entertainer—

SEBASTIAN A dollar.

GONZALO Dolor comes to him indeed. You have spoken  
truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

GONZALO *[to Alonso]* Therefore, my lord—

ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

ALONSO *[to Gonzalo]* I prithee, spare.



GONZALO Well, I have done. But yet—

SEBASTIAN [*aside to Antonio*] He will be talking.

ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*] Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN The old cock.

ANTONIO The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?

ANTONIO A laughter.

SEBASTIAN A match!

ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert—

ANTONIO Ha, ha, ha.

SEBASTIAN So. You're paid.

ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

SEBASTIAN Yet—

ADRIAN Yet—

ANTONIO He could not miss 't.

ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO True, save means to live.

SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in 't.

ANTONIO He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GONZALO Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO Widow? A pox o' that! How came that "widow" in? Widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN [*to Gonzalo*] “Widow Dido,” said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN Carthage?

GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANTONIO What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

ANTONIO And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GONZALO Ay.

ANTONIO Why, in good time.

GONZALO [*to Alonso*] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO And the rarest that e’er came there.

SEBASTIAN Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO O, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO [*to Alonso*] Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO That “sort” was well fished for.

GONZALO [*to Alonso*] When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage.

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there, for coming thence  
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed  
I ne'er again shall see her.—O, thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO Sir, he may live.  
I saw him beat the surges under him  
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,  
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

ALONSO No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN  
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African,  
Where she at least is banished from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN  
You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise  
By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
Weighed between loathness and obedience at  
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost  
your son,  
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them.  
The fault's your own.

ALONSO So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

GONZALO My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN Very well.

ANTONIO And most chirurgonly.

GONZALO *[to Alonso]*

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN Foul weather?

ANTONIO Very foul.

GONZALO

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO

He'd sow 't with nettle seed.

SEBASTIAN Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO

And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GONZALO

I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation; all men idle, all,  
And women too, but innocent and pure;  
No sovereignty—

SEBASTIAN Yet he would be king on 't.

ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.

GONZALO

All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth

Of its own kind all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO None, man, all idle: whores and knaves.

GONZALO  
I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
T' excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN 'Save his Majesty!

ANTONIO  
Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO  
Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO I do well believe your Highness, and did it to  
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of  
such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use  
to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO Who in this kind of merry fooling am  
nothing to you. So you may continue, and laugh at  
nothing still.

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flatlong.

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave mettle. You  
would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would  
continue in it five weeks without changing.

*[Enter Ariel invisible, playing solemn music.]*

SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-batfowling.

ANTONIO *[to Gonzalo]* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my

discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep?  
For I am very heavy.

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

*[All sink down asleep except Alonso,  
Antonio, and Sebastian.]*

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find  
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

ANTONIO We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy.  
*[Alonso sleeps. Ariel exits.]*

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find  
Not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO Nor I. My spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent.  
They dropped as by a thunderstroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might? No more.  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face  
What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN I do, and surely  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open—standing, speaking, moving—  
And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather, wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN Thou dost snore distinctly.  
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO  
I am more serious than my custom. You  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO  
I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN Do so. To ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO O,  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it, how in stripping it  
You more invest it. Ebbing men indeed  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on.  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance—this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earthed—hath here almost persuaded—  
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned  
As he that sleeps here swims.



SEBASTIAN I have no hope  
That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO O, out of that no hope  
What great hope have you! No hope that way is  
Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN He's gone.

ANTONIO Then tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN Claribel.

ANTONIO  
She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—  
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till newborn chins  
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom  
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN What stuff is this? How say you?  
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,  
So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

ANTONIO A space whose ev'ry cubit  
Seems to cry out "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis  
And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death  
That now hath seized them, why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN  
Methinks I do.

