The Tempest
by
William Shakespeare
SETTING: A plane crashing into the sea. An island.

Characters

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Role</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alonsa</td>
<td>Queen of Naples</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastienne</td>
<td>her sister</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prospera</td>
<td>the right Duchess of Milan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Antonia</td>
<td>her sister, the usurping Duchess of Milan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ferdinand</td>
<td>son to the Queen of Naples</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gonzala</td>
<td>an honest Counselor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adrian</td>
<td>a flight attendant</td>
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<tr>
<td>Francisco</td>
<td>a Co-Pilot</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caliban</td>
<td>a savage and deformed creature</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trinculo</td>
<td>a flight attendant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephano</td>
<td>a flight attendant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilot/Iris</td>
<td>Pilot/an airy spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flight Attendant/Ceres</td>
<td>a flight attendant/an airy spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flight Attendant/Juno</td>
<td>a flight attendant/an airy spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miranda</td>
<td>daughter to PROSPERA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ariel</td>
<td>an airy spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth</td>
<td>airy spirits</td>
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<tr>
<td>Air</td>
<td>airy spirits</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fire</td>
<td>airy spirits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>airy spirits</td>
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I, 1 [Act I, Scene 1]
On a descending plane: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Pilot and a Flight Attendant

Pilot
Boatswain!

Flight Attendant
Here, master: what cheer?

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

Flight Attendant
Master! MASTER!
The MASTER is washed overboard. Enter Passengers.

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

Enter ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, FERDINAND, GONZALA, TRINCULO and STEPHANO

ALONSA
Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Flight Attendant
I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIA
Where is the master, boatswain?

ADRIAN
Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALA
Nay, good, be patient.

FRANCESCA
When the sea is.

Flight Attendant
Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of queen?
ADRIAN
To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALA
Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Flight Attendant
None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor; if you can command these
elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more;
use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself
ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out
of our way, I say.       Exit

GONZALA
I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;

Exeunt

Re-enter Flight Attendant

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

TRINCULO AND STEPHANO SCREAM
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, and GONZALA
Yet again! what do you here?

ADRIAN
Shall we give o'er and drown?

FRANSISCO
Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIENNE
A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dogs!

Flight Attendant
Work you then.

ANTONIA
Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned
than thou art.

GONZALA
I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.
Flight Attendant
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners (WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A GIANT SHIP CRACKING IN TWO)

ANTONIA
All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Flight Attendant
What, must our mouths be cold?

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

SEBASTIENNE
I'm out of patience.

ANTONIA
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

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

SABASTIENNE
Let's all sink with the queen.

ANTONIA
Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIA and SEBASTIENNE

Flight Attendant
Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt
I, 2 A [Act I, SCENE II]
The island. Before PROSPERA’S cell.

A’s and C’s scattered on the stage as “Island. Enter PROSPERA and MIRANDA

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

PROSPERA

Be collected:

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

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERA

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 Prospera, mistress of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater mother.
MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERA

'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lays down her mantle on "rocks" (SPIRITS)
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.'

PROSPERA

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.
"Rocks" (SPIRITS) become YOUNG PROSPERA AND 3 YEAR OLD MIRANDA

MIRANDA

Certainly, ma'am, I can.
PROSPERA
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?

PROSPERA
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 remember’st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIRANDA
But that I do not.

YOUNG PROSPERA
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy mother was the Duchess of Milan and
A queen of power.

MIRANDA:
Madam, are not you my mother?

PROSPERA:
Though art my child.
Thy mother was the Ruler of Milan,
And thou, her only heir, a princess.

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

Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

MIRANDA

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

YOUNG PROSPERA

My sister and thy one aunt, call'd Antonia--

PROSPERA

I pray thee, mark me--that a sister should
Be so perfidious!—

YOUNG PROSPERA

she whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to her put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospera the prime duchess, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my sister
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy one false aunt--

PROSPERA

Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Ma'am, most heedfully.

YOUNG PROSPERA

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

PROSPERA

Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA
O, good ma'am, I do.

PROSPERA
I pray thee, mark me.

YOUNG PROSPERA
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, 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,
A confidence sans bound. 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 duchess; out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence her ambition growing--

PROSPERA
Dost thou hear?
MIRANDA

Your tale, ma’am, would cure deafness.

YOUNG PROSPERA
To have no screen between this part she play’d
And her she play’d it for, she needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor woman, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
She thinks me now incapable; confederates--
So dry she was for sway--wi’ the Queen 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.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

PROSPERA
Mark her condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a sister.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERA

Now the condition.

