

# The Tempest

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## THE TEMPEST SYNOPSIS

A tempest batters the ship of the King of Naples, who is returning from his daughter's wedding in Africa. On the island, Miranda hears the distressed cries from the passengers and sailors and pleads with her father, Prospero, to calm the seas with his magic powers. Prospero promises her that nobody will be hurt and then reveals to her the events that caused them to live on the island. Prospero tells Miranda that twelve years ago he was the Duke of Milan. Being consumed with the study of magic arts he trustingly left the governing of his dukedom to his brother Antonio. Wanting to become the real duke, Antonio plotted with Prospero's enemy, Alonso, the King of Naples, to have Prospero and Miranda abandoned on the high seas in a small rotten boat. Only the generosity of the faithful Gonzalo, who provided Prospero with food, water, his books and other necessities, prevented them from perishing at sea. Having made it to the island Prospero enslaved the vicious Caliban, freed the delicate Ariel, educated his beloved daughter and furthered his magical arts. He tells Miranda that fate has brought all his enemies near to his island and if he doesn't take this opportunity to right the injustices he has suffered his fortunes will ever decline. Prospero then plots with Ariel about how to deal with the various groups landed on the island and promises to set Ariel free when his work is done. Ariel then charms Ferdinand, Alonso's son, to Prospero's cell where Miranda, who has never seen another man besides Prospero and Caliban, falls instantly in love. Ferdinand also falls in love with Miranda but Prospero, who has engineered the match, feigns disapproval and presses Ferdinand into strenuous labor.

Meanwhile, Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian (Alonso's brother), Gonzalo and various other lords reach shore and wander the island, looking for Ferdinand, who many presume is dead. Good Gonzalo tries to give comfort, and conjectures that Ferdinand may still be alive since they miraculously survived the shipwreck. Ariel lulls all to sleep, except Sebastian and Antonio, who immediately conspire to murder Alonso and deliver the kingdom of Naples to Sebastian. Ariel, cloaked in invisibility, overhears the plot and wakes Gonzalo, who warns Alonso before Antonio's blade strikes. Later, to torment the famished nobles, Ariel and other spirits reveal a lavish banquet that vanishes as they try to eat. Ariel appears in the form of a Harpy to rebuke them for their cruel treatment of Prospero, declaring their past actions the cause of their current distress.

On another part of the island, Trinculo, servant to Alonso, stumbles across Caliban while attempting to escape the remnants of the storm. Another servant, Stephano, who has recovered a cask of wine from the wreck, drunkenly mistakes the pair for a four-legged monster. After tasting Stephano's "spirits," Caliban declares him a god and vows devotion. Caliban tries to convince Stephano to murder Prospero, marry Miranda, and become ruler of the isle. Ariel overhears their plotting and warns his master.

Back at his cell, Prospero watches as Miranda and Ferdinand exchange vows of love and promise to marry. Prospero, pleased with the match, blesses their union. Remembering Caliban's plot, Prospero and Ariel hang gawdy clothes outside Prospero's cell to divert the would-be murderers. When Stephano, Trinculo and the distressed Caliban seize the goods they are attacked and driven out by spirits in the shapes of hunting dogs. The royal party is brought, spellbound, to Prospero's cell, where Prospero renounces his magical powers and forgives his tormentors for their misdeeds. He reveals the supposedly dead Ferdinand and his daughter Miranda-both safely playing chess and newly engaged. Father and son reunite, Alonso restores Prospero's dukedom, and Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo repent their scheming. Before everyone departs Prospero promises fair seas and good winds that will allow them to catch their fleet before it arrives home. Prospero then sets Ariel free and asks the audience to set him free by clapping their hands.

## THE TEMPEST

### LIST OF CHARACTERS

PROSPERO	Rightful Duke of Milan; a magician
MIRANDA	Daughter of Prospero
CALIBAN	A savage and deformed slave
ARIEL	An airy spirit
ALONSO	King of Naples
FERDINAND	Son of Alonso
SEBASTION	Brother of Alonso
ANTONIO	Brother of Prospero
GONZALO	An honest old counselor
ADRIAN	A lord
FRANSISCO	A lord
STEPHANO	Alonso's drunken butler
TRINCULO	Alonso's jester
BOATSWAIN	
MASTER OF THE SHIP	
MARINERS	
SPIRITS	Attending on Prospero
SCENE	An enchanted island, somewhere in the Mediterranean

**Act 1, Scene 1 On a ship at sea**

*(A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning.)*

*(A MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.)*

MASTER  
Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN  
Here, master.

