

## ***The Tempest***

By William Shakespeare

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with Michael Poston and Rebecca Niles

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### **Characters in the Play**

#### **ACTOR 1:**

PROSPERA, the former duke of Milan, now a magician  
on a Mediterranean island

#### **ACTOR 2:**

MIRANDA, Prospera's daughter  
SEBASTIAN, Alonso's brother

#### **ACTOR 3:**

ARIEL, a spirit, servant to Prospera  
BOATSWAIN

#### **ACTOR 4:**

CALIBAN, an inhabitant of the island, servant to  
Prospera  
ANTONIA, duke of Milan and Prospera's sister

#### **ACTOR 5:**

FERDINAND, prince of Naples  
TRINCULA, servant to Alonso

#### **ACTOR 6:**

ALONSA, queen of Naples  
STEPHANO, Alonso's butler

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.  
Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.*

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?

MASTER Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely,  
or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

*Enter Company, each person will hold a piece of the  
ship that will scatter across the stage during the wreck  
sequence.*

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the  
topsail. Tend to th' Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst  
thy wind, if room enough!

BOATSWAIN Cheerly, good hearts! Down with the  
topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!

Bring her to try wi' th' main course. (*A cry  
within.*) Mercy on us! We split, we split!

*Wreck sequence: pieces of the ship scatter across the  
stage. A cacophony of sound and movement.*

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

### Scene 2

*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 th' 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,  
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.  
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 swallowed, 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, naught knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
Than Prospera, master 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,

*Putting aside her cloak.*

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have  
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit  
down,

For thou must now know farther.

*They sit.*

MIRANDA You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped  
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.

MIRANDA Certainly, madam, I can. '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 rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA But that I do not.

PROSPERA

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
Thy mother was the Duke of Milan.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!

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

PROSPERA Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds

To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,  
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,  
farther.

PROSPERA

My sister and thy aunt, called Antonia —  
I pray thee, mark me—that a sister should  
Be so perfidious!—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 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 sister  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false aunt—  
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA Yes, most heedfully.

PROSPERA

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who  
To trash for overtopping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new formed 'em, having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
To what tune pleased her ear, that now she was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk

And sucked my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, mother, I do.

PROSPERA I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
In my false sister, Awaked an evil nature.  
Made such a sinner of her memory  
To credit her own lie, she did believe  
She was indeed the Duke,—  
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, ma'am, would cure deafness.

PROSPERA

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' th' Queen of Naples  
To give her annual tribute, do her homage,  
Subject her coronet to her crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!

PROSPERA

Mark her condition and th' 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 daughters.

PROSPERA Now the condition.

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

MIRANDA Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,

Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to 't.  
Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERA Well demanded, wench.

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colors 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 butt, not rigged,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us  
To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh  
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

PROSPERA O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groaned, 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  
A noble Neapolitan, 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.  
Here in this island we arrived, and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for 't. And now I pray you—

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. Here cease more questions.  
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

*Miranda falls asleep.*

*Prospera puts on his cloak.*

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

*Enter Ariel.*

ARIEL

All hail, great master! Grave one, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure. Be 't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all her quality.

PROSPERA Hast thou, spirit,

Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.

I boarded the Queen's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide  
And burn in many places. On the topmast,  
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-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks  
Of sulfurous roaring 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.

All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me. The Queen's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—  
Was the first man that leaped; 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 master.  
PROSPERA  
But are they, Ariel, safe?  
ARIEL Not a hair perished.  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad’st me,  
In troops I have dispersed them ’bout the isle.  
The Queen’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. *He folds his arms.*  
PROSPERA Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is performed. But there’s more work.  
What is the time o’ th’ 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 performed me.  
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 no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise  
To bate me a full year.  
PROSPERA Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?  
ARIEL No.  
PROSPERA  
Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?  
ARIEL No, madam.  
PROSPERA



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

ARIEL Ay, madam.

PROSPERA

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

ARIEL Yes, Caliban, her son.

