

ACT I

SCENE I

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise

[Enter a Master and a Boatswain]

Master Boatswain!

Boatswain Here, master: what cheer?

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

[Exit]

[Enter Mariners]

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

[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others]

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

Boatswain I pray now, keep below. 10

ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain?

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

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 18

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

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he
hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his
hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable,
for our own doth little advantage. If he be not
born to be hanged, our case is miserable. 31

[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! they are louder than
the weather or our office.

[Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO]

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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

Boatswain Work you then. 40

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

We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were
no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an
unstanched wench.

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

[Enter Mariners wet]

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. 50

SEBASTIAN I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

[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. 60

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, ling, heath, brown furze, any
thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain
die a dry death.

ACT I

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

SCENE II

[Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA]

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

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would 10
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
 The fraughting souls within her.

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

MIRANDA O, woe the day!
 PROSPERO No harm.
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
 And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO 'Tis time
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
[Lays down his mantle]
 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely ordered that there is no soul--
 No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
 For thou must now know farther.

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

PROSPERO The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
 Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 40
 Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

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

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

PROSPERO Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

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; thou his only heir, --
A Princess, no worse issued.

MIRANDA O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 60
Or blessed was't we did?

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

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

PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio --
I 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; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle --
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO Being once perfected how to grant suit,

How to deny them, who to advance and who
 To trash for over-topping, new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
 To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA
 PROSPERO

O, good sir, I do.

I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false 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,

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But what my power might else exact, like one
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing--
 Dost thou hear?

100

MIRANDA
 PROSPERO

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd 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--wi' the King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
 The dukedom yet unbow'd--alas, poor Milan!--
 To most ignoble stooping.

110

MIRANDA
 PROSPERO

O the heavens!

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. 120
The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness, 130
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

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

PROSPERO Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIRANDA Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, 140
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, 150
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 deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA How came we ashore?
PROSPERO By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO Now I arise:
[Resumes his mantle]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, 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 180
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 dulness,
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! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring,--then like reeds, not hair,--
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
 And all the devils are here.'

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

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perish'd;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220
 The king's son have I landed by himself;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO Of the king's ship
 The mariners say how thou hast disposed
 And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARIEL Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again

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

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

ARIEL Past the mid season.

PROSPERO At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
 Must by us both be spent most preciousy. 241

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO How now? moody?
 What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

PROSPERO Before the time be out? no more!

ARIEL I prithee,
 Remember I have done thee worthy service;
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
 Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO Dost thou forget 250
 From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL No.

PROSPERO Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
 Of the salt deep,
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
 To do me business in the veins o' the earth
 When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL I do not, sir.

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

ARIEL No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me. 261

ARIEL Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
 Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
 For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
 To enter human hearing, from Argier,
 Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
 They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
 And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans 280
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island--
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp hag-born--not honour'd with
 A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL Pardon, master;
 I will be correspondent to command
 And do my spiriting gently.

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

ARIEL That's my noble master!
 What shall I do? say what; what shall I do? 300

PROSPERO Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
 And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[Exit ARIEL]

MIRANDA Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!
 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, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CALIBAN [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

[*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph*]
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! 320

[*Enter CALIBAN*]
CALIBAN As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

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

CALIBAN I must eat my dinner. 330
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! 340
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' the island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350
This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

PROSPERO Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar 370
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 kiss'd
The wild waves whist,

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear. 380
Hark, hark!
[Burthen (dispersedly, within) Bow-wow]
The watch-dogs bark!
[Burthen Bow-wow]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck, 390
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

[ARIEL sings]
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 400
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell

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

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

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

MIRANDA What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 410
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

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

[To FERDINAND]

One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO

Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

460

FERDINAND

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

[Draws, and is charmed from moving]

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

470

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.

480

MIRANDA

My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO

Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again

And have no vigour in them.
FERDINAND So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me, 490
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO *[Aside]* It works.
[To FERDINAND]
Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

[To FERDINAND]
Follow me.

