

William Shakespeare's

# THE TEMPEST

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## NOTE ON THE TEXT

This performance script is drawn from the First Folio of 1623. Doug Moston has prepared an amalgamated version assembled from the individual fair pages of several facsimiles. For this script, spellings have been modernized, excising appendant e's, normalizing u to v, v to u, and j to i, for example; but original capitalization, contractions and most punctuation have been retained—most notably colons which indicate internal, but not final, stops within a given speech. Some vocabulary has been emended to reflect contemporary usage. For example, 'own' has been substituted for 'owe'. The archaic spelling of 'Millaine'—usually transposed as the current 'Milan'—has here been replaced with the unusual 'Millan' in order to elicit a scanned pronunciation. Finally, several lines of text have been excised altogether. These minor alterations have been made in order to achieve a more easily readable—readily *actable*—version of the First Folio text.

*The Scene, an un-inhabited Island.*

***Names of the Actors:***

*Alonso, King of Naples.*

*Sebastian, his Brother.*

*Prospero, the right Duke of Millan.*

*Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Millan.*

*Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.*

*Gonzalo, an honest old Councilor.*

*Adrian, a Lord.*

*Francisco, a Lord.*

*Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.*

*Trinculo, a Jester.*

*Stephano, a drunken Butler.*

*Master of a Ship.*

*Boatswain.*

*Mariners.*

*Miranda, daughter to Prospero.*

*Ariell, an airy spirit.*

*Iris }*

*Ceres }*

*Juno }* *Spirits*

*Nymphes }*

*Reapers }*

**(I.i.)**

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard:  
Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.*

*Master.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here Master: What cheer?

*Mast.* Good: Speak to th'Mariners: fall  
too't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground.

Bestir, bestir. *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh my hearts! cheerly, cheerly my hearts:  
yare, yare: Take in the topsail: Tend to th'Master's  
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room  
enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand,  
Gonzalo, Francisco, and Adrian.*

*Alon.* Good Boatswain have care: where's the Master?  
Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now keep below.

*Anth.* Where is the Master, Boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? you mar our labor:  
Keep your Cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

*Boats.* When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers  
for the name of King? to Cabin; silence: trouble

us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* 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 liv'd so long and make your self ready in your Cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way I say! *Exit.*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallows: If he be not borne to be hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

*Enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* 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:

*Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo*

yet again? What do you here? Shall we

give o'er and drown? have you a mind to sink?

*Sebas.* A pox o'your throat, you bawling blasphemous  
uncharitable Dog.

*Boats.* Work you then.

*Anth.* Hang cur; hang, you whoreson insolent Noisemaker!

We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

*Gonz.* I'll warrant him from drowning, though the  
Ship were no stronger than a Nutshell.

*Boats.* Lay her a hold! a hold! set her two courses off  
to Sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mari.* All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gonz.* The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them,  
for our case is as theirs.

*Sebas.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chopped rascal, would thou mightst lie drowning  
the washing of ten Tides.

*Gonz.* He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,

*A confused noise within.*

Mercy on us.

We split, we split: Farewell my wife and children:

Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

*Ant.* Let's all sink with'th' King. *Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

*Gonz.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea,  
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Brown  
furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would  
fain die a dry death. *Exit.*

(I.ii)

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Mira.* 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 th' welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessel

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)

Dash'd all to pieces: O the cry did knock

Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any God of power, I would

Have sunk the Sea within the Earth or ere

It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and

The fraughting Souls within her.

*Pros.* Be collected,

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

*Mira.* O woe the day.

*Pros.* No harm:

I have done nothing but in care of thee  
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better  
Than *Prospero*, Master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater Father.

*Mira.* More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther: Lend thy hand  
And pluck my Magic garment from me: So,  
Lie there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes: have comfort:  
The direful spectacle of the wrack which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine Art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No not so much perdition as an hair—



In the dark-backward and Abyss of Time?

If thou remembrest aught ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since ( *Miranda*) twelve year since

Thy father was the Duke of *Millan* and

A Prince of power:

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my Father?