PROSPERA

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban  
Whom now I keep in service. It was mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL I thank thee, master.

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

PROSPERA Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

ARIEL That's my noble master.

What shall I do? Say, what? What shall I do?

PROSPERA

Go make thyself 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!

*Ariel exits.*

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

Awake. *Miranda wakes.*

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, *rising* 'Tis a villain that  
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.  
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 brushed  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both. A southwest blow on you  
And blister you all o'er.  
This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,  
Thou strok'st me and made 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 showed thee all the qualities o' th' 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' th' island.

PROSPERA Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used  
thee,  
Filt' as thou art, with humane care, and lodged  
thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honor of my child.

MIRANDA 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 endowed 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 Hagseed, hence!  
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.

PROSPERA So, slave, hence.

*Caliban exits.*

*Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible,  
playing and singing.*

*Song.*

ARIEL  
*Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands.  
Curtstied when you have, and kissed  
The wild waves whist.  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And sweet sprites bear*

*The burden. Hark, hark!*  
Burden dispersedly, within: *Bow-wow.*  
*The watchdogs bark.*  
Burden dispersedly, within: *Bow-wow.*  
*Hark, hark! I hear*  
*The strain of strutting chanticleer*  
*Cry cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FERDINAND

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 Queen my mother'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.

*Song.*

ARIEL

*Full fathom five they mother lies.*  
*Of her bones are coral made.*  
*Those are pearls that were her eyes.*  
*Nothing of him that doth fade*  
*But doth suffer a sea change*  
*Into something rich and strange.*  
*Sea nymphs hourly ring her knell.*  
Burden, within: *Ding dong.*  
*Hark, now I hear them: ding dong bell.*

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERA, *to Miranda*

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 wrack; and, but he's something stained  
With grief—that's beauty's canker—thou might'st

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.  
 FERDINAND, *seeing Miranda* Most sure, the goddess  
 On whom these airs attend!—O you wonder!—  
 Are you a 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 she does I weep. Myself am Naples,  
 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
 The Queen my mother wracked.  
 MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!  
 PROSPERA, A word, good sir.  
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.  
 MIRANDA  
 Why speaks my mother so ungently? This  
 is the first man that e'er I sighed 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 ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
 Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
 From me, the lord on 't.  
 FERDINAND No, as I am a man!

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERA, *to Ferdinand* Follow me.

*To Miranda.* Speak not you for him. He's a traitor.  
*To Ferdinand.* Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.  
Sea water shalt thou drink. Thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND No,

I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

*He 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.  
Beseech you, mother—  
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERA Silence! One word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
An advocate for an impostor? Hush.  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,  
To th' 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, *to Ferdinand* Come on, obey.

Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND So they are.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My mother's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, nor this lord'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' th' Earth  
Let liberty make use of. Space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

MIRANDA, *to Ferdinand* 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, *to Ariel* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

ARIEL To th' syllable.

PROSPERA, *to Ferdinand*

Come follow. *To Miranda*. Speak not for him.

*They exit.*

## ACT 2

### Scene 1

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonia*

ANTONIA, *to Alonso*

Beseech you, Queen, be merry. You have cause—  
So have we all—of joy, for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss.

ALONSA Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonia* She receives comfort like  
cold porridge.

ALONSA

You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. My son is lost.  
—O, thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

ANTONIA Hark, 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 swoll'n that met him. I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

ALONSA No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Madame, you may thank yourself for this loss,

ALONSA Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

We have lost your son,  
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them.  
The fault's your own.

ALONSA So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

ANTONIA My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN Very well.

ANTONIA, *to Alonso*

It is foul weather in us all, good Queen,  
When you are cloudy.



SEBASTIAN Foul weather?

ANTONIA Very foul.

ALONSA

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

ANTONIA Nay, good lady, be not angry. Go sleep.

ALONSA

Sleep? I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find

They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please sister,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

ANTONIA We two, my Queen,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

ALONSA Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

*Alonsa sleeps*

SEBASTIAN

I find not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIA Nor I. My spirits are nimble.