[To ARIEL]
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA Be of comfort;
My 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 500
All points of my command.

ARIEL To the syllable.
PROSPERO Come, follow. Speak not for him.

[Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I

[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; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant 5
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. 10

SEBASTIAN He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;

by and by it will strike.

GONZALO Sir,-- 15
 SEBASTIAN One: tell.
 GONZALO When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
 Comes to the entertainer--
 SEBASTIAN A dollar.
 GONZALO Dolour comes to him, indeed: you 20
 have spoken truer than you purposed.
 SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
 GONZALO Therefore, my lord,--
 ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
 ALONSO I prithee, spare. 25
 GONZALO Well, I have done: but yet,--
 SEBASTIAN He will be talking.
 ANTONIO Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
 wager, first begins to crow?
 SEBASTIAN The old cock. 30
 ANTONIO The cockerel.
 SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?
 ANTONIO A laughter.
 SEBASTIAN A match!
 ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert,-- 35
 SEBASTIAN Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.
 ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--
 SEBASTIAN Yet,--
 ADRIAN Yet,--
 ANTONIO He could not miss't. 40
 ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
 temperance.
 ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.
 SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
 ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. 45
 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. 50
 GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
 ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.
 SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in't.
 ANTONIO He misses not much.
 SEBASTIAN No; he doth but mistake the truth totally. 55
 GONZALO But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost
 beyond credit,--
 SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO	That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.	60
ANTONIO	If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?	
SEBASTIAN	Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report	65
GONZALO	Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.	
SEBASTIAN	'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.	
ADRIAN	Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.	70
GONZALO	Not since widow Dido's time.	
ANTONIO	Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!	
SEBASTIAN	What if he had said 'widower AEneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!	75
ADRIAN	'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.	
GONZALO	This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.	
ADRIAN	Carthage?	80
GONZALO	I assure you, Carthage.	
SEBASTIAN	His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.	
ANTONIO	What impossible matter will he make easy next?	
SEBASTIAN	I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.	85
ANTONIO	And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.	
GONZALO	Ay.	
ANTONIO	Why, in good time.	90
GONZALO	Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.	
ANTONIO	And the rarest that e'er came there.	
SEBASTIAN	Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.	95
ANTONIO	O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.	
GONZALO	Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.	
ANTONIO	That sort was well fished for.	
GONZALO	When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?	100
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 105
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
 Hath made his meal on thee?
 FRANCISCO Sir, he may live:
 I saw him beat the surges under him, 110
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke 115
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
 He came alive to land.
 ALONSO No, no, he's gone.
 SEBASTIAN Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, 120
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
 But rather lose her to an African;
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
 ALONSO Prithee, peace. 125
 SEBASTIAN You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
 By all of us, and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your
 son, 130
 I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
 More widows in them of this business' making
 Than we bring men to comfort them:
 The fault's your own.
 ALONSO So is the dear'st o' the loss. 135
 GONZALO My lord Sebastian,
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
 When you should bring the plaster.
 SEBASTIAN Very well. 140
 ANTONIO And most chirurgically.
 GONZALO It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
 When you are cloudy.
 SEBASTIAN Foul weather?
 ANTONIO Very foul. 145
 GONZALO Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,--
 ANTONIO He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
 SEBASTIAN Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO	And were the king on't, what would I do?	
SEBASTIAN	'Scape being drunk for want of wine.	150
GONZALO	I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure; No sovereignty;--	155 160
SEBASTIAN	Yet he would be king on't.	
ANTONIO	The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.	
GONZALO	All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.	165
SEBASTIAN	No marrying 'mong his subjects?	170
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!	175
GONZALO	And,--do you mark me, sir?	
ALONSO	Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.	
GONZALO	I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.	180
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.	185
ANTONIO	What a blow was there given!	
SEBASTIAN	An it had not fallen flat-long.	
GONZALO	You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.	190
<i>[Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music]</i>		
SEBASTIAN	We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.	
ANTONIO	Nay, good my lord, be not angry.	

