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The Characters

Prospero
The play’s protagonist and Miranda’s father. Twelve years before the events of the play, Prospero was the duke of Milan. His brother, Antonio, in concert with Alonso, king of Naples, usurped him, forcing him to flee in a boat with his daughter. The honest lord Gonzalo aided Prospero in his escape. Prospero has spent his twelve years on an island refining the magic that gives him the power he needs to punish and reconcile with his enemies.

Miranda
Prospero’s daughter, whom he brought with him to the island when she was still a small child. Miranda has never seen any men other than her father and Caliban, although she dimly remembers being cared for by female servants as an infant. Because she has been sealed off from the world for so long, Miranda’s perceptions of other people tend to be naïve and non-judgmental. She is compassionate, generous, and loyal to her father.

Ariel
Prospero’s spirit helper, a powerful supernatural being whom Prospero controls completely. Rescued by Prospero from a long imprisonment (within a tree) at the hands of the witch Sycorax, Ariel is Prospero’s servant until Prospero decides to release him. He is mischievous and ubiquitous, able to traverse the length of the island in an instant and change shapes at will. Ariel carries out virtually every task Prospero needs accomplished in the play.

Caliban
Another of Prospero’s servants. Caliban, the son of the now-deceased witch Sycorax, acquainted Prospero with the island when Prospero arrived. Caliban believes that the island rightfully belongs to him and that Prospero stole it. Caliban’s speech and behavior is sometimes coarse and brutal, sometimes eloquent and sensitive, as in his rebukes of Prospero in Act 1, scene 2, and in his description of the eerie beauty of the island.

Ferdinand
Son and heir of Alonso. Ferdinand seems in some ways to be as pure and naïve as Miranda. He falls in love with her upon first sight and happily submits to servitude in order to win Prospero’s approval.

Alonso
King of Naples and father of Ferdinand. Alonso aided Antonio in unseating Prospero as duke of Milan twelve years before. Over the course of the play, Alonso comes to regret his past actions and desire a reconciliation with Prospero.

Antonio
Prospero’s thoroughly wicked brother who betrayed Prospero’s trust and stole his dukedom years before the play begins. Once on the island, Antonio wastes no time demonstrating that he is still power-hungry and murderous, persuading Sebastian to help him kill Alonso. Though Prospero forgives him at the end of the play, Antonio never repents for his misdeeds.
Sebastian
Alonso's brother. Like Antonio, Sebastian is wicked and underhanded. Antonio easily persuades him to agree
to kill Alonso. Also like Antonio, Sebastian is unrepentant at the end of the play.

Gonzalo
An old, honest lord. The goodhearted Gonzalo helped Prospero and Miranda to escape and survive after
Antonio usurped Prospero's title. During the play, Gonzalo does his best to cheer up the despondent Alonso,
maintains an optimistic outlook on the island where they're stranded, and remains unfazed by the insulting
taunts of Antonio and Sebastian.

Trinculo and Stefano
Two minor members of the shipwrecked party. Trinculo, a jester, and Stefano, a drunken butler, provide a
comic foil to the other, more powerful pairs of Prospero and Alonso and Antonio and Sebastian. Their
drunken boasting and petty greed reflect and deflate the quarrels and power struggles of Prospero and the
other noblemen.

Boatswain
Appearing only in the first and last scenes, the Boatswain angers the noble characters with his foul-mouthed
and rude remarks, but remains competent and resourceful in the shipwreck scene, demanding practical help
rather than weeping and prayer.
A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard Enter a MASTER 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.

Exit MASTER
Enter MARINERS

BOATSWAIN
Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!

Yare! Yare!
Take in the topsail.—Tend to th' master's whistle.
—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

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

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

BOATSWAIN
I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO
Where is the Master, Boatswain?
BOATSWIN

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

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWIN

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

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWIN

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

Exit BOATSWIN

GONZALO

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

Exeunt GONZALO and courtiers

BOATSWIN

He's busy, can't you hear him giving orders? You're getting in the way of our work. Stay in your cabins. You're helping the storm, not us.

GONZALO

Don't get wound up, my good man.

BOATSWIN

I'm only wound up because the sea's wound up. Now get out of here! Do you think these waves care anything about kings and officials? Go to your cabins and be quiet! Don't bother us up here.

GONZALO

Just remember who you've got on board with you, good man.

BOATSWIN

Nobody I care about more than myself. You're a king's advisor. If you can order the storm to calm down, we can all put down our ropes and rest. Go ahead, use your authority. If you can't do it, be grateful you've lived this long and go wait to die in your cabin, if it comes to that.—Harder, men!—Now get out of our way, I'm telling you.

The BOATSWIN exits.

GONZALO

I feel a lot better after talking to this guy. He doesn't look like a person who would drown—he looks like he was born to be hanged. I hope he lives long enough to be hanged. The rope that hangs him will do more good than all the ropes on this ship, since it'll guarantee he stays alive through this storm. But if he's not destined to die by hanging, then our chances don't look too good.

GONZALO exits with the other men of court.
Enter **BOATSWAIN**

**BOATSWAIN**
Down with the topmast! Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try wi’ th’ main course.

_A cry within_
A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Enter **SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO**
Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o’er and drown?
Have you a mind to sink?

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

**BOATSWAIN**
Work you, then.

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

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

**BOATSWAIN**
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again.

Enter **MARINERS**, wet

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

**BOATSWAIN**
Bring down that top sail! Fast! Lower, lower! Let the ship sail close to the wind.

_A shout offstage._
Damn those men shouting down there! They’re louder than the storm or us sailors.

**SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO**
Oh, not you again. What do you want? Should we all give up and drown? Do you want to sink?

**SEBASTIAN**
Oh, go to hell, you loud-mouthed bastard!

**BOATSWAIN**
Well, get to work, then.

**ANTONIO**
Just die, you lowlife! Go ahead and die, you nasty, rude bastard! You’re more scared of drowning than we are.

**GONZALO**
Yes, I guarantee he won’t drown—even if this ship were as fragile as an eggshell and as leaky as a menstruating woman.

**BOATSWAIN**
Turn the ship to the wind! Set the sails and let her go out to sea again!

More **SAILORS** enter, wet.

**SAILORS**
It’s no use! Pray for your lives! We’re done for!
Exit MARINERS

BOATSWAIN
What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO
The king and prince at prayers. Let’s assist them, for our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN
30 I’m out of patience.

ANTONIO
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!

GONZALO
He’ll be hanged yet, though every drop of water swear against it and gape at widest to glut him.

A confused noise within

VOICES
(within) Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!

ANTONIO
Let’s all sink wi’ th’ king.

SEBASTIAN
35 Let’s take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

The SAILORS exit.

BOATSWAIN
What, we’re going to die?

GONZALO
The king and the prince are praying. Let’s go join them, since whatever happens to them happens to us too.

SEBASTIAN
I’m out of patience.

ANTONIO
Yes, we’ve been cheated out of our lives by a bunch of drunken, incompetent sailors. This bigmouth jerk here—(to BOATSWAIN) I hope you drown ten times over!

GONZALO
He’ll still die by hanging, not drowning, even if every drop of water in the sea tries to swallow him.

A confused noise offstage.

VOICES
God have mercy on us!—The ship’s breaking up!—Goodbye, wife and kids!—Goodbye, brother!—We’re breaking up, we’re breaking up!

ANTONIO
Let’s all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN
Let’s say goodbye to him.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN exit.
GONZALO

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

Exeunt

MODERN TEXT

GONZALO

Right now I’d give a thousand furlongs of sea for one little acre of dry ground: barren weed patch, anything at all. What’s destined to happen will happen, but I’d give anything to be dry when I die.

They exit.
Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

MIRANDA
If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th’ welkin’s cheek,
Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer. A brave vessel
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her
Dashed all to pieces. Oh, 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.

PROSPERO
Be collected.
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There’s no harm done.

MIRANDA
Oh, 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, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA
More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
PROSPERO
'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me.

MIRANDA helps PROSPERO remove his mantle

So,
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 sawst sink.
Sit down.
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA
You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay. Not yet."

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

MIRANDA
Certainly, sir, I can.

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

MIRANDA
You've often started to tell me who I am, but then
suddenly stopped, leaving me asking questions that
never get answered, telling me, "Wait. Not yet."

PROSPERO
Well, the time has come. This is the moment for you
to listen hard and pay close attention. Can you
remember the time before you came to live in this
shack? I doubt it, since you weren't even three at the
time.

MIRANDA
Sure I can, father.

PROSPERO
What do you remember? A house, a person? Tell me
anything you remember.
MIRANDA
'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

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

MIRANDA
But that I do not.

PROSPERO
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA
Sir, are not you my father?

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

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

PROSPERO
Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved
thence,
But blessedly holf hither.

MIRANDA
My memory is hazy, more like a dream than a
recollection. Didn’t I use to have four or five women
taking care of me?

PROSPERO
Indeed you did, and more besides, Miranda. But how
is it possible that you still remember this, through all
the darkness of the past? If you remember your life
before you came here, you may also remember how
you got here.

MIRANDA
No, that I don’t remember.