*Pros.* Thy Mother was a piece of virtue and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of *Millan* and his only heir,

A Princess, no worse Issued.

*Mira.* O the heavens,

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

*Pros.* Both, both my Girl.

By foul play (as thou sayst) were we heaved thence,

But blessedly helped hither.

*Mira.* O my heart bleeds

To think o'th' teen that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance; please you, farther;

*Pros.* 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 lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state, as at that time  
Through all the regions 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?)

*Mira.*                      Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* — Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
how to deny them, who t'advance and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key,  
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear: Thou attend'st not?

*Mira.* O good Sir, I do.

*Pros.*                      I pray thee mark me:  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind





Was I then to you?

*Pro.*                    O, a Cherubin

Thou was't that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I had deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groan'd, which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.*                    How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By providence divine:

Some food we had, and some fresh water that  
A noble *Neopolitan, Gonzalo*,  
Out of his Charity, (who 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 furnished me  
From mine own Library with volumes that  
I prize above my Dukedom.

*Mir.*                    Would I might

But ever see that man.

*Pro.*                    Now I arise,

Sit still and hear the last of our sea-sorrow:



*Ariel* and all his Quality.

*Pro.*                   Hast thou, Spirit,  
Performed to point the Tempest that I bad thee.

*Ar.* To every Article.  
I boarded the King's ship: now on the Beak,  
Now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin,  
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide  
And burn in many places; on the Top-mast,  
The Yards and Bowsprit would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. *Jove's* Lightning, the precursors  
O'th' dreadful Thunderclaps, more momentary  
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*  
Seemed to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

*Pro.*                   My brave Spirit,  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ar.*                   Not a soul  
But felt a Fever of the mad and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all a fire with me: the Kings son *Ferdinand*

With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)  
Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,  
And all the Devils are here.'

*Pro.* Why that's my spirit:  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ar.* Close by, my Master.

*Pro.* But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

*Ar.* Not a hair perish'd:  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and as thou badst me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the Air with sighs  
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the King's ship,  
The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

*Ar.* Safely in harbor  
Is the King's ship, in the deep Nook, where once  
Thou calledst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vexed *Bermudas*, there she's hid;  
The Mariners all under hatches stowed,







To lay upon the damn'd which *Sycorax*  
Could not again undo: it was mine Art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The Pine and let thee out.

*Ar.* I thank thee Master.

*Pro.* 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.

*Ar.* Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so: and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ar.* That's my noble Master:

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

*Pro.* Go make thy self like a Nymph o' th' 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.*

*Pro.* Awake, dear heart, awake; thou hast slept well,  
Awake.

*Mir.* The strangeness of your story put

Heaviness in me.

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

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

*Pro.* But as 'tis  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices  
That profit us: What ho: slave: *Caliban*:  
Thou Earth, thou: speak.

*Cal. within.* There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth I say, there's other business for thee:  
Come thou Tortoise, when?

*Enter Ariel like a water-Nymph*

Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*.

Hark in thine ear.

*Ar.* My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

*Enter Caliban.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as ere my mother brush'd  
With Raven's feather from unwholesome Fen  
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on ye

And blister you all ore.

*Pro.* For this be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; Urchins

Shall forth at 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.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner:

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first

Thou stroke'st me and made much of me: would'st give me

Water with berries in't: and teach me how

To name the bigger Light and how the less

That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee

And showed thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,

The fresh Springs, Brine-pits, barren place and fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charms

Of *Sycorax*: Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you:

For I am all the Subjects that you have,

Which first was mine own King: and here you sty me

In this hard Rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o'th' Island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,





*Hark, hark: I hear, the strain of strutting Chanticleer  
cry cockadiddle-dow.*

*Fer.* Where should this Music be? I'th air, or th'earth?

It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon  
Some God 'o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the King my Father's wrack  
This Music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion  
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it  
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

*Ariell Song.*

*Full fathom five thy Father lies,  
Of his bones are Coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a Sea-change  
Into something rich, and strange:  
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.*

Burthen: ding dong.

