

*The Tempest*  
by  
William Shakespeare

SETTING: A plane crashing into the sea. An island.

### Characters

Alonsa	Queen of Naples
Sebastienne	her sister
Prospera	the right Duchess of Milan
Antonia	her sister, the usurping Duchess of Milan
Ferdinand	son to the Queen of Naples
Gonzala	an honest Counselor
Adrian	a flight attendant
Francisco	a Co-Pilot
Caliban	a savage and deformed creature
Trinculo	a flight attendant
Stephano	a flight attendant
Pilot/Iris	Pilot/an airy spirit
Flight Attendant/Ceres	a flight attendant/an airy spirit
Flight Attendant/Juno	a flight attendant/an airy spirit
Miranda	daughter to PROSPERA
Ariel	an airy spirit
Earth	airy spirits
Air	airy spirits
Fire	airy spirits
Water	airy spirits

**I, 1 [Act I, Scene 1]**

On a descending plane: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

*Enter a Pilot and a Flight Attendant*

**Pilot**

Boatswain!

**Flight Attendant**

Here, master: what cheer?

**Pilot**

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

**Flight Attendant**

Master! MASTER!

*The MASTER is washed overboard. Enter Passengers.*

**Flight Attendant**

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 ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, FERDINAND, GONZALA, TRINCULO and STEPHANO*

**ALONSA**

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

**Flight Attendant**

I pray now, keep below.

**ANTONIA**

Where is the master, boatswain?

**ADRIAN**

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

**GONZALA**

Nay, good, be patient.

**FRANCESCA**

When the sea is.

**Flight Attendant**

Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of queen?

Sarah Hankins 4/16/10 1:29 PM

Deleted: !

Sarah Hankins 4/16/10 1:28 PM

Deleted: [

**ADRIAN**

To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

**GONZALA**

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**Flight Attendant**

None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor; 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*

**GONZALA**

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;  
*Exeunt*

*Re-enter Flight Attendant*

**Flight Attendant**

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

*TRINCULO AND STEPHANO SCREAM*

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, and GONZALA*

Yet again! what do you here?

**ADRIAN**

Shall we give o'er and drown?

**FRANSISCO**

Have you a mind to sink?

**SEBASTIENNE**

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

**Flight Attendant**

Work you then.

**ANTONIA**

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

**GONZALA**

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

**Flight Attendant**

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

*Enter Mariners (WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A GIANT SHIP CRACKING IN TWO)*

**ANTONIA**

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

**Flight Attendant**

What, must our mouths be cold?

**GONZALA**

The queen and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

**SEBASTIENNE**

I'm out of patience.

**ANTONIA**

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

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

**SABASTIENNE**

Let's all sink with the queen.

**ANTONIA**

Let's take leave of him.

*Exeunt ANTONIA and SEBASTIENNE*

**Flight Attendant**

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.

*Exeunt*

**I, 2 A [Act I, SCENE II]**

The island. Before PROSPERA'S cell.

*A's and C's scattered on the stage as "Island. Enter PROSPERA and MIRANDA*

**MIRANDA**

If by your art, my dearest mother, 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 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.

**PROSPERA**

Be collected:

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

**MIRANDA**

O, woe the day!

**PROSPERA**

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 Prospera, mistress of a full poor cell,  
 And thy no greater mother.

**MIRANDA**

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

**PROSPERA**

'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

*Lays down her mantle on "rocks" (SPIRITS)*

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

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.'

**PROSPERA**

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

Out three years old.

*"Rocks" (SPIRITS) become YOUNG PROSPERA AND 3 YEAR OLD MIRANDA*

**MIRANDA**

Certainly, ma'am, I can.

**PROSPERA**

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?

**PROSPERA**

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

**MIRANDA**

But that I do not.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
 Thy mother was the Duchess of Milan and  
 A queen of power.

**MIRANDA:**

Madam, are not you my mother?

**PROSPERA:**

Though art my child.

Thy mother was the Ruler of Milan,  
 And thou, her only heir, a princess.

**MIRANDA**

O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
 Or blessed was't we did?



**PROSPERA**

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.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

My sister and thy one aunt, call'd Antonia--

**PROSPERA**

I pray thee, mark me--that a sister should  
Be so perfidious!--

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

she whom next thyself

Of all the world I loved and to her put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospera the prime duchess, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my sister  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy one false aunt--

**PROSPERA**

Dost thou attend me?

**MIRANDA**

Ma'am, most heedfully.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, 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 her ear; that now she was  
 The ivy which had hid my princess trunk,  
 And suck'd my verdure out on't.

**PROSPERA**

Thou attend'st not.

**MIRANDA**

O, good ma'am, I do.