PROSPERO
Twelve years ago, Miranda, twelve years ago your
father was the Duke of Milan, a powerful prince.

MIRANDA
Aren’t you my father?

PROSPERO
Your mother was extremely virtuous, and she said
you were my daughter. And your father was Duke of
Milan, and you were his heir, a princess.

MIRANDA
Good lord! What evil things were done to us that we
were driven here? Or was it a blessing that we came
here?

PROSPERO
Both, both, my girl. We were pushed out of power by
evil deeds, as you call them. But we were blessed in
being helped toward this island.
MIRANDA
Oh, my heart bleeds
To think o’ th’ teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROSPERO
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
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

PROSPERO
My brother, your uncle Antonio—just listen to this (I
still can’t believe a brother could be so disloyal!)—My
brother whom—aside from you—I loved more than
anyone else in the world, I trusted to run my state,
which at that time was the strongest in the land, and
Prospero the number one duke, famous for my
dignity and my education. Since I was so drawn to
studying things like logic, grammar, geometry, and
astronomy, I let my control of the government slide a
bit, being too wrapped up in my occult books. Your
disloyal uncle—are you paying attention?

MIRANDA
Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO
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 his ear, that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on ‘t. Thou attend’st
not.

MIRANDA
O, good sir, I do.
PROSPERO
I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature. And my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie—he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o' th' substitution
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA
Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO
To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal
royalties
He thinks me now incapable, confederates—
So dry he was for sway—w' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA
Oh, the heavens!

PROSPERO
Please listen to me carefully. As I neglected practical
matters, being totally dedicated to solitude and to
improving my mind with subjects more valuable than
most people imagine, I was so shut away from the
world that I unwittingly stirred up evil wishes in my
disloyal brother. My deep trust in him made him
deply untrustworthy, arousing in him a treachery as
big as my trust was—my trust which had no limit, an
infinite confidence. With Antonio possessing such
powers and wealth, coming not only from my income
but also from his ability to take whatever my authority
allowed him to take, Antonio started to believe that
he was the duke, like some liar who begins to
believe in his own lie. He put on the face of royalty,
with all the rights that go along with it. With his
ambition growing like this—do you hear what I'm
saying?

MIRANDA
What you're saying could cure deafness, father. Of
course I hear it.

PROSPERO
To make his political performance absolutely perfect,
he simply had to become the Duke of Milan himself.
My library was a large enough dukedom for me. So,
now Antonio judges me incapable of carrying out my
duties. He's so power-hungry that he allies himself
with the King of Naples, agreeing to pay him a
regular annual sum, swear subservience to him, and
put the dukedom of Milan—never subservient to
anyone before!—under the humiliating control of
Naples.

MIRANDA
Good heavens!
PROSPERO
Mark his condition and the event. Then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA
I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO
Think about that, and about what followed afterward.
Then tell me if Antonio can be called a brother.

MIRANDA
It would be wrong for me to think poorly of my grandmother. Good women sometimes give birth to bad sons.

PROSPERO
Now listen to the agreement they made. The king of Naples, my arch-enemy, listens to my brother’s request, which was that the king, in exchange for the respect and money paid to him, would get rid of me and make my brother Duke of Milan instead. A treacherous army was gathered, and one fateful night at midnight, Antonio opened the gates of Milan, and in the pitch black had his officers rush out me and you, my dear daughter. You were crying.

MIRANDA
How awful! I can’t remember how I cried then, but I’ll cry all over again. This story breaks my heart.

PROSPERO
Just listen a little more, and I’ll bring you up to date about the present situation, which is the whole reason I’m telling you this story in the first place.

MIRANDA
Why didn’t they just kill us that night?
PROSPERO
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 had 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!

PROSPERO
Oh, a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile

Infused 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?

PROSPERO
Good question, my girl. My story does raise that question. The answer, my dear, is that they didn’t dare, because the people of Milan loved me too much. The had to disguise their bloody intentions. So, to make a long story short, they hurried us onto a ship and carried us a number of miles out to sea, where they prepared a rotten carcass of a boat, with no sails or masts or ropes, which even the rats had abandoned. They tossed us in the water to cry to the sea that roared back at us, to sigh into the winds that sighed right back at us in pity.

MIRANDA
God, what a burden on you I must have been!

PROSPERO
No, my dear, you were a little angel who kept me going. You smiled with a strength you must have gotten from heaven, while I cried salty tears into the salty sea, and groaned at our situation. Your smile sustained my spirits against whatever would come our way.

MIRANDA
How did we manage to get 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.

PROSPERO
With God’s help. We had a little food and fresh water
that a nobleman from Naples, Gonzalo, had given us
out of the kindness of his heart. He had been
chosen to carry out the plan of putting us to sea. He
also gave us clothes, linen, and other necessities
that have been of great help. Knowing how much I
loved my books, he gave me some books from my
library that I value more than my dukedom.

MIRANDA
Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO
Now I arise.

(stands and puts on his mantle)
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 princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA
Heavens thank you for ‘t! And now, I pray you, sir—
For still ’tis beating in my mind—your reason
For raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO
Know thus far forth:

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore. And by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more
questions.

MIRANDA
May God thank you for it. But please, father—the
question is still nagging at me—why did you conjure
up this storm?

PROSPERO
You should know this: much luck is on my side, and
my enemies have happened to wreck their ship on
this island. As I see it, my fate hangs on this lucky
event, and if I handle it wrong, I’ll suffer for the rest
of my life. Now, no 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.  

_Enter ARIEL_  

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. I boarded the king's ship. Now on the beak, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide, And burn in many places. On the topmast, The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly, 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.  

PROSPERO  

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

You look sleepy. It's a nice hazy feeling, so give in to it. I know you have no choice.  

_MIRANDA_ falls asleep.  

Come on, servant, come. I'm ready now. Come here, Ariel.  

_ARIEL_ enters.  

ARIEL  

Humble greetings, great master! Worthy sir, greetings! Your wish is my command, whatever you want. If you want me to fly, to swim, to jump into fire, to ride the clouds in the sky, Ariel will get right to the task.  

PROSPERO  

Spirit, did you carry out the storm just as I ordered?  

ARIEL  

Down to the last detail. I boarded the king's ship, and in every corner of it, from the deck to the cabins, I made everyone astonished and terrified. Sometimes I appeared in many places at once. On the top sail and main mast I flamed in different spots, then I came together into a single flame. I flashed about faster than lightning. The fire and deafening cracks seemed to overwhelm even the god of the sea himself, making him tremble underwater.  

PROSPERO  

Good spirit! Who could ever be so steady and strong that a disturbance like that wouldn't make him crazy?
ARIEL

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The king’s son,
Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then, like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that 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 badest
me,
In troops I have dispersed them ’bout the isle.
The king’s son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO

Of the king’s ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o’ th’ fleet.

ARIEL

Safely in harbor
Is the king’s ship. In the deep nook where once
Thou called’st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she’s hid.

Everyone there got a little crazy and pulled some
desperate stunts. Everyone except the sailors dove
into the sea, leaving behind the ship that I had set
on fire. The king’s son, Ferdinand, with his hair
standing straight up—it looked like reeds, not hair—
was the first person to jump, shouting, “Hell is empty,
and all the devils are here!”

Good job! But was this near the shore?

Very near, my master.

But are they all safe, Ariel?

Nobody was hurt in the slightest. Even their clothes
are unstained, and look fresher than before the
storm. I’ve separated them into groups around the
island, just as you ordered. I sent the king’s son off
by himself to a faraway nook on the island, where
he’s sitting now sighing, with his arms crossed like
this. (he folds his arms.)

Tell me what you did with the king’s ship, the sailors,
and the other ships.

The king’s ship is safely in the harbor, hidden in that
deep cove where you once summoned me to bring
back dew from the stormy Bermuda islands.
The mariners all under hatches stowed,  
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,  
I have left asleep. And for the rest o’ th’ fleet,  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
And are upon the Mediterranean float,  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king’s ship wracked  
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO  
Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is performed. But there’s more work.  
What is the time o’ th’ day?

ARIEL  
Past the mid season.

PROSPERO  
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.

PROSPERO  
How now? Moody?  
What is ’t thou canst demand?

ARIEL  
My liberty.

PROSPERO  
Before the time be out? No more!

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

PROSPERO  
Ariel, you’ve done your work exactly as I ordered.  
But there’s more work to be done. What time is it?

ARIEL  
Past noon.

PROSPERO  
At least two hours past. We can’t waste time  
between now and six o’clock.

ARIEL  
Is there more work to do? Since you’re giving me  
new assignments, let me remind you what you  
promised me but haven’t come through with yet.

PROSPERO  
What? You’re in a bad mood? What could you  
possibly ask for?

ARIEL  
My freedom.

PROSPERO  
Before your sentence has been completed? Don’t  
say anything else.

ARIEL  
I beg you, remember the good work I’ve done for  
you, and how I’ve never lied to you, never made  
mistakes, and never grumbled in my work. You  
promised to take a full year off my sentence.
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' th' earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL
I do not, sir.

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

ARIEL
No, sir.

PROSPERO
Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.