*Hark now I hear them, ding-dong bell.*

*Fer.* The Ditty does remember my drown'd father;  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound



(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)

If you be Maid, or no?

*Mir.* No wonder Sir,

But certainly a Maid.

*Fer.* My Language? Heavens:

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How? the best?

What wert thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of *Naples*: he does hear me,

And that he does, I weep: myself am *Naples*,

Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebb) beheld

The King my Father wrack'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy.

*Fer.* Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millan*

And his brave son, being twain.

*Pro.* The Duke of *Millan*

And his more braver daughter could control thee

If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight

They have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,

I'll set thee free for this. A word good Sir,

I fear you have done your self some wrong: A word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first  
That ere I sighed for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way.

*Fer.* O, if a Virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of *Naples*.

*Pro.* Soft sir, one word more.  
They are both in either's powers: But this swift business  
I must uneasy make, least too light winning  
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee  
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou own'st not, and hast put thyself  
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the Lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* 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.

*Pro.* 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 Mussels, withered roots, and husks  
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.

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

*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mira.* O dear Father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not dang'rous.

*Pros.* What I say,  
My foot my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor,  
Who mak'st a show but dar'st 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.

*Mira.* Beseech you Father.

*Pros.* Hence: hang not on my garments.

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

*Pros.* 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,





*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* One:

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd,  
That's offered comes to th'entertainer.

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken  
truer then you purpos'd.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier then I meant you  
should.

*Gon.* Therefore my Lord.

*Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

*Alon.* I prithee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,  
First begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old Cock.

*Ant.* The Cockrell.

*Seb.* Done: The wager?

*Ant.* A Laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this Island seem to be desert—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* So: you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a Fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True, save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks?

How green?

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

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

*Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

*Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) drench'd  
in the Sea, hold (notwithstanding) their freshness and  
glosses, being rather new dy'd than stain'd with saltwater.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would  
it not say he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Me thinks our garments are now as fresh as  
when we put them on first in Africa, at the marriage  
of the king's fair daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

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

*Adri.* *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon  
to their Queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow *Dido's* time.

*Ant.* Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widow in?

*Seb.* Widow *Dido!*

*Adri.* Widow *Dido* said you? You make me study  
of that: She was of *Carthage* not of *Tunis*.

*Gon.* This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

*Adri.* *Carthage?*

*Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?



Whose enmity he flung aside: and breasted  
The surge most swoll'n that met him: his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To th'shore; I not doubt  
He came alive to Land.

*Alon.*                               No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir you may thank your self for this great loss,  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather loose her to an African;  
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who have cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.*   Prithee peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd too, and importun'd otherwise  
By all of us: and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your son  
I fear forever: *Millan* and *Naples* have  
More widows in them of this business-making  
Than we bring men to comfort them:  
The fault's your own.

*Alon.*                               So is the dear'st oth' loss.

*Gon.* 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.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most Surgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord—

*Ant.* He'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or Mallows.

*Gon.* And were the King on't, what would I do?

*Seb.* Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

*Gon.* I'th'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,

Borne, 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.

*Seb.* Yet he would be King on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets  
the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common Nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavor: Treason, felony,  
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine  
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern Sir,  
T'Excell the Golden Age.

*Seb.* 'Save his Majesty.

*Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

*Gon.* And do you mark me, Sir?

*Alon.* Prithee no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* 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.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

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

*Ant.* What a blow was there given?

*Seb.* And it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* 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.

*Enter Ariel playing solemn Music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

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

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes  
Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,  
I find they are inclined to do so.

*Seb.* Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

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

*Ant.* We two my Lord, will guard your person,  
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: Wondrous heavy.



Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.*                   Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious then my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

*Seb.*                   Well: I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.*                   Do so: to ebb

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

*Ant.*                   O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mock it.

*Seb.*                   Prithee say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee.

*Ant.*                   Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weak remembrance—this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd—hath here almost persuaded

(For he's a Spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade) the King his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd

As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you? Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

*Seb.* He's gone.

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

*Seb.* *Claribell*.

*Ant.* She that is Queen of *Tunis*: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life: She that from whom

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.

