

The Tempest

The ship's crew:

Master: The captain of the King's ship

Boatswain

Mariners

The nobles and their servants:

Alonso: King of Naples

Antonio: Prospero's brother, who has stolen his place as Duke of Milan

Gonzalo: A councilor to Alonso

Sebastian: Alonso's brother

Ferdinand: Alonso's son

Adrian: a lord

Francisco: a lord

Stephano: A butler

Trinculo: A jester

On the island:

Prospero: The rightful Duke of Milan

Miranda: Prospero's daughter

Ariel: The chief spirit of the island, who serves Prospero

Caliban: Prospero's servant

Spirits

Act 1 Scene 1

On a ship at sea

(The sound of a storm)

Master:

Boatswain!

Boatswain:

Here, Master. What cheer?

Master:

Speak to the mariners. Fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

Boatswain:

Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail!

Alonso:

Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master?

Boatswain:

I pray now, keep below.

Antonio:

Where is the Master, Boatswain?

Boatswain:

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

Gonzalo:

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain:

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

Gonzalo:

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain:

None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor, if you can command these elements to silence use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long,

(to the sailors)

Cheerly, good hearts!

(to the noblemen)

Out of our way, I say!

(The noblemen leave)

Boatswain:

Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!

(Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo)

Yet again! What do you here? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian:

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

Boatswain:

Work you, then.

Antonio:

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

Boatswain: *(to the sailors)*

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses! Off to sea again! Lay her off!

Mariners:

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!
The sailors all run off in different directions

Boatswain:

What, must our mouths be cold?

Mariners:

Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!
We split, we split, we split!

Antonio:

Let's all sink wi' the King.

Sebastian:

Let's take leave of him.

Gonzalo:

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.

Act 1 Scene 2

On the island

Miranda:

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.

Prospero:

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

Miranda:

O, woe the day!

Prospero:

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—

Prospero:

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
 Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
 And princess no worse issued.

Miranda:

O the heavens!

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

Prospero:

Both, both, my girl.

My brother and thy uncle called Antonio –
 I pray thee mark me, that a brother should
 Be so perfidious – he whom next thyself
 Of all the world I loved, and to him put
 The manage of my state – as at that time
 I to my state grew stranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle –
 Dost thou attend me? – set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleased his ear. I pray thee mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 Awaked an evil nature; he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke with all prerogative.
 Dost thou hear?

Miranda: Your tale, sir, would cure deafness

Prospero:

Me, poor man – my library was dukedom enough.
 This King of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was that he, 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 honours on my brother; whereon
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to th' purpose did Antonio 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!

Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prospero:

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
 In few, they hurried us aboard a barque,
 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.

Miranda:

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

Prospero:

O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile!

Miranda:

How came we ashore?

Prospero:

By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, 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.

Miranda:

Would I might

But ever see that man!

Prospero:

Now I arise.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived; and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other 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, sir –
For still 'tis beating in my mind – your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Prospero:

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore.

(Prospero casts a spell on Miranda to make her drowsy.)

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!

Ariel:

All hail, great master! grave sir, 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 his quality.

Prospero:

Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel:

To every article. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,
Was the first man that leaped; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Prospero:

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

Ariel: Close by, my master.

Prospero:

But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel:

Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Prospero:

Of the King's ship

The mariners say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ariel:

Safely in harbour

The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.

Prospero:

Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is performed; but there's more work.

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.

Prospero:

How now? Moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ariel:

My liberty.

Prospero:

Before the time be out? No more!

Ariel:

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served

Without or grudge or grumblings.

Thou did promise To bate me a full year.

Prospero:

Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel:

No.

Prospero:

Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is baked with frost.

Ariel:

I do not, sir.

Prospero:

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax. Hast thou forgot her?

Ariel:

No, sir.

Prospero:

Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak; tell me.

Ariel:

Sir, in Algiers.

Prospero:

O, was she so? 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 Algiers,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ariel:

Ay, sir.

Prospero:

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
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,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,

And left thee there. Then was this island
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born – not honoured with
A human shape.

