

# THE TEMPEST

## ACT 1 SCENE 1

*On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a shipmaster and a boat-swain severally.*

MASTER

**Boatswain!**

BOAT-SWAIN

**Here, Master.**

MASTER

**Speak to the mariners or we run ourselves  
aground: bestir, bestir!**

*Exit Master. Enter mariners.*

BOAT-SWAIN

**Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!  
Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th'  
master's whistle!**

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand,  
Gonzalo, and others.*

GONZALO

Where's the Master?

BOAT-SWAIN

**Keep below.**

GONZALO

Where is the master, bos'n?

BOAT-SWAIN

**To cabin! — silence! Trouble us not.**

GONZALO

Good, yet, remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOAT-SWAIN

**None that I more love than myself.  
If the King can command these elements to  
silence, let him use's authority: if he cannot,  
make yourselves ready for the mischance of the  
hour — down with the topmast! Bring her to try  
wi' th' maincourse!**

*Exit Boat-swain.*

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

*Exeunt Gonzalo. Enter Boatswain.*

BOAT-SWAIN

**Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower!**

*Enter the Master.*

BOAT-SWAIN

**Lay her ahold!**

MARINER

**Ahold!**

*Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.*

BOAT-SWAIN

**Yet again! What do you here?**

SEBASTIAN

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

BOAT-SWAIN

**Work you then!**

ANTONIO

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

BOAT-SWAIN

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

MARINERS

**All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! 'Mercy on us!' 'We split, we split!' 'Farewell, my wife and children!' 'Farewell, brother!' 'We split, we split, we split!'**

*Exeunt Mariners.*

GONZALO

The King and Prince, at prayers, let us assist them.

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with' King

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

*Exit Antonio, Sebastian.*

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground.

*Exit Gonzalo. Exit the Boatswain.*

ACT 1 SCENE TWO

*The Island. Before the cell of Prospero. Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

MIRANDA **If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
A brave vessel, dash'd all to pieces.  
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. Wipe thou thine eyes.  
The direful spectacle of the wrack, 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.

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.**

**'Tis far off, and rather like a dream. Had I not  
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?**

PROSPERO

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

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 heav'd thence;  
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA

**Please you, further.**

PROSPERO

The liberal arts being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle  
Antonio did believe he was the true Duke —  
His ambition growing — Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

**Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.**

PROSPERO

He needs will be Absolute Milan.  
He confederates wi' th' King of Naples,  
That he should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,  
hurried thence me and thy crying self, placed us  
aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat - the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,  
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us: to sigh  
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

**Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!**

PROSPERO

O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
which rais'd 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 Gonzalo, Out of his charity did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries.  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

PROSPERO

Here in this island we arriv'd: and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can.

MIRANDA

**Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir  
—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.  
Here cease more questions. Thou art inclin'd to sleep.  
'tis a good dullness, and give it way.  
I know thou canst not choose —

*Miranda sleeps.*

Approach, my Ariel; Come!

*Enter Ariel.*

ARIEL

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the 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; sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards, and boresprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. 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  
But felt a fever of the mad. 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 leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

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 bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd 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  
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

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 stowed;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffred labour,  
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' th' fleet  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean flote  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,  
And his great person perish.

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

ARIEL  
Past the mid season.

PROSPERO  
At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARIEL  
Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
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 no mistakings, serv'd  
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; and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

ARIEL  
I do not, sir.

PROSPERO  
Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL                                No, sir.

PROSPERO                             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, was banish'd.  
for one thing she did they would not take her life. —  
Is not this true?

ARIEL                                Ay, sir.

PROSPERO                             This blue-ey'd 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 earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
She did confine thee, into a cloven pine.  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent  
Thy groans. Then was this island — save for the son  
That she did litter here, a freckl'd whelp, hag-born —  
Not honour'd with a human shape.

ARIEL    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. It was a torture  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo. It was mine art,  
When I arriv'd 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 do my spriting gently.

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



ARIEL

That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go, make thyself like a Nymph o'the sea.  
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine. Go, take  
this shape and hither come.