And yet methinks I see it in thy face

What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

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 Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather, wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN 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.

SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIA

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN 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.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on.

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIA Thus, sir: Although this lord

Professes to persuade—the Queen her son’s alive,  
’Tis as impossible that he’s undrowned  
As she that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope

That he’s undrowned.

ANTONIA O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! No hope that way is  
Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN He’s gone.

ANTONIA Then tell me,

Who’s the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN 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-swallowed, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what’s past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN What stuff is this? How say you?

’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 ev’ry cubit

Seems to cry out “How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis  
And let Sebastian wake.” Say this were death  
That now hath seized them, why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples

As well as she that sleeps. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIA And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN 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.

SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?

ANTONIA

Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom. 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 forever. 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.

SEBASTIAN Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,  
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIA Draw together.

*They draw their swords.*

*Enter Ariel, invisible, with music and song.*

ARIEL, *to the sleeping Alonso*

My master through her art foresees the danger  
That you, the queen, are in, and sends me forth—  
For else her project dies—to keep thee living.

*Sings in Alonso's ear:*

*While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,*

*Shake off slumber and beware.*

*Awake, awake!*

ANTONIA, *to Sebastian* Then let us both be sudden.

ALONSA, *waking*

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

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

SEBASTIAN

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

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

For my poor son.

ARIEL, *aside*

Prospera my lord shall know what I have done.

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

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*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 inchmeal 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' th' 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,

Sometimes 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 Trincula.*

Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of hers, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.  
Perchance she will not mind me.  
*He lies down and covers himself with a cloak.*

TRINCULA Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I  
hear it sing i' th' 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. *Noticing Caliban.*  
What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or  
alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient  
and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-  
John.

A strange fish. 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 hereabout. Misery acquaints a man  
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the  
dregs of the storm be past.

*She crawls under Caliban's cloak.*

*Enter Stephano singing.*

STEPHANO

*I shall no more to sea, to sea.*

*Here shall I die ashore—*

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

Well, here's my comfort.

*Drinks.*

*Sings.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*

*The gunner and his mate,*

*Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*

*But none of us cared for Kate.*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,*

*Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"*

*She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!*  
This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort.

*Drinks.*

CALIBAN Do not torment me! O!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind? Ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs, for it hath been said "As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground," and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

CALIBAN The spirit torments me. O!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

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

STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, 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.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt anon; I know it by thy trembling. Now Prospera 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. *Caliban drinks.* You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULA 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.  
*Caliban drinks.* Amen! I will pour some in thy  
other mouth.

TRINCULA Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy,  
this is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I  
have no long spoon.

TRINCULA Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me  
and speak to me, for I am Trincula—be not  
afeard—thy good friend Trincula.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trincula, come forth. I'll pull  
thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trincula's legs,  
these are they. *He pulls her out from under Caliban's  
cloak.* Thou art very Trincula indeed. How  
cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can  
he vent Trinculas?

TRINCULA I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke.  
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I  
hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm  
overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf'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.

*to Trincula* How didst thou scape? How  
cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou  
cam'st hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which  
the sailors heaved o'erboard

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

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

TRINCULA O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt! My cellar is in a rock  
by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now,  
mooncalf, how does thine ague?

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.  
I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,  
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULA 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.

*Caliban kneels.*

CALIBAN

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

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

CALIBAN, *standing*

Wilt thou go with me?

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

CALIBAN *sings drunkenly*

*Farewell, master, farewell, farewell.*

TRINCULA A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN *sings*

*No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.  
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban  
Has a new master. Get a new man.*

Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,  
high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO O brave monster! Lead the way.

*They exit.*



### ACT 3

#### Scene 1

*Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.*

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor  
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her 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.