MASTER  
Speak to the mariners. Fall to it yarely,\* or we run ourselves aground! Bestir, bestir!

*(Exit MASTER.)*

*(Enter MARINERS.)*

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

*(Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO and others.)*

ALONSO  
Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?

BOATSWAIN  
I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO  
Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN  
You mar our labor. Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO  
Nay, be patient.

BOATSWAIN  
When the sea is. Hence!  
What cares these roarers\* for the name of king?  
To cabin! Trouble us not.

GONZALO  
Yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*yarely* - briskly, *roarers* - waves

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself.

You are a counselor:

if you can command these elements to silence, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority.

If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long.

Out of our way, I say!

*(Exit BOATSWAIN.)*

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow:

methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.

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

*(Exeunt.)*

*(Re enter BOATSWAIN.)*

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast!

Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.\*

*(A cry within.)*

A plague upon this howling!

*(Re enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO.)*

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give over\* and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN

A pox on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!

We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

BOATSWAIN

Lay her ahold,\* ahold!

Set her two courses off.\* To sea again! Lay her off!

*(Enter MARINERS wet.)*

*try with main course* - heave to, with only the mainsail, *give over* - give up trying to run the ship, *ahold* - (perhaps 'a-hull,' without any sail), *Set her two courses off.* - As the ship drifts to the rocks, the order is reversed and the two courses, foresail and mainsail, are set again in an effort to keep her clear of the shore

MARINERS

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

BOATSWAIN

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards!

GONZALO

He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of water swear against it.

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

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the King.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

*(Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.)*

GONZALO

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

*(Exeunt.)*

*long heath, brown furze* - heather and gorse

**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.*)

**Act 2, Scene 1    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.

Our hint\* of woe is common:

everyday some sailor's wife, the master of some merchant,\* and the merchant,\* have just our theme of woe.

But for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions can speak like us.

Then wisely, good sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

*(Aside to ANTONIO.)* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

GONZALO

Though this island seem to be desert,\* it is of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

ANTONIO

Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN

Ay, and a subtle.

GONZALO

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANTONIO

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO

But the rarity of it is—which is indeed almost beyond credit\*—

*hint* - occasion, *merchant* - merchant ship, *merchant* - owner, *desert* - i.e. deserted of people, *credit* - belief

SEBASTIAN

As many vouched rarities\* are.

GONZALO

That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea,  
hold their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.  
Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric,\*  
at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

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

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against the stomach of my sense.  
Would I had never married my daughter there!  
For, coming thence, my son is lost; and, in my rate,\* she too,  
who is so far from Italy removed I never again shall see her.  
O thou mine heir of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him, and ride upon their backs.  
He trod the water, whose enmity\* he flung aside, and breasted the surge most swollen that met him.  
His bold head above the contentious waves he kept,  
and oared himself with his good arms in lusty stroke to the shore.  
I not doubt he came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, that would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
but rather lose her to an African, where she is banished from your eye.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise by all of us,  
and the fair soul herself weighed between loathness and obedience.\*  
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.

*vouched rarities* - wonders guaranteed to be true, *Afric* - Africa, *rate* - opinion, *enmity* - hostility,  
*fair...obedience* - (it appears Claribel hated the marriage but was obedient to her father's wishes)

ALONSO

So is the dearest of the loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian, the truth you speak doth lack some gentleness it in.  
You rub the sore, when you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgeonly.\*

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

GONZALO

Had I plantation\* of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO

He would sow it with nettle-seed.

GONZALO

And were the king on it, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN

Escape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO

I would by contraries\* execute all things.

For no kind of traffic\* would I admit; no name of magistrate; letters should not be known;  
riches, poverty, and use of service,\* none; contract, succession,\* bourn,\* tith,\* vineyard, none;  
no use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; no occupation; all men idle, all; no sovereignty—

SEBASTIAN

Yet he would be king on it.