ARIEL
Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO
Oh, 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 Argier,

ARIEL
Ay, sir.
This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child and here was left by th’ sailors. Thou, my slave, as thou report’st thyself, wast 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.

Yes, Caliban, her son.

That’s right, you stupid thing. Caliban, who now serves me. You know better than anyone how tortured you were when I found you. Your groans made wolves howl, and even made bears feel sorry for you. Nobody but the damned souls of hell deserves the spell that Sycorax put on you and couldn’t undo. It was my magic that saved you when I arrived on the island and heard you, making the pine tree open and let you out.

Thank you, master.

If you complain any more, I’ll split an oak tree and lock you up in it till you’ve howled for twelve years.
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 a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in 't. Go hence with diligence.

Exit ARIEL

(to MIRANDA)
Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well.

MIRANDA
(waking) 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
(within) There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO
Come forth, I say! There's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! When?

Enter ARIEL, like a water nymph

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear. (whispers to ARIEL)

ARIEL
My lord it shall be done.

Exit ARIEL

PROSPERO
(to CALIBAN) 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 ye
And blister you all o'er!
PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up.
Urchins
Shall, forth at vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

I'll give you cramps for saying that—horrible pains in your sides that will keep you from breathing. I'll send goblins out at night to work their nasty deeds on you. You'll be pricked all over, and it'll sting like bees.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest 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.

I have to eat my dinner now. This island belongs to me because Sycorax, my mother, left it to me. But you've taken it from me. When you first got here, you petted me and took care of me, you would give me water with berries in it, and you taught me the names for the sun and the moon, the big light and the smaller light that burn in daytime and nighttime. I loved you back then. I showed you all the features of the island, the freshwater springs, the saltwater pits, the barren places and the fertile ones. I curse myself for doing that! I wish I could use all the magic spells of Sycorax against you and plague you with toads, beetles, and bats. I'm the only subject you have in your kingdom, and you were my first king, and you pen me up in this cave and don't let me go anywhere else on 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 honor of my child.

You liar, you respond better to the whip than to kindness! I took good care of you—piece of filth that you are—and let you stay in my own hut until you tried to rape my daughter.

CALIBAN

Oh ho, oh ho! Would 't had been done!

Oh ho, oh ho! I wish I had! You stopped me. If you hadn't, I would have filled this island with a race of Calibans.
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!

PROSPERO
 Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN
No, pray thee.
(aside) I must obey. His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO
So, slave, hence!
Exit CALIBAN

PROSPERO
Get out of here, you son of a bitch! Bring us wood,
and be quick about it. Are you shrugging and making
faces, you evil thing? If you neglect my orders or do
them grudgingly, I'll double you up with pains and
cramps, and make all your bones ache, and make
you scream so loud that the wild animals will tremble
when they hear you.

CALIBAN
No, please. (to himself) I have to obey. He's got such
strong magic powers that he could conquer and
enslave the god, Setebos, that my mother used to
worship.

PROSPERO
Go then, slave.

CALIBAN exits.
Enter **FERDINAND** and **ARIEL**, invisible, playing and singing

**ARIEL**

380 (sings)

*Come unto these yellow sands,*  
*And then take hands.*

*Curtseyed when you have, and kissed*  
*The wild waves whist.*

*Foot it feately here and there,*  
*And, sweet sprites, bear*  
*The burden. Hark, hark!*

**SPIRITS**

385 (dispersedly, within) Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

The watchdogs bark.

(within) Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

388 (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

390 Some god o’ th’ island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father’s wrack,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But ’tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

**FERDINAND** enters with **ARIEL**, who is invisible  
and playing music and singing.

**ARIEL**

390 (singing)

*Come unto these yellow sands,*  
*And we’ll join hands,*  
*When you’ve curtseyed and kissed*  
*The waves into silence.*

*Prance lightly here and there,*  
*And the sweet spirits bear*  
*The burden. Listen, listen!*

**SPIRITS**

395 (refrain of the song is heard offstage, from different places, not in unison) Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

The watchdogs bark.

**SPIRITS**

(offline) Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

Listen, listen! I hear  
*The tune of the strutting rooster*  
*Who cries cock-a-doodle-doo.*

**FERDINAND**

390 Where’s that music coming from? From the earth, or the air? It’s stopped now—it must be played for some local god of the island. As I sat on the shore crying over my father’s shipwreck, I heard the music creep over the wild waves, calming their fury and soothing my own grief with its sweet melodies. I followed it here, or I should say it dragged me here. But now it’s stopped. No, there it is again.
ARIEL
(sings)
Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made.
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

SPIRITS
(within) Ding-dong.

ARIEL
Hark, now I hear them.

SPIRITS
(within) 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?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But ’tis a spirit.

PROSPERO
No, wench! It eats and sleeps and hath such
senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck. And, but he’s something
stained
With grief that’s beauty’s canker, thou mightst
call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find ’em.
MIRANDA
I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO
(aside) It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND
(seeing MIRANDA) Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no.

MIRANDA
No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND
My language! Heavens,
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO
How? The best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND
A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wracked.

MIRANDA
Alack, for mercy!
FERDINAND
Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO
(aside) The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee
If now 'twere fit to do 't! At the 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
(aside) 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
(to MIRANDA)
Oh, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROSPERO
Soft, sir! One word more.
(aside)
They are both in either's powers, but this swift
business
I must uneasy make lest too light winning
Make the prize light.
(to FERDINAND)
One word more. I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FERDINAND
No, as I am a man!

FERDINAND
Yes, indeed, and all the King's men, the Duke of
Milan and his fine son too.

PROSPERO
(to himself) The real Duke of Milan and his far finer
daughter could beat you in a heartbeat, if it were the
right time. They've fallen in love at first sight!—
Wonderful Ariel, I'll set you free for doing such good
work here. (to FERDINAND) Could I have a word
with you, sir? I'm afraid you've made a mistake. Just
a word.

MIRANDA
(to herself) Why is my father speaking to him so
rudely? This is the third man I've ever seen in my
life, and the first one I've felt romantic feelings for. I
hope my father takes pity on me and treats him well
for my sake!

FERDINAND
Oh, if you're a virgin, and you haven't given your
heart to another man, then I'll make you the queen
of Naples.

PROSPERO
Hang on, sir! Just a moment. (to himself) They're
both in love. But I need to cause a little trouble
between them, or else they'll never appreciate the
value of their love. (to FERDINAND) I need a word
with you, sir. I order you to listen to me. You're
calling yourself by a name that doesn't belong to
you. You've come onto this island as a spy, to
snatch it away from me—I'm the rightful lord of it.

FERDINAND
No, I swear, that's not true!
MIRANDA
There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with ’t.

PROSPERO
(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.
Seawater 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.

FERDINAND draws his sword, and is charmed from moving

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

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

MIRANDA
Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO
Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA
A man as handsome as that can’t have anything evil in him. If the devil had such a beautiful house as his body, then good things would fight to live in it.

PROSPERO
(to FERDINAND) Follow me. (to MIRANDA) Don’t defend him. He’s a traitor. (to FERDINAND) Come on, I’ll chain your neck and feet together, and I’ll give you sea water to drink. Your food will be slugs, dry roots, and acorn shells. Come on.

FERDINAND
No, I’ll have to decline that offer—at least as long as I’m stronger than you are.

FERDINAND takes out his sword, but PROSPERO casts a spell on him that freezes him in place.

MIRANDA
Oh, dear father, don’t judge him too quickly. He’s a good man, and brave too.

PROSPERO
What’s that? The daughter knows more than the father?—Put away your sword, traitor. You make quite a show there, but you’re too scared to strike at me, since you feel too guilty. Get out of that position, because I can disarm you with my magic wand and make your sword drop.

MIRANDA
Please, father, I beg you.

PROSPERO
Let go of me! Don’t tug on my clothes.
MIRANDA
Sir, have pity,
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO
Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What,
An advocate for an imposter? Hush,
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,
To 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.

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

PROSPERO
(aside) It works!
(to FERDINAND) Come on.
(aside) Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!
(to FERDINAND) Follow me.

PROSPERO
(to himself) It's working! (to FERDINAND) Come on.
(to himself) You've done well, Ariel. (to FERDINAND) Follow me. (to ARIEL) Listen to what you'll do for me next.
MIRANDA
(to FERDINAND) Be of comfort.
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO
505 (to ARIEL) Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds. But then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL
To th' syllable.

PROSPERO
510 (to FERDINAND) Come, follow.
(to MIRANDA)—Speak not for him.

PROSPERO
(to FERDINAND) Come, follow. (to MIRANDA)
Don't defend him.

Exeunt

MIRANDA
(to FERDINAND) Don't worry, my father's kinder
than his words just now make him sound. What he
said didn't sound like him at all.

PROSPERO
(to ARIEL) You'll be free as a bird. But you have to
do exactly what I order.

ARIEL
Down to the last detail.

PROSPERO
(to FERDINAND) Come, follow. (to MIRANDA)
Don't defend him.

They exit.
Act Two, Scene 1

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

ALONSO
SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others enter.

ALONSO
Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN
(to ANTONIO) He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO
(to SEBASTIAN) The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN
Look he's winding up the watch of his wit. By and by it will strike.