*Seb.* What stuff is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,

So is she here of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions

There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose ev'ry cubit

Seems to cry out, 'How shall that *Claribell*

Measure us back to *Naples*?' keep in *Tunis*,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say this were death





*Sings in Gonzaloes ear.*

*While you here do snoring lie,*

*Open-ey'd Conspiracy*

*His time doth take:*

*If of Life you keep a care,*

*Shake off slumber and beware.*

*Awake, awake.*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good Angels preserve the King.

*Alo.* Why how now? ho; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like Bulls, or rather Lions; did't not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alo.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a Monster's ear;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar

Of a whole heard of Lions.

*Alo.* Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

*Gon.* Upon mine honor Sir I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd 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.

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

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these Beasts:  
For he is sure i'th Island.

*Alo.* Lead away.

*Ariell.* *Prospero* my Lord shall know what I have done.

So (King) go safely on to seek thy Son. *Exeunt.*

**(II.ii)**

*Enter Caliban, with a burden of Wood (a noise of Thunder heard.)*

*Cal.* All the infections that the Sun sucks up  
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him  
By inchmeal a disease: his Spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with Urchin-shows, pitch me i'th mire,  
Nor lead me like a fire-brand in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me: then like Hedgehogs, which

Lye tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall: sometime am I  
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues  
Doe hiss me into madness: Lo, now Lo,

*Enter Trinculo.*

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.

*Tri.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any  
weather at all; and another Storm brewing, I hear it  
sing i'th' winde: yond same black cloud, yond huge  
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his  
liquor: if it should thunder as it did before, I know  
not where to hide my head; yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here, a man,  
or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, he smells like a fish: a  
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the  
newest sardine: a strange fish: were I in *England*  
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not  
a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver:  
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange  
beast there makes a man: when they will not give a  
dime to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see

a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man, and his Finns like  
Armes: 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: Alas,  
the storm is come again: my best way is to creep  
under his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter here  
about: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows:  
I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter Stephano singing.*

*Ste. 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

Funeral: well, here's my comfort. *Drinks. Sings.*

*The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain and I,*

*The Gunner and his Mate*

*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*

*But none of us car'd for Kate.*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,*

*Would cry to a Sailor go hang:*

*She lov'd not the savor of Tar nor of Pitch,*

*Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.*

*Then to Sea Boys and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me: oh.

*Ste.* What's the matter?

Have we devils here?

Do you put tricks upon's with Savages and Men of  
Inde? ha? I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afeard  
now of your four legs: for it hath been said, 'as pro-  
per a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him  
give ground': and it shall be said so again while *Stephano*  
breathes at' nostrils.

*Cal.* The Spirit torments me: oh.

*Ste.* This is some Monster of the Isle, with four legs;  
who hath got (as I take it) a Fever: where the devil  
should he learn our language? 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 Shoe leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me 'prithee: I'll bring my  
wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the  
wisest; he shall taste of my Bottle: if he have never  
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit:  
if I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take  
too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him,

and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,  
I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* works  
upon thee.

*Ste.* 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.

*Tri.* I should know that voice:

It should be—

But he is drown'd; and these are devils; O  
defend me.

*Ste.* 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.

*Tri.* *Stephano.*

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy:  
This is a devil and no Monster: I will leave him: I  
have no long Spoon.

*Tri. Stephano:* if thou be'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

*Ste.* If thou be'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: how cam'st thou to be the turd of this Moon-calf? Can he vent *Trinculos*?

*Tri.* I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke; but art thou not drown'd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not drown'd: Is the Storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead Moon-Calf's Gaberdine for fear of the Storm: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* 'scap'd?

*Ste.* 'Prithee do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, and if they be not sprites: that's a brave God, and bears Celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a Butt of Sack, which the Sailors heaved o're-

board, by this Bottle which I made of the bark of  
a Tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear upon that Bottle to be thy true subject,  
for the liquor is not earthly.

*St.* Here: swear then how thou escap'st.

*Tri.* Swam ashore (man) like a Duck: I can swim  
like a Duck I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the Book.