ANTONIO

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*chirurgeonly* - like a surgeon, *plantation* - colonization, *contraries* - in contrast to usual custom,  
*traffic* - trade, *use of service* - having a servant class, *succession* - inheritance,  
*bourn* - limits of private property, *tith* - planting and sowing of crops



GONZALO

All things in common nature should produce without sweat or endeavor.  
 Treason, felony, sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,\* would I not have;  
 but nature should bring forth, of its own kind, all abundance to feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN

No marrying among his subjects?

ANTONIO

None, man, all idle—whores and knaves.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

God save his majesty!

ANTONIO

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO

And—do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

What a blow was there given!

*(Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.)*

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO

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

*engine* - weapon

ANTONIO

Go sleep, and hear us.

*(All sleep except 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 inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN

Please you, sir, do not omit the heavy offer of it.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, it is a comforter.

ANTONIO

We two, my lord, will guard your person while you take your rest, and watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thank you.

Wondrous heavy.

*(ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.)*

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality of the climate.

SEBASTIAN

Why doth it not then our eyelids sink?

I find not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO

Nor I: my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent. They dropped as by a thunder stroke.

What might, worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more!

And yet me thinks I see it in thy face, what thou shouldst be.

The occasion speaks thee, and my strong imagination sees a crown dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on.

ANTONIO

Thus, sir: although this lord of weak remembrance,\*

this who shall be of as little memory when he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded the King his son's alive,

'tis as impossible that he's undrowned as he that sleeps here swims.

*remembrance* - memory

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope that he's undrowned.

ANTONIO

O, out of that 'no hope' what great hope have you!  
Will you grant with me that Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Claribel.

ANTONIO

She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells ten leagues beyond man's life;  
she that from Naples can have no note,\* unless the sun were post.\*

SEBASTIAN

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis; so is she heir of Naples;  
'twixt which regions there is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose every cubit seems to cry out,  
"How shall that Claribel measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, and let Sebastian wake."  
Say, this were death that now hath seized them, why, they were no worse than now they are.  
There be that can rule Naples as well as he that sleeps;  
lords that can prate\* as amply and unnecessarily as this Gonzalo;  
I myself could make a chough\* of as deep chat.  
O, that you bore the mind that I do!  
What a sleep were this for your advancement!  
Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content tender\* your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember you did supplant your brother Prospero.

*note* - communication, *post* - messenger, *prate* - speak foolishly and incessantly,  
*chough* - jackdaw (a bird sometimes taught to talk), *content tender* - estimation regard

ANTONIO

True. And look how well my garments sit upon me, much feater\* than before.  
My brother's servants were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir, where lies that? I feel not this deity\* in my bosom.  
Here lies your brother, no better than the earth he lies upon, if he were that which now he's like—that's dead;  
whom I with this obedient steel (three inches of it) can lay to bed for ever;  
whiles you, doing thus, to this Sir Prudence, who should not upbraid our course.  
For all the rest, they'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend, shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan, I'll come by Naples.  
Draw thy sword. One stroke shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest; and I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together; and when I rear my hand, do you the like, to fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

*(They talk apart.)*

*(Re enter ARIEL, invisible.)*

ARIEL

My master through his art foresees the danger that you, his friend, are in.  
*(ARIEL sings in GONZALO's ear.)* While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware.  
Awake, awake!

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good angels preserve the King.

*(Everyone wakes.)*

*feater* - more suitably, *deity* - god

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, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing like bulls, or rather lions. Did it not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

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

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

Heavens keep him from these beasts! For he is, sure, in the island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

ARIEL

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

*(Exeunt.)*

*securing* - keeping watch over

## Act 2, Scene 2 Another part of the island

*(Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.)*

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall  
and make him by inch-meal\* a disease!  
His spirits hear me and yet I needs must curse.  
But they'll not pinch, fright me with urchin shows,\* pitch me in the mire,  
nor lead me, like a firebrand,\* in the dark out of my way, unless he bid them.  
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 in 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 fishlike smell. A strange fish!  
Legged like a man and his fins like arms!  
Warm by 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 gabardine:\* 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, a bottle in his hand.)*

STEPHANO

*(Sings.)* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore—

*by inch-meal* - inch by inch, *urchin shows* - apparitions in the form of hedgehogs,  
*firebrand* - in the form of a will-o'-the-wisp, *mow* - make faces, *bombard* - leather bottle, *gabardine* - cloak

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

Well, here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*)

(*Sings.*) The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"

She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch;

Yet a tailor might scratch her wherever she did itch.