**PROSPERA**

I pray thee, mark me.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

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 sister  
 Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
 Like a good parent, did beget of her  
 A falsehood in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. She being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what my power might else exact, like one  
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of her memory,  
 To credit her own lie, she did believe  
 She was indeed duchess; out o' the substitution  
 And executing the outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative: hence her ambition growing--

**PROSPERA**

Dost thou hear?

**MIRANDA**

Your tale, ma'am, would cure deafness.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

To have no screen between this part she play'd  
 And her she play'd it for, she needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor woman, my library  
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
 She thinks me now incapable; confederates--  
 So dry she was for sway--wi' the Queen of Naples  
 To give her annual tribute, do her homage,  
 Subject her coronet to her crown and bend  
 The dukedom yet unbow'd--alas, poor Milan!--  
 To most ignoble stooping.

**MIRANDA**

O the heavens!

**PROSPERA**

Mark her condition and the event; then tell me  
 If this might be a sister.

**MIRANDA**

I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
 Good wombs have borne bad issue.

**PROSPERA**

Now the condition.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

The Queen of Naples, being an enemy  
 To me inveterate, hearkens my sister's suit;  
 Which was, that she, 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 sister: whereon,  
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight

Fated to the purpose did Antonia open  
 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,  
 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.

**PROSPERA**

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?

**PROSPERA**

Well demanded, wench:

My tale provokes that question.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

Dear, they durst not,

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,  
 Did us but loving wrong.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

**PROSPERA**

O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me.

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

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?

**PROSPERA**

By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that

**YOUNG PROSPERA**

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzala,

Out of her charity, being then appointed

Mistress of this design, did give us, with

Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,

Which since have steaded much; so, of her gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, she furnish'd me

From mine own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

**MIRANDA**

Would I might

But ever see that woman!

**PROSPERA**

Now I arise:

*Resumes her mantle*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arrived; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmistress, 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, ma'am,  
 For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
 For raising this sea-storm?

**PROSPERA**

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose influence  
 If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
 Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,  
 And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

*MIRANDA sleeps*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
 Approach, my Ariel, come.

**I, 2 B**

*Enter ARIEL*

**ARIEL**

All hail, great mistress!

**SPIRITS**

grave queen, hail!

**ARIEL**

I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

**WATER**

To swim,

**FIRE**

to dive into the fire,

**AIR**

to ride

On the curl'd clouds,

**ARIEL**

to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all her quality.

**PROSPERA**

Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

**ARIEL**

To every article.

I boarded the queen's ship; now on the beak,

**EARTH**

Now in the waist,

**WATER**

the deck, in every cabin,

**FIRE**

I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join.

**AIR**

Jove's lightnings, the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not;

**FIRE**

the fire

**EARTH**

and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring

**WATER**

the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

**PROSPERA**

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.

**WATER**

All but mariners

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

**FIRE**

Then all afire with me: the queen'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.'

**PROSPERA**

Why that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

**ARIEL**

Close by, my mistress.

**PROSPERA**

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.  
The queen's son have I landed by himself;

**AIR**

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

**ARIEL**

Safely in harbour

Is the queen'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;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I have left asleep;

**PROSPERA**

Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.  
What is the time o' the day?

**ARIEL**

Past the mid season.

**PROSPERA**

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

**ARIEL**

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

Hering/Ruth User 6/29/10 4:45 AM

Deleted: PROSPERA .

... [1]

**PROSPERA**

How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

**ARIEL**

My liberty.

**PROSPERA**

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.

**PROSPERA**

Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

**ARIEL**

No.

**PROSPERA**

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, ma'am.

**PROSPERA**

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

*C'S SPIRITS becomes SYCORAX.*

**SYCORAX**

hast thou forgot her?

**ARIEL**

No, ma'am.

**PROSPERA**

Thou hast.

**SYCORAX**

Where was she born? speak; tell me.

**ARIEL**

Ma'am, in Argier.

**PROSPERA**

O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget'st.

**SYCORAX**

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.

**PROSPERA**

Is not this true?

**ARIEL**

Ay, ma'am.

**SYCORAX**

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou wast then her servant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate



**ARIEL**

Pardon, mistress;

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

**PROSPERA**

Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

**ARIEL**

That's my noble mistress!

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

**PROSPERA**

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*

**I, 2 C**

**PROSPERA**

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

**MIRANDA**

The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

**PROSPERA**

Shake it off. Come on;

We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

**MIRANDA**

'Tis a villain, ma'am,

I do not love to look on.

**PROSPERA**

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.

**CALIBAN**

[Within] There's wood enough within.

**PROSPERA**

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 lady it shall be done.

*Exit*

**PROSPERA**

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*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!

**PROSPERA**

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.

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!  
 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.

**PROSPERA**

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  
 This isle with Calibans.