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) Sir—

SEBASTIAN
(to ANTONIO) One. Tell.

GONZALO
When every grief is entertained that's offered,
Comes to th' entertainer—

GONZALO (to ALONSO) Please cheer up, sir. Like all of us, you have a good reason to be happy. The fact that we're alive outweighs our losses. Many people every day feel the sadness we feel now. Every day some sailor's wife, a ship's crew, the merchant who hired the ship all experience the same loss we've undergone. But the miracle—the fact that we were saved—only happens to a few people out of millions. So remember that, and take comfort in it, to counterbalance our sadness.

ALONSO
Please say no more.

SEBASTIAN
(to ANTONIO) Alonso enjoys these comforting words about as much as cold oatmeal.

ANTONIO
(to SEBASTIAN) But the goodwill ambassador won't give up that easily.

SEBASTIAN
(to ANTONIO) Look. He's like a clock winding up to strike the hour.

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) Sir—

SEBASTIAN
(to ANTONIO) There he goes! Now we can tell what time it is.

GONZALO
If we let every sad thing that happens to us get us down, then we would find ourselves—
SEBASTIAN
A dollar.

GONZALO
Dolor comes to him, indeed. You have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN
You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) Therefore, my lord—

ANTONIO
(to SEBASTIAN) Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO
(to GONZALO) I prithee, spare.

GONZALO
Well, I have done. But yet—

SEBASTIAN
You're taking it more seriously than I meant it.

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) Therefore, sir—

ANTONIO
(to SEBASTIAN) God, doesn't he ever shut up?

ALONSO
(to GONZALO) Please, no more.

GONZALO
Well, I'm nearly finished. But just one last thing—

SEBASTIAN
(to ANTONIO) He insists on talking.

ANTONIO
Hey, let's bet. Which one will start yammering first, Gonzalo or Adrian?

SEBASTIAN
The old cock.

ANTONIO
I pick the younger one.

SEBASTIAN
The old guy.

ANTONIO
A good laugh.

SEBASTIAN
It's a deal!

ADRIAN
Though this island seem to be desert—

ANTONIO
(to SEBASTIAN) Ha, ha, ha!
So you're paid.

Fine, you win.

Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, as it were—

Yet—

Now he's going to say "but"—

Yet—

But—

He could not miss 't.

He had to say it, it was unavoidable.

Temperance was a delicate wench.

I knew Temperance—she was a fine girl.

Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Yes, and she was mild too.

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

There's always a breath of fresh air here.

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

A breath from rotten lungs, maybe.

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Stinking like a swamp.

Here is everything advantageous to life.

This island contains everything beneficial to life.

True. Save means to live.

True. Everything except something to live on.

Of that there’s none, or little.

There's little or nothing of that.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Look how lush and healthy the grass is! How green!

The ground indeed is tawny.

The ground is brown.

With an eye of green in 't.

With a touch of green in it.

He misses not much.

He doesn't miss a thing.
SEBASTIAN
No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO
But the rarity of it is—which is indeed almost beyond credit—

SEBASTIAN
As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO
That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

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

SEBASTIAN
Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO
Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king’s fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

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

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

GONZALO
Not since widow Dido’s time.

ANTONIO
Widow! A pox o’ that! How came that “widow” in? Widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN
No, he just gets reality completely wrong.

GONZALO
But the really unbelievable thing is—and this is incredible—

SEBASTIAN
As most unbelievable things are.

GONZALO
That our clothes were drenched with sea water, but they came out looking brand-new.

ANTONIO
Listen to him. If his clothes could talk, they’d call him a liar.

SEBASTIAN
Or stuff what he says into their pockets.

GONZALO
Seriously, I think our clothes are as fresh now as they were the day we put them on in Africa, when we attended the marriage of the king’s daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN
It was a lovely wedding, and we’re doing really well on our trip home.

ADRIAN
Tunis has never had such a beautiful queen.

GONZALO
Not since the days of widow Dido.

ANTONIO
Widow? Why the hell is he calling her “widow Dido”? 
SEBASTIAN
What if he had said “widower Æneas” too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN
“Widow Dido” said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO
This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN
Carthage?

GONZALO
I assure you, Carthage.

SEBASTIAN
His word is more than the miraculous harp. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANTONIO
What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN
I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

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

GONZALO
Ay.

ANTONIO
Why, in good time.

GONZALO
(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.
ANTONIO
And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN
Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO
Oh, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO
Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO
That "sort" was well fished for.

GONZALO
When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

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. He trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed, As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt He came alive to land.

ANTONIO
The most beautiful queen they ever had.

SEBASTIAN
I beg your pardon, except for the widow Dido.

ANTONIO
Oh, except for the widow Dido? That's right, except for the widow Dido.

GONZALO
Isn't my vest just as clean and fresh as the day I put it on? In a way, I mean.

ANTONIO
"In a way" is the right way to go.

GONZALO
I mean when I wore it at your daughter's wedding.

ALONSO
You keep cramming words into my ears that I don't want to hear. I wish that wedding had never happened, since I lost my son because of it, and I lost my daughter too in a way, since she's moved so far from Milan that I'll never see her again.—Oh, dear son of mine and heir of Naples and Milan, what strange fish has made a meal of you?

FRANCISCO
Sir, he may still be alive. I saw him swimming strongly, almost as if he was riding the waves. He treaded water and kept his head well above the wild waters coming at him, swimming with his strong arms toward the shore, which almost seemed eager to welcome him. I have no doubt he got ashore alive.
ALONSO
No, no, he’s gone.

SEBASTIAN
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather loose her to an African, Where she at least is banished from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on ’t.

ALONSO
Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN
You were kneeld to and importuned otherwise By all of us, and the fair soul herself Weighed between loathness and obedience, at Which end o’ th’ beam should bow. 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.

ALONSO
So is the dearest 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.

ANTONIO
And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN
Sir, you can thank yourself for this great loss, because you wouldn’t bless Europe with your daughter, but instead pimped her out to an African. At least you can be thankful that she won’t be around to remind you of your loss.

ALONSO
Please be quiet.

SEBASTIAN
We all begged you not to go ahead with those marriage plans, and your lovely daughter struggled between disgust at marrying an African and the desire to obey you. Now I’m afraid we’ve lost your son forever. Our shipwreck has made more women widows in Milan and Naples than there are survivors to comfort them. And it’s all your fault.

ALONSO
And the greatest sorrow is mine too.

GONZALO
My lord Sebastian, even though what you say is true, your way of saying it is tactless and comes at the wrong time. You’re rubbing salt in his wounds when you should be applying bandages.

SEBASTIAN
All right, I’ll stop.

ANTONIO
Like a good doctor.

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) It’s bad times for all of us, sir, when you’re feeling gloomy.
SEBASTIAN
Foul weather?

ANTONIO
Very foul.

GONZALO
Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO
Yes, very bad.

GONZALO
If I could colonize this island, my lord—

ANTONIO
He'd cultivate weeds on it.

SEBASTIAN
Or thorn-bushes.

GONZALO
And if I were king of it, you know what I'd do?

SEBASTIAN
He wouldn't get drunk much, since there's no wine here.

GONZALO
In my kingdom I'd do everything differently from the way it's usually done. I wouldn't allow any commerce. There'd be no officials or administrators. There'd be no schooling or literature. There'd be no riches, no poverty, and no servants—none. No contracts or inheritance laws; no division of the land into private farms, no metal-working, agriculture, or vineyards. There'd be no work. Men would have nothing to do, and women also—but they'd be innocent and pure. There'd be no kingship—

SEBASTIAN
He wants to be king in a place with no kingship.

ANTONIO
Yes, he's getting a bit confused.

GONZALO
Everything would be produced without labor, and would be shared by all. There'd be no treason, crimes, or weapons. Nature would produce its harvests in abundance, to feed my innocent people.
SEBASTIAN
140 No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO
None, man. All idle. Whores and knaves.

GONZALO
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN
'Save his majesty!

ANTONIO
Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) And—do you mark me, sir?

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

GONZALO
I do well believe your highness, and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are
of such sensible and nimble lungs that they
always use to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO
'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO
Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to
you. So you may continue and laugh at nothing
still.

ANTONIO
What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN
An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO
You are gentlemen of brave mettle. You would
lift the moon out of her sphere if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

SEBASTIAN
There’d be no marriage?

ANTONIO
No. Everyone would have nothing to do. They’d all
be whores and slackers.

GONZALO
I would rule so perfectly that my country would
outshine the Golden Age they had in ancient times.

SEBASTIAN
Long live his Majesty!

ANTONIO
All hail Gonzalo!

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) Are you listening to me, sir?

ALONSO
Oh, please be quiet. You’re spouting empty words.

GONZALO
You’re absolutely right, your highness. I talked like
that to give these gentlemen here a chance to have
a good laugh. They love to laugh at empty words.

ANTONIO
It’s you we were laughing at.

GONZALO
But from your perspective I don’t matter, so I’m just
an empty nobody for you. Go ahead and laugh at my
empty words some more.

ANTONIO
Ouch, what a comeback!

SEBASTIAN
He sure did. Too bad it fell flat.