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

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*)

CALIBAN

Do not torment me. Oh!

STEPHANO

What's the matter? Have we devils here?

I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

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?

I will give him some relief.

If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him,

he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.\*

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest.

He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, will go near to remove his fit.

If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much\* for him;

he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt.

Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO

Come on your ways, open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you.

Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly.

(*STEPHANO gives CALIBAN drink.*) You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps\* again.

*ague* - fit of shivering, *neat's leather* - cowhide, *not take too much* - i.e. take all I can get, *chaps* - jaws

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. (*Gives drink.*) 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 Trinculo indeed!  
How camest thou to be the siege\* of this mooncalf?\* 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 under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm.  
And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans escaped!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

(*Aside.*) These be fine things, and if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO

How didst thou escape? How camest thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou camest hither.  
I escaped upon a butt\* of sack which the sailors heaved overboard.  
I made this bottle of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.  
How didst thou escape?

*siege* - excrement, *mooncalf* - monstrosity, *butt* - a large cask, often 126 gallons



TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Here, kiss the book.

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, mooncalf? How does thine ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out of 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.  
I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!  
I afraid of him? A very weak monster!  
The man in the moon? A most poor credulous monster!  
Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch on the island; and I will kiss thy foot.  
I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When his 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.

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs\* grow; and I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,\*  
show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset;  
I'll bring thee to clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee young scamels\* from the rock.  
Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

*(Sings drunkenly.)* Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO

A howling monster! A drunken monster!

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trencher,\* 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.)*

*crabs* - crab apples, *pignuts* - earth nuts, *scamels* - unexplained, but perhaps a shellfish or rock-nesting bird,  
*inherit* - take possession, *trencher* - wooden plate

## Act 3, Scene 1 Before Prospero's cell

(Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.)

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor delight in them sets off;\*  
 some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone, and most poor matters point to rich ends.  
 This my mean\* task would be as heavy to me as odious,  
 but the mistress which I serve quickens\* what's dead and makes my labors pleasures.  
 O, she is ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed, and he's composed of harshness.  
 I must remove some thousands of these logs and pile them up, upon a sore injunction.\*  
 My sweet mistress weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness had never like executor.  
 These sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors.

(Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO 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 enjoined to pile!  
 Pray set it down and rest you.  
 My father is hard at study; pray now rest yourself; he's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress, the sun will set before I shall discharge what I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Poor worm, thou art infected!

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?

*sets off* - makes greater by contrast, *mean* - base, *quickens* - brings to life, *sore injunction* - severe command

MIRANDA

Miranda.

O my father, I have broke your hest\* to say so!

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration!

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 full soul but some defect in her did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed\* and put it to the foil.\*

But you, O you, so perfect and so peerless, are created of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know one of my sex; no woman's face remember, save, from my glass, mine own.

Nor have I seen more that I may call men than you, good friend, and my dear father.

How features are abroad, I am skillless\* of;

but, by my modesty, the jewel in my dower,

I would not wish any companion in the world but you;

nor can imagination form a shape, besides yourself, to like of.

But I prattle something too wildly and my father's precepts I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

I am in my condition\* a prince, Miranda; I do think, a king.

Hear my soul speak. The very instant that I saw you, did my heart fly to your service.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound.

I, beyond all limit of what else in the world, do love, prize, honor 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.

*hest* - command, *several* - different, *owed* - owned, *and put it to the foil* - and defeated it,

*skillless* - ignorant, *condition* - situation in the world, *to want* - if I lack

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.

MIRANDA  
My husband then?

FERDINAND  
Ay, with a heart as willing as bondage ever of freedom.\*  
Here's my hand.

