

THE TEMPEST

Thunder and sounds of a storm. The voice of PROSPERO reciting a spell is heard over the noise.

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.

ACT I, SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Boatswain, calling offstage to mariners

Boatswain

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

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, and GONZALO

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

Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain

When the sea is. Hence! To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain

None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin! Out of our way, I say.

Exit ALONSO and FERDINAND

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect

gallows. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Boatswain

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

A cry within

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office. What do you here? 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.

Boatswain

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

Cries offstage: 'All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!'

Boatswain

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards!

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

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of them.

Exeunt Boatswain, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt

**ACT I, SCENE II. The island.
Before PROSPERO'S cell.**

Enter PROSPERO, ending his spell, followed by MIRANDA

MIRANDA

O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

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

Lays down his mantle

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul--
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down; For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
 Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

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?

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

Are not you my father?

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl:
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence.
 My sister and thy aunt, call'd Antonio--
 I pray thee, mark me--that a sister should
 Be so perfidious!--she whom next thyself
 Of all the world I loved and to her put
 The manage of my state. Thy false relation--
 Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them, who to advance and who
 To trash for over-topping; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state

To what tune pleased her ear; that now she was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd 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,
 in my false sister
 Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of her
 A falsehood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had indeed no limit.
 She 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 her memory,
 To credit her own lie, she did believe
 She was indeed the duke; hence her ambition growing--
 Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

Me, my library
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

She thinks me now incapable; confederates--
 wi' the King of Naples
 To give her annual tribute, do her homage,
 Subject her coronet to her crown and bend
 The dukedom yet unbow'd--alas, poor Milan!--
 To most ignoble stooping. Tell me
 If this might be a sister.

MIRANDA

I should sin
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad bairns.

PROSPERO

Now the condition.
 The King of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my sister's suit;
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
 With all the honours on my sister: whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

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.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
 To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubim
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 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,
 did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might
 But ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Resumes his mantle
 Here in this island we arrived; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 Than other princesses can that have more time
 For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,
 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,
 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, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
 Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps

I am ready now.
 Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL (sound effect)

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 curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
 Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd 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: sometime 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 lightnings, the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous 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
 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 leap'd; 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 perish'd;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before: and, as thou badest 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.

PROSPERO

Of the king's ship

ARIEL

Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
 Who, with a charm,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples,
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
 And her great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
 What is the time o' the 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 perform'd 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 thee no mistakings, served
 Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

Thou dost.

ARIEL

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax? 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 damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: 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 the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd 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
Imprison'd 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 honour'd 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 damn'd, 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 howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting 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' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

PROSPERO whispers to ARIEL

ARIEL

My lord it shall be done.

PROSPERO

Go, hence with diligence!

Exit ARIEL (sound effect)

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!

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

'Tis a villain,
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?
 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 brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
 And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
 All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
 Thou strokedst me and madest 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 show'd thee all the qualities o' the 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' the island.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
 I have used thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! wouldt had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO

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 endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known.

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

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'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 mother's god, Setebos,
and make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO

So, slave; hence!

Exit CALIBAN

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, to music;
FERDINAND following

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

Burthen

The watch-dogs bark!

Burthen Bow-wow

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,

Music begins to fade.

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air:
thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.

Music grows louder

No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings

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
Burthen Ding-dong
 Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA

What is't? 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 wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
 With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst 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. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
 Within two days for this.

FERDINAND

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 mother wreck'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
 And her 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 second man that e'er I saw, the first
 That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my mother
 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 owest 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

Follow me.
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
 Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND

No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

Draws, and is charmed from moving (sound effect)

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 makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

I beseech you.

PROSPERO

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

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 imposter! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the 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

Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND

So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My mother's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck 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' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

[*Aside*] It works.

To FERDINAND

Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

To FERDINAND

Follow me.

To ARIEL

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort;

My mother's of a better nature, sir,
Than she appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from her.

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL

To the syllable.

PROSPERO

Come, follow. Speak not for him.

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE I. Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

GONZALO

Beseech you, m'lady, 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
Can speak like us: then wisely, good madam, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

She receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

The visitor will not give her o'er so.