*Enter Miranda; and Prospera at a distance, unobserved.*

MIRANDA Alas now, pray you,

Work not so hard. I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.  
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My mother  
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.  
She's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that.  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND No, precious creature,

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonor undergo  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA It would become me

As well as it does you, and I should do it  
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against. 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  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues  
Have I liked several women, never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA I 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 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' th' world,  
Do love, prize, honor you.

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

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, *clasping his hand*

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

FERDINAND A thousand thousand.

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trincula, with Ariel  
following*

CALIBAN Wilt thou be pleased to harken once again to the  
suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will stand,  
and so shall Trincula.

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

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 dar'st,  
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

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 weasand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess her books, for without them  
She's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command. They all do hate her  
As rootedly as I. Burn but her books.  
She has brave utensils—for so she calls them—  
Which, when she has a house, she'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of her daughter.

STEPHANO A lass?

Ay, 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 Trincula and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost  
thou like the plot, Trincula?

TRINCULA Excellent.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL, *aside* This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry. I am full of pleasure.  
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while?

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

*Sings.*

*Flout 'em and cout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em!  
Thought is free.*

*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

STEPHANO What is this same?

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

STEPHANO, *to the invisible musician* If thou be'st a  
man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a

devil, take 't as thou list.  
TRINCULA 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.  
    Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
    Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices  
    That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
    Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,  
    The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
    Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
    I cried to dream again.  
STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
    where I shall have my music for nothing.  
CALIBAN When Prospera is destroyed.  
STEPHANO That shall be by and by. I remember the  
    story.  
TRINCULA The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and  
    after do our work.  
STEPHANO Lead, monster. We'll follow.—I would I  
    could see this taborer. He lays it on. Wilt come?  
TRINCULA I'll follow, Stephano.

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonia*

ALONSA  
    I can go no further. My old heart aches.  
    Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
    No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned  
    Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
    Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.  
ANTONIA, *aside to Sebastian*  
    I am right glad that she's so out of hope.  
    Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
    That you resolved t' effect.  
SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonia* The next advantage  
    Will we take throughly.  
ANTONIA, *aside to Sebastian* Let it be tonight;

For now she is oppressed with travel, she  
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance  
As when she is fresh.  
SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonia* I say tonight. No more.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a Harpy. Alonsa,  
Sebastian, and Antonia draw their swords.*

ARIEL *as Harpy*

You fools, I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate. 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,  
Her 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, Alonsa,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me  
Ling'ring perdition, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways, whose wraths to guard you  
from—is nothing but heart's sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing. *She vanishes in thunder.*

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 Prospera. It did bass my trespass.  
Therefor my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. *She exits.*

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

ANTONIA I'll be thy second.

*They exit.*

## ACT 4

### Scene 1

*Enter Prospera, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

PROSPERA, *to Ferdinand*

If I have too austerely punished you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast of her,  
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.

FERDINAND

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now.

PROSPERA Fairly spoke.

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw  
To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,  
Or else goodnight your vow.

FERDINAND I warrant you,  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardor of my liver.

PROSPERA Well.—

*Soft music.*

No tongue. All eyes. Be silent.

ARIEL *Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you.  
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERA Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines called to enact  
My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever.

So rare a wondered mother and a wise  
Makes this place paradise.

PROSPERA

Well done. Avoid. No more.

FERDINAND, *to Miranda*

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

MIRANDA Never till this day

Saw I her touched with anger, so distempered.

PROSPERA, *to Ferdinand*

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed. 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-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.  
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturbed 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.

*They exit.*

*Enter Ariel.*

PROSPERA

Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel. Come.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERA

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL I go, I go.

*She exits.*

PROSPERA

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.

*Enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trincula, all wet, as  
Prospera and Ariel look on.*

CALIBAN Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
may not hear a footfall. 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.

TRINCULA 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—

TRINCULA Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

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

All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULA Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

CALIBAN

Prithee, my queen, 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 forever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

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

TRINCULA, *seeing the apparel* 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.