GONZALO
You’re brave gentlemen. You’d give the moon a
shove if it got stuck five weeks in its orbit.
Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music

SEBASTIAN
We would so, and then go a-batfowling.

ANTONIO
(to GONZALO) Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

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

ANTONIO
Go sleep, and hear us.

All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.

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

SEBASTIAN
Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it. It seldom visits sorrow. When it doth, It is a comforter.

ANTONIO
We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest And watch your safety.

ALONSO
Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

(falls asleep)

Exit ARIEL

ARIEL enters, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN
That’s right, and then after we fixed the moon, we’d go bird-hunting.

ANTONIO
(to GONZALO) Don’t be angry with us, my lord.

GONZALO
I’m not. I’ve got good judgment, and I know you’ve got nothing against me. Will you laugh me to sleep? I’m feeling very sleepy.

ANTONIO
Go to sleep, and listen to us laughing.

Everyone sleeps except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.

ALONSO
What, everybody falls asleep so fast? I wish I could sleep too—it would stop me from thinking. Come to think of it, I am feeling sleepy.

SEBASTIAN
In that case you should sleep. People in grief need a good sleep. It doesn’t come to them often, but when it does come they should enjoy it.

ANTONIO
The two of us will guard you while you sleep, my lord, and keep you safe.

ALONSO
Thank you. I’m terribly sleepy.

He falls asleep.

ARIEL exits
SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

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 thunderstroke. What

might,

Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more.—

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

What art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

I do, and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open, standing, speaking,

moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO

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.

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian, you're the one who's sleeping if

you let this opportunity pass you by without acting

on it.

SEBASTIAN

You're snoring, but it sounds like you're talking.

There's meaning in your snoring.
ANTONIO

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.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so. To ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

Oh,

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.

ANTONIO

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

ANTONIO

I'm not kidding when I say this, I'm not joking around
like usual. You should be serious too when you
listen to what I'm saying. You can become a great
man if you listen to me.

SEBASTIAN

I'm hanging on every word you say.

ANTONIO

You need to do more than hang around—you have
to act. I'll show you how.

SEBASTIAN

You need to. I'm lazy by nature.

ANTONIO

Oh, if you only knew how close to success you are,
even while you make fun of what I'm telling you! The
more you joke about it, the more clearly I feel how
serious it is! Lazy people end up at the bottom, and
you deserve to be at the top.

SEBASTIAN

Please, tell me more. There's something in your
expression that tells me you have something serious
to say, and you're having a lot of difficulty saying it.

ANTONIO

This is what I'm saying. (points at GONZALO)
Although this lord who has such a bad memory—
and who will be forgotten by the world when he's
dead and buried—almost succeeded in convincing
the king that his son's alive, it's impossible that he
survived. It's as far from the truth as saying this
sleeping man is swimming.
SEBASTIAN
I have no hope
That he’s undrowned.

ANTONIO
Oh, 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.

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 that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i’ th’ moon’s too slow—till newborn chins
Be rough and razorable; 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 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,

SEBASTIAN
Yes, I’m sure he’s dead. I’ve got no hope that he survived.

ANTONIO
But in that “no hope” there are great hopes for you!
That “no hope” means you’re on the way to glory so brilliant you couldn’t even imagine it, no matter how ambitious you were. Do you agree that Ferdinand must have drowned?

SEBASTIAN
He’s dead.

ANTONIO
So, in that case, tell me who’s next in line to inherit the kingdom of Naples?

SEBASTIAN
Claribel, his daughter.

ANTONIO
The one who’s now Queen of Tunis, living at the edge of the world, out of reach of mail service. It takes a letter longer to reach her than it takes a baby boy to grow old enough to shave. Claribel who was the cause of our shipwreck, which a few of us survived—she was destined to give us an opportunity that we are destined to act on.

SEBASTIAN
What in the world are you talking about? It’s true that my brother’s daughter is Queen of Tunis, and heir of Naples. And it’s true those two places are far apart.

ANTONIO
So far that every foot of distance between them seems to shout, “It’s too far for Claribel to come back to Naples. Let her stay in Tunis and give Sebastian a
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 he that sleeps, lords that can prate as amply and unnecessarily as this Gonzalo. I myself could make a chough of as deep chat. Oh, that you bore the mind that I do, what a sleep were this for your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

I think I do.

ANTONIO

And does this prospect of good fortune make you happy?

SEBASTIAN

I remember you took the throne from your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True.

And look how well my garments sit upon me, much feater than before. My brother’s servants were then my fellows. Now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir. Where lies that? If ‘twere a kibe, ‘twould put me to my slipper. But I feel not this deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences, that stand ’twixt me and Milan, candied be they and melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother, no better than the earth he lies upon, if he were that which now he’s like—that’s dead—I.

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it, can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus, to the perpetual wink for aye might put this ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who chance to start living.” If these sleeping men were dead instead of sleeping, they’d be no worse off than they are now. There are a lot of men who can rule Naples just as well as this sleeping guy here can. There are a lot of men who babble nonsense as well as Gonzalo. I could do it myself. Oh, I wish you understood what I’m saying—you’d see how you’re missing out on a great opportunity for yourself! Do you even get what I’m saying?

SEBASTIAN

I remember you took the throne from your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

Yes I did, and look how good I look in my new role—much better than before. My brother’s servants used to be my equals. Now they work for me.

SEBASTIAN

But what about your guilty conscience?

ANTONIO

Yes. What guilty conscience? I don’t feel anything. If my feet were cold, I’d put my slippers on, but I don’t feel any pangs of guilt. If there were twenty guilty consciences between me and the dukedom, they’d melt away to nothing before they caused me any trouble. Here’s your brother sleeping, worth no more than the dirt he’s lying on. If he were as dead as he appears to be now—and I could quickly make him dead with this sword of mine—he wouldn’t stand in our way. As
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, 
They’ll take suggestion as a cat laps milk. 
They’ll tell the clock to any business that 
We say befits the hour.

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 draw their swords

SEBASTIAN
O, but one word. 
(speaks quietly to ANTONIO)

Enter ARIEL invisible, with music and song

ARIEL
(to GONZALO) My master through his art 
foresees the danger 
That you, his friend, are, and sends me forth— For else his project dies—to keep them living. 
(sings in GONZALO ’s ear)
While you here do snoring lie, 
Open-eyed conspiracy 
His time doth take. 
If of life you keep a care, 
Shake off slumber and beware. 
Awake, awake!

for the other men, we can make them believe anything we choose. They’ll set their watches to whatever time we say.

SEBASTIAN
You’ll be my role model. Just as you got Milan, I’ll get Naples. Take out your sword. With one cut you can be through paying money to Naples. And as king I’ll love you forever.

ANTONIO
You take out your sword too. When I raise my hand, you do the same, and bring it down on Gonzalo’s head.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN take out their swords.

SEBASTIAN
Oh, but there’s one more thing to tell you. (he speaks quietly to ANTONIO)

ARIEL enters, invisible, singing and playing music.

ARIEL
(to GONZALO) With his magic powers my master can see the dangers that you are in, my friend. So he sent me to make sure these men survive—and to guarantee his plans succeed. (sings in GONZALO ’s ear)
While you lie here snoring, 
Men are plotting against you. 
If you want to stay alive, 
Wake up and beware. 
Wake up, wake up!
ANTONIO
Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO
(waking and seeing them)
Now, good angels preserve the king!

ALONSO
(waking) Why, how now? Ho, awake!

All wake
Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO
What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN
While 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
Oh, '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 honor, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me. I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened, I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise, That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.
ALONSO
Lead off this ground, and let’s make further search
For my poor son.

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

ALONSO
Lead away.

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

Exeunt

ALONSO
Lead us away from this area. We can search for my poor son while we’re at it.

GONZALO
I hope those lions stay far away from him. I’m sure he’s somewhere on the island.

ALONSO
Get us out of here.

ARIEL
(to himself) My lord Prospero will know what I’ve done. So go ahead, King, and look for your son.

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

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me 't th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
For every trifle are they set upon me,

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall. Sometimes am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.
Perchance he will not mind me.
(lies down, covered by his gaberdine)

TRINCULO

There are no bushes or shrubs to protect me from the weather here. And there's another storm brewing—I can hear it in the way the wind whistles. That huge black cloud over there looks like a filthy liquor jug that's about to pour out its contents. It won't be able to help pouring rain down by the bucket-full. (he sees 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 kind of not-of-the-newest poor-john. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man. Any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like arms! Warm, o’ my troth. I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.

Thunder

Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no other shelter hereabouts. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

(crawls under gaberdine)

Enter STEPHANO, singing

STEPHANO

(sings)

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 Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,

What do we have here, a man or a fish? Whew, he stinks like a fish—an old salted fish, not a fresh-caught one. A strange fish. If I were in England now, like I was once, and I had even a painted picture of this fish, every fool there would give me a piece of silver to look at it. In England this strange monster would be just like a man. Any strange beast there can be considered a man. The men there won’t give a penny to a lame beggar, but they’ll pay ten cents to look at a freak show exhibit. This guy has legs like a man but fins for arms! And he’s still warm, by God. I guess this is not a fish, but a native who got struck by lightning just now.