GONZALO	No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?	195
ANTONIO	Go sleep, and hear us. <i>[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]</i>	
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.	200
ANTONIO	We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.	205
ALONSO	Thank you. Wondrous heavy. <i>[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL]</i>	
SEBASTIAN	What a strange drowsiness possesses them!	
ANTONIO	It is the quality o' the climate.	
SEBASTIAN	Why Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself disposed to sleep.	210
ANTONIO	Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?--No more:-- And yet me thinks I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.	215 220
SEBASTIAN	What, art thou waking?	
ANTONIO	Do you not hear me speak?	
SEBASTIAN	I do; and surely It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.	225
ANTONIO	Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather; wink'st Whiles thou art waking.	230
SEBASTIAN	Thou dost snore distinctly; There's meaning in thy snores.	
ANTONIO	I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do	235

Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me. 240

ANTONIO O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run 245
By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield. 250

ANTONIO Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,--
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only 255
Professes to persuade,--the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope
That he's undrown'd. 260

ANTONIO O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me 265
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN He's gone.

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

SEBASTIAN Claribel. 270

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--
The man i' the moon's too slow--till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that--from whom? 275
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN What stuff is this! how say you? 280

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 330
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth--
For else his project dies--to keep them living.
[Sings in GONZALO's ear]
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take. 335
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 340
Preserve the king.
[They wake]

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

GONZALO What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN Whiles we stood here securing your repose, 345
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO I heard nothing.

ANTONIO O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear, 350
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, 355
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO Lead off this ground; and let's make further search 360
For my poor son.

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

ALONSO Lead away.

ARIEL Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: 365
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exeunt]

ACT II *Another part of the island.*
SCENE II

[Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard]

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch, 5
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which 10
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! 15
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; 20
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot 25
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, 30
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece
of silver: there would this monster make a
man; any strange beast there makes a man:
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame 35
beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,

but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt. 40

[Thunder]

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past. 45

[Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand]

STEPHANO I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore--
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
[Drinks] funeral: well, here's my comfort. 50

[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, 55
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. 60

[Drinks]

CALIBAN Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put

tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I
have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your
four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as
ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground;
and it shall be said so again while Stephano
breathes at's nostrils. 65

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 it be but for that. 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. 75

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 80

	not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.	
CALIBAN	Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.	
STEPHANO	Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.	85
TRINCULO	I should know that voice: it should be--but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!	90
STEPHANO	Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.	95
TRINCULO	Stephano!	
STEPHANO	Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.	100
TRINCULO	Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard--thy good friend Trinculo.	
STEPHANO	If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?	105
TRINCULO	I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!	110 115
STEPHANO	Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.	
CALIBAN	<i>[Aside]</i> These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.	120
STEPHANO	How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle; which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was	125

cast ashore.

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

STEPHANO Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a
duck, I'll be sworn. 130

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a
duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO O Stephano. hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the
sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf!
how does thine ague? 135

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'
the moon when time was. 140

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

STEPHANO Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish
it anon with new contents swear.

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!
I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i'
the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well
drawn, monster, in good sooth! 145

CALIBAN I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god. 150

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
monster! when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

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

STEPHANO Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed
monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my
heart to beat him,-- 155

STEPHANO Come, kiss.

TRINCULO But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

CALIBAN I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man. 160

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a
Poor drunkard! 165

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 170

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; 175
 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! 180
 CALIBAN No more dams I'll make for fish
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring;
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban 185
 Has a new master: get a new man.
 Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
 hey-day, freedom!
 STEPHANO O brave monster! Lead the way.
 [*Exeunt*]

ACT III *Before PROSPERO'S Cell.*

SCENE I

[Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log]

FERDINAND There be some sports are painful, and their labour
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 5
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up, 10
 Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
 Most busy lest, when I do it. 15

[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 enjoin'd to pile!
 Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father 20

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. 25

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

FERDINAND No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by. 30

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. 35

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

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND No, noble mistress;'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you--
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers--
What is your name? 40