Ariel:

Yes, Caliban her son.

Prospero:

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans
Did make wolves howl. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ariel:

I thank thee, master.

Prospero:

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

Ariel:

Pardon, master;

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

Prospero:

Do so,
And after two days I will discharge thee.

Ariel:

That's my noble master! What shall I do?
Say what. What shall I do?

Prospero:

Go make thyself
Like to a nymph o'th'sea. Be subject to
No sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else.
(to Miranda)
Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Miranda:

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Prospero:

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

Miranda:

'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Prospero:

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Caliban: *(from offstage)*

There's wood enough within.

Prospero:

Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise!
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

(Caliban enters)

Caliban:

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Prospero:

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps.
Thou shalt be pinched as thick as honeycomb,
Each pinch more stinging than bees that made 'em.

Caliban:

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' 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.

Prospero:

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

Caliban:

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

Miranda:

Abhorred slave!

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.

Caliban:

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

Prospero:

Hag-seed, hence!

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.

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

Prospero:

So, slave; hence!

(Exit Caliban. Ariel enters with Ferdinand. Ariel is invisible.)

Ariel: *(singing)*

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands.
 Curtsied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 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?
 Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
 This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion.

Ariel: *(singing)*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Spirits: *(from offstage)*

Ding-dong.

Ariel:

Hark! now I hear them –

Spirits: *(from offstage)*

Ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand:

The ditty does remember my drowned father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

Prospero: *(to Miranda)*

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance

And say what thou seest yond.

Miranda:

What is't? A spirit?

Prospero:

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses

As we have, such. 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.

Prospero: *(to himself)*

It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it. *(to Ariel)* 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 – O you wonder –

If you be maid or no?

Miranda:

No wonder, sir,

But certainly a maid.

Ferdinand:

My language! Heavens! I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Prospero:

How? The best?

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

Ferdinand:

Myself am Naples, who with mine eyes beheld

The King my father wrecked.

Miranda:

Alack, for mercy!

Prospero: *(to himself)*

At first sight

They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this.

(to Ferdinand)

A word, good sir.

I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

Miranda: *(to herself)*

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Ferdinand:

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

Prospero:

Soft, sir! one word more.

(to himself)

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.

Prospero:

(to Miranda)

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come,

(to Ferdinand)

I'll manacle thy feet together.

(Ferdinand draws his sword but Prospero casts a spell, and Ferdinand is no longer able to move.)

Ferdinand:

No; I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power.

Miranda:

O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle and not fearful.

Prospero:

Hence! hang not on my garments.

Miranda:

Sir, have pity.

I be his surety.

Prospero:

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 the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Miranda:

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

(Prospero casts a spell on Ferdinand)

Prospero:

Come on; obey.

Ferdinand:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid.

Prospero: *(to Ariel)*

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

(to Ferdinand)

Follow me.

Miranda: *(to Ferdinand)*

Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech.

Prospero: *(to Ariel)*

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds.

(to Ferdinand)

Come, follow.

(to Miranda)

Speak not for him.

Act 2 Scene 1

Another part of the island

(Enter King Alonso, Gonzalo, and the noblemen)

Gonzalo: *(to Alonso)*

Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonso:

Prithee, peace.

Sebastian: *(to Antonio)*

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Gonzalo: *(to Adrian)*

Here is everything advantageous to life.

Antonio: *(to Sebastian)*

True, save means to live.

Sebastian:

Of that there's none, or little.

Gonzalo: *(to Adrian)*

How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Antonio:

He misses not much.

Sebastian:

No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gonzalo:

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

Sebastian:

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

Adrian:

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

Gonzalo:

(to Adrian)

Ay.

(to Alonso)

Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen. *(a pause)* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? *(a pause)* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alonso:

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there, for coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Francisco:

Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alonso:

No, no, he's gone.

Sebastian: *(to Alonso)*

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter.

Alonso:

Prithee, peace.

Sebastian:

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself.
The fault's your own.

Alonso:

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

Gonzalo:

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

Sebastian:

Very well.