Thunder.

Oh, here comes the storm again. The best thing to do is crawl under his cloak. There’s no other shelter around here. In emergencies you meet the strangest folks. I’ll just stay here till the storm passes. (he crawls under CALIBAN’s cloak)

STEPHANO enters, singing.

STEPHANO

(sings)

I’ll never go to sea again,
I’ll die here on shore—

This is a rotten song to sing at a man’s funeral. At least I’ve got some booze to comfort me. (he drinks and sings)

The master, the deck-washer, the boatswain, and I,
The gunman and his friend,
We loved Moll, Meg, Marian, and Margery
But none of us cared for Kate.
Kate had a gutter mouth,
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.

And would shout to sailors, “Go to hell!”
She didn’t like ship smells like tar,
But liked it okay when a tailor took her to bed.
So go to sea, boys, and let her go to hell!
That’s a rotten song too. But here’s something to comfort me.

CALIBAN
Do not torment me. Oh!

STEPHANO
What’s the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon ’s with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not ’scape drowned to be afeard now of your four legs. Or 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. Oh!

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

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
Don’t hurt me. Oh!

STEPHANO
What’s going on? Do we have devils on the island? Are you playing tricks on me by showing me savages and uncivilized men from the Indies, ha? I didn’t survive a shipwreck so I could be scared of your four legs now. I’ll never run away from any ordinary man who walks on four legs like the rest of us.

CALIBAN
The spirit is torturing me. Oh!

STEPHANO
This is some monster of the island, with four legs, who seems to me to have some kind of ache. How the hell does he know our language? I’ll help out, if only because he speaks the same language as me. If I can cure him from his fever and tame him, and get him back to Naples, he’d make a great present for any emperor.

CALIBAN
Don’t hurt me, please. I promise I’ll carry the wood faster.

STEPHANO
He’s having a fit and talking nonsense. I’ll give him some liquor. If he’s never drunk it before, it’ll help soothe his fever. If I can tame him, I’ll charge as much as I can get for him. He’ll bring a lot of money to the person who owns him, that’s for sure.
CALIBAN
Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO (trying to give CALIBAN drink)
Come on your ways. Open your mouth. Here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who’s your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO
I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. Oh, 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.

TRINCULO
Stephano!

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

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. (pulls TRINCULO out from under the gaberdisne)

TRINCULO
Stephano! If you’re Stephano, touch me and speak to me. I’m Trinculo—don’t be scared—your good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO
If you’re Trinculo, then come out. I’ll pull on these smaller legs. If any legs here are Trinculo’s, these are. (the pulls TRINCULO out from under the cloak)
Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO
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 ‘scape! (dances STEPHANO about)

STEPHANO
Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant.

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

STEPHANO
(to TRINCULO) How didst thou ‘scape? How camest thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o’erboard, by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) I’ll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO
(to TRINCULO) Here. Swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO
Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I’ll be sworn.

STEPHANO
Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ORIGINAL TEXT</th>
<th>MODERN TEXT</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>TRINCULO</strong> drinks</td>
<td><strong>TRINCULO</strong> drinks.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **TRINCULO**  
O Stephano, hast any more of this? | **TRINCULO**  
Oh Stephano, do you have any more of that wine? |
| **STEPHANO**  
The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th’ seaside where my wine is hid.—How now, mooncalf? How does thine ague? | **STEPHANO**  
I’ve got the whole barrel, man. I live in a cave by the seaside, where I keep the barrel hidden.—Hey, monster, how’s your fever? |
| **CALIBAN**  
Hast thou not dropped from heaven? | **CALIBAN**  
You come from heaven, don’t you? |
| **CALIBAN**  
I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee and thy dog and thy bush. | **CALIBAN**  
Oh, I’ve seen you in the moon, and I worship you. My mistress showed me you in the moon and your dog and your bush. |
| **STEPHANO**  
Out o’ th’ moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i’ the moon when time was. | **STEPHANO**  
No, from the moon, I’m telling you. I used to be the man in the moon a long time ago. |
| **CALIBAN**  
Come, swear to that, kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents, swear. | **CALIBAN**  
Come on, swear to it. Kiss the Bible and swear it. I’m going to fill the bottle up again soon. |
| **CALIBAN** drinks | **CALIBAN** drinks. |
| **TRINCULO**  
By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him! A very weak monster. The man i’ th’ moon! A most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! | **TRINCULO**  
When you get a good look at him, you see he’s not much of a monster. I can’t believe I was scared of him! A pretty pathetic monster. The man in the moon! What a poor, gullible monster.—That was a nice big gulp, monster! |
| **CALIBAN**  
(to STEPHANO) I’ll show thee every fertile inch o’ th’ island. And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god. | **CALIBAN**  
(to STEPHANO) I’ll show you every inch of the island, and I’ll kiss your feet. I beg you, please be my god. |
| **TRINCULO**  
By this light, a most pernicious and drunken monster. When ’s god’s asleep, he’ll rob his bottle. | **TRINCULO**  
What a lying, drunken monster. When his god falls asleep, the monster will snatch his wine bottle. |
CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) I’ll kiss thy foot. I’ll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO
Come on then. Down, and swear.

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

STEPHANO
(to CALIBAN) Come, kiss.

TRINCULO
But that the poor monster’s in drink. An abominable monster!

CALIBAN
I shall 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!
75 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.

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow.
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
80 Show thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmoset. I’ll bring thee To clustering filberts, and sometimes I’ll get thee Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

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

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) I’ll kiss your feet. I’ll vow to be your faithful subject.

STEPHANO
Come on, then. Get down and swear it.

TRINCULO
I’m going to laugh myself to death over this silly monster. A rotten, foolish monster. I could find it in my heart to beat him—

STEPHANO
Come on, kiss my feet.

TRINCULO
Except the poor monster’s drunk. An awful monster!

CALIBAN
I’ll show you where to get fresh water. I’ll pick berries for you. I’ll fish for you and get you plenty of firewood. The tyrant I’m serving now can go to hell! I won’t get any more wood for him. I’m serving you now, you wonderful man.

TRINCULO
What a silly monster, to think a poor drunk is wonderful.

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) I beg you, let me show where you can find crabs to eat. I’ll use my long fingernails to dig edible roots for you, find you a bird’s nest, and teach you how to catch a nimble monkey. I’ll take you to clusters of hazelnuts, and sometimes I’ll catch birds for you on the rocks. Will you come with me?

STEPHANO
Show us the way without further delay.—Trinculo, since the king and all our comrades are drowned, we’re the heirs of this place.—Here, carry my wine bottle.—Trinculo, my buddy, we’ll get that bottle refilled soon enough.
CALIBAN
(sings drunkenly)
Farewell, master! Farewell, farewell.

TRINCULO
A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN
(sings)
No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, 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.

CALIBAN
(sings drunkenly)
Goodbye, master! Goodbye, goodbye.

TRINCULO
A loud-mouthed, drunken monster.

CALIBAN
(sings)
I won't build you any more dams to catch fish,
Or fetch you firewood when you order me to,
Or clean the plates, or wash dishes.
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master. So get a new servant.
Freedom, what a wonderful day, wonderful day,
freedom, freedom, wonderful day, freedom!

STEPHANO
Good monster! Show us the way.

Exeunt

They exit.
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. Oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father’s crabbed,
And he’s composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness
Had never like executor. I forget,
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labors,
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO unseen

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 father
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.
He’s safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND enters, carrying a log.

FERDINAND
Some games are painful, but their discomfort makes
them more fun. Some kinds of lowly activities are
done for noble reasons. And you can do poor things
that lead to rich results. This hard work would be
boring and nasty to me, but I’m working for a
mistress who makes me enjoy my labor. Oh, she’s
ten times nicer than her father is mean, and he’s the
height of crabbiness. I have thousands of logs to
take away and pile up, on strict orders from him. My
sweet darling cries when she sees me work and tells
me that such a wonderful man never performed such
lowly tasks before. These sweet thoughts relieve me
and refresh me, especially when I’m slaving away
busily.

MIRANDA enters, followed by PROSPERO at a
distance, unobserved.

MIRANDA
Now, please, I beg you, don’t work so hard. I wish
the lightning had burned up all those logs that you’ve
been ordered to stack! Please put that log down and
rest a while. When this wood burns, it’ll weep for
making you tired. My father’s studying hard, so he
won’t see you. So please rest. We’re safe from my
father for at least 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
Oh, my dear mistress, I won’t be able to finish this work until sunset at the earliest.

MIRANDA
If you sit down, I’ll carry your logs a while. Please give me that. I’ll take it over 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.

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

MIRANDA
You look wearily.

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

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

FERDINAND
Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What’s dearest to th’ 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 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,
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND
I am in my condition
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

seduced by the sweet nothings they said to me. I've
liked several women for their good qualities, but there
was something wrong with each one that blotted her
excellent qualities and cancelled them out. But with
you it's different. You're perfect, without a rival in the
world, made up of the best qualities of every
creature.

MIRANDA
I've never known any woman or seen a woman's face
—except my own in the mirror. And I've never met
any men besides you and my father. I have no idea
what people look like in other places, but I swear by
my modesty, which I value above everything else,
that I'd never want any companion in the world but
you. I can't even imagine one. But listen to me
chattering like crazy, and father always told me not
to.