**PROSPERA**

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  
 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!

**PROSPERA**

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  
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

**CALIBAN**

No, pray thee.

*Aside*

I must obey: her art is of such power,  
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
 And make a vassal of her.

**PROSPERA**

So, slave; hence!

*Exit CALIBAN (AND C'S SPIRITS?)*



**I, 2 D**

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following ARIEL'S song.

**ARIEL and SPIRITS**

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.  
 Hark, hark!  
*Burden dispersedly.* Bow, wow!  
 The watch-dogs bark!  
*Burden dispersedly.* 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 queen my mother's wreck,  
 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*

**ARIEL and SPIRITS**

Full fathom five thy mother lies;  
 Of her bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were her eyes:

Nothing of her 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.

**FERDINAND**

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

**PROSPERA**

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, ma'am,  
 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

**PROSPERA**

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.

**PROSPERA** [Aside] It goes on, I see,  
 As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
 Within two days for this.

**FERDINAND**

Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer  
 May know if you remain upon this island;  
 And that you will some good instruction give  
 How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
 If you be maid or no?

**MIRANDA**

No wonder, sir;

But certainly a maid.

**FERDINAND** My language! heavens!

I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
 Were I but where 'tis spoken.

**PROSPERA**

How? the best?

What wert thou, if the Queen of Naples heard thee?

**FERDINAND**

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
 To hear thee speak of Naples. She does hear me;  
 And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,  
 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
 The queen my mother wreck'd.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, for mercy!

**FERDINAND**

Yes, faith, and all her lords; Duchess of Milan  
 And her brave child being twain.

**PROSPERA**

At the first sight

They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
 I'll set thee free for this.

Hering/Ruth User 6/29/10 4:45 AM

**Deleted:** [Aside] Duchess of Milan . ... [2]

To *FERDINAND* A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.!

**MIRANDA**

Why speaks my mother so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my mother  
To be inclined my way!

**FERDINAND**

O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

**PROSPERA**

Soft, sir! one word more.

*[Aside]*

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.

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

**PROSPERA**

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.

**FERDINAND**

No;

I will resist such entertainment till  
 Mine enemy has more power.  
*Draws, and is charmed from moving*

**MIRANDA**

O dear mother,

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

**PROSPERA**

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.

**MIRANDA**

Beseech you, mother.

**PROSPERA**

Hence! hang not on my garments.

**MIRANDA**

Ma'am, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

**PROSPERA**

Silence! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an imposter! hush!  
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!  
 To the most of men this is a Caliban  
 And they to him are angels.

**MIRANDA**

My affections

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

**PROSPERA**

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 mother's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
 Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

**PROSPERA**

[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 mother's of a better nature, sir,

Than she appears by speech: this is unwonted  
Which now came from her.

**PROSPERA**

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

**ARIEL**

To the syllable.

**PROSPERA**

Come, follow. --Speak not for him.

*Exeunt*

**I, 3 [ACT II, SCENE I]**

Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, GONZALA, ADRIAN, FRANCESCA*

**GONZALA**

Beseech you, ma'am, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. For the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good ma'am, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

**ALONSA**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIENNE**

She receives comfort like cold porridge.

**ANTONIA**

The visitor will not give her o'er so.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Look she's winding up the watch of her wit;  
by and by it will strike.

**GONZALA**

Ma'am,--

**SEBASTIENNE**

One: tell.

**GONZALA**

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer--

**SEBASTIENNE**

A dollar.

**GONZALA**

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you

have spoken truer than you purposed.

**SEBASTIENNE**

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

**GONZALA**

Therefore, my lord,--

**ANTONIA**

Fie, what a spendthrift is she of her tongue!

**ALONSA**

I prithee, spare.

**GONZALA**

Well, I have done: but yet,--

**SEBASTIENNE**

She will be talking

**ADRIAN**

Though this island seem to be desert,--

Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--

**SEBASTIENNE**

Yet,--

**ADRIAN**

It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate  
temperance. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

**SEBASTIENNE**



As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

**ANTONIA**

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

**GONZALA**

Here is everything advantageous to life.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Of that there's none, or little.

**GONZALA**

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

**ANTONIA**

The ground indeed is tawny.

**SEBASTIENNE**

I think she will carry this island home in her pocket  
and give it her son for an apple.

**ANTONIA**

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring  
forth more islands.

**GONZALA**

But the rarest of it is, - which is indeed almost beyond credit, -

**SEBASTIENNE**

As many vouched rarities are.

**GONZALA**

That our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the  
marriage of the queen's fair daughter Claribel to the Queen of Tunis.

Is not, ma'am, my doublet as fresh as the first day I  
wore it? I mean, in a sort.