MIRANDA  
And mine, with my heart in it; 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, but my rejoicing at nothing can be more.  
I'll to my book, for yet ere suppertime must I perform much business appertaining.\*

*(Exit PROSPERO.)*

*bashful cunning* - coyness, *fellow* - equal, *of freedom* - i.e. to win freedom, *appertaining* - relevant

**Act 3, Scene 2    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.  
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 the 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 drowned his tongue in sack.\*  
Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN

How does thy honor?  
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 juggle a constable.  
Why, thou deboshed\* fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today?  
Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!\*

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

*brained* - totally drunk, *sack* - strong white wine from Spain and Canary Islands,  
*case* - fit condition, *deboshed* - debauched, *natural* - fool, *the next tree* - (for hanging)

CALIBAN

I thank my noble lord.

Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit\* I made to thee?

STEPHANO

Marry, will I.

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

*(Enter ARIEL, invisible.)*

CALIBAN

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

ARIEL

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou!

I would my valiant master would destroy thee!

I do not lie.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 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 darest, but this thing dare not—

STEPHANO

That's most certain.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN

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

*suit* - proposal

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 of doors and make a stockfish\* of thee.

TRINCULO

Why, what did I? I did nothing.

I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? Take thou that.

*(STEPHANO beats TRINCULO.)*

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

TRINCULO

I did not give the lie. Out of your wits and hearing too? A pox on your bottle!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

*(To CALIBAN.)* Now, forward with your tale.

*(To TRINCULO.)* Prithee, stand farther off.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Stand farther. Come, proceed.

*pied ninny* - motley fool (Trinculo wears a many colored jester's costume), *patch* - clown  
*quick freshes* - fresh water springs, *stockfish* - dried cod (prepared by beating)



CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him in the afternoon to sleep.  
 There thou mayst brain him, or with a log batter his skull,  
 or paunch him\* with a stake, or cut his wezand\* with thy knife.  
 Remember first to possess his books; for without them he hath not one spirit to command.  
 They all do hate him as rootedly as I.  
 Burn but his books.  
 And that most deeply to consider is the beauty of his daughter. He himself calls her a nonpareil.  
 I never saw a woman, but only Sycorax my dam and she;  
 but she as far surpasseth Sycorax as greatest 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, 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 honor.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund.  
 Will you troll the catch\* you taught me?

STEPHANO

At thy request, monster. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

*paunch him* - stab in the belly, *wezand* - windpipe, *troll the catch* - sing the part-song

(STEPHANO 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 tabor 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 it as thou list.\*

TRINCULO  
O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO  
Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN  
Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO  
No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN  
Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will hum about mine ears,  
and sometime voices that, if I then had waked after long sleep, will make me sleep again;  
and then, in dreaming, the clouds methought would open and show riches ready to drop upon me, that,  
when I waked, I cried to dream again.

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

CALIBAN  
When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO  
That shall be by and by.

*take it as thou list* - i.e. suit yourself

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.

TRINCULO

(*To CALIBAN.*) Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

(*Exeunt.*)

### Act 3, Scene 3      Another part of the island

*(Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO and others.)*

GONZALO

I can go no further, sir; my old bones ache.  
By your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee, who am myself attached with weariness. Sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it no longer for my flatterer.  
He is drowned whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks our frustrate search on land.  
Well, let him go.

ANTONIO

*(Aside to SEBASTIAN.)* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose that you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN

*(Aside to ANTONIO.)* The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

ANTONIO

*(Aside to SEBASTIAN.)* Let it be tonight; for, now they are oppressed with travel,  
they will not nor cannot use such vigilance as when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN

*(Aside to ANTONIO.)* I say, tonight. No more.

*(Solemn and strange music.)*

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

*(Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.)*

ALONSO

What were these?

SEBASTIAN

A living drollery.\* Now I will believe that there are unicorns.

ANTONIO

I'll believe as well.

*drollery* - puppet show with live figures

GONZALO

If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders (for certes these are people of the island)  
who, though they are of monstrous shape,  
yet note, their manners are more gentle, kind, than of our human generation.

PROSPERO

*(Aside.)* Honest lord, thou hast said well; for some of you there present are worse than devils.

FRANCISCO

They vanished strangely.

SEBASTIAN

No matter, since they have left their viands\* behind.  
Will it please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO

I will stand to and feed.  
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 the sea hath belched up on this island where man doth not inhabit.  
Being most unfit to live, I have made you mad.