FERDINAND
I'm a prince by birth, Miranda—maybe even a king
now; though I wish I weren't—and normally I wouldn't
put up with carrying these logs any more than I'd let
flies breed in my mouth. But I'll tell you something
from my soul. The second I saw you, my heart rushed
to serve you and be your slave, so here I am now, a
patient log-man.

MIRANDA
Do you love me?

FERDINAND
Oh heaven, oh earth, witness what I'm about to say,
and reward me if I tell the truth! If I'm lying, then
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.

PROSPERO
(aside) Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between ‘em!

FERDINAND
Wherefore weep you?

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

FERDINAND
My mistress, dearest, and I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA
My husband, then?

FERDINAND
Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e’er of freedom. Here’s my hand.

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

PROSPERO
(to himself) What a pleasant meeting between two
people truly in love! May heaven bless the feelings
growing between them!

FERDINAND
Why are you crying?

MIRANDA
I’m crying at how unworthy I am to give you what I
want to give you and to take what I’m dying to have.
But it’s a waste of time to say so. The more I try to
hide what I’m feeling, the bigger it gets. Oh, stop
being so bashful and tricky, Miranda, just be
straightforward and innocent! I’ll be your wife if you’ll
have me. Otherwise, I’ll die a virgin, devoted to you.
You can refuse to make me your spouse, but I’ll be
your servant whether you want me to or not.

FERDINAND
You’ll be my wife, dearest, and I’ll serve you forever.

MIRANDA
Will you be my husband, then?

FERDINAND
Yes, with a heart more eager to bear a husband’s
responsibilities than a slave ever wanted freedom.
Take my hand, darling.

MIRANDA
Here’s my hand, and my heart. And now goodbye. I’ll
see you again in half an hour.
FERDINAND
A thousand thousand!

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally

MIRANDA and FERDINAND exit in opposite directions.

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
I can’t be as happy as they are at this moment, but
nothing could make me any happier. Now it’s time to
get back to my studying, since I have a lot of serious
business to take care of before dinner.

He exits.
Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter.

STEPHANO
Tell not me. When the butt is out, we will drink water. Not a drop before. Therefore bear up and board ’em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO
“Servant-monster”? The folly of this island. They say there’s but five upon this isle. We are three of them. If th’ other two be brained like us, the state totters.

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

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

STEPHANO
My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO
15 Your lieutenant, if you list. He’s no standard.

STEPHANO
We’ll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO
Nor go neither. But you’ll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO
Don’t tell me that. When the barrel’s empty, we’ll drink water. Not one drop sooner. Therefore, drink up.—Servant-monster, drink a toast to me.

TRINCULO
“Servant monster”? What a crazy island this is. They say there are only five people on it. We’re three of them. If the other two are as loopy as we are, our country’s in bad shape.

STEPHANO
Drink when I order you, servant-monster. Your eyes look like they’ve sunk into your head.

TRINCULO
Where else should his eyes be, if not in his head? He’d be quite a monster if his eyes were in his tail.

STEPHANO
My man—monster is so drunk he can’t talk. As for me, no liquid can harm me, neither booze nor the whole sea itself. Before I could get to shore, I swam thirty-five leagues in it and still survived.—Monster, you’ll be my lieutenant, or my flag-bearer.

TRINCULO
Lieutenant is better. He’s not standing straight enough to hold a flag.

STEPHANO
We’re not going to run in our army, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO
Or walk either. You’ll just lie there like sleeping dogs and say nothing.
STEPHANO
Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN
How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. *(indicates TRINCULO)* I'll not serve him. He's not valiant.

TRINCULO
(to CALIBAN) Thou liest, most ignorant monster. I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO)
Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO
“Lord,” quoth he? That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO)
Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO
Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. If you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor monster’s my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN
I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

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

CALIBAN
How is your Highness? Let me lick your shoe. *(he points to TRINCULO)* I’ll never serve that guy there. He’s not courageous like you.

TRINCULO
(to CALIBAN) You’re a liar, you ignorant monster. I’m courageous. I could shake up a police officer right now. You drunken fish, you, how could you call me a coward after all the booze I’ve drunk today? Do you tell such monstrous lies because you’re half fish and half monster?

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) Look how he’s making fun of me! Will you let him talk to me like, my lord?

TRINCULO
“Lord,” he calls you? What an idiot that monster is!

CALIBAN
(to STEPHANO) There he goes again! Please, bite him to death, I’m begging you.

STEPHANO
Trinculo, speak politely. If you mutiny against me, I’ll hang you from the next tree. This poor monster is my subject, and I will not allow him to be insulted.

CALIBAN
Thank you, my noble lord. Now would you please listen once again to the request I made to you earlier?

STEPHANO
Indeed, I will. Kneel and tell me again. I’ll stand, and so will Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

ARIEL enters, invisible.
CALIBAN
(kneeling) As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL
Thou liest.

CALIBAN
(to TRINCULO) 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 darest, But this thing dare not—

STEPHANO
That's most certain.

CALIBAN
Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO
How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to th' party?

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

ARIEL
Thou liest. Thou canst not.
CALIBAN
What a pied ninny’s this!—Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that’s gone,
He shall drink naught but brine, for I’ll not show
him
Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO
Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I’ll
turn my mercy out o’ doors and make a stockfish
of thee.

TRINCULO

STEPHANO
Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL
Thou liest.

STEPHANO
(to TRINCULO) Do I so? Take thou that.
(beats TRINCULO)
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO
I did not give the lie. Out o’ your wits and hearing
too? A pox o’ your bottle! This can sack and
drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the
devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN
Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO
Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand
farther off.

CALIBAN
Beat him enough. After a little time,
I’ll beat him too.

STEPHANO
Stand farther.—Come, proceed.
CALIBAN
Why, as I told thee, ’tis a custom with him,
I’th afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake;
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books, for without them
He’s but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
Which when he has a house, he’ll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she.
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great’st does least.

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 viceroy.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO
Excellent.

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

CALIBAN
Within this half hour will he be asleep. Wilt thou destroy him then?
STEPHANO
Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL
(aside) This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN
Thou makest me merry. I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch You taught me but whilere?

STEPHANO
At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—
Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.
(sings)
Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em.
Thought is free.

CALIBAN
That's not the tune.

ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe

STEPHANO
What is this same?

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

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

TRINCULO
O, forgive me my sins!

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

CALIBAN
Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO
If you’re a man, then let us see what you look like. If you’re a devil, then go to hell.

TRINCULO
Oh, forgive all my sins!

STEPHANO
Dead men have to pay their debts.—I challenge you!—God help us.

CALIBAN
Are you scared?
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.

STEPHANO
Lead, monster; we’ll follow. I would I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

TRINCULO
Wilt come? I’ll follow, Stephano.

STEPHANO
No, monster, not me.

CALIBAN
Don’t be scared. This island is full of noises, strange sounds and sweet melodies that make you feel good and don’t hurt anyone. Sometimes I hear a thousand twanging instruments hum at my ears, and sometimes voices that send me back to sleep even if I had just woken up—and then I dreamed of clouds opening up and dropping such riches on me that when I woke up, I cried because I wanted to dream again.

STEPHANO
This’ll be a wonderful kingdom to live in, where they play music for free.

CALIBAN
As soon as you kill Prospero.

STEPHANO
That’ll happen soon enough. I remember the plan.

TRINCULO
The sound is going away. But let’s follow it, and then do our dirty work afterward.

STEPHANO
Lead us, monster; we’ll follow. I wish I could see this invisible drummer. He really plays well.

TRINCULO
I’m right behind you, Stephano. Are you coming monster?

Exeunt

They all exit.
Act Three, Scene 3

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

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir. My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod indeed Through forthrights and meanders. By your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALONSO
Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attached with weariness To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest. Even here I will put off my hope and keep it No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO
(aside to SEBASTIAN) I am right glad that he's so out of hope. Do not for one repulse forego the purpose That you resolved t' effect.

SEBASTIAN
(aside to ANTONIO) The next advantage Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO
(aside to SEBASTIAN) Let it be tonight. For now they are oppressed with travel. They Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange music

Enter PROSPERO on the top, invisible.

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others enter.

GONZALO
I swear, I can't go any further, sir. My old bones are tired. We're wandering in a maze. If you don't mind, I need to rest a bit.

ALONSO
I can't blame you, old lord. I'm so tired myself that it's bringing me down. Sit down and rest. I'm losing hope. The one we're looking for is dead. We're searching on land, but he's lost in the sea. We have to give up and let him go.

ANTONIO
(speaking so that only SEBASTIAN can hear) I'm glad he's so depressed. Don't back out of our plan just because it didn't work the first time.

SEBASTIAN
(speaking so that only ANTONIO can hear) The next chance we get, we'll do the deed.

ANTONIO
(speaking so that only SEBASTIAN can hear) Let's do it tonight. The men are so tired from traveling that they can't be as careful as they are when they're fresh.

Solemn and strange music is heard.

PROSPERO enters above, invisible.
SEBASTIAN
(aside to ANTONIO) I say, tonight. No more.