**ANTONIA**

That sort was well fished for.

**GONZALA**

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

**ALONSA**

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.

**FRANCESCA**

Ma'am, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 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.

**ALONSA**

No, no, he's gone.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Ma'am, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African;  
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

**ALONSA**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIENNE**

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,  
 I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making  
 Than we bring men to comfort them:

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:13 PM

Deleted: and, in my rate, she too, ... [3]

The fault's your own.

**ALONSA**

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

**GONZALA**

My lady Sebastienne,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Very well.

**ANTONIA**

And most chirurgonly.

**GONZALA**

It is foul weather in us all, good ma'am,

When you are cloudy.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Foul weather?

**ANTONIA**

Very foul.

**ALONSA**

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

**GONZALA**

I do well believe your highness; and

did it to minister occasion to these gentles,

who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that

they always use to laugh at nothing.

**ANTONIA**

'Twas you we laughed at.

**GONZALA**

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing

to you: so you may continue and laugh at

nothing still.

**ANTONIA**

What a blow was there given!

**SEBASTIENNE**

An it had not fallen flat-long.

**GONZALA**

You are womenkind of brave metal; you would lift  
the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue  
in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL (and SPIRITS?), invisible, playing solemn music*

**SEBASTIENNE**

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

**ANTONIA**

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

**GONZALA**

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

**ANTONIA**

Go sleep, and hear us.

*All sleep except ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, and ANTONIA*

**ALONSA**

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

**SEBASTIENNE**

Please you, ma'am,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

**ANTONIA**

We two, my lady,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

**ALONSA**

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

*ALONSA sleeps. Exit ARIEL*

**SEBASTIENNE**

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

**ANTONIA**

It is the quality o' the climate.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

**ANTONIA**

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastienne? 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.

**SEBASTIENNE**

What, art thou waking?

**ANTONIA**

Do you not hear me speak?

**SEBASTIENNE**

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.

**ANTONIA**

Noble SEBASTIENNE,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

**ANTONIA**

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

**SEBASTIENNE**

Well, I am standing water.

**ANTONIA**

I'll teach you how to flow.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

**ANTONIA**

O,

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

**SEBASTIENNE**

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.

**ANTONIA**

Thus, ma'am:

Although this lord of weak remembrance,  
Hath here almost persuaded,

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:17 PM

Deleted: , this, ,

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:17 PM

Deleted: ,

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:18 PM

Deleted: h

Unknown

Deleted: .

The queen his son's alive,  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
And he that sleeps here swims.

**SEBASTIENNE**

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

**ANTONIA**

O, out of that 'no hope'

What great hope have you!

Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

**SEBASTIENNE**

He's gone.

**ANTONIA**

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

**SEBASTIENNE**

Claribel.

**ANTONIA**

She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's 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.

**SEBASTIENNE**

What stuff is this! how say you?

'Tis true, my sister's daughter's queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions

There is some space

**ANTONIA**

A space whose every cubit

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:18 PM

**Deleted:** For he's a spirit of persuasion, ... [4]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:18 PM

**Deleted:** t

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:19 PM

**Deleted:** no hope that way is . ... [5]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:20 PM

**Deleted:** she that from Naples . ... [6]

Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
 Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
 And let Sebastienne wake.' Say, this were death  
 That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse  
 Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
 As well as she that sleeps; lords that can prate  
 As amply and unnecessarily  
 As this Gonzala; I myself could make  
 A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
 The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
 For your advancement! Do you understand me?

**SEBASTIENNE**

Methinks I do.

**ANTONIA**

And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

**SEBASTIENNE**

I remember

You did supplant your sister Prospera.

**ANTONIA**

True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
 Much feater than before: my sister's servants  
 Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

**SEBASTIENNE**

But, for your conscience?

**ANTONIA**

Ay, ma'am; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
 And melt ere they molest! Here lies your sister,  
 No better than the earth she lies upon,



If she were that which now she's like, that's dead;  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Lady Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

**SEBASTIENNE**

Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;  
 And I the queen shall love thee.

**ANTONIA**

Draw together;  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on GONZALA.

**SEBASTIENNE**

O, but one word.

*They talk apart. Re-enter ARIEL (and ARIEL'S SPIRITS?), invisible*

**ARIEL**

My mistress through her art foresees the danger  
 That you, her friend, are in; and sends me forth--  
 For else her project dies--to keep them living.  
*Sings in GONZALA's ear*

While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-eyed conspiracy  
 Her time doth take.  
 If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, awake!

**ANTONIA**

Then let us both be sudden.

**GONZALA** [*wakes*]

Now, good angels preserve the queen!

*They wake*

**ALONSA**

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

**GONZALA**

What's the matter?

**SEBASTIENNE**

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.