Gonzalo: *(to Alonso)*

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
All abundance, to feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sebastian:

Save his Majesty!

Antonio:

Long live Gonzalo!

Gonzalo:

And – do you mark me, sir?

Antonio:

It is the quality o' th' climate.

Sebastian:

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find

Not myself disposed to sleep.

Antonio:

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian, O, what might – ? No more –

And yet methinks I see it in thy face.

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Sebastian:

What, art thou waking?

Antonio:

Do you not hear me speak? Although this lord

Hath here almost persuaded the King his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned

As he that sleeps here swims.

Sebastian:

I have no hope

That he's undrowned.

Antonio:

O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

Sebastian:

He's Gone.

Antonio:

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

Sebastian:

Claribel.

Antonio:

She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she 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 brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Antonio:

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. O, that you bore
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Sebastian:

Methinks I do.

Antonio:

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Sebastian:

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Antonio:

True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me.

Sebastian:

But, for your conscience?

Antonio:

Ay, sir, where lies that? Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever.

Sebastian:

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

Antonio:

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

(Antonio and Sebastian both draw their swords. Antonio holds his above Alonso and Sebastian holds his above Gonzalo. Just as they are ready to strike, Sebastian lowers his sword.)

Sebastian:

O, but one word.

(Sebastian turns aside with Antonio. Enter Ariel unseen, playing music.)

Ariel: *(whispering near Gonzalo's ear)*

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth –

(singing)

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware;
Awake, awake!

Antonio:

Then let us both be sudden.

Gonzalo: *(Waking)*

Now, good angels preserve the King.

Alonso:

Why, how now? Ho! Awake? *(Adrian and Francisco wake up, alarmed.)*

Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gonzalo:

What's the matter?

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.

Alonso:

I heard nothing.

Antonio:

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

Alonso:

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gonzalo:

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.

Alonso:

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

Gonzalo:

Heavens keep him from these beasts!

Alonso:

Lead away.

(The noblemen exit.)

Ariel:

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

(Ariel exits.)

Act 2 Scene 2

Another part of the Island

(Enter Caliban)

Caliban:

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! *(Thunder)*

His spirits hear me

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; sometime am
I All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

(Enter Trinculo, Alonso's jester)

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.

(Caliban falls flat on the ground and covers himself with his cloak)

Trinculo:

Here's another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind. 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.

(Trinculo notices Caliban.)

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 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.

(Trinculo hides under Caliban's cloak. Enter Stephano, Alonso's butler, carrying a bottle and singing loudly)

Stephano:

(singing) 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.

(singing)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Moll, 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 savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

(Trinculo moves under the cloak and Caliban yelps.

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? If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor.

Caliban:

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

Stephano:

He's in his fit now. 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.

Caliban:

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling.

Stephano:

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

(Stephano pours wine into Caliban's mouth as he drinks. Trinculo's head pops up from the other end of the cloak.)

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! If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come.

(Stephano pours more wine into Caliban's mouth.)

Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

(Stephano goes to Caliban's feet and finds Trinculo's head.)

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.

(Stephano puts down his bottle and grabs Trinculo's legs, pulling him out from under Caliban's cloak.)

Thou art very Trinculo indeed!

Trinculo:

Art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Stephano:

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

Caliban:

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

(Caliban kneels in front of Stephano.)

Stephano:

How didst thou scape? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st 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:

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

Stephano:

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 seaside where my wine is hid.
How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Caliban:

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano:

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' the moon.

Caliban:

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.
My mistress showed me thee.

Stephano:

Come, swear to that.

(Stephano offers the bottle to Caliban who takes it and drinks greedily.)

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!

Caliban:

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

Stephano:

Come on then; down and swear.

Trinculo:

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster!

Stephano:

Come, kiss.

Trinculo:

The poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Caliban:

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

Trinculo:

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

Stephano:

I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here! Bear my bottle.

Caliban: (singing)

Farewell, master;

farewell, farewell!

Trinculo:

A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Caliban: (singing)

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, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Stephano:

O brave monster! Lead the way.