Though thou canst swim like a Duck, thou art made  
like a Goose.

*Tri.* O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole Keg (man) my Cellar is in a rock  
by th'seaside, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moon-Calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Ha'st thou not dropp'd from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o'th Moon I do assure thee. I was the  
Man i'th' Moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that: kiss the Book: I will  
furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear.

*Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster:

I afeard of him? a very weak Monster:

The Man i'th' Moone?

A most poor credulous Monster:

Well drawn Monster in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o'th Island: and

I will kiss thy foot: I prithee be my god.

*Tri.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken

Monster; when's god's asleep he'll rob his Bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy Subject.

*Ste.* Come on then: down and swear.

*Tri.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed

Monster: a most scurvy Monster: I could find in

my heart to beat him—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Tri.* But that the poor Monster's in drink:

An abominable Monster.

*Cal.* 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.

*Tri.* A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of

a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I 'prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;

and I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

show thee a Jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare  
the nimble Marmoset: I'll bring thee to clust'ring  
Filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels  
from the Rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I prithee now lead the way without any more  
talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else  
being drown'd, we will inherit here: Here; bear my  
Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by again.

*Caliban Sings drunkenly.*

*Cal.* Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

*Tri.* A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish,

*Nor fetch in firing at requiring,*

*Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,*

*Ban' ban' Cacaliban*

*Has a new Master, get a new Man.*

Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-  
day, freedom.

*Ste.* O brave Monster; lead the way.                    *Exeunt.*

**(III.i)**

*Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)*

*Fer.* There be some Sports are painful; and their labor

Delight in them set off: Some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends: this my mean Task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The Mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labors, pleasures: O She is  
Ten times more gentle than her Father's crabbed;  
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these Logs and pile them up  
upon a sore injunction; my sweet Mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness  
Had never like Executor: I forget:  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,  
Most busiest, when I do it.

*Enter Miranda and Prospero.*

*Mir.* Alas, now pray you  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoin'd to pile:  
Pray set it down and rest you: when this burns  
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my Father  
Is hard at study; pray now rest your self.  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear Mistress,



Indeed the top of Admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world: full many a Lady  
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time  
Th'harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women, never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every Creature's best.

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

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
A Prince (*Miranda*), I do think a King;  
(I would not so) and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth: hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service, there resides  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient Log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert  
What best is boaded me to mischief: I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world,  
Do love, prize, honor you.

*Mir.* I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pro.* Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections: heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em.

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer



**(III.ii)**

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

*Ste.* Tell not me, when the Keg is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up & board em': Servant Monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant Monster? the folly of this Island; they say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them: if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

*Ste.* Drink servant Monster when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave Monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in Sack: for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I swam ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty Leagues off and on: by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

*Trin.* Your Lieutenant if you list, he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest

a good Moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe:

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case  
to juggle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,  
was there ever man a Coward that hath drunk so much  
Sack as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being  
but half a Fish and half a Monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him my  
Lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such  
a Naturall.

*Cal.* Lo, lo again: bite him to death I prithee.

*Ste. Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head: If  
you prove a mutineer, the next Tree: the poor Monster's  
my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd  
to hearken once again to the suite I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel and repeat it:

I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

*Enter Ariel invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tyrant,  
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me

Of the Island.

*Ariell.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest thou jesting Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

*Ste. Trinculo,* if you trouble him any more in's tale,

By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then and no more: proceed.

*Cal.* I say by Sorcery he got this Isle:

From me he got it. If thy Greatness will

Revenge it on him (for I know thou dar'st)

But this Thing dare not—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compass'd?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea my Lord; I'll yield him thee asleep

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ariell.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied Ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch:

I do beseech thy Greatness give him blows

And take his bottle from him: When that's gone

He shall drink nought but brine for I'll not show him  
Where the quick Freshes are.