**ALONSA**

I heard nothing.

**ANTONIA**

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,

To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

**ALONSA**

Heard you this, Gonzala?

**GONZALA**

Upon mine honour, ma'am, I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

I shaked you, ma'am, 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.

**ALONSA**

Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

**GONZALA**

Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

**ALONSA**

Lead away.

**ARIEL**

Prospera my lady shall know what I have done:

So, queen, go safely on to seek thy son. *Exeunt*

**I, 4 [Act II, SCENE II]**

Another part of the island.

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

**CALIBAN**

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make her  
 By inch-meal a disease! Her spirits hear me  
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless she 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  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
 All wound with adders who with cloven tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO* Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

**TRINCULO**

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;  
I hear it sing 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  
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,  
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  
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.

*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.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand*

**STEPHANO,**

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery  
But none of us cared for Kate.  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"  
She loved not the savor of tar or 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 very scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. *Drinks*

**CALIBAN**

Do not torment me: Oh!

**STEPHANO**

What's the matter? Have we devils here? I  
have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your  
four legs;

**CALIBAN**

The spirit torments me; Oh!

**STEPHANO**

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who  
hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil  
should he learn our language?

**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

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:21 PM

Deleted: -

... [7]

never drunk wine afore will go near to remove his  
fit.

**CALIBAN**

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I  
know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

**STEPHANO**

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.

**TRINCULO**

I should know that voice: it should be--but he is  
drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

**STEPHANO**

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!  
His forward voice now is to speak well of his  
friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches  
and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will  
recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I  
will pour some in thy other mouth.

**TRINCULO**

Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is  
a devil, and no monster: I will leave him;

**TRINCULO**

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and  
speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard--thy  
good friend Trinculo.

**STEPHANO**

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee  
by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,

these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How  
camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can  
he vent Trinculos?

**TRINCULO**

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But  
art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art  
not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me  
under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of  
the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O  
Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

**STEPHANO**

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

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither?  
swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I  
escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors  
heaved o'erboard,

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

Here, kiss the book. 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?

**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.

**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!

**CALIBAN**

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

**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,--

**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 her no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

**TRINCULO**

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a

Poor drunkard!

**CALIBAN**

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

**STEPHANO**

I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the queen and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

**CALIBAN**

[Sings drunkenly]

Farewell mistress; farewell, farewell!

**TRINCULO**

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

**CALIBAN**

No more dams I'll make for fish  
 Nor fetch in firing  
 At requiring;  
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish  
 'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban  
 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*

**II, 1 [ACT III, SCENE I]**

Before PROSPERA'S Cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log*

**FERDINAND**

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

Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERA 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 mother

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;

He's safe for these three hours.

**FERDINAND**

O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

**MIRANDA**

If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

**FERDINAND**

No, precious creature;

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,

While I sit lazy by.

**MIRANDA**

It would become me

As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease; for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

**PROSPERA**

Poor worm, thou art infected!

This visitation shows it.

**MIRANDA**

You look wearily.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

Miranda.--O my mother,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

**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  
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,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

**MIRANDA**

I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear mother: how features are abroad,  
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,

Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
 Something too wildly and my mother's precepts  
 I therein do forget.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

Do you love me?

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

**PROSPERA**

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

**FERDINAND**

Wherefore weep you?

**MIRANDA**

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer  
 What I desire to give, and much less take  
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.

**FERDINAND**

My mistress, dearest;

And I thus humble ever.

**MIRANDA**

My husband, then?

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

A thousand thousand!

*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally*

**PROSPERA**

So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
 Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
 For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
 Much business appertaining.

*Exit*

**II, 2 [Act III, SCENE II]**

Another part of the island.

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*

**STEPHANO**

Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

**TRINCULO**

Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

**STEPHANO**

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

**TRINCULO**

Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

**STEPHANO**

My man-monster hath 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.

**TRINCULO**

Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

**STEPHANO**

We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

**TRINCULO**

Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

**STEPHANO**

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

**CALIBAN**

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

**TRINCULO**

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to  
juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou,  
was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much  
sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie,  
being but half a fish and half a monster?

**CALIBAN**

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

**TRINCULO**

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

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

**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 AND SPIRITS, invisible*

**CALIBAN**

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

**ARIEL**

Thou liest.

**CALIBAN**

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my



valiant mistress would destroy thee! I do not lie.

**STEPHANO**

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by  
this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

**TRINCULO**

Why, I said nothing.

**STEPHANO**

Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

**CALIBAN**

I say, by sorcery she got this isle;  
From me she got it. if thy greatness will  
Revenge it on her,--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?  
Canst thou bring me to the party?

**CALIBAN**

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

**ARIEL**

Thou liest; thou canst not.