(Exit Caliban, Stephano, & Trinculo)

Act 3 Scene 1

Near Prospero's dwelling

(Ferdinand enters carrying logs and is joined by Miranda. Prospero enters unseen.)

Ferdinand:

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off. 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.

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. 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. What is your name?

Miranda:

Miranda – O my father,
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, For several virtues
 Have I liked several women, but you,
 O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best!

Miranda:

I do not know

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

Ferdinand:

I am in my condition
 A prince, Miranda, I do think a king –
 I would not so. 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,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
I love, prize, honour you.

Miranda:

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

Prospero: *(to himself)*

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

Miranda:

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid.

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.

(Exit Ferdinand & Miranda)

Prospero:

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 Prospero)

Act 3 Scene 2

Another part of the island

(Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo stagger on singing drunkenly)

Stephano:

When the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before; Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee.

(Stephano hands the bottle to Caliban who drinks deeply)

My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mooncalf.

Caliban:

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

(pointing at Trinculo)

I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

Trinculo:

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!

Caliban:

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

Stephano:

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. 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.

(Caliban kneels at Stephano's feet as Stephano and Trinculo try to stand upright. Ariel comes on, but is invisible to them. When he speaks, he sounds like Trinculo.)

Caliban:

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

Ariel: *(In Trinculo's voice)*

Thou liest.

(Caliban turns on Trinculo, believing he spoke.)

Caliban:

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou. I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Stephano:

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

Trinculo:

Why, I said nothing.

Stephano:

Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Caliban:

I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him – for I know thou dar'st,
Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Stephano:

How now shall this be compassed?

Caliban:

I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ariel: *(In Trinculo's voice)*

Thou liest; thou canst not.

(Caliban turns on Trinculo again.)

Caliban:

Thou scurvy patch!

(To Stephano) 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 –

Trinculo:

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

Stephano:

Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel: *(In Trinculo's voice)*

Thou liest.

Stephano:

Do I so? Take thou that

(Stephano punches Trinculo. Trinculo staggers back.)

Trinculo:

A pox o' your bottle! A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Caliban:

Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano:

Now, forward with your tale.

Caliban:

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
 I' the afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
 Having first seized his books, or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
 First to possess his books; for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command. They all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. And consider
 The beauty of his daughter. He himself
 Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
 But only Sycorax my dam and she;
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
 As greatest does least.

Stephano:

Is it so brave a lass?

Caliban:

Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

Stephano:

Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen – 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 liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Caliban:

Within this half hour will he be asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stephano:

Ay, on mine honour.

Ariel: *(to himself)*

This will I tell my master.

Caliban:

Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.

Stephano:

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

(singing) Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em;

Thought is free.

Caliban:

That's not the tune.

(Ariel plays a tune for them. Stephano and Trinculo look around for the source of the music.)

Stephano:

What is this same?

Trinculo:

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

Caliban:

Art thou afeard?

Stephano:

No, monster, not I.

Caliban:

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

Stephano:

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

Caliban:

When Prospero is destroyed.

Stephano:

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

Trinculo:

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

(Trinculo, Stephano, & Caliban exit as Ariel, still playing his music, leads them off.)

Act 3 Scene 3

Another part of the island

(Alonso and Gonzalo walk on wearily, followed by Adrian and Francisco, then Antonio and Sebastian.)

Gonzalo:

I can go no further, sir.

I needs must rest me.

Alonso:

Old lord, sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope. He is drowned

Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

(The nobles all sit down. Antonio and Sebastian sit apart from the others and whisper together.)

Antonio:

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

Do not, for one repulse forego the purpose

That you resolved to effect.

Sebastian:

The next advantage

Will we take throughly.

Antonio:

Let it be tonight;

For, now they are oppressed with travail, they

Will not, cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Sebastian:

I say, tonight. No more.

(Music is heard. Prospero comes on, wearing his cloak and carrying his staff. He is invisible to the nobles.)

Alonso:

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gonzalo:

Marvellous sweet music!

(Spirits come on bringing a table and lay out a banquet on it. The spirits then dance around the table and the nobles and encourage the nobles to come to the table to eat. The spirits then leave.)