MIRANDA Miranda.--O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so! 45

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage 50
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so fun soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you, 55
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 60
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, 65

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 70
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
 I would, not so!--and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
 The very instant that I saw you, did 75
 My heart fly to your service; there resides,
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake
 Am I this patient log--man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound 80
 And crown what I profess with kind event
 If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
 Do love, prize, honour you. 85

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

PROSPERO Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em! 90

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, 95
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, 100
 Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND My mistress, dearest;
 And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband, then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing 105
 As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

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

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally]

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 40
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's tale, by 45
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 50
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 How now shall this be compassed? 55
Canst thou bring me to the party?

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

ARIEL Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! 60
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: 65
interrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors
and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRINCULO Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther
off. 70

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? take thou that.

[Beats TRINCULO]

TRINCULO As you like this, give me the lie another time. 75
I did not give the lie. Out o' your
wits and bearing too? A pox o' your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on
your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN	Ha, ha, ha!	
STEPHANO	Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.	80
CALIBAN	Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.	
STEPHANO	Stand farther. Come, proceed.	
CALIBAN	Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books. He has brave utensils,--for so he calls them-- Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; 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 great'st does least.	85 90 95 100
STEPHANO	Is it so brave a lass?	
CALIBAN	Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant. And bring thee forth brave brood.	
STEPHANO	Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen--save our graces!--and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?	105
TRINCULO	Excellent.	
STEPHANO	Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.	110
CALIBAN	Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?	
STEPHANO	Ay, on mine honour.	
ARIEL	This will I tell my master.	115
CALIBAN	Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure: Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?	
STEPHANO	At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.	120
[Sings]	Flout 'em and scout 'em And scout 'em and flout 'em	

Thought is free.

CALIBAN That's not the tune.
[Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe]

STEPHANO What is this same? 125

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

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

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins! 130

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. 135
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 140
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. 145

STEPHANO That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

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

STEPHANO Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see
this tabourer; he lays it on. 150

TRINCULO Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.
[Exeunt]

ACT III *Another part of the island.*

SCENE III

[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others]

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

ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee, 5
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks 10

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. 15
 SEBASTIAN *[Aside to ANTONIO]* The next advantage
 Will we take throughly.
 ANTONIO *[Aside to SEBASTIAN]* Let it be to-night;
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance 20
 As when they are fresh.
 SEBASTIAN *[Aside to ANTONIO]* I say, to-night: no more.
[Solemn and strange music]
 ALONSO What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
 GONZALO Marvellous sweet music!
*[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 Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these? 25
 SEBASTIAN A living drollery. Now I will believe
 That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
 At this hour reigning there.
 ANTONIO I'll believe both; 30
 And what does else want credit, come to me,
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did
 lie,
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.
 GONZALO If in Naples 35
 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 40
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.
 PROSPERO *[Aside]* Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils. 45
 ALONSO I cannot too much muse
 Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.
 PROSPERO *[Aside]* Praise in departing. 50
 FRANCISCO They vanish'd strangely.
 SEBASTIAN No matter, since
 They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?
 ALONSO Not I. 55
 GONZALO Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find 60
 Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
 Good warrant of.
 ALONSO I will stand to and feed,
 Although my last: no matter, since I feel
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke, 65
 Stand to and do as we.
*[Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a
 quaint device, the banquet vanishes]*
 ARIEL You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
 That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island 70
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves.
[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords]
 You fools! I and my fellows 75
 Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers 80
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
 And will not be uplifted. But remember--
 For that's my business to you--that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 85
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, 90
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
 Lingerin' perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from--
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 95
 Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

[*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
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated 100
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power; 105
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling.

[*Exit above*]

GONZALO I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare? 110

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: it did bass my trespass. 115
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

[*Exit*]

SEBASTIAN But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er. 120

ANTONIO I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO*]

GONZALO All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly 125
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

SCENE I

[*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA*]

PROSPERO If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,

Or that for which I live; who once again
 I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations 5
 Were but my trials of thy love and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10
 And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND I do believe it
 Against an oracle.