YOUNG PROSPERA
The Queen of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my sister’s suit;
Which was, that she, in lieu o’ the 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 honours on my sister: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonia open
The gates of Milan, and, i’ the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o’er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to’t.

PROSPERA

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?

PROSPERA

Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question.

YOUNG PROSPERA

Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours 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 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!

PROSPERA

O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me.

YOUNG PROSPERA

Thou didst smile.

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck’d the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan’d; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERA

By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that

YOUNG PROSPERA

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzala,
Out of her charity, being then appointed
Mistress of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of her gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, she furnish’d me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might

But ever see that woman!
PROSPERA

Now I arise:

_Resumes her mantle_

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmistress, 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, ma’am,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERA

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 sleeps*

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

_I, 2 B_

*Enter ARIEL*

ARIEL

All hail, great mistress!

SPIRITS

gave queen, hail!
ARIEL
I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
WATER
To swim,
FIRE
to dive into the fire,
AIR
to ride
On the curl'd clouds,
ARIEL
to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all her quality.

PROSPERA
Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARIEL
To every article.
I boarded the queen's ship; now on the beak,
EARTH
Now in the waist,
WATER
the deck, in every cabin,
FIRE
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.
AIR
Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not;
FIRE
the fire

EARTH
and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring

WATER
the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERA
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 play'd
Some tricks of desperation.

WATER
All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

FIRE
Then all afire with me: the queen'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.'

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

ARIEL
Close by, my mistress.

PROSPERA
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 queen's son have I landed by himself;

AIR
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

ARIEL

Safely in harbour
Is the queen'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 join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep;

PROSPERA

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

PROSPERA
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.
PROSPERA  

How now? moody? 

What is't thou canst demand? 

ARIEL  

My liberty. 

PROSPERA  

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. 

PROSPERA  

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

ARIEL  

No. 

PROSPERA  

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' the earth 
When it is baked with frost. 

ARIEL  

I do not, ma'am. 

PROSPERA  

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot 
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy 
Was grown into a hoop?
C’S SPIRITS becomes SYCORAX.

SYCORAX

hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL

No, ma’am.

PROSPERA

Thou hast.

SYCORAX

Where was she born? speak; tell me.

ARIEL

Ma’am, in Argier.

PROSPERA

O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget’st.

SYCORAX

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.

PROSPERA

Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, ma’am.

SYCORAX

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou wast then her servant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy 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;

**PROSPERA**

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.

**PROSPERA**

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, mistress.

**PROSPERA**

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, mistress; I will be correspondent to command And do my spiriting gently.

PROSPERA

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

ARIEL

That's my noble mistress! What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERA

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the 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!

Exit ARIEL

I, 2 C

PROSPERA

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

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

PROSPERA

Shake it off. Come on; We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villain, ma'am,

I do not love to look on.

PROSPERA
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.

PROSPERA
Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?
Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARIEL
My lady it shall be done.

Exit

PROSPERA
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!

PROSPERA
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**

I must eat my dinner.

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.

**PROSPERA**

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! 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! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

**PROSPERA**

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. 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!

PROSPERA

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: her art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of her.

PROSPERA

So, slave; hence!

Exit CALIBAN (AND C’S SPIRITS?)
I, 2 D
Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following
ARIEL'S song.

ARIEL and SPIRITS
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
    Hark, hark!
Burden dispersedly. Bow, wow!
    The watch-dogs bark!
Burden dispersedly. 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 queen my mother's wreck,
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.
No, it begins again.
ARIEL sings

ARIEL and SPIRITS
Full fathom five thy mother lies;
    Of her bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were her eyes:
Nothing of her that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Burden. Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

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

PROSPERA
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, ma'am,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERA
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.

PROSPERA  [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.

PROSPERA How? the best?
What wert thou, if the Queen of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. She does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The queen my mother wreck'd.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND Yes, faith, and all her lords; Duchess of Milan
And her brave child being twain.

PROSPERA 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 mother so ungently? This Is the third 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.

PROSPERA 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 lady 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.

PROSPERA 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

MIRANDA

O dear mother,

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

PROSPERA

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

Beseech you, mother.

PROSPERA

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Ma'am, have pity; I'll be his surety.

PROSPERA

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.

PROSPERA

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.

PROSPERA

[Aside] It works.
To FERDINAND
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.

PROSPERA
Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL
To the syllable.

PROSPERA
Come, follow. --Speak not for him.

Exeunt

I, 3 [ACT II, SCENE I]
Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, GONZALA, ADRIAN, FRANCESCA

GONZALA
Beseech you, ma’am, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. For the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good ma’am, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSA
Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIENNE
She receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIA
The visitor will not give her o’er so.