SEBASTIAN

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

GONZALO

Madam,--

SEBASTIAN

One: tell.

GONZALO

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer--

SEBASTIAN

A dollar.

GONZALO

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO

Therefore,--

ALONSO

I prithee, spare.

GONZALO

Well, I have done: but yet,--

SEBASTIAN

He will be talking.

GONZALO

Though this island seem to be desert,
Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--

SEBASTIAN

Yet,--

GONZALO

Yet,--

ANTONIO

He could not miss't.

GONZALO

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 glosses, 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. Sir, is not my

doublet as fresh as the first day 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?

GONZALO

Sire, 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, his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore: I not doubt He came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

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 banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your
son,
I fear, for ever: 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' the 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 chirurgeonly.

GONZALO

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'l'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' the 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;
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 endeavour: 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 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,
 To excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN

God 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, 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 flat-long.

GONZALO

You are figures of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible; solemn music.

SEBASTIAN

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANTONIO

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.

GONZALO falls asleep

ALONSO

What, 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,
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. Exit ARIEL.

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' the 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 dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?--No more:--
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the 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.

ANTONIO

Thus, sir:
 Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
 Who shall be of as little memory
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,--
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade,--the king her son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
 And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd.

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 drown'd?

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--
she that--from whom?

We all were sea-swallow'd, 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 sister's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose every 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 she 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 fitter 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? I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan!

Here lies your sister,
 No better than the earth she lies upon,
 If she were that which now she's like, that's dead;
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever; 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.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

They talk apart

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music

ARIEL

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

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good angels
 Preserve the king.

They wake

ALONSO

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
 Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

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 honour, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
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' the island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

ARIEL

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE II. Another part of the island.
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 inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 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;
 Sometime 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.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
 Here comes a spirit of hers, and to torment me
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
 any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
 I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black
 cloud, yond huge one. 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. What have we
 here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
 he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
 like smell. A strange fish!
 Legged like a man and his fins
 like arms! 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 hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with
 strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
 dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

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 savour 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: Oh!

STEPHANO

What's the matter? Have we devils here?
 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's nostrils.

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the isle with four legs.
 Where the devil should he learn our language?
 I will give him some relief.
 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 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: 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. 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 beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard--thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf'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.

STEPHANO

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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. 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 the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thineague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd 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.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the 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.

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 her no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a Poor drunkard!

CALIBAN

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

Continues singing
 No more dams I'll make for fish
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring;
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
 Has a new master: get a new man.
 Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
 hey-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way. *Exeunt*

ACT III, SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
 Delight in them sets off. 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 labours 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:
 my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work. I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
 Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard!
 Pray, set it down and rest 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 dishonour 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

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! For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so fun soul: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do only know
One of my sex; no other woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; 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.
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! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND

Wherfore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
 What I desire to give!
 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

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

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally

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 supper-time must I perform
 Much business appertaining.

Exit

ACT III, SCENE II. Another part of the island.*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO***STEPHANO**

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.

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 drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; 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

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CALIBAN

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

TRINCULO

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: thou deboshed fish, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? 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 hearken 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

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

ARIEL

[*Sound effect*] Thou liest.

CALIBAN

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: 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. Proceed.

CALIBAN

I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. if thy greatness will Revenge it on her,--for I know thou darest, 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 bead.

ARIEL

[*Sound effect*] 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 nought 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 stock-fish of thee.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

[*Sound effect*] Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? take thou that.

Beats TRINCULO

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO

I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and bearing too? A pox o' your bottle! A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

CALIBAN

Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO

Stand farther. 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 him 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. And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a young 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 livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

Sings

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

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

Music, cued by ARIEL

STEPHANO

What is this same?

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

O, forgive me my sins!

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 sometime voices
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO

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

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
 tabourer; he lays it on.

TRINCULO

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

Exeunt

ACT III, SCENE III. Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

GONZALO

By'r lakin, I can go no further;
 My old bones ache! By your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
 To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
 Even here I will put off my hope: he is drown'd
 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 she's so
 out of hope.
 Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

[*Aside to ANTONIO*] I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy;

ARIEL

Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian:

You are three of sin, whom Destiny,

Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

Their proper selves.