ANTONIO And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO True,  
And look how well my garments sit upon me,  
Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO  
Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon.  
If he were that which now he's like—that's dead—  
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,  
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO Draw together,  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on Gonzalo. *[They draw their swords.]*

SEBASTIAN O, but one word.  
*[They talk apart.]*

*[Enter Ariel, invisible, with music and song.]*

ARIEL *[to the sleeping Gonzalo]*

My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth—  
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

*[Sings in Gonzalo's ear:]*

*While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber and beware.  
Awake, awake!*

ANTONIO *[to Sebastian]* Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO *[waking]* Now, good angels preserve the  
King! *[He wakes Alonso.]*

ALONSO *[to Sebastian]*  
Why, how now, ho! Awake? Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO *[to Sebastian]* What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN  
Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO I heard nothing.

ANTONIO  
O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake. Sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO  
Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.  
I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,  
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO  
Lead off this ground, and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts,  
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO Lead away.

ARIEL *[aside]*  
Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

*[They exit.]*

## Scene 2

*[Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of  
thunder heard.]*

CALIBAN  
All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,  
Nor lead me like a firebrand in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But  
For every trifle are they set upon me,  
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall. Sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*[He lies down and covers himself with a cloak.]*

*[Enter Trinculo.]*

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I  
hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond  
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed  
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I  
know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud  
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. *[Noticing Caliban.]*  
What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or  
alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient

and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.  
A strange fish. Were I in England now, as once  
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday  
fool there but would give a piece of silver. There  
would this monster make a man. Any strange beast  
there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a  
dead Indian. Legged like a man, and his fins like  
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my  
opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an  
islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.  
[*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again. My best  
way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no  
other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man  
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the  
dregs of the storm be past.

*[He crawls under Caliban's cloak.]*

*[Enter Stephano singing.]*

STEPHANO

*I shall no more to sea, to sea.*

*Here shall I die ashore—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.

Well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

*[Sings.]*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*

*The gunner and his mate,*

*Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*

*But none of us cared for Kate.*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,*

*Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"*

*She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,*

*Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.*

*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!*

This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort.

*[Drinks.]*

CALIBAN Do not torment me! O!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do  
you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind?  
Ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now  
of your four legs, for it hath been said "As proper a  
man as ever went on four legs cannot make him  
give ground," and it shall be said so again while

Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

CALIBAN The spirit torments me. O!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee. I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt anon; I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways. Open your mouth. Here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. [*Caliban drinks.*] You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEPHANO Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend. His backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. [*Caliban drinks.*] Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy, this is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I

have no long spoon.

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. *[He pulls him out from under Caliban's cloak.]* Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN *[aside]* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

*[He crawls out from under the cloak.]*

STEPHANO *[to Trinculo]* How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO *[to Trinculo]* Here. Swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book. *[Trinculo drinks.]* Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now, mooncalf, how does thine ague?

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' th' moon when time was.

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANO Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

*[Caliban drinks.]*

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him? A very weak monster. The man i' th' moon? A most poor, credulous monster! —Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island, and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster. When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO Come on, then. Down, and swear.

*[Caliban kneels.]*

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster. I could find in my heart to beat him—

STEPHANO Come, kiss.

TRINCULO —but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs. I'll pluck thee berries. I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve.



I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder  
of a poor drunkard.

CALIBAN [*standing*]  
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO I prithee now, lead the way without any  
more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit here.  
—Here, bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll  
fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN [*sings drunkenly*]  
*Farewell, master, farewell, farewell.*

TRINCULO A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN [*sings*]  
*No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.  
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban  
Has a new master. Get a new man.  
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,  
high-day, freedom!*

STEPHANO O brave monster! Lead the way.  
*[They exit.]*

## Act 3

### Scene 1

*[Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.]*

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor  
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such  
baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget;  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,  
Most busiest when I do it.

*[Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unobserved.]*

MIRANDA Alas now, pray you,  
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.  
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.  
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that.  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND No, precious creature,  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonor undergo  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA It would become me  
As well as it does you, and I should do it  
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO [*aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected.  
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND  
No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,  
What is your name?

MIRANDA Miranda.—O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues  
Have I liked several women, never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA I do not know  
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father. How features are abroad  
I am skillless of, but by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape  
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda; I do think a king—  
I would, not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service, there resides  
To make me slave to it, and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND  
O heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief. I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,  
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO [*aside*] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections. Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND Wherefore  
weep you?