SEBASTIENNE
Look she’s winding up the watch of her wit;
by and by it will strike.

GONZALA
Ma'am,--

SEBASTIENNE
One: tell.

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

SEBASTIENNE
A dollar.

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

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

GONZALA
Therefore, my lord,--

ANTONIA
Fie, what a spendthrift is she of her tongue!

ALONSA
I prithee, spare.

GONZALA
Well, I have done: but yet,--

SEBASTIENNE
She will be talking

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

SEBASTIENNE
Yet,--

ADRIAN
It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
temperance. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIENNE
As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANTONIA
Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALA
Here is everything advantageous to life.

SEBASTIENNE
Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALA
How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANTONIA
The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIENNE
I think she will carry this island home in her pocket
and give it her son for an apple.

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

GONZALA
But the rarest of it is, - which is indeed almost beyond credit, -

SEBASTIENNE
As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALA
That our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the
marriage of the queen's fair daughter Claribel to the Queen of Tunis.
Is not, ma'am, my doublet as fresh as the first day I
wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIA
That sort was well fished for.

GONZALA
When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSA
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.

FRANCESCA

Ma'am, 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 swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSA

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIENNE

Ma'am, 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.

ALONSA

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIENNE

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.

ALONSA

So is the dearest o' the loss.

GONZALA

My lady Sebastienne,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIENNE

Very well.

ANTONIA

And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALA

It is foul weather in us all, good ma'am,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIENNE

Foul weather?

ANTONIA

Very foul.

ALONSA

Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALA

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

ANTONIA

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALA

Who in this kind of merry foolishing am nothing
to you: so you may continue and laugh at
nothing still.

ANTONIA
What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIENNE
An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

Enter ARIEL (and SPIRITS?), invisible, playing solemn music

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

ANTONIA
Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALA
No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANTONIA
Go sleep, and hear us.

All sleep except ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, and ANTONIA

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

SEBASTIENNE
Please you, ma’am,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIA
We two, my lady,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
ALONSA

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

ALONSA sleeps. Exit ARIEL

SEBASTIENNE

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIA

It is the quality o' the climate.

SEBASTIENNE

Why

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

ANTONIA

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastienne? 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.

SEBASTIENNE

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIA

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIENNE

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.

ANTONIA
Noble SEBASTIENNE,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whilest thou art waking.
SEBASTIENNE
Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
ANTONIA
I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
SEBASTIENNE
Well, I am standing water.
ANTONIA
I'll teach you how to flow.
SEBASTIENNE
Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
ANTONIA
O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whilest 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.
SEBASTIENNE
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.
ANTONIA
Thus, ma'am:

Although this lord of weak remembrance,
Hath here almost persuaded, --
The queen his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIENNE

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

ANTONIA

O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you!
Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIENNE

He's gone.

ANTONIA

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

SEBASTIENNE

Claribel.

ANTONIA

She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that--from whom?

ANTONIA

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.

SEBASTIENNE

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

ANTONIA

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastienne 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 Gonzala; 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?

SEBASTIENNE
Methinks I do.

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

SEBASTIENNE I remember
You did supplant your sister Prospera.

ANTONIA True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my sister's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIENNE
But, for your conscience?

ANTONIA
Ay, ma'am; 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 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 Lady 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.

SEBASTIENNE

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

ANTONIA

Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on GONZALA.

SEBASTIENNE

O, but one word.

They talk apart. Re-enter ARIEL (and ARIEL"S SPIRITS?), invisible

ARIEL

My mistress through her art foresees the danger That you, her friend, are in; and sends me forth-- For else her project dies--to keep them living. 

Sings in GONZALA's ear While you here do snoring lie, Open-eyed conspiracy Her time doth take. If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ANTONIA
Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALA [wakes]
Now, good angels preserve the queen!

They wake

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

GONZALA
What's the matter?

SEBASTIENNE
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.

ALONSA
I heard nothing.

ANTONIA
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.

ALONSA
Heard you this, Gonzala?

GONZALA
Upon mine honour, ma'am, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, ma'am, 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.

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

GONZALA

Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALONSA

Lead away.

ARIEL

Prospera my lady shall know what I have done:
So, queen, go safely on to seek thy son. Exeunt

I, 4 [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 her
By inch-meal a disease! Her spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless she 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 his, 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, 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. 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 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 lazy 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 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**

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 or 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 very 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;

**CALIBAN**

The spirit torments me; Oh!

**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?

**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.

**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;

**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,

**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 thine ague?

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 queen 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 mistress; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO
A howling monster: a drunken monster!