*(ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords.)*

You fools! I and my fellows are ministers of Fate.  
The elements, of whom your swords are tempered, may as well wound the loud winds  
as diminish one dowle\* that's in my plume. My fellow-ministers are like invulnerable.  
But remember (for that's my business to you) that you three from Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
for which foul deed the powers, delaying, not forgetting, have incensed the seas and shores,  
yea, all the creatures, against your peace.  
Thee of thy son, Alonso, they have bereft; and do pronounce by me lingering heart's sorrow.

*(He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows,\* and carrying out the table.)*

PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou performed, my Ariel.  
My high charms work and these mine enemies are all knit up in their distractions.  
They now are in my power; and in these fits I leave them,  
while I visit young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned, and his and mine loved darling.

*(Exit PROSPERO.)*

*viands* - delicious dishes, *dowle* - bit of featherdown, *mows* - sad faces

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!

Methought the billows\* spoke and told me of it;

the winds did sing it to me, and the thunder, that deep and dreadful organ-pipe,  
pronounced the name of Prosper.

Therefore my son in the ooze is bedded,

and I'll seek him deeper than ever plummet\* sounded and with him there lie mudded.

*(Exit ALONSO.)*

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

*(Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.)*

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate.

Their great guilt, like poison given to work a great time after, now begins 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.)*

*billows* - large waves, *plummet* - metal bob at the end of a plumb line

## Act 4, Scene 1      Before Prospero's cell

*(PROSPERO, FERDINAND and MIRANDA.)*

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punished you, your compensation makes amends,  
for I have given you here a third of mine own life, or that for which I live;  
who once again I tender to thy hand.  
All thy vexations were but my trials of thy love, and thou hast strangely stood the test.  
Here, afore Heaven, I ratify this my rich gift.  
Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition worthily purchased, take my daughter.  
But if thou dost break her virgin-knot  
before all sanctimonious\* ceremonies may with full and holy rite be ministered,  
no sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall to make this contract grow;  
but barren hate, sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew the union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
that you shall hate it both.  
Therefore take heed, as Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND

As I hope for quiet days, fair issue and long life, with such love as 'tis now,  
the murkiest den, the most opportune place, the strongest suggestion shall never melt mine honor into lust,  
to take away the edge of that day's celebration.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.  
Walk and talk with her.  
She is thine own.

*(Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA.)*

PROSPERO

Now for the foul conspiracy of the beast Caliban and his confederates against my life.  
The minute of their plot is almost come.  
Come with a thought. Ariel, come.

*(Enter ARIEL.)*

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.  
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

*sanctimonious* - holy

so full of valor that they smote the air for breathing in their faces, beat the ground for kissing of their feet; yet always bending towards their project.

Then I beat my tabor; at which like unbacked\* colts,

they pricked their ears, advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses as they smelt music.

So I charmed their ears that calf-like they my lowing followed

through toothed briers, sharp furzes,\* pricking goss\* and thorns, which entered their frail shins.

At last I left them in the filthy-mantled\* pool beyond your cell.

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither for decoy to catch these thieves.

ARIEL

I go, I go.

*(Exit ARIEL.)*

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature nurture can never stick;

on whom my pains, humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!

And as with age his body uglier grows, so his mind cankers.

I will plague them all, even to roaring.

*(Re enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.)*

Come, hang them on this line.

*(PROSPERO 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 his cell.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

So is mine.

Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you—

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

*unbacked* - unbroken, *furze* - spiny dense shrub, *goss* - gorse, *mantled* - scummed



CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favor still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to shall hoodwink\* this mischance.  
Therefore speak softly.

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be over ears\* for my labor.

CALIBAN

Prithee, my King, be quiet.  
Seest thou here? This is the mouth of the cell.  
No noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, thy footlicker.

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!  
What do you mean to dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone and do the murder first!

*hoodwink* - put out of sight, *over ears* - the water over my ears,  
*frippery* - old clothes shop, *dropsy* - excessive accumulation of fluid in tissue

If he awake, from toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches.

TRINCULO

Monster, come put some lime\* upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN

I will have none of it.

We shall lose our time, and all be turned 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 Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.)*

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL

Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark! Hark!

*(CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO are driven 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 of mountain.

ARIEL

Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly.

At this hour lie at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou shalt have the air at freedom.

For a little follow, and do me service.