*Ste. Trinculo*, run into no further danger:

Interrupt the Monster one word further and by this  
hand I'll turn my mercy out o'doors and make a  
Stockfish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing:

I'll go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ariel.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? Take thou that,

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

*Trin.* I did not give the lie: Out o'your wits and  
hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sack and drinking do:

A murren on your Monster and the devil take your  
fingers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ste.* Now forward with your Tale: prithee stand  
further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time

I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther: Come proceed.





*Trin.* O forgive me my sins.

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee:

Mercy upon us.

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No Monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard, the Isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not:  
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices,  
That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
where I shall have my Music for nothing.

*Cal.* When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by:

I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away,

Lets follow it, and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead Monster;

We'll follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He lays it on.

*Exeunt.*

**(III.iii)**

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin I can go no further, Sir,

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed

Through forthrights and Meanders: by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

*Al.* Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness

To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit down and rest:

Even here I will put off my hope and keep it

No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd

Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land: well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope:

Do not for one repulse forgo the purpose

That you resolv'd t'effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage will we take throughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to night,

For now they are oppress'd with travail, they

Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

*Solemn and strange Music: and Prosper on the top (invisible:)  
Enter a Banquet.*

*Seb.* I say to night: no more.

*Al.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark.

*Gon.* Marvelous sweet Music.

*Alo.* Give us kind keepers, heavens: what are these?

*Seb.* A living *Drollery*: now I will believe

That there are Unicorns.

*Ant.* I'll believe it too:

And what does else want credit, come to me

And I'll be sworn 'tis true:

*Gon.* If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?

*Fr.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since

They have left their Viands behind; for we have stomachs.

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

*Alo.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith Sir, you need not fear.

*Al.* I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last, no matter, since I feel

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke—

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel (like a Harpy) claps  
his wings upon the Table, and with a quaint device the  
Banquet vanishes.*

Ar. 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 caus'd to belch up you; and on this Island  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live: I have made you mad;  
And even with such like valor, men hang and drown  
Their proper selves: you fools, I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate; the Elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at-Stabs  
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish  
One dowel that's in my plume: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted: But remember  
(For that's my business to you) that you three  
From *Millan* did supplant good *Prospero*,  
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed,  
The Powers— delaying (not forgetting)—have

Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures  
Against your peace: Thee of thy Son, *Alonso*,  
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me  
Ling'ring 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  
Upon your heads—is nothing but hearts-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder.*

*Pro.* Bravely the figure of this *Harpy* hast thou  
Perform'd (my *Ariel*): a grace it had devouring:  
Of my Instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou had'st to say: my high charms work,  
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is drown'd)  
And his and mine lov'd darling.

*Gon.* I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Al.* O, it is monstrous: monstrous:  
Me thought the billows spoke and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me: and the Thunder  
(That deep and dreadful Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd  
The name of *Prosper*: it did base my Trespass;  
Therefore my Son i'th Ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper then e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. *Exit.*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their Legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy Second. *Exeunt.*

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their great guilt  
(Like poison given to work a great time after)  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits: follow them swiftly.  
*Exeunt omnes.*

(IV.i)

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

*Pro.* If I have too austerely punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live: who once again  
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her of,  
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all praise  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an Oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But  
If thou dost break her Virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy right be ministered,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed  
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair Issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,  
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt  
Mine honor into lust.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke;  
Sit then and talk with her, she is thine own;  
What *Ariel*; my industrious servant *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel*.

*Ar.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service  
Did worthily perform: and I must use you  
In such another trick: go bring the rabble  
(Ore 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.

*Ar.* Presently?

*Pro.* I: with a twink.

*Ar.* Before you can say 'come and go,'  
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so':  
Each one tripping on his Toe  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Doe you love me Master? no?

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*: do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ar.* Well I conceive. *Exit*.

*Pro.* Look thou be true: do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw

To th'fire ith' blood.

*Fer.* I warrant you Sir,

The white cold virgin Snow upon my heart

Abates the ardor of my Liver.

*Pro.* Well.

Now come my *Ariel*; appear, and pertly.

*Soft Music*

No tongue. All eyes. Be silent.