Alonso:

Heavens! What were these?

Sebastian:

Now I will believe there are unicorns.

Antonio:

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gonzalo:

If in Naples

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.

Prospero: *(to himself)*

Honest lord,

Thou hast said well, for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

Francisco:

They vanished strangely.

Sebastian:

No matter, since

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

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alonso:

I will stand to and feed,

Although my last. No matter, since I feel

The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,

Stand to and do as we.

(Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio rise and go towards the table to eat. Just as they reach the table, there is thunder and lightning. In a flash, Ariel appears as a harpy. He spreads his wings and suddenly the banquet vanishes. Gonzalo, Adrian and Francisco are frozen and see nothing until Ariel leaves. Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian stand amazed.)

Ariel:

You are three men of sin, whom destiny –
 That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in 't – the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad,
 And even with suchlike valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves.

(Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio draw their swords against Ariel.)

You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of Fate. The elements,
 Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
 And will not be uplifted.

(Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio suddenly find that their swords have become too heavy to hold up.)

But remember –
 For that's my business to you – that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft.

(There is more thunder and lightning during which Ariel vanishes. Soft music is heard as spirits return to dance and jeer at the nobles. They dance off taking the table with them. The nobles are all too stunned to move.)

Prospero:

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

(Prospero walks off. Gonzalo, Adrian and Francisco, now unfrozen, walk over to Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio.)

Gonzalo:

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

Alonso:

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me: the name of Prosper.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

(Exit Alonso)

Sebastian:

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

Antonio:

I'll be thy second.

(Sebastian and Antonio run off after Alonso.)

Gonzalo:

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

Adrian:

Follow, I pray you.

(Adrian and Francisco run after the others, followed more slowly by Gonzalo.)

Act 4 Scene 1

Outside Prospero's home

(Prospero walks on with Ferdinand and Miranda, who are holding hands. All three are smiling.)

Prospero:

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; All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. 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

Prospero:

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate.
Sit, then, and talk with her. She is thine own.

(Ferdinand & Miranda sit to the side. Prospero turns away.)

What, Ariel, my industrious servant Ariel!

(Ariel appears.)

Ariel:

What would my potent master? Here I am.

Prospero:

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

(to Ferdinand and Miranda)

No tongue, all eyes! Be silent.

(The Spirits enter and perform a dance to bless the couple.)

Ferdinand:

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

Prospero:

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 father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Prospero: *(to himself)*

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come.

(Prospero turns to the spirits.)

Well done! Avoid. No more!

(There is some confusion and the spirits all run off. Ferdinand and Miranda whisper together.)

Ferdinand:

This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Miranda:

Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.

Prospero:

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.

(Ferdinand and Miranda leave.)

Prospero:

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

(Ariel appears)

Ariel:

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

Prospero:

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ariel:

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
 So full of valour that they smote the air.
 I beat my tabor at which they pricked their ears,
 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
 That calf-like they my lowing followed through
 Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
 Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
 I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'er-stunk their feet.

Prospero:

This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ariel:

I go, I go.

Prospero:

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all.

(Ariel comes back carrying flashy clothes. He hangs the clothes on a line. Prospero and Ariel remain invisible and watch. Caliban creeps on followed by Stephano and Trunculo. All three are dirty, wet and messy.)

Caliban:

Pray you, tread softly; we now are near his cell.

Trinculo:

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

Stephano:

So is mine. Do you hear, 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 hushed 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:

Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st 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,
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches.

Stephano:

Be you quiet, monster.

(Stephano and Trinculo delight in trying on the clothes and showing off to each other.)

Caliban:

I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes.

Stephano:

Monster, 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.

(Stephano and Trinculo load up Caliban with the clothes. Spirits appear as dogs sniffing about. Prospero and Ariel follow. The dogs suddenly run to attack Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo and chase them off. Cries are heard offstage. Prospero calls after them.)

Prospero:

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps.

Ariel:

Hark, they roar!