*Exit Ariel.*

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

MIRANDA 2

**The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.**

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave.

MIRANDA 2

**'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.**

PROSPERO

But as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices  
That profit us — What ho! slave! Caliban!

CALIBAN

**There's wood enough within.**

PROSPERO

there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition, my Ariel. Hark: in thine ear.

ARIEL

My lord it shall be done.

*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.

Thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as honeycomb.  
Each pinch more stinging. Than bees that made them.

CALIBAN

— I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st  
first,  
Thou strok'st me and made much of me; wouldst give  
me  
Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd  
thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and  
fertile.  
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty  
me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO

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

CALIBAN

Oh ho! Oh ho! Would it had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else  
This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA 2

Abhorred slave,  
I pitied thee, took pains to make thee speak,  
Taught thee each hour one thing or other.  
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 confin'd into this rock.

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!  
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 —  
I must obey. His art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.**

PROSPERO

So, slave: hence!

*Exit Caliban. Enter Ariel invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following. Prospero wakes Miranda.*

ARIEL

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd —  
The wild waves whist —  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
The watch dogs bark:  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting Chanticleer

FERDINAND

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

ARIEL

Full fathom five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them — ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND The ditty does remember my drown'd father. This is  
no mortal business — I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA **What is't? a spirit?**  
**Lord How it looks about! Believe me, sir,**  
**It carries a brave form — but 'tis a spirit.**

PROSPERO No, girl; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses  
As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st  
Was in the wrack; and, but he's stain'd with grief, thou  
mightst call him a goodly person.

MIRANDA **I might call him a thing divine; for nothing**  
**natural I ever saw so noble.**

PROSPERO 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 He does hear me. And, that he does, I weep. Myself  
am Naples, who with mine eyes beheld the King my  
father wrack'd.

MIRANDA

**Alack, for mercy!**

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

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! — A word, good sir:  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIRANDA

**Why speaks my father so ungently?**

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 —  
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning,  
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee  
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

**There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.**

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  
Wither'd roots, and husks. Follow.

FERDINAND

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

*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Put thy sword up, traitor;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

**Beseech you, father!**

PROSPERO

Hence!

MIRANDA

**Sir, have pity- — I'll be his surety.**

PROSPERO

Silence! One word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. 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 father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

It works — Come on — Follow me —  
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

**Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech.**

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be as 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 omnes.*

ACT 2 SCENE ONE

*Another part of the island. Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

GONZALO

Therefore, my lord —

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO

I prithee, spare.

GONZALO

Well, I have done: but yet —

SEBASTIAN

He will be talking.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO

But the rarity of it is — which is indeed almost  
beyond credit — that our garments, being, as they  
were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their  
freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than  
stain'd with salt water.

SEBASTIAN

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

GONZALO

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore  
it in Africa at your daughter's marriage to the King Of  
Tunis?

ALONSO

Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost; and she too,  
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO

**Sir, he may live:  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs. I not doubt  
He came alive to land.**

ALONSO

No, no; he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

We have lost your son, I fear, for ever. The fault's  
Your own.

ALONSO

So is the dearest of the loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

GONZALO

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord —  
And were the king on't, what would I do?  
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; riches, poverty, none;  
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

I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN

Save his Majesty!



ANTONIO Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And — do you mark me, sir?

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

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

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

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

*Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.*

GONZALO Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

*All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*

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

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

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

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy!

*Alonso sleeps.*

SEBASTIAN What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANTONIO  
Nor I. They fell together all, as by a thunder-stroke.  
What might, worthy Sebastian? O! what might? —  
No more — And yet —  
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  
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.

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

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

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

SEBASTIAN  
Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO  
I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN  
Do so: to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

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

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



SEBASTIAN Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,  
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Music. Ariel, invisible, sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

ARIEL While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-ey'd Conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware.  
Awake! awake!

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

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

ALONSO Lead away.