TRINCULA Oho, monster, we know what belongs to a  
frippery. *She puts on one of the gowns.* O King

Stephano!  
STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trincula. By this hand,  
I'll have that gown.  
TRINCULA Thy Grace shall have it.  
CALIBAN  
The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean  
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,  
And do the murder first. If she awakes,  
From toe to crown she'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.  
STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster. Here's a garment  
for 't.  
CALIBAN  
I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time  
And all be turned to barnacles or to apes  
With foreheads villainous low.  
STEPHANO Monster, help to bear this away where my  
my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my  
kingdom. Go to, carry this.  
TRINCULA And this.  
STEPHANO Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard.*

*Enter spirits in shape of dogs and hounds,  
hunting them about. These spirits chase Caliban,  
Stephano, and Trincula off. Ariel reveals self under hound  
disguise.*

## **ACT 5**

### Scene 1

*Enter Prospera in her magic robes, laughing.*

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 'r followers?  
ARIEL Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, three,  
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell.  
They cannot budge till your release.  
Your charm so strongly works 'em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

PROSPERA Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERA And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'  
quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part. The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance.  
Go, release them, Ariel.  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them now.

*She exits.*

*Prospera draws a large circle on the stage with her staff.*

PROSPERA

You elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,  
And you that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though you be, I have bedimmed  
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up  
The pine and cedar; graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and when I have required  
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,

*Prospera gestures with her staff.*

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.*

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantic  
gesture; Sebastian and Antonia in like manner. They all  
enter the circle which Prospera had made, and there  
stand charmed; which Prospera observing, speaks.*

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-stopped.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—  
Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and  
blood,  
You, sister mine, that entertained ambition,  
Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,  
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,  
Would here have killed your queen, 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,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.

*Ariel exits and at once returns  
with Prospera's ducal robes.*

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  
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *He exits.*

PROSPERA, *to Alonso* Behold, dear queen,  
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospera.  
For more assurance that a living being  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,  
*She embraces Alonso.*

And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

ALONSA Whe'er thou be'st she 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,  
An if this be at all, a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

PROSPERA

*To Antonia* . For you, most wicked one, whom to  
call sister  
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, whom three hours since  
Were wracked 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.

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, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSA A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The King and Queen there!  
When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERA

In this last tempest. Then know for certain  
That I am Prospera and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most  
strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wracked, 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 breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Queen.  
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 you  
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospera discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,  
playing at chess.*

MIRANDA, *to Ferdinand*

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND No, my dearest 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.

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

FERDINAND, *seeing Alonso and coming forward*

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.

I have cursed them without cause. *He kneels.*

ALONSA Now, all the blessings

Of a glad mother compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Ferdinand stands.*

MIRANDA, *rising and coming forward* 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, *to Ferdinand*

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.  
Is she the goddess that hath severed us  
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal,  
But by immortal providence she's mine.  
I chose her when I could not ask my mother  
For her advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before, of whom I have  
Received a second life; and second 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, stop.

Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

ALONSA, *to Ferdinand and Miranda* Give me your  
hands.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

PROSPERA Dear, my liege,  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Enter Caliban, Ariel disguised as Stephano, and Trincula  
in their stolen apparel.*

PROSPERA

Mark but the badges of these three, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without her power.  
These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil,  
For he's a bastard one, had plotted with them  
To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSA

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSA

And Trincula is reeling ripe. Where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?

*To Trincula.* How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULA I have been in such a pickle since I saw you  
last that I fear me will never out of my bones. I  
shall not fear flyblowing.

ALONSA, *indicating Caliban*

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

PROSPERA

He is as disproportioned in his manners  
As in his shape. *To Caliban.* Go, sirrah, to my cell.  
Take with you your companions. As you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERA Go to, away!

ALONSA, *to Stephano and Trincula*

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN Or stole it, rather.

*Caliban, Stephano, and Trincula exit.*

ALONSA I long

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

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.



EPILOGUE,  
spoken by Prospera.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have 's mine own,  
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell,  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands.  
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 relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

*She exits.*