

Act 1, Scene 2 The island. Before Prospero's cell*

(*PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*)

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay* them.
O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer.
A brave vessel (who had no doubt some noble creature in her) dashed all to pieces.
O, the cry did knock against my very heart.
Poor souls, they perished.

PROSPERO

Be collected. No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart there's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, of thee my dear one, thee my daughter,
who art ignorant of what thou art, naught* knowing of whence I am,
nor that I am more better than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, and thy no greater father.

MIRANDA

More to know did never meddle* with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

'Tis time I should inform thee farther.
Lend thy hand and pluck my magic garment from me.
So. (*Lays down his robe.*) Lie there, my art.
Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched the very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art so safely ordered that there is no soul—
no, not so much perdition* as an hair betid* to any creature in the vessel
which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down; for thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often begun to tell me what I am; but stopped concluding, "Stay; not yet."

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Certainly sir, I can.

cell - perhaps a small cave, *allay* - lessen; calm, *naught* - nothing, *meddle* - mingle, *perdition* - loss, *betid* - happened

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.
But how is it that this lives in thy mind?
What seest thou else in the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememberest aught ere thou camest here, how thou camest here thou mayest.

MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and she said thou wast my daughter;
and thy father was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir and princess.

MIRANDA

O the heavens! What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was it we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl!
By foul play, as thou sayest, were we heaved thence, but blessedly helped hither.
My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—pray thee, mark me—that a brother should be so perfidious—*
he whom next thyself of all the world I loved and to him put the manage of my state;
I then being transported and rapt in secret studies, thy false uncle—dost thou attend me?—

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

—being once perfected* how to grant suits, how to deny them,
who to advance and who to trash for over-topping,
new created the creatures that were mine, or changed them, or else new formed them;
having both the key of officer and office, set all hearts in the state to what tune pleased his ear.
Thou attendest not.

remembrance warrants - memory guarantees, *perfidious* - treacherous, *perfected* - grown skillful

MIRANDA

O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness* and the bettering of my mind,
in my false brother awaked an evil nature,
and my trust, like a good parent, did beget of him a falsehood in its contrary as great as my trust was,
which had indeed no limit, a confidence sans bound.

He being thus lorded, not only with what my revenue yielded but what my power might else exact,
he did believe he was indeed the Duke.

Hence his ambition growing—dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

To have no screen between this part he played and him he played it for, he needs will be absolute Milan.*

Me, poor man, my library was dukedom large enough.

Of temporal royalties he thinks me now incapable;
confederates* (so dry he was for sway*) with the King of Naples
to give him annual tribute,* do him homage, subject his coronet to his crown
and bend the dukedom yet unbowed to most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

PROSPERO

Mark his condition* and the event;* then tell me if this might be a brother.

MIRANDA

I should sin to think but nobly of my grandmother. Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO

Now the condition.

The King of Naples, being an enemy to me inveterate,* hearkens my brother's suit;*
which was, that he, in lieu of 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 honors on my brother.

Whereon, a treacherous army levied, one midnight did Antonio open the gates of Milan,
and, in the dead of darkness, the ministers for the purpose hurried thence me and thy crying self.

closeness - seclusion, *absolute Milan* - Duke of Milan in fact, *confederates* - unites,
dry he was for sway - eager he was for power, *tribute* - payment for protection,
condition - terms of his pact with Naples, *event* - outcome, *inveterate* - confirmed,
hearkens my brother's suit - accepts my brother's plan,
in lieu of the premises - in return for the guarantees, *presently extirpate* - immediately remove

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then, will cry it over again.

PROSPERO

Hear a little further and then I'll bring thee to the present business which now's upon us.

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench. My tale provokes that question.

Dear, they durst not, so dear the love my people bore me; nor set a mark so bloody on the business.

In few,* they hurried us aboard a bark,* bore us some leagues to sea;

where they prepared a rotten carcass of a butt,* not rigged, nor tackle, sail, nor mast;
the very rats instinctively had quit it.

There they hoist us, to cry to the sea that roared to us;

to sigh to the winds whose pity, sighing back again, did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubim* thou wast that did preserve me!