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN draw their swords

You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate: the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or

Kill the still-closing waters. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember--
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, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from--
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder.

GONZALO

I' the name of something holy, 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.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie muddled. *Exit*

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO

GONZALO

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

Exeunt

ACT IV , SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.
Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

I do believe it.

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 minister'd,
 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.

FERDINAND

As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now.
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL (sound effect)

ARIEL

What would my potent master?

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,'
Do you love me, master? no?

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.

Exit (sound effect)

PROSPERO

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Well.

Soft music. PROSPERO waves his staff. MIRANDA and FERDINAND look toward the audience, as if watching a vision.

FERDINAND

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

PROSPERO

Sweet, now, silence!

Music continues. PROSPERO starts suddenly.

[Aside] 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!

Music stops suddenly.

FERDINAND

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: 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-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye 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 vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd 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.

Exeunt

PROSPERO

Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL (sound effect)

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

Ay, my commander:
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
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 fun of valour 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 tabour;
At which, they prick'd
their ears, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That they follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird. O, Caliban's
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.

PROSPERO lays his cloak down on the bench.
PROSPERO and ARIEL step back. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near her 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,--

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

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

A noise of dogs and hounds are heard. 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 out

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
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom.

ACT V, SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell.
PROSPERO puts on his robe

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,
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
Her brother and your sister, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Him that you term'd, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick:

the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit (sound effect)

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have 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,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll leave my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, 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, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man.
The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, sister mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy.

ARIEL helps PROSPERO out of his robe.

My dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Exit (sound effect)

GONZALO

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

Behold, my king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:

For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Whether thou best he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

[Aside] The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.
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, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost--
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!--
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO

I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

ALONSO

You the like loss!

PROSPERO

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. 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 wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome;

This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Enter FERDINAND and MIRANDA together.

ALONSO

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

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

Kneels

ALONSO

Now all the blessings
Of a glad mother compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIRANDA

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

What is this maid?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

She is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my mother
For her 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, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO

I have only wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd 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!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
What is the news?

Boatswain

The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship--
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd 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 tricksy spirit!

ALONSO

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

Boatswain

If I did think, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And--how we know not--all clapp'd 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
Capering 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

My liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd 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.

Exit ARIEL

How fares my gracious sir?
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL (sound effect), driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
 Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen 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 robb'd 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!
 Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd 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?
 How camest 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 fly-
 blowing.

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

PROSPERO

You'l be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO

[Pointing to Caliban] This is a strange thing as e'er I
 look'd on.

PROSPERO

He is as disproportion'd in his manners
 As in his shape. 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!

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

PROSPERO

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!

Exeunt except PROSPERO

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 pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands:

Lays down his staff

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 pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.

Characters (in order of appearance):

Boatswain
 Alonso
 Ferdinand
 Antonio
 Sebastian
 Gonzalo
 Miranda
 Prospero
 Ariel
 Caliban
 Trinculo
 Stephano

Music/Sound Effects:**Act I, Scene I**

Prospero's spell
 Thunder/storm/sea effects

Act I, Scene II

Ariel's entrance/exit
 Ariel's music and song to Ferdinand
 Prospero's charm on Ferdinand

Act II, Scene I

Ariel's solemn music (lullaby?)
 Ariel's song to Gonzalo

Act II, Scene II

Thunder

Act III, Scene II

Ariel's trick on Trinculo
 Island music

Act III, Scene III

Solemn and strange music for Ariel as harpy
 Thunder and lightning

Act IV, Scene I

Ariel's entrance
 Soft music for Prospero's vision
 Noise of dogs

Act V, Scene I

Ariel's entrances/exits
 Solemn music for entrance of nobles

Props/Set:

Benches
 Prospero's magic robe
 Prospero's staff
 Swords for Ferdinand, Sebastian, and Antonio
 Wood for Caliban (II.ii)
 Gaberdine for Caliban (II.ii)
 Bottle for Stephano (II.ii and elsewhere)
 Log for Ferdinand (III.i)