MIRANDA  
At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.  
I am your wife if you will marry me.  
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow  
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant  
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND  
My mistress, dearest, and I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA  
My husband, then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

MIRANDA [*clasping his hand*]

And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand.

*[They exit.]*

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere suppertime must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

*[He exits.]*

## Scene 2

*[Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.]*

STEPHANO *[to Trinculo]* Tell not me. When the butt is  
out, we will drink water; not a drop before. Therefore  
bear up and board 'em.—Servant monster,  
drink to me.

TRINCULO Servant monster? The folly of this island!  
They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three  
of them. If th' other two be brained like us, the state  
totters.

STEPHANO Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee.  
Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*[Caliban drinks.]*

TRINCULO Where should they be set else? He were a  
brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO My man-monster hath drowned his tongue  
in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I  
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty  
leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my  
lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO Your lieutenant, if you list. He's no  
standard.

STEPHANO We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO Nor go neither. But you'll lie like dogs, and  
yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN How does thy Honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster. I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou! Was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO "Lord," quoth he? That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN Lo, lo again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. If you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to harken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*[Enter Ariel, invisible.]*

CALIBAN *[kneeling]* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL *[in Trinculo's voice]* Thou liest.

CALIBAN *[to Trinculo]* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou. *[He stands.]* I would my valiant master would destroy thee. I do not lie.

STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your

teeth.

TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO Mum then, and no more. [*Trinculo stands aside.*] Proceed.

CALIBAN

I say by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it. If thy Greatness will,  
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st,  
But this thing dare not.

STEPHANO That's most certain.

CALIBAN

Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN

Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL [*in Trinculo's voice*] Thou liest. Thou canst not.

CALIBAN

What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—  
I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows  
And take his bottle from him. When that's gone,  
He shall drink naught but brine, for I'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stockfish of thee.

TRINCULO Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL [*in Trinculo's voice*] Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? Take thou that. [*He beats Trinculo.*]  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO I did not give the lie! Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO Now forward with your tale. [*To Trinculo.*]  
Prithee, stand further off.

CALIBAN  
Beat him enough. After a little time  
I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO Stand farther. [*Trinculo moves farther away.*] Come, proceed.

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 weasand 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.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee.  
But while thou liv'st, 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 honor.

ARIEL *[aside]* This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN  
Thou mak'st me merry. I am full of pleasure.  
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but whilere?

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

*[Sings.]*

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

CALIBAN That's not the tune.  
*[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.]*

STEPHANO What is this same?

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

STEPHANO *[to the invisible musician]* If thou be'st a  
man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a  
devil, take 't as thou list.

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!

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

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes 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.

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

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

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

STEPHANO Lead, monster. We'll follow.—I would I  
could see this taborer. He lays it on. Wilt come?

TRINCULO I'll follow, Stephano.

*[They exit.]*

### Scene 3

*[Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
Francisco, etc.]*

GONZALO  
By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir.  
My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed  
Through forthrights and meanders. By your  
patience,  
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee.  
Who am myself attached with weariness  
To th' 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 drowned  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]*

I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolved t' effect.

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]* The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]* Let it be tonight;  
For now they are oppressed with travel, they  
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]* I say tonight. No more.

*[Solemn and strange music, and enter Prospero on the  
top invisible.]*

ALONSO  
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark.

GONZALO Marvelous sweet music!

*[Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet, and  
dance about it with gentle actions of salutations.]*

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. Travelers 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 *[aside]* Honest lord,  
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 *[aside]* Praise in departing.  
*[Inviting the King, etc., to eat, the shapes depart.]*

FRANCISCO They vanished 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  
Dewlapped 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.

*[Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio  
move toward the table.]*

*[Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a Harpy, claps  
his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the  
banquet vanishes.]*

ARIEL *[as Harpy]*

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited 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 valor, men hang and drown  
Their proper selves.