Thou didst smile, infused with a fortitude* from heaven,

when I have decked the sea with drops full salt, under my burthen groaned;

which raised in me an undergoing stomach, to bear up against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that a noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, out of his charity did give us,
with rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries, which since have steaded* much.

So, of his gentleness, knowing I loved my books,

he furnished me from mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might but ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Now I arise.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived; and here have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
than other princesses can that have more time for vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

few - few words, *bark* - boat, *butt* - tub, *cherubim* - angel of the second order; winged child,
fortitude - strength of character, *steaded* - been of use

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for it!

And now, I pray you, sir—for still 'tis beating in my mind—your reason for raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune (now, my dear lady) hath mine enemies brought to this shore; and by my prescience I find my zenith* doth depend upon a most auspicious star, whose influence if now I court not but omit,* my fortunes will ever after droop.

Here cease more questions. Thou art inclined to sleep.

'Tis a good dullness, and give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

(MIRANDA sleeps.)

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel. Come.

(Enter ARIEL.)

ARIEL

All hail, great master! I come to answer thy best pleasure;

be it to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task Ariel.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

To every article.

I boarded the King's ship.

Now on the beak,* now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flamed amazement.*

Sometime I would divide and burn in many places;

on the topmast, the yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,* then meet and join.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil* would not infect his reason?

ARIEL

Not a soul but felt a fever of the mad and played some tricks of desperation.

All but mariners plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, then all afire with me.

The King's son Ferdinand, with hair up-staring was the first man that leaped;

cried, "Hell is empty and all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO

Why that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh* shore?

zenith - apex of fortune, *omit* - neglect, *beak* - prow, *flamed amazement* - struck terror by appearing as (St. Elmo's) fire, *distinctly* - in different places, *coil* - uproar, *nigh* - near

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perished.

On their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before;
and as thou bad'st me, in troops* I have dispersed them about 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.

PROSPERO

Of the King's ship the mariners say how thou hast disposed, and all the rest of the fleet.

ARIEL

Safely in the deep nook of the harbor is the King's ship hid.
The mariners all under hatches stowed; who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor, I have left asleep;
and for the rest of the fleet which I dispersed,
they all have met again, and are upon the Mediterranean afloat bound sadly home for Naples,
supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked and his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge exactly is performed. But there's more work.
What is the time of the day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Is there more toil?
Since thou dost give me pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet performed.

PROSPERO

How now? Moody?
What is it thou canst demand?

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? No more!

troops - groups

ARIEL

I prithee, remember I have done thee worthy service,
told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served without 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 liest, malignant thing!
Hast thou forgot the foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou hast! Where was she born? Speak! Tell me!

ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.*

PROSPERO

O, was she so?
This damned witch Sycorax, for mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible from Argier, was banished.
Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue eyed hag was hither brought with child* and here was left by the sailors.
Thou wast then her servant; and, for thou wast a spirit too delicate to act her earthy and abhorred commands,
she did in her most unmitigable rage confine thee into a cloven pine;
within which rift imprisoned thou didst painfully remain a dozen years;
within which space she died and left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans as fast as mill-wheels strike.
Then was this island (save for the son that she did litter here, a freckled whelp hag-born)
not honored with a human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban whom now I keep in service.

bate me - shorten my term of service, *Argier* - Algiers,
with child - (since Sycorax was pregnant she was exiled instead of executed for her crimes)

Thou best knowest what torment I did find thee in;
 thy groans did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts of ever angry bears.
 It was a torment to lay upon the damned, which Sycorax could not again undo.
 It was mine art, when I arrived and heard thee, that made gape the pine and let thee out.

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmurest,
 I will rend an oak and peg thee in his* knotty entrails till thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent* to command and do my spiriting gently.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

That's my noble master!

What shall I do? Say what! What shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself invisible to every eyeball save thine and mine. Take this shape and hither come in it.

(Exit ARIEL.)

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well. Awake.

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off.

Come on. We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

But, as 'tis, we cannot miss him:

he does make our fire, fetch in our wood and serves in offices that profit us.

What, ho? Slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! Speak!

his - its, *correspondent* - obedient

CALIBAN

(Within.) There's wood enough.

PROSPERO

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

(Re enter ARIEL.)

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, hark in thine ear.

ARIEL

My lord it shall be done.