**CALIBAN**

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes are.

**STEPHANO**

Trinculo, run into no further danger:

interrupt the monster one word further, and,  
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors  
and make a stock-fish of thee.

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

Didst thou not say he lied?

**ARIEL**

Thou liest.

**STEPHANO**

Do I so? take thou that.

*Beats TRINCULO*

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

**TRINCULO**

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.

**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 her,  
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain her,  
Having first seized her books, or with a log  
Batter her skull, or paunch her with a stake,

Or cut her wezand with thy knife. Remember  
 First to possess her books; for without them  
 She's but a sot,  
 And that most deeply to consider is  
 The beauty of her daughter; she herself  
 Calls her a nonpareil.

**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 woman: her daughter and I  
 will be king and queen--save our graces!--and  
 Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou  
 like the plot, Trinculo?

**TRINCULO**

Excellent.

**STEPHANO**

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,  
 while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

**CALIBAN**

Within this half hour will she be asleep:  
 Wilt thou destroy her then?

**STEPHANO**

Ay, on mine honour.

**ARIEL**

This will I tell my mistress.

**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?

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:22 PM

Deleted: , as I am, nor hath not .

... [8]

**STEPHANO**

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

*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?

**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!

**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.

**STEPHANO**

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

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:23 PM  
Deleted: . [9]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:24 PM  
Deleted: .

**CALIBAN**

When PROSPERA is destroyed.

**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.

**TRINCULO**

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

*Exeunt*

**II, 3 [Act III, SCENE III]**

Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE, ANTONIA, GONZALA, ADRIAN, FRANCESCA, and  
others*

**GONZALA**

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.

**ALONSA**

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
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  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

**ANTONIA**

[Aside to SEBASTIENNE] I am right glad that she's so  
out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

**SEBASTIENNE**

[Aside to ANTONIA] The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

**ANTONIA**

[Aside to SEBASTIENNE] Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

**SEBASTIENNE**

[Aside to ANTONIA] I say, to-night: no more.  
*Solemn and strange music.*  
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

**GONZALA**

Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERA above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, (A & C's SPIRITS?)  
bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting  
the Queen, & Co. to eat.*

**ALONSA**

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

**SEBASTIENNE**

A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns,

**ANTONIA**

I'll believe both;  
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.

**GONZALA**

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders--

For, certes, these are people of the island--

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

**PROSPERA**

[Aside] Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

**ALONSA**

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.

**PROSPERA**

[Aside] Praise in departing.

**FRANCESCA**

They vanish'd strangely.

**SEBASTIENNE**

No matter, since

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

Will't please you taste of what is here?

**ALONSA**

Not I.

**ANTONIA**

Faith, miss, you need not fear.

*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 **souls** of sin, whom Destiny, [actual – “men”]  
 That hath to instrument this lower world  
 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
 Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island  
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
 Their proper selves.

*ALONSA, SEBASTIENNE & Co. draw their swords*

You fools! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate:

**EARTH**

the elements,

**FIRE**

Of whom your swords are temper'd,

**AIR**

may as well

Wound the loud winds,

**WATER**

or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters,

**ARIEL & SPIRITS**

as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume:

**ARIEL**

my fellow-ministers

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 PROSPERA;  
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,



She and her 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,  
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
 Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways.

*She vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music enter the Shapes again, and dance, with  
 mocks and mows, and carrying out the table*

### PROSPERA

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 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;  
 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*

### GONZALA

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

### ALONSA

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.  
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:25 PM

Deleted: ; whose wraths to guard you f... [10]

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
 And with him there lie mudded.

*Exit*

**SEBASTIENNE**

But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

**ANTONIA**

I'll be thy second.

*Exeunt SEBASTIENNE, and ANTONIA*

**GONZALA**

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  
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
 May now provoke them to.

**ADRIAN**

Follow, I pray you.

*Exeunt*

**II, 4 A [ACT IV, SCENE I]**

Before PROSPERA'S cell.

*Enter PROSPERA, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA*

**PROSPERA**

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 off,

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it halt behind her.

**FERDINAND**

I do believe it

Against an oracle.

**PROSPERA**

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both:

**FERDINAND**

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.  
Our worser genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think: or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

**PROSPERA**

Fairly spoke.

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

*Enter ARIEL*

**ARIEL**

What would my potent mistress? Here I am.

**PROSPERA**

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee pow'r, 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.

**ARIEL**

Presently?

**PROSPERA**

Ay, with a twink.

**ARIEL**

Well, I conceive. *Exit*

**PROSPERA**

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 ma'am;

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

**PROSPERA**

Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,  
 Rather than want a spirit: Appear and perty!  
 No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.