*[Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio draw their swords.]*

You fools, I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate. The elements  
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well  
Wound the loud winds or with bemocked-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters as diminish  
One dowl 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  
Ling'ring 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's 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.]*

PROSPERO *[aside]*  
Bravely the figure of this Harpy hast thou  
Performed, 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 drowned,  
And his and mine loved darling.     *[He exits, above.]*

GONZALO *[to Alonso]*  
I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

ALONSO 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.  
Therefor my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded.     *[He exits.]*

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

ANTONIO I'll be thy second.  
*[They exit.]*

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.  
*[They all exit.]*

## Act 4

### Scene 1

*[Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.]*

PROSPERO *[to Ferdinand]*

If I have too austere­ly punished 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 of her,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be ministered,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser genius can shall never melt  
Mine honor into lust to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered  
Or night kept chained below.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke.  
Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own.

*[Ferdinand and Miranda move aside.]*

What, Ariel, my industrious servant, Ariel!

*[Enter Ariel.]*

ARIEL

What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform, and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.  
Incite them to quick motion, for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

*Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"  
And breathe twice, and cry "So, so,"  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? No?*

PROSPERO

Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL Well; I conceive.

*[He exits.]*

PROSPERO *[to Ferdinand]*

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw  
To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,  
Or else goodnight your vow.

FERDINAND I warrant you, sir,  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardor of my liver.

PROSPERO Well.—

Now come, my Ariel. Bring a corollary



Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly.  
*[Soft music.]*

No tongue. All eyes. Be silent.

*[Enter Iris.]*

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy  
broom groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn; thy poll-clipped vineyard,  
And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' th' sky,  
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*[Enter Ceres.]*

CERES

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,  
Rich scarf to my proud Earth. Why hath thy queen  
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate,  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest lovers.

CERES Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scanded company  
I have forsworn.

IRIS Of her society  
Be not afraid. I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have  
done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted—but in vain.  
Mars's hot minion is returned again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with  
sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

*[Juno descends.]*

CERES Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes. I know her by her gait.

JUNO  
How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be  
And honored in their issue.

*[They sing.]*

JUNO  
*Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you.  
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

CERES  
*Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty,  
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,  
Plants with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest.  
Scarcity and want shall shun you.  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

FERDINAND  
This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold

To think these spirits?

PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines called to enact  
My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever.  
So rare a wondered father and a wise  
Makes this place paradise.

*[Juno and Ceres whisper,  
and send Iris on employment.]*

PROSPERO Sweet now, silence.  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.  
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS  
You nymphs, called naiads of the windring brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land  
Answer your summons, Juno does command.  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love. Be not too late.

*[Enter certain Nymphs.]*

You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.  
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*[Enter certain Reapers, properly habited. They join with  
the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end  
whereof Prospero starts suddenly and speaks.]*

PROSPERO  
I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life. The minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—Well done. Avoid. No more.

*[To a strange, hollow, and confused noise,  
the spirits heavily vanish.]*

FERDINAND *[to Miranda]*  
This is strange. Your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

MIRANDA Never till this day  
Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.

PROSPERO *[to Ferdinand]*  
You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.  
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk  
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND/MIRANDA We wish your peace.  
*[They exit.]*

*[Enter Ariel.]*

PROSPERO  
Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel. Come.

ARIEL  
Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL  
Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared  
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO  
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,  
So full of valor that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their  
ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears  
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through  
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and  
thorns,  
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them  
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.  
The trumpety in my house, go bring it hither  
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL I go, I go.     *[He exits.]*

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all  
Even to roaring.

*[Enter Ariel, loaden with glistening apparel, etc.]*

Come, hang them on this line.

*[Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet, as  
Prospero and Ariel look on.]*

CALIBAN Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
may not hear a footfall. We now are near his cell.

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy, which you say is a  
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the  
jack with us.

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

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 favor still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak softly.  
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonor 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 labor.

CALIBAN  
Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

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 Oho, 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 't 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.

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 turned to barnacles or to apes  
With foreheads villainous 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,  
hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.]*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver! 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 aged 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

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little

Follow and do me service.

*[They exit.]*



## Act 5

### Scene 1

*[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?