*(Exeunt.)*

*lime* - birdlime (a sticky substance spread on branches to catch small birds, hence good for stealing), *pard* - leopard

## Act 5, Scene 1      Before Prospero's cell

*(Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.)*

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head.  
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time goes upright with his carriage.  
How's the day?

ARIEL

On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord, you said our work should cease.

PROSPERO

I did say so, when first I raised the tempest.  
Say, my spirit, how fares the King and his followers?

ARIEL

Confined together in the same fashion as you gave in charge, just as you left them—  
all prisoners, sir, in the grove which weather-fends your cell. They cannot budge till your release.  
The King, his brother and yours, abide all three distracted and the remainder mourning over them.  
The good old lord Gonzalo, his tears run down his beard, like winter's drops from eaves of reeds.  
Your charm so strongly works them that if you now beheld them, your affections would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling of their afflictions,  
and shall not myself, one of their kind, that relish all as sharply passion as they,  
be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
yet with my nobler reason against my fury do I take part.  
The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.  
They being penitent, the sole drift of my purpose doth extend not a frown further.  
Go release them, Ariel.  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, and they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

*(Exit ARIEL.)*

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,  
and ye that on the sands with printless foot do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him when he comes back;

you demi-puppets that by moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, whereof the ewe not bites,  
 and you whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice to hear the solemn curfew;  
 by whose aid (weak masters though ye be)  
 I have bedimmed the noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,  
 and betwixt the green sea and the azured vault set roaring war;  
 to the dread rattling thunder have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak with his own bolt;  
 the strong-based promontory have I made shake and by the spurs\* plucked up the pine and cedar;  
 graves at my command have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth by my so potent art.  
 But this rough magic I here abjure;\*  
 and when I have some heavenly music 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.)*

*(Re enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.)*

A solemn air, and the best comforter to an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains.  
 There stand, for you are spell-stopped.  
 O good Gonzalo, my true preserver, and a loyal sir to him you followest,  
 I will pay thy graces home\* both in word and deed.  
 Most cruelly didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act. Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian.  
 Flesh and blood, you, brother mine, that entertained ambition, expelled remorse and nature;  
 who, with Sebastian, would here have killed your King,  
 I do forgive thee, unnatural though thou art.  
 The charm dissolves apace, and as the morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness,  
 so their rising senses begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle\* their clearer reason.  
 Not one of them that yet looks on me, or would know me.  
 Ariel, fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.  
 I will discase\* me, and myself present as I was sometime Milan.\*  
 Quickly, spirit; thou shalt ere long be free.

*(Exit ARIEL and returns immediately.)*

ARIEL

*(ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.)* Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*spurs* - roots, *abjure* - reject, *graces home* - favors back, *mantle* - cover,  
*discase* - undress, *sometime Milan* - Duke of Milan

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel!

I shall miss thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom.

So, so, so.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art, there shalt thou find the mariners asleep under the hatches; the 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.

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

ALONSO

Whether thou be'st he or no, or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, as late I have been, I not know.

Thy pulse beats as of flesh and blood;

and since the affliction of my mind amends, thy dukedom I resign and do entreat thou pardon me my wrongs.

But how should Prospero be living and be here?

PROSPERO

First, noble friend, let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot be measured or confined.

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

You do yet taste some subtleties of the isle, that will not let you believe things certain.

Welcome, my friends all!

*(Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.)*

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you and justify you traitors.

At this time I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

*(Aside.)* The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother would even infect my mouth, I do forgive thy rankest fault;

and require my dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou be'st Prospero, give us particulars of thy preservation;  
how thou hast met us here, who three hours since were wrecked upon this shore;  
where I have lost (how sharp the point of this remembrance is) my dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for it, sir.

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

I rather think you have not sought her help,  
of whose soft grace for the like loss I have her sovereign aid and rest myself content.

ALONSO

You the like loss?

PROSPERO

As great to me as late;  
and, supportable to make the dear loss, have I means much weaker than you may call to comfort you;  
for I have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?  
When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest.  
Howsoever you have been justled from your senses, know for certain that I am Prospero  
and that very duke which was thrust forth of Milan,  
who most strangely upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed to be the lord on it.  
No more yet of this; for 'tis a chronicle of day by day, not befitting this first meeting.  
Welcome, sir; this cell's my court.  
Here have I few attendants and subjects none abroad.  
Pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again, I will requite you with as good a thing,  
at least bring forth a wonder, to content ye as much as me my dukedom.