*Exit with the others.*

ARIEL

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

*Exit Ariel.*

ACT 2 SCENE TWO

*Another part of the island. Enter Caliban, with a  
burden of wood. Thunder cracks.*

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,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the  
mire, 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 hedge-hogs which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall; 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

**If it should thunder as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head — What have we here?  
Man—. . . or fish? A Fish: he smells like a fish:  
a very ancient fish-like smell. A Strange fish!  
Legg'd like a man, and his fins like arms! Warm,  
o' my troth! — this is no fish, but an islander,  
that hath lately suffered by thunderbolt.**

*Thunder.*

**Alas, the storm is come again! My best way  
is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no  
other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a**

**man with strange 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 a-shore:-

'This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's  
funeral: well, here's my comfort.

*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!'  
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her wher-e'er she did itch.  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

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

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: O!

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: O!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the isle with four legs,  
who hath got, as I take it, a fever. 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, it 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                   Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking,  
I can tell you, and that soundly.

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! 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! — I am Trinculo — be not  
afear'd — 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  
cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

TRINCULO                   **I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke.  
But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope  
now thou are not drown'd. Is the storm  
overblown? And art thou living, Stephano?  
O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!**

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

CALIBAN                   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 cam'st thou  
hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st  
hither — I escaped upon a cask of wine, which  
the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle!  
which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine  
own hands, since I was cast ashore.

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

STEPHANO 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

*Stephano gives Trinculo a drink.*

Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art  
made like a goose.

TRINCULO **OooooStephanohastanymoreofthis?**

STEPHANO The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by  
the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now,  
moon-calf! How does thy fever?

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the  
Man in the Moon, when time was.

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.

STEPHANO Come, swear to that; kiss the book.

TRINCULO **This is a very shallow monster — I afeard of  
him! — A very weak monster! — Well  
drawn, monster, in good sooth!**

CALIBAN I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island. I  
prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO **A most perfidious and drunken monster:  
when 's god's asleep, he'll rob 's bottle.**

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

STEPHANO Come on, then; down, and swear.

CALIBAN I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,



Thou wondrous man.

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.

CALIBAN

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Caliban sings drunkenly.*

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, Ca-Caliban,  
Has a new master — Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom,  
high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! lead the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT 3 SCENE ONE

*Before Prospero'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 father's crabbed,  
And he's compos'd 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, least when I do it.

*Enter Miranda: and Prospero behind.*

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 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 Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd 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 lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king —  
I would not so! — and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth — Hear my soul speak —  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' 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 them!

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.*

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd 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 Prospero.*

### ACT 3 SCENE TWO

*Another part of the island. Enter Caliban, with a  
bottle, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

STEPHANO                   Tell not me — when the butt is out we will drink  
water; not a drop before — drink, servant-monster,  
when I bid thee—. . .thy eyes are most 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                   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 is not valiant.

TRINCULO                   Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a  
coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-  
day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but  
half 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 an idiot!

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 pleas'd 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                   Thou liest.

CALIBAN                   Thou liest, thou jesting monkey — I would my  
valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his 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 him — for I know, thou dar'st —  
But this thing dare not —

STEPHANO That's most certain.

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

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

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

ARIEL Thou liest: thou canst not.

CALIBAN What a pied ninny's this! I do beseech thy greatness,  
give him blows and take his bottle from him.

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

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

CALIBAN Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL Thou liest.

CALIBAN Do I so? Take thou that!

TRINCULO — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and  
drinking do — the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO Now, forward with your tale — Prithee stand  
further 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 may'st brain him,  
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his windpipe with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils — for so he calls them —  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter: I never saw a woman  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
As great'st does least.

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?

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

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

TRINCULO Excellent.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but  
while thou 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 mak'st 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.

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 Tabor and Pipe. Exeunt omnes.*

STEPHANO

What is this same?

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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 sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd 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 wak'd,  
I cried to dream again.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Lead, monster: we'll follow — I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

TRINCULO

I'll follow, Stephano.





Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO

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

ADRIAN

**They vanish'd strangely.**

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

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

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

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't — the never-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:

*Alonso, Sebastian, &c., draw their swords.*

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate: the elements  
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted. But, remember —  
For that's my business to you — that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,





Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL Before you can say 'Come' and 'Go,'  
And breathe twice; and cry 'so, so,'  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? no?