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 termed, sir, the good old Lord  
Gonzalo.  
His tears runs 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 th'  
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.

*[He exits.]*

*[Prospero draws a large circle on the stage with his staff.]*

PROSPERO

You elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,  
And you 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 mushrumps, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though you be, I have bedimmed  
The noontide sun, called 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 plucked up  
The pine and cedar; graves at my command  
Have waked 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,  
*[Prospero 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.]*

*[Here enters 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.]*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boiled within thy skull. There stand,  
For you are spell-stopped.—  
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,  
Mine eyes, e'en 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 thou 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 pinched for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and  
blood,  
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,  
Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,  
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,  
Would here have killed 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 bow.*

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. *[He exits.]*

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 wronged 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   Wh'e'r thou be'st 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,  
Th' 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?

PROSPERO [*to Gonzalo*] First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot  
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO   Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO You do yet taste  
Some subtleties o' th' 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.

ALONSO If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation,  
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since  
Were wracked 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 mudded 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 howsoe'er you have  
Been justled 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 wracked, 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 you  
As much as me my dukedom.

*[Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,  
playing at chess.]*

MIRANDA *[to Ferdinand]*  
Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND No, my dearest love,  
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA  
Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

ALONSO If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

FERDINAND *[seeing Alonso and coming forward]*  
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.  
I have cursed them without cause. *[He kneels.]*

ALONSO Now, all the  
blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.  
*[Ferdinand stands.]*

MIRANDA *[rising and coming forward]* O wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world  
That has such people in 't!

PROSPERO 'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO *[to Ferdinand]*  
What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.  
Is she the goddess that hath severed us  
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal,  
But by immortal providence she's mine.  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before, of whom I have  
Received a second life; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO I am hers.  
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO There, sir, stop.  
Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO I have inly wept  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you  
gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,  
For it is you that have chalked forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO I say "Amen," Gonzalo.

GONZALO  
Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife

Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own.

ALONSO *[to Ferdinand and Miranda]* Give me your  
hands.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO Be it so. Amen.

*[Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.]*

O, look, sir, look, sir, here is more of us.  
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on  
shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN

The best news is that we have safely found  
Our king and company. The next: our ship,  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,  
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when  
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL *[aside to Prospero]* Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO *[aside to Ariel]* My tricky spirit!

ALONSO

These are not natural events. They strengthen  
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you  
hither?

BOATSWAIN

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep  
And—how, we know not—all clapped under  
hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several  
noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked, straightway at liberty,



Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master  
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream were we divided from them  
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL [*aside to Prospero*] Was 't well done?

PROSPERO [*aside to Ariel*]  
Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO  
This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful  
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ariel.*]  
Come hither, spirit;  
Set Caliban and his companions free.  
Untie the spell. [*Ariel exits.*] How fares my gracious  
sir?  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*[Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo  
in their stolen apparel.]*

STEPHANO Every man shift for all the rest, and let no  
man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.  
Coraggio, bully monster, coraggio.

TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my  
head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How  
fine my master is! I am afraid he will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my Lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO Very like. One of them  
Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable.

PROSPERO  
Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without her power.  
These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil,  
For he's a bastard one, had plotted with them  
To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO  
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO  
And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?  
[*To Trinculo.*] How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I saw you  
last that I fear me will never out of my bones. I  
shall not fear flyblowing.

SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano?

STEPHANO O, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp.

PROSPERO You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO [*indicating Caliban*]  
This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.

PROSPERO  
He is as disproportioned in his manners  
As in his shape. [*To Caliban.*] Go, sirrah, to my cell.  
Take with you your companions. As you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO Go to, away!

ALONSO *[to Stephano and Trinculo]*

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN Or stole it, rather.

*[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo exit.]*

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your Highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, which part of it I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away: the story of my life  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized,  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off. *[Aside to Ariel.]* My Ariel,  
chick,

That is thy charge. Then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well.—Please you, draw near.

*[They all exit.]*

## Epilogue

*[spoken by Prospero.]*

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have 's mine own,  
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell,  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

*[He exits.]*