*Soft music*

*Enter IRIS*

**IRIS**

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:26 PM

Deleted: -

... [11]

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

*Enter CERES*

**CERES**

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
 Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,  
 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?

**IRIS**

A contract of true love to celebrate;  
 And some donation freely to estate  
 On the blest lovers.

**CERES**

High'st queen of state,  
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO*

**JUNO**

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
 To bless this twain, that they may PROSPERAus be  
 And honour'd in their issue.

*They sing:*

**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.

**FERDINAND**

This is a most majestic vision, and  
 Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold  
 To think these spirits?

**PROSPERA**

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 mother and a wife  
 Makes this place Paradise.  
*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment*

**PROSPERA**

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.

**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  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs*

**WATER**

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  
In country footing.

*Enter ARIEL AS Reaper, properly habited: they dance; towards the end whereof  
PROSPERA starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and  
confused noise, they heavily vanish*

**PROSPERA**

[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. [To the SPIRITS] Well done! avoid; no more!

**FERDINAND**

This is strange: your mother's in some passion  
That works her strongly.

**MIRANDA**

Never till this day

Saw I her touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

**PROSPERA**

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:  
 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,  
 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:  
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
 To still my beating mind.

**FERDINAND MIRANDA**

We wish your peace.

*Exeunt*

**II, 4 B**

**PROSPERA**

Come with a thought! I thank thee, Ariel: come.

*Enter ARIEL*

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERA**

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.





And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
 Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, & c*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERA and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet*

**CALIBAN**

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
 Hear a foot fall: we now are near her cell.

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

Thou wert but a lost monster.

**CALIBAN**

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
 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,  
 monster, but an infinite loss.

**CALIBAN**

Prithce, 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.

**STEPHANO**

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

**TRINCULO**

O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look  
 what a wardrobe here is for thee!

**CALIBAN**

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

**TRINCULO**

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.  
 O king Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

Thy grace shall have it.

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line,  
 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:  
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.

**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.

**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, PROSPERA and ARIEL setting them on*

**PROSPERA**

Hey, Mountain, hey!

**ARIEL**

Silver! I there it goes, Silver!

**PROSPERA**

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.

**ARIEL**

Hark, they roar!

**PROSPERA**

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

*Exeunt*

## II, 4 C THE BIG CHASE (ALL INVOLVED)

### II, 5 A [ACT V, SCENE I]

Before PROSPERA'S cell.

*Enter PROSPERA in her magic robes, and ARIEL*

**PROSPERA**

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.

**PROSPERA**

I did say so,

When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the queen and'er followers? [actual – and's]

**ARIEL**

Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

Just as you left them.

Your charm so strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

**PROSPERA**

Hering/Ruth User 6/29/10 4:48 AM

**Deleted:** Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou . . . [12]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:28 PM

**Deleted:** ; all prisoners, ma'am, . . . [13]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:27 PM

**Formatted:** Normal

Dost thou think so, spirit?

**ARIEL**

Mine would, ma'am, were I human.

**PROSPERA**

And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Go release them, Ariel:

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

**ARIEL**

I'll fetch them, ma'am.

*Exit*

**PROSPERA**

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,

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. But this rough magic

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,

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book.

*Solemn music*

## II, 5 B

*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSA, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALA; SEBASTIENNE and ANTONIA in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCESCA they all enter the circle which PROSPERA had made, and there stand charmed; which*

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:29 PM

**Deleted:** Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick, . ... [14]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:29 PM

**Deleted:** And ye that on the sands with printless foot . ... [15]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:30 PM

**Deleted:** Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder . ... [16]

*PROSPERA observing, speaks:*

**PROSPERA**

There stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzala, honourable **soul**, [actual: man]

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops, *(to Gonzala)* O good GONZALA,

My true preserver, and loyal lady

To her you follow'st! I will pay thy graces

Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonsa, use me and my daughter:

Thy sister was a furtherer in the act.

Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastienne. Flesh and blood,

You, sister mine, 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 lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,

I will discase me, and myself present

As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;

Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL helps to attire him*

**PROSPERA**

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.

To the queen'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,

And presently, I prithee.

**ARIEL**

I drink the air before me, and return

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:31 PM

**Deleted:** A solemn air and the best con ... [17]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:31 PM

**Deleted:** . *(aside)*The charm dissolves ... [18]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:32 PM

**Deleted:** that entertain'd ambition, ... [19]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:32 PM

**Deleted:** . ... [20]

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:33 PM

**Deleted:** *sings and*

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:33 PM

**Deleted:** ARIEL . ... [21]

Or ere your pulse twice beat.

*Exit*

**GONZALA**

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

**PROSPERA**

Behold, **my queen**, [actual – sir King]

The **wrong'd** Duchess of Milan, Prospera: [actual: wronged]

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.