**CALIBAN**

No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban
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*

II, 1 [ACT III, SCENE I]

Before PROSPERA'S Cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log*

**FERDINAND**

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
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 labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her mother's crabbed,
And she'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 labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERA at a distance, unseen*

**MIRANDA**

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin’d to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
‘Twill weep for having wearied you. My mother
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.

**PROSPERA**

Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

**MIRANDA**
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 mother,
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
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so fun 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 mother: how features are abroad,
I am skilless 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 mother'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' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERA

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

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

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally

PROSPERA

So glad of this as 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

II, 2 [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; 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
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: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, 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 AND SPIRITS, invisible

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

ARIEL
Thou liest.

CALIBAN
Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my
valiant mistress 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 she got this isle; From me she 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 her thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into her bead.

**ARIEL**

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
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!
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. 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 her,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain her,
Having first seized her books, or with a log
Batter her skull, or paunch her with a stake,
Or cut her wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess her books; for without them
She's but a sot.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of her daughter; she herself
Calls her a nonpareil.

**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 woman: her daughter and I
will be king and queen--save our graces!--and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroy. 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 she be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy her then?

**STEPHANO**

Ay, on mine honour.

**ARIEL**

This will I tell my mistress.

**CALIBAN**

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
STEPHANO
At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.
Sings

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

CALIBAN
That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe

STEPHANO
What is this same?

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.

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

II, 3 [Act III, SCENE III]
Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, GONZALA, ADRIAN, FRANCESCA, and others

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

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

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

SEBASTIENNE

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

ANTONIA

[Aside to SEBASTIENNE] 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.

SEBASTIENNE

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

Solemn and strange music.

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALA

Marvellous sweet music!
Enter PROSPERA above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, (A & C’s SPIRITS?)
bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting
the Queen, & Co. to eat.

ALONSA

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIENNE

A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns,

ANTONIA

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

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.

PROSPERA

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

ALONSA

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.

PROSPERA

[Aside] Praise in departing.

FRANCESCA

They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIENNE

No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSA

Not I.

ANTONIA

Faith, miss, you need not fear.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes
ARIEL
You are three souls of sin, whom Destiny, [actual – “men”]
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 valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE & Co. draw their swords
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate:
EARTH
the elements,
FIRE
Of whom your swords are temper’d,
AIR
may as well
Wound the loud winds,
WATER
or with bemock’d-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters,
ARIEL & SPIRITS
as diminish
One dowle that’s in my plume:
ARIEL
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 PROSPERA;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
She and her 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, Alonsa,
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,

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

**PROSPERA**

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

*Exit above*

**GONZALA**

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

**ALONSA**

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:

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

Exit

SEBASTIENNE

But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIA

I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIENNE, and ANTONIA

GONZALA

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

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt

II, 4 A [ACT IV, SCENE I]

Before PROSPERA'S cell.

Enter PROSPERA, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERA

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

FERDINAND

I do believe it

Against an oracle.

PROSPERA

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:

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 honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think: or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERA

Fairly spoke.

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

ARIEL

What would my potent mistress? Here I am.
PROSPERA
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 pow’r, 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?
PROSPERA
Ay, with a twink.
ARIEL
Well, I conceive. Exit
PROSPERA
Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i’ the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
FERDINAND
I warrant you ma’am;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
PROSPERA
Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: Appear and pertly!
No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.
Soft music
Enter IRIS
IRIS
Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery 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-colour'd 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 unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

*IRIS*

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

**CERES**

High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO*

**JUNO**

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may PROSPERAus be
And honour'd in their issue.
They sing:

**JUNO**

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
   Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings upon you.

**CERES**

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen 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
Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

**PROSPERA**

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 mother and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment*

**PROSPERA**

Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS
You nymphs, call'd 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

WATER
You sunburnt 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 ARIEL AS Reaper, properly habited: they dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERA starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish

PROSPERA
[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. [To the SPIRITS] Well done! avoid; no more!

FERDINAND
This is strange: your mother's in some passion
That works her strongly.

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

PROSPERA
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*

**II, 4 B**

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

*Enter ARIEL*

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

**PROSPERA**
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 fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
PROSPERA
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL
I told you, ma'am, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces;

EARTH beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project.

WATER Then I beat my tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music:

AIR so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins:

FIRE 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.

PROSPERA
This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL
I go, I go.

Exit

PROSPERA
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.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, & c*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERA and ARIEL remain invisible. 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,--

**TRINCULO**

Thou wert but a lost monster.

**CALIBAN**

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

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.
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
The dropsy drown this fool I what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if she awake,
From toe to crown she'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO
Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line,
is not this my jerkin? 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 turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

And this.