(Exit.)

PROSPERO

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

(Enter CALIBAN.)

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as ever my mother brushed with raven's feather from unwholesome fen* drop on you both!
A south-west blow on ye and blister you all over!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight 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 pinched 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 takest from me.

When thou camest first, thou strokedst me and madest much of me,

wouldst give me water with berries in it,

and teach me how to name the bigger light, and how the less, that burn by day and night;

and then I loved thee and showed thee all the qualities of 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 here you sty me in this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me the rest of the island.

PROSPERO

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 honor of my child.

fen - low-lying wet land with grassy vegetation; often a transition zone between land and water

urchins - goblins in the shape of hedgehogs, *stripes* - lashes from a whip

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! Would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else this isle with Calibans.

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, and make thee roar that beasts shall tremble at thy din.*

CALIBAN

No, pray thee. (*Aside.*) I must obey.
His art is of such power, it would control my dam's god, Setebos, and make a vassal* of him.

PROSPERO

So, slave; hence!

(*Exit CALIBAN.*)

(*Re enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.*)

(*ARIEL'S song.*) Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? In the air or the earth?
It sounds no more.
Sure, it waits upon some god of the island.
Sitting on a bank, weeping again the King my father's wreck,
this music crept by me upon the waters, allaying* both their fury and my passion with its sweet air.*
Thence I have followed it, or it hath drawn me rather.
It begins again.

ARIEL (*Sings.*) Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell

din - sound, *vassal* - subject, *allaying* - easing, *air* - sound

FERDINAND

This is no mortal business, nor no sound that the earth owes.
I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance and say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA

What is it? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about!
Believe me, sir, it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses as we have.
This gallant which thou seest was in the wreck;
and, but he's something stained with grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him a goodly person.
He hath lost his fellows and strays about to find them.

MIRANDA

I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO

(Aside.) It goes on, I see, as my soul prompts it.
Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee within two days for this.

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess on whom these airs attend.
Vouchsafe my prayer may know if you remain upon this island;
and that you will some good instruction give how I may bear me here.
My prime request, which I do last pronounce, is (O you wonder!) if you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir, but certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders to hear thee speak of Naples.
He does hear me; and that he does I weep.
Myself am Naples, who with mine eyes, beheld the King my father wrecked.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

(Aside.) The Duke of Milan and his more braver daughter could control thee, if now 'twere fit to do it.

At the first sight they have changed eyes.

Delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this.

(To FERDINAND.) A word, good sir. I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently?

This is the third man that ever I saw, the first that ever I sighed for.

Pity move my father to be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth, I'll make you the Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Soft, sir! One word more.

(Aside.) They are both in either's powers.

But this swift business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning make the prize light.

(To FERDINAND.) One word more! I charge thee that thou attend me.

Thou dost here usurp the name thou ownest not;

and hast put thyself upon this island as a spy, to win it from me, the lord on it.

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 it.

PROSPERO

Follow me.

(To MIRANDA.) Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.

(To FERDINAND.) Come! I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;

sea water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be the fresh-brook mussels, and withered roots.

Follow!

FERDINAND

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

(FERDINAND draws his sword, and is charmed from moving.)

MIRANDA

O dear father, make not too rash a trial of him, for he's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO

What, I say, my foot my tutor?*

Put thy sword up, traitor, for I can here disarm thee with this stick and make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father!

PROSPERO

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Silence! One word more shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What, an advocate for an imposter? Hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he, having seen but him and Caliban.

Foolish wench! To the most of men this is a Caliban and they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections are then most humble. I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO

(*To FERDINAND.*) Come on; obey! Thy nerves are in their infancy again and have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND

So they are. My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, the 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.

PROSPERO

(*Aside.*) It works.

(*To FERDINAND.*) Come on.

(*To ARIEL.*) Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

(*To FERDINAND.*) Follow me.

(*To ARIEL.*) Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

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

This is unwonted* which now came from him.

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be free as mountain winds; but then exactly do all points of my command.

my foot my tutor? - my underling my instructor?, *unwonted* - unusual

ARIEL

To the syllable.

PROSPERO

(*To FERDINAND.*) Come, follow.

(*To MIRANDA.*) Speak not for him.

(*Exeunt.*)