**ALONSA**

Whe'r thou beest her 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,  
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  
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospera  
Be living and be here?

**PROSPERA**

First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined.

**GONZALA**

Whether this be

Or be not, I'll not swear.

**PROSPERA**

You do yet taste



Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!  
*to SEBASTIENNE and ANTONIA*

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck her highness' frown upon you  
And justify you traitors: at this time  
I will tell no tales.

**SEBASTIENNE**

[Aside] The devil speaks in him.

**PROSPERA**

No.

For you, most wicked **soul**, whom to call sister [actual: sir]  
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.

**ALONSA**

If thou be'st Prospera,  
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.

**PROSPERA**

I am woe for't, ma'am.

**ALONSA**

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

**PROSPERA**

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.

**ALONSA**

You the like loss!

**PROSPERA**

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.

**ALONSA**

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?

**PROSPERA**

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 Prospera and that **lady** [actual: very duke]  
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. Welcome, ma'am;  
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

Hering/Ruth User 6/28/10 8:34 PM

**Deleted:** No more yet of this; -

... [22]

As much as me my dukedom.

## II, 5 C

*Here PROSPERA discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at (chess) tag*

### MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

### FERDINAND

No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

### MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,

And I would call it, fair play.

### ALONSA

If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

### GONZALA

A most high miracle!

### FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;

I have cursed them without cause.

*Kneels*

### ALONSA

Now all the blessings

Of a glad mother compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou camest here.

### MIRANDA

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

**PROSPERA**

'Tis new to thee.

**ALONSA**

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?

**FERDINAND**

Ma'am, she is mortal;  
 But by immortal Providence she's mine:  
 I chose her when I could not ask my mother  
 For her advice, nor thought I had one. She  
 Is daughter to this **good** Duchess of Milan, [actual: famous]  
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
 But never saw before; of whom I have  
 Received a second life; and second mother  
 This lady makes her to me.

**ALONSA**

I am hers:  
 But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
 Must ask my child forgiveness!

**PROSPERA**

There, ma'am, stop:  
 Let us not burthen our remembrance with  
 A heaviness that's gone.

**GONZALA**

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.

**ALONSA**

I say, Amen, Gonzala!

**GONZALA**

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, Prospera her dukedom  
 In a poor isle and all of us ourselves  
 When no one was her own.

**ALONSA**

[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your hands:  
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace her heart  
 That doth not wish you joy!

**GONZALA**

Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following*

O, look, ma'am, look, ma'am! 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?

**Boatswain**

The best news is, that we have safely found  
 Our queen 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.

**ARIEL**

[Aside to PROSPERA] Ma'am, all this service  
 Have I done since I went.

**PROSPERA**

[Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!



*Aside to ARIEL*

Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell.

*Exit ARIEL*

## II, 5 D

### PROSPERA

How fares my gracious queen?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd **souls** that you remember not. [actual: lads]

*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. Coraggio, bully-monster, coraggio!

### TRINCULO

If these be true spies which I wear in my head,

here's a goodly sight.

### CALIBAN

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

How fine my mistress is! I am afraid

She will chastise me.

### SEBASTIENNE

Ha, ha!

What things are these, **lady** Antonia? [actual: my lord]

Will money buy 'em?

### ANTONIA

Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

**PROSPERA**

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
 Then say if they be true. Two of these fellows you  
 Must know and own; this thing of darkness!  
 Acknowledge mine.

**CALIBAN**

I shall be pinch'd to death.

**ALONSA**

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

**ANTONIA**

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

**ALONSA**

And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they  
 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?  
 How camest thou in this pickle?

**SEBASTIENNE**

Why, how now, Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

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

**PROSPERA**

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

**STEPHANO**

I should have been a sore one then.

**ALONSA**

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

*Pointing to Caliban*

**PROSPERA**

He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
 As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
 Take with you your companions; as you look  
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

**CALIBAN**

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter

Hering/Ruth User 6/29/10 4:59 AM

Deleted: This mis-shapen knave, . ... [23]



And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
 Was I, to take this drunkard for a god  
 And worship this dull fool!

**PROSPERA**

Go to; away!

**ALONSA**

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

**PROSPERA**

I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales

And sail so expeditious that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.

*Aside to ARIEL* My Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

*Exeunt*

## II, 5 E EPILOGUE

**PROSPERA**

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,

And what strength I have's mine own,

Which is most faint:

**ARIEL**

now, 'tis true,

I must be here confined by you,

**ALONSA**

Or sent to Naples.

**GONZALA**

Let me not,

Since you have your dukedom got

**ANTONIA**

And pardon'd the deceiver,

**CALIBAN**



**PROSPERA**

Let your indulgence set me free. *END OF PLAY*