Prospero:

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

(Exit Prospero & Ariel)

Act 5 Scene 1*Outside Prospero's home**(Prospero returns, wearing his magic cloak and carrying his staff. Ariel follows.)***Prospero:**

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

Ariel:

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

Prospero:

I did say so,
 When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
 How fares the King and's followers?

Ariel:

Confined together

They cannot budge till your release. The King,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
 Him that you termed, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo,"
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Prospero:

Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel:

Mine would, sir, were I human.

Prospero:

And mine shall.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the 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, sir.

(Exit Ariel. Prospero draws a circle with his staff.)

Prospero:

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

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,

Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed

The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
 Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian –
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong –
 Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me! Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

(Ariel leaves and quickly returns with the hat and sword. He takes Prospero's cloak off him and helps him to put on the hat and sword, singing as he does.)

Ariel: *(singing)*

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

Prospero:

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches. The 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.

(Ariel runs off. Slowly the nobles begin to move and look about them as though waking from a very confusing dream.)

Gonzalo:

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

Prospero:

Behold, sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

(Prospero embraces Alonso. Slowly Alonso returns the embrace and stares wonderingly at Prospero.)

Alonso:

Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood. 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 Prospero
 Be living and be here?

Prospero: *(to Gonzalo)*

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

(Prospero embraces Gonzalo. Then looks round at all who are looking at him in astonishment.)

You do yet taste
 Some subtleties o' th' isle that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

(Whispering to Sebastian & Antonio)

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you
 And justify you traitors. At this time
 I will tell no tales.

Sebastian: *(to Antonio)*

The devil speaks in him.

Prospero: No.
 For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alonso:

If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore, where I have lost –
How sharp the point of this remembrance is –
My dear son Ferdinand.

Prospero:

I am woe for 't, sir.
For I have lost my daughter.

Alonso:

A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! That they were,
I wish Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Prospero:

In this last tempest. Know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely,
Upon this shore where you were wrecked, was landed
To be the lord on '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. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye

As much as me my dukedom.

(Prospero leads Alonso to the door of his home. Prospero opens the door to reveal Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess.)

Miranda:

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,
An I would call it fair play.

Alonso:

If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Sebastian:

A most high miracle!

(Ferdinand rushes to greet his father.)

Ferdinand:

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

Alonso:

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!

(Miranda comes forward and stares in astonishment at so many men.)

Miranda:

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!

Prospero:

'Tis new to thee.

Alonso:

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.

Ferdinand:

Sir, by immortal Providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown.
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alonso:

I am hers.

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

Prospero:

There, sir, stop.

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

Gonzalo:

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.

(Alonso reaches out to Ferdinand and Miranda.)

Alonso:

Give me your hands.

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

Gonzalo:

Be it so! Amen!

(Ariel returns, invisible to everyone except Prospero. The Shipmaster and the Boatswain follow him, looking about themselves in amazement.)

O look, sir, look, sir, here is more of us!

What is the news?

Boatswain:

The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

Ariel: *(to Prospero)*

Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Prospero: *(to Ariel)*

My tricky spirit!

Alonso:

These are not natural events. They strengthen
From strange to stranger.

Boatswain:

If I did think, sir, I were well awake
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And – how we know not – all clapped under hatches,
Where but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
And were brought moping hither.

Ariel: *(to Prospero)*

Was 't well done?

Prospero: *(whispering to Ariel)*

Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

(to Alonso)

Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business.

(Prospero turns again to whisper to Ariel.)

Come hither, spirit.

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell.

(Ariel runs off. Prospero turns back to Alonso.)

How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

(Ariel returns bringing in Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano with their stolen clothes.

Caliban looks terrified at so many new people.)

(Prospero turns 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!

Prospero:

Go to, away!

(Caliban leaves, pulling Stephano and Trinculo roughly with him.)

Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away – the story of my life A
nd the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. An in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

(Prospero waits behind as Miranda leads all the nobles offstage and into Prospero's home. Prospero calls to Ariel.)

My Ariel, chick, be free, and fare thou well!

(Ariel instantly leaves. Prospero turns to talk directly to the audience.)

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,
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.