PROSPERO Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchased take my daughter: but 15
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow: but barren hate, 20
 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 25
 For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away 30
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think: or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke.
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own. 35
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

[Enter ARIEL]

ARIEL What would my potent master? here I am.

PROSPERO Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, 40
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me. 45

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
 And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
 Each one, tripping on his toe, 50
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? no?

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

ARIEL Well, I conceive. 55
[Exit]

PROSPERO Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow!

FERDINAND I warrant you sir; 60
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO Well.
 Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
 Rather than want a spirit: appear and perty! 65
 No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

[Soft music]
[Enter IRIS]

IRIS Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep; 70
 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom -groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard; 75
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air;--the queen o' the sky,

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, 80
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

[Enter CERES]

CERES Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers 85
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,

	Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?	90
IRIS	A contract of true love to celebrate; And some donation freely to estate On the blest lovers.	
CERES	Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have forsworn.	95
IRIS	Of her society Be not afraid: I met her deity Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but vain; Mars's hot minion is returned again; Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows And be a boy right out.	100 105 110
CERES	High'st queen of state, Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.	
	<i>[Enter JUNO]</i>	
JUNO	How does my bounteous sister? Go with me To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be And honour'd in their issue.	115
	<i>[They sing:]</i>	
JUNO	Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings upon you.	
CERES	Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and garners never empty, Vines and clustering bunches growing, Plants with goodly burthen bowing; Spring come to you at the farthest In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun you; Ceres' blessing so is on you.	120 125
FERDINAND	This is a most majestic vision, and Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits?	130
PROSPERO	Spirits, which by mine art	

I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife 135
Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment]

PROSPERO Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd. 140

IRIS You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate 145
A contract of true love; be not too late.

[Enter certain Nymphs]

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one 150
In country footing.

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

PROSPERO *[Aside]* I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. 155

[To the Spirits]

Well done! avoid; no more!

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

MIRANDA Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd. 160

PROSPERO You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air: 165
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, 170
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

	As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd; Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled: Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:	175
	If you be pleased, retire into my cell And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, To still my beating mind.	
MIRANDA	We wish your peace.	
<i>[Exeunt]</i>		
PROSPERO	Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel: come.	180
<i>[Enter ARIEL]</i>		
ARIEL	Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?	
PROSPERO	Spirit, We must prepare to meet with Caliban.	
ARIEL	Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres, I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd Lest I might anger thee.	185
PROSPERO	Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?	
ARIEL	I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking; So fun of valour that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabour; At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears, Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns, Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake O'erstunk their feet.	190
		195
		200
PROSPERO	This was well done, my bird. Thy shape invisible retain thou still: The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.	205
ARIEL	I go, I go.	
<i>[Exit]</i>		
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.	210

[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 215
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 220
which my nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take
a displeasure against you, look you,--

TRINCULO Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN Good my lord, give me thy favour still. 225
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, 230
monster, but an infinite loss.

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

STEPHANO I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
for my labour. 235

CALIBAN Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker. 240

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. 245
O king Stephano!

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

TRINCULO Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN The dropsy drown this fool I what do you mean 250
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, 255
is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under

the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: 260
wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest. 265

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

STEPHANO Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this. 270

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on]

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver I there it goes, Silver! 275

PROSPERO Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them Than pard or cat o' mountain. 280

ARIEL Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little Follow, and do me service. 285

[Exeunt]

ACT V *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

SCENE I

[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. 5

PROSPERO I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and's followers?
 ARIEL Confined together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge, 10
 Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
 In the line-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, 15
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
 Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
 That if you now beheld them, your affections 20
 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 25
 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 'gaitist my fury 30
 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, 35
 And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir.
[Exit]

PROSPERO Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot 40
 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, 45
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak 50
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic 55
 I here abjure, and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 60
 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,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 65
 For you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night, 70
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces 75
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, 80
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 85
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
 I will discase me, and myself present 90
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;

Thou shalt ere long be free.