*Enter Iris.*

*Ir.* *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich fields

Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peas;

Thy Turfy Mountains, where live nibbling Sheep,

And flat Fields thatch'd with Clover, them to keep:

The Queen o'th Sky,

Whose messenger am I,

Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,

Here on this island, in this very place

Do come, and sport: here Peacocks fly amain:

Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

*Enter Ceres.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-colored Messenger, that ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers

Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers,

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

*Fer.*                    Let me live here ever,  
So rare a wondred Father, and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise.

*Pro.*                    Sweet now, silence:

*Juno, Ceres, Iris whisper*

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Juno, Ceres, Iris.* You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the windring brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,  
Come temperate *Nymphes*, and help to celebrate  
A Contract of true Love: be not too late.

*Enter Certain Nymphes.*

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry,  
And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one

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

*Pro.* I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast *Caliban* and his confederates



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The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial Pageant faded  
Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep: Sir, I am vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,  
And there repose, a turn or two I'll walk  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mir.*                      We wish your peace.                      *Exit.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariel*: come.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ar.* Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

*Pro.* Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

*Ar.* Ay my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd

Least I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ar.* I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,

So full of valor that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces: beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project: then I beat my Tabor,  
At which like unback'd colts they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eye-lids, 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 briars, sharpe furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,  
Which entred their frail shins: at last I left them  
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell;  
There dancing up to th'chins, that the foul Lake  
Ore-stunk their feet.

*Pro.*                      This was well done (my bird)

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

*Ar.*                                      I go, I go.                      *Exit.*

*Pro.* 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: Come, hang them on this line.  
*Enter Ariel, laden with glistering apparel, etc.*

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you tread softly that the blind Mole may

not hear a foot fall: we now are near his Cell.

*St.* Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmless Fairy,

Has done little better then play'd the Jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which

My nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear Monster: If I should

Take a displeasure against you: Look you—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost Monster.

*Cal.* Good my Lord, give me thy favor still,

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee too

Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the Pool.

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that

Monster, but an infinite loss.

*Tr.* That's more to me then my wetting:

Yet this is your harmless Fairy, Monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle

Though I be o're ears for my labor.

*Cal.* Prithee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou here

This is the mouth o'th 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.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand,

I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O King *Stephano*, O Peer: O worthy *Stephano*,

Look what a wardrobe here is for thee.

*Cal.* Let it alone thou fool, it is but trash.

*Tri.* Oh, ho, Monster: we know what belongs to a  
frippery: O King *Stephano*.

*Ste.* Put off that gown (*Trinculo*); by this hand I'll  
have that gown.

*Tri.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool; what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? let't alone

And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet (Monster).

*Tri.* Monster, come put some Lime upon your fingers  
and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall loose our time

And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes

With foreheads villainous low.

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

*Tri.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard. Enter diverse Spirits in shape  
of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero  
and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey Mountain, hey.

*Ari. Silver:* there it goes, *Silver.*

*Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: hark, hark.

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.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*exit Ariel*

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

**(V.i)**

Now does my Project gather to a head:

My charms crack not: my Spirits obey, and Time *enter Ariel*

Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

*Ar.* On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord  
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so  
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,  
How fares the King and's followers?

*Ar.* Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
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,  
Brim full of sorrow and dismay: but chiefly  
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*,  
His tears runs down his beard like winters drops  
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, Spirit?

*Ar.* Mine would, Sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but air) a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,



Have I given fire, and rifted *Joves* stout Oak  
With his own Bolt: The strong bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The Pine and Cedar. Graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magic  
I here abjure: and when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly Music (which even now I do)  
To work mine end upon their Senses that  
This Airy-charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever Plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

*Solemn music.*

*Enters Ariel, 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  
charm'd.*

*Pros.* A solemn Air and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, Cure thy brains  
(Now useless) boiled within thy skull: there stand  
For you are Spell-stop'd.  
Holy *Gonzallo*, Honorable man,

Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the show of thine  
Fall fellowly drops: The charm dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steals upon the night  
(Melting the darkness) so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzallo*  
My true preserver and a loyal Sir  
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word and deed: Most cruelly  
Did thou *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act;  
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh and blood,  
You, brother mine, that entertain ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature, whom, 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  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
That now lay 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

As I was sometime *Millan*: quickly Spirit,  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.*

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
There I couch when Owls do cry,  
On the Bat's back I do fly  
after Sommer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

*Pro.* Why that's my dainty *Ariel*: I shall miss  
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.