*(Here PROSPERO 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.

ALONSO

If this prove a vision of the island, one dear son shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

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

*(FERDINAND kneels.)*

ALONSO

Now all the blessings of a glad father 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 it!

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?

Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours.

Is she the goddess that hath severed us, and brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal; but by immortal Providence she's mine.

I chose her when I could not ask my father for his advice, nor thought I had one.

She is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, of whom so often I have heard renown but never saw before; of whom I have received a second life; and second father this lady makes him to me.

ALONSO

I am hers.

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO

There, sir, stop. Let us not burthen our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO

Look down, you god, and on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalked forth the way which brought us hither.

ALONSO

Amen!

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue should become kings of Naples?  
In one voyage did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
and Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife where he himself was lost.

ALONSO

*(To FERDINAND and MIRANDA.)* Give me your hands.  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart that doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO

Be it so! Amen!

*(Re enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN amazedly following.)*

O, look, sir; look, sir! Here is more of us.  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, this fellow could not drown.  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN

The best news is that we have safely found our King and company;  
the next, our ship, which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,  
is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when we first put out to sea.

ARIEL

*(Aside to PROSPERO.)* Sir, all this service have I done since I went.

PROSPERO

*(Aside to ARIEL.)* My tricky spirit!

ALONSO

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

BOATSWAIN

We were dead of sleep, and (how we know not) all clapped under hatches;  
where but even now with strange and several noises of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
and more diversity of sounds, all horrible, we were awaked; straightway at liberty;  
where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld our royal, good and gallant ship, our master capering\* to eye her.  
On a trice, so please you, even in a dream, was I divided from them and brought moping\* hither.

ARIEL

*(Aside to PROSPERO.)* Was it well done?

PROSPERO

*(Aside to ARIEL.)* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

*capering* - dancing for joy, *moping* - in a daze



ALONSO

This is as strange a maze as ever men trod and there is in this business more than nature was ever conduct of. Some oracle must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO

Sir, my liege, do not infest your mind with beating on the strangeness of this business. At picked leisure I'll resolve you, which to you shall seem probable, of every these happened accidents. Till then, be cheerful and think of each thing well.  
(*Aside to ARIEL.*) Come hither, spirit.  
Set Caliban and his companions free. Untie the spell.

(*Exit ARIEL.*)

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

(*Re enter ARIEL, 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.

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men,\* my lords, then say if they be true.  
This misshapen knave, his mother was a witch, and one so strong that could control the moon.  
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil had plotted with them to take my life.  
Two of these fellows you must know and own.  
This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinched to death.

*Every man shift for all the rest* - i.e. we have to stick together, *spies* - eyes, *badges of these men* - (worn by servants to say whose service they belong to; in this case, stolen clothes are badges of their rascality)

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling ripe.

Where should they find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?

How camest thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO

I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano?

STEPHANO

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

PROSPERO

You would be king of the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO

*(Pointing to CALIBAN.)* This is a strange thing as ever I looked 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!

ALONSO

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it, rather.

*(Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO.)*

## PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train to my poor cell, where you shall take your rest for this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste with such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it go quick away—the story of my life and the particular accidents gone by since I came to this isle. And in the morn I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples, where I have hope to see the nuptial of these our dear beloved solemnized; and thence retire me to my Milan, where every third thought shall be my grave.

## ALONSO

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

## PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;  
and promise you calm seas, auspicious gales and sail so expeditious that shall catch your royal fleet far off.  
(*Aside to ARIEL.*) My Ariel, chick, to the elements be free, and fare thou well!

(*Exit ARIEL.*)

Please you, draw near.

(*Exeunt.*)

EPILOGUE (*Spoken by Prospero.*)

Our revels now are ended.

These our actors, were all spirits and are melted into air, into thin air:

and, like the baseless fabric of this vision, the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Let me not, since I have my dukedom got and pardoned the deceiver, dwell in this bare island by your spell; but release me from my bands with the help of your good hands.

(*Exit PROSPERO.*)