[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. 95
 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.

PROSPERO Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee: 100
 But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place, 105
 And presently, I prithee.

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

[Exit]

GONZALO All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement 110
 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; 115
 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

ALONSO Whether thou best he or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse 120
 Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
 An if this be at all, a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat 125
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
 Be living and be here?

PROSPERO First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measured or confined. 130

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

PROSPERO You do yet taste
 Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

	Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!	135
	<i>[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]</i>	
	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	<i>[Aside]</i> The devil speaks in him.	140
PROSPERO	No. For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know, Thou must restore.	145
ALONSO	If thou be'st Prospero, Give us particulars of thy preservation; How thou hast met us here, who three hours since Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost-- How sharp the point of this remembrance is!-- My dear son Ferdinand.	150
PROSPERO	I am woe for't, sir.	
ALONSO	Irreparable is the loss, and patience Says it is past her cure.	155
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!	160
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? O heavens, that they were living both in Naples, The king and queen there! that they were, I wish Myself were mudded in that oozy bed Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?	165
PROSPERO	In this last tempest. I perceive these lords At this encounter do so much admire That they devour their reason and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have Been justled from your senses, know for certain That I am Prospero and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,	170
		175

	To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast nor Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, 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.	180
	<i>[Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess]</i>	
MIRANDA	Sweet lord, you play me false.	
FERDINAND	No, my dear'st love, I would not for the world.	190
MIRANDA	Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, And I would call it, fair play.	
ALONSO	If this prove A vision of the Island, one dear son Shall I twice lose.	195
SEBASTIAN	A most high miracle!	
FERDINAND	Though the seas threaten, they are merciful; I have cursed them without cause.	
	<i>[Kneels]</i>	
ALONSO	Now all the blessings Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou camest here.	200
MIRANDA	O, wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has such people in't!	205
PROSPERO	'Tis new to thee.	
ALONSO	What is this maid with whom thou wast at play? Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours: Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us, And brought us thus together?	210
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.	215
ALONSO	I am hers:	220

	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.	225
GONZALO	I have inly wept, Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god, And on this couple drop a blessed crown! For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way Which brought us hither.	230
ALONSO	I say, Amen, Gonzalo!	
GONZALO	Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis, And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom In a poor isle and all of us ourselves When no man was his own.	235 240
ALONSO	<i>[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA]</i> Give me your hands: Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy!	
GONZALO	Be it so! Amen!	245
	<i>[Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following]</i> O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us: I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy, That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore? Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?	250
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 rigg'd as when We first put out to sea.	255
ARIEL	<i>[Aside to PROSPERO]</i> Sir, all this service Have I done since I went.	
PROSPERO	<i>[Aside to ARIEL]</i> My tricky spirit!	
ALONSO	These are not natural events; they strengthen From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?	260
Boatswain	If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, And--how we know not--all clapp'd under hatches; Where but even now with strange and several noises Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,	265

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, 270
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them
 And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL *[Aside to PROSPERO]* Was't well done?
 PROSPERO *[Aside to ARIEL]* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
 ALONSO This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod 275
 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 280
 The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
 And think of each thing well. 285

[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 290
 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. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!
 TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my head, 295
 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! 300
 What things are these, my lord Antonio?
 Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO Very like; one of them
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
 PROSPERO Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, 305
 Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
 His mother was a witch, and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil-- 310
For he's a bastard one--had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinch'd to death. 315
ALONSO Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
SEBASTIAN He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALONSO And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle? 320

TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano!
STEPHANO O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp. 325
PROSPERO You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?
STEPHANO I should have been a sore one then.
ALONSO This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[Pointing to Caliban]

PROSPERO He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell; 330
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 335
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 340
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 345
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 350

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; 355
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

[Aside to ARIEL]

My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements 360
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt]

EPILOGUE

PROSPERO] Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not, 5
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands: 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair, 15
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20