To the Kings ship, the Boatswain  
Being awake, enforce him to this place;  
And presently, I prithee.

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

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful Country.

*Pro.* Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of *Millan*, *Prospero*:

For more assurance that a living Prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,

And to thee and thy Company I bid

A hearty welcome.

*Alo.*                Whether thou bee'st he or no,

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

(As late I have been) I not know: thy Pulse

Beats as of flesh and blood: and since I saw thee,

Th'affliction of my mind amends, with which

I fear a madness held me: this must crave

(And if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy Dukedom I resign and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how should *Prospero*

Be living, and be here?

*Pro.*                First, noble Friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot

Be measur'd or confin'd.

*Gonz.*                Whether this be

Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.*                You do yet taste

Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain: Welcome, my friends all,

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.

*Seb.*                   The Devil speaks in him:

*Pro.* 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.

*Alo.*                   If thou beest *Prospero*

Give us particulars of thy preservation,

How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since

Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)

My dear son *Ferdinand*.

*Pro.*                   I am woe for't, Sir.

*Alo.* Irreparable is the loss and patience

Says it is past her cure.

*Pro.*                   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.

*Alo.*                   You the like loss?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late, for I

Have lost my daughter.

*Alo.*                    A daughter?

Oh 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?

*Pro.* 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 how so e'er you have

Been jostled from your senses, know for certain

That I am *Prospero* and that very Duke

Which was thrust forth of *Millan*, who most strangely

upon this shore (where you were wrack'd) was landed

To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,

For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a break-fast, 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.

*Here Prospero reveals Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet Lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of Kingdoms you should wrangle

And I would call it fair play.

*Alo.* If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear Son

Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle.

*Fer.* Though the Seas threaten they are merciful;

I have curs'd them without cause.

*Alo.* Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about:

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mir.* O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here?

How beauteous mankind is? O brave new world

That has such people in't.

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alo.* What is this Maid with whom thou was't at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us

And brought us thus together?

*Fer.* 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 *Millan*,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before: of whom I have

Receiv'd a second life; and second Father

This Lady makes him to me.

*Alo.* I am hers.

But O how oddly will it sound that I

Must ask my child forgiveness?

*Pro.* There Sir stop:

Let us not burden our remembrances with

A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept

Or should have spoke ere this: look down you gods

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither.

*Alo.* I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.

*Gon.* Was *Millan* thrust from *Millan*, 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.

*Alo.* Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you joy.

*Gon.* Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariel, with the Boatswain*

*amazedly following.*

O look Sir, look Sir, here is more of us:

I prophesy'd if a Gallows were on Land

This fellow could not drown: not an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the news?

*Bot.* 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 yar and bravely rigg'd as when  
We first put out to Sea.

*Ar.*                                Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*Pro.*                                My tricky Spirit.

*Alo.* These are not natural events, they strengthen  
From strange to stranger: say, How came you hither?

*Bos.* 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 clapt under hatches  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds (all horrible)  
We were awak'd, straight way, at liberty;  
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant Ship—our Master  
Cap'ring to eye her: on a trice so please you,  
Even in a dream, was I divided from them  
And brought moping hither.

*Ar.*                                Was't well done?

*Pro.* Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.







And thence retire me to my *Millan*, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alo*. I long

To hear the story of your life; which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro*.                    I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm Seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your Royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*; chick  
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements  
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw near.

EPILOGUE spoken by *Prospero*.

Now my *Charms* are all o'er-thrown,  
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

Since I have my Dukedom got

And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell

In this bare Island by your Spell,

But release me from my bands

With the help of your good hands:

Gentle breath of yours, my Sails

*Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please: Now I want  
Spirits to enforce: Art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your Indulgence set me free.*

**FINIS.**