**STEPHANO**

Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERA and ARIEL setting them on*

**PROSPERA**

Hey, Mountain, hey!

**ARIEL**

Silver! I there it goes, Silver!

**PROSPERA**

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!

PROSPERA

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Exeunt

II, 4 C THE BIG CHASE (ALL INVOLVED)

II, 5 A [ACT V, SCENE I]

Before PROSPERA'S cell.

Enter PROSPERA in her magic robes, and ARIEL

PROSPERA

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.

PROSPERA

I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the queen and'er followers? 
[actual – and's]

ARIEL

Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them,
Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERA
Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, ma'am, were I human.

PROSPERA

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?

Go release them, Ariel:

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, ma'am.

Exit

PROSPERA

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
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. 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 break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music

II, 5 B

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSA, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALA;
SEBASTIENNE and ANTONIA in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCESCA
they all enter the circle which PROSPERA had made, and there stand charmed; which
PROSPERA observing, speaks:

PROSPERA

There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzala, honourable soul, [actual: man]
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops (to Gonzala) O good GONZALA,
My true preserver, and loyal lady
To her you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonsa, use me and my daughter:
Thy sister was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastienne. Flesh and blood,
You, sister mine, 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,
I will discourse me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL helps to attire him

PROSPERA

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the queen'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

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

PROSPERA

Behold, my queen, [actual – sir King]
The wrong’d Duchess of Milan, Prospera: [actual: wronged]
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.

ALONSA

Whe’r thou beest her 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 Prospera
Be living and be here?

PROSPERA

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

GONZALA

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

PROSPERA

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
to SEBASTIENNE and ANTONIA
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck her highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIENNE


PROSPERA

No.
For you, most wicked soul, whom to call sister [actual: sir]
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.

ALONSA

If thou be'st Prospera,
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.

PROSPERA

I am woe for't, ma'am.

ALONSA

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

PROSPERA

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.

ALONSA

You the like loss!

PROSPERA
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.

ALONSA

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

PROSPERA
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 Prospera and that lady [actual: 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. Welcome, ma'am;
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.

II, 5 C

Here PROSPERA discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at (chess) tag

MIRANDA
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.

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

GONZALA
A most high miracle!

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

Kneels

ALONSA
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!
PROSPERA

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSA

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Ma'am, 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 good Duchess of Milan, [actual: famous]
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second mother
This lady makes her to me.

ALONSA

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

PROSPERA

There, ma'am, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALA

I have inly 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.

ALONSA
I say, Amen, Gonzala!

GONZALA
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, Prospera her dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no one was her own.

ALONSA
[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace her heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALA
Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following
O, look, ma’am, look, ma’am! 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 queen and company; the next, our ship--
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split--
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg’d as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL
[Aside to PROSPERA] Ma’am, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERA
[Aside to ARIEL] My tricksy spirit!
ALONSA
These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

PILOT
If I did think, Ma'am, 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 PROSPERA] Was't well done?

PROSPERA
[Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSA
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.

PROSPERA
Ma'am, 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

II, 5 D

PROSPERA

How fares my gracious queen?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd souls that you remember not. [actual: lads]

Re-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 mistress is! I am afraid
She will chastise me.

SEBASTIENNE

Ha, ha!

What things are these, lady Antonia? [actual: my lord]
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIA

Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
PROSPERA
Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine.
CALIBAN
I shall be pinch'd to death.
ALONSA
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
ANTONIA
He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALONSA
And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?
SEBASTIENNE
Why, how now, Stephano!
STEPHANO
O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
PROSPERA
You'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
STEPHANO
I should have been a sore one then.
ALONSA
This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
Pointing to Caliban
PROSPERA
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!

PROSPERA

Go to; away!

ALONSA
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

PROSPERA
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.

Exeunt

II, 5 E EPILOGUE

PROSPERA
Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint:

ARIEL

now, 'tis true,

I must be here confined by you,

ALONSA
Or sent to Naples.

GONZALA

Let me not,
Since you have your dukedom got

ANTONIA
And pardon'd the deceiver,

CALIBAN
In this bare island by your spell;

TRINCULO
But release me from my bands

STEPHANO
With the help of your good hands:

MIRANDA
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill,

FERDINAND
or else my project fails,

ALL
Which was to please.

PILOT
Now I want
Spirts to enforce,

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
art to enchant,

ADRIAN
And our ending is despair,

FRANCISCO
Unless I be relieved by prayer,

EARTH
Which pierces so

FIRE
that it assaults
Mercy itself

WATER
and frees

AIR
all faults.

SEBASTIENNE
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
PROSPERA
Let your indulgence set me free. END OF PLAY