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

ARIEL Well: I conceive. (*Exit*)

PROSPERO Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw  
To th' fire i' the blood: 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 No tongue! all eyes! be silent.  
Now come my Ariel, bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit; appear, & pertly.

*Soft music. A Masque. Enter Iris.*

IRIS Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air: 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:  
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.

FERDINAND  
This is a most majestic vision. 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 wise,  
Makes this place Paradise.

PROSPERO  
Sweet now, silence: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

CERES  
Highest 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 prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

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

CERES  
Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and gamers never empty;  
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

IRIS

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love: be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

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

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with  
the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end  
whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after  
which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they  
heavily vanish.*

PROSPERO

I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. Well done! avoid; no more!

*A strange, hollow, and confused noise, the Spirits  
heavily vanish*

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 mov'd 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,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd:  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.











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

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

*Exit Ariel*

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
By whose aid I have bedimm'd the noontide sun,  
Call'd forth the mutinous winds, and 'twixt the green  
Sea and the azur'd vault set roaring war to thunder.  
Graves at my command have wak'd their sleepers,  
Op'd, and let them forth by my so potent art.

But this rough magic

I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
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. Enter Ariel: after him, Alonso, with  
frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and  
Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and  
Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had  
made, and there stand charmed: which Prospero  
observing, speaks.*

There stand, for you are spell-stopp'd. O good Gonzalo!  
My true preserver, 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'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian — Flesh and blood,  
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian —  
Would here have kill'd your king.

I do forgive thee.

I will myself present as I was sometime.

*Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero.*

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

After summer merrily:

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom — so, so, so —  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:  
the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce him to this place,  
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

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

*Exit Ariel.*

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Thy pulse beats, as of  
Flesh and blood. — But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd.

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

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

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 beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation;  
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since  
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost  
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO  
I have lost my daughter.

ALONSO  
A daughter?  
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! When did you lose  
Your daughter?

PROSPERO  
In this last tempest.  
Know for certain that I am Prospero, and that  
Very duke which was thrust forth of Milan.  
No more yet of this. Welcome, sir:  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers  
Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.*

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.

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 curs'd them without cause.

*Ferdinand kneels to Alonso.*

ALONSO  
Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st 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, with whom thou wast at play?  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;  
But by immortal Providence she's mine.  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan.

GONZALO

Look down, you gods, and on this couple  
Drop a blessed crown.

ALONSO

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!  
Give me your hands: let grief and sorrow still  
Embrace his heart that doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO

Be it so. Amen!

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

O look, sir! look, sir! Here are more of us.  
What is the news?

BOAT-SWAIN

**The best news is that we have safely found  
Our king and company: the next, our ship —  
Which we gave out split — is tight and yare,  
Bravely rigg'd as when we first put out to sea.**

ARIEL

Sir, all this service have I done since I went.

PROSPERO

My tricksy spirit!

ALONSO

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

BOAT-SWAIN

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

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Cap'ring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL Was't well done?

PROSPERO Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod.

PROSPERO Sir, 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. — Come hither, spirit;  
Set Caliban and his companions free;  
Untie the spell.

*Exit Ariel.*

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

PROSPERO Sir, I invite your Highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night; which — part of it — I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away; the story of my life  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.  
Please you enter, I'll attend you presently;  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

ALONSO I long to hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.



*Exuent Alonso, Ferdinand, Antonio, Miranda*

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious that shall catch.

Your royal fleet far off — My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well!

*Enter Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban*

STEPHANO

**Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man  
take care for himself, for all is but fortune —  
Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!**

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Francisco?  
Will money buy them?

FRANCISCO

**Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.**

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true — This 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 I  
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ADRIAN

**Is not this Stephano, the King's butler?**

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano!

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

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

STEPHANO **I should have been a sore one, then.**

SEBASTIAN This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

PROSPERO He is as disproportioned 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!

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

FRANCISCO **Or stole it, rather.**

*Exeunt, manet Prospero.*

Please you, draw near.

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 confin'd 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.  
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 reliev'd 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.