ALONSO
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO
Marvelous sweet music!

Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet They dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and, inviting the king and the others to eat, they depart

ALONSO
Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN
A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoénix
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO
I'll believe both
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers 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
(aside) Honest lord,
Thou hast said well, for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

SEBASTIAN
(speaking so that only ANTONIO can hear) Yes, tonight. No more talking about this now.

ALONSO
What's that music? My friends, listen.

GONZALO
What marvelous music!

Several strange shapes enter, bringing in a banquet table and dancing around it with graceful, welcoming movements. After inviting the king and the others to eat, they leave.

ALONSO
Heaven help us! What were those things?

SEBASTIAN
A puppet show in real life. Now I'll believe that unicorns exist, and that there's a tree in Arabia where the phoenix lives.

ANTONIO
Me too. And anything else that's hard to believe, just ask me and I'll swear it's true. Travelers have never told lies, no matter what the fools at home accuse them of.

GONZALO
If I told them about this back in Naples, would they believe me? I'd tell them that I saw natives like these—since they must be natives—who are graceful and well-mannered even if they're monstrous to look at, kinder than most human beings you might find—kinder than almost any human.

PROSPERO
(to himself) My good lord, you're absolutely right, since some of you are worse than devils.
ALONSO
I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO
(aside) Praise in departing.

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
Not I.

GONZALO
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?—which now
we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO
I will stand to and feed,
Although my last. No matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning

Enter ARIEL, like a harpy, claps his wings upon
the table, and, with a quaint device, the
banquet vanishes

Thunder and lightning.

ARIEL enters in the form of a harpy ARIEL flaps
his wings on the table, and the banquet vanishes
from the table
ARIEL

(to ALONSO, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN)

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 valor men hang and
drown
Their proper selves. (some of the courtiers draw
their swords)

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 or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters as diminish
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good 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, and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrathes to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but hearts' sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

ARIEL vanishes in thunder

ARIEL

(to ALONSO, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN) The three
of you are sinners, and Destiny made the sea belch
you up onto this island—where no men live, since
none of you deserve to live. I've driven you crazy,
and many mad people are driven to kill themselves in
desperation. (some of the courtiers draw their
swords) Listen, you fools, my fellow harpies and I
carry out Fate’s orders. Your swords are useless
against us—you'd be more successful swinging them
at the empty air, or stabbing at water, than trying to
cut off even one of my feathers. My two companions
are just as invulnerable as I am. Even if you had the
power to hurt us, you'd find your swords far too
heavy to lift. But remember—and it's my job to
remind you of this—that in Milan the three of you
stole Prospero's throne and threw him and his
innocent child into the sea, which has now taken
revenge on you. To punish you for this horrible crime,
the higher powers—delaying their punishment, not
forgetting about it—have stirred up the seas and all
the creatures of earth against you.—They've taken
your only son from you, Alonso, and they’ve ordered
me to destroy you slowly, in a way worse than
sudden death could ever be. I’ll stay with you every
step of your way. The only way to protect yourselves
from the angry higher powers—which are ready to fall
upon your head on this empty island—is for you to be
sincerely sorry in your hearts for what you’ve done,
and to live innocent lives from this time forward.

ARIEL vanishes in thunder.
Then, to soft music enter the shapes again
and dance, with mocks and mows, and
carrying out the table

PROSPERO
(aside) Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel. A grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say.—So with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my power,
And in these fits I leave them while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is
drowned,
And his and mine loved darling.

Exit PROSPERO above

GONZALO
(to ALONSO) I' th' name of something holy, sir,
why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO
Oh, it is monstrous, monstrous.
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' 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.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

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

ADRIAN
Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes

SEBASTIAN
I'll fight every one of these devils if I have to, one at
a time.

ANTONIO
I'll back you up.

SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit.

GONZALO
All three of them are crazy with despair. Their guilt is
finally starting to gnaw at them, like a slow-acting
poison. Those of you who are young and active, I
beg you to follow them and keep them from doing
the crazy things their guilt might push them to do.

ADRIAN
Follow them, please.

They all exit.
PROSPERO
(to FERDINAND) If I’ve punished you too harshly, I’m ready to make it up to you now, since I’ve given you a third of my life—everything I live for—my daughter Miranda. I put her in your hands. All the trouble I put you through was to test your love for her, and you’ve passed the test remarkably well. As heaven is my witness, I give you this valuable gift. Oh Ferdinand, don’t smile at me for bragging about Miranda, for you’ll see soon enough that she outshines any praise of her.

FERDINAND
I do believe it
Against an oracle.

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,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
As Hymen’s lamps shall light you.
FERDINAND
As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion,
Our worser genius can shall never melt
Mine honor into lust to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are foundered,
Or night kept chained below.

PROSPERO
Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own.—
What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

FERDINAND
I want peace, good kids, and a long life. To protect
the love I cherish, I won't be tempted by any
opportunity to forget my honor and give in to lust. I
refuse to give up the joys of my wedding day, when
I'll be so eager for my first night of love that I'll
wonder whether evening will ever come.

PROSPERO
You've said it well. So have a seat and talk to her.
She's yours.—Come, Ariel! My trusty servant, Ariel!

ARIEL
What does my powerful master wish for? I'm here.

PROSPERO
You and your fellow spirits did your last assignment
well, and now I need your help again. Go bring them
all here; I give you power over them. Make them act
quickly. I have to give this young couple here a small
display of my magic powers. I've promised them I
would, and they're expecting it.

ARIEL
Right now?

PROSPERO
Yes, right away.

ARIEL
Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and shout "So, so!"
Each one of your servants will rush here,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master, no?

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

**ARIEL**
Well, I conceive.

---

Tripping over his own toes, making funny faces.
Do you love me, master? No?

**PROSPERO**
I love you dearly, Ariel. Don’t come near till you hear me call you.

**ARIEL**
All right, I understand.

---

EXIT **ARIEL**

**PROSPERO**
(to **FERDINAND**) 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**
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

**PROSPERO**
Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit. Appear and pertly!—

*Soft music*

No tongue. All eyes! Be silent.

---

**IRIS**
Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-Iorn; thy pole-clipped vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself dost air—\( \text{the Queen o' th' Sky,} \)
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,

\textbf{JUNO descends above}

Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

\textbf{Enter CERES}

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

\textbf{IRIS}

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

\textbf{CERES}

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

sheep nibble, the furrows that April covers with flowers for nymphs to make crowns with. You must leave the groves where the disappointed bachelor lurks, rejected by his love, and the well-pruned vineyards, and the rocky seashore.

\textbf{JUNO enters above the stage and slowly begins to descend.}

You must leave these places and hurry here to this grassy spot, to entertain Juno.

\textbf{CERES enters.}

Greetings to you, rainbow messenger, who never disobeys Juno, wife of Jupiter; with your golden wings you sprinkle dewdrops and refreshing showers on my flowers, and arch your colored bow over my wooded fields and grassy meadows, like a beautiful scarf to decorate my earth. Why has your queen, Juno, called me here to this grassy spot?

\textbf{IRIS}

To celebrate a marriage of true love, and give a gift to the lovers.

\textbf{CERES}

Tell me, rainbow, do you know if either Venus, the goddess of love, or her son, Cupid, is accompanying Queen Juno? Ever since Venus and her blind son plotted a way for the god of the underworld to steal my daughter away for half the year, I swore I'd never speak to them again.
IRIS

Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have

done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen’s torch be lighted—but in vain.
Mars’s hot minion is returned again.

Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows
And be a boy right out.

CERES

Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes. I know her by her gait.

JUNO descends to the stage

JUNO

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain that they may prosperous be,
And honored in their issue.

They sing

JUNO

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

CERES

Great Queen Juno is coming. I know her by her
walk.

JUNO comes down to the stage.

JUNO

How is my generous sister? Come help me bless
this couple, so they will be prosperous and have
many children.

They sing.

JUNO

(singing)
May honor, riches, marriage blessings,
Long life, and unending joys come to you.
Juno sings her blessings onto you.
CERES
(sings)
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garnerers never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing—
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you.
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND
This is a most majestic vision, and
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.

JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment

PROSPERO
Sweet now, silence.
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
There's something else to do. Hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS
You nymphs, called naiads of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons, Juno does command.

CERES
(singing)
Growing crops and large harvests,
Barns and silos full of grain,
Vines heavy with clustered grapes,
Plants straining under their fruit—
May spring follow directly autumn's harvest,
With none of winter's hardships to endure,
You will have plenty and want nothing,
Ceres's blessings on you.

FERDINAND
This is a majestic and harmonious vision. Are these spirits we see before us?

PROSPERO
Yes, they're spirits that I've called out of their prisons to perform my whims.

FERDINAND
Let me live here forever. Such a wonderful father-in-law and wife make this place a paradise.

JUNO
and CERES whisper, then send IRIS on a mission.

PROSPERO
Now be quiet. Juno and Ceres are whispering about something serious. There's something else to be done. Be silent, or else my magic spell will be broken.

IRIS
You nymphs who live in the wandering brooks, with seaweed crowns and innocent looks, step out of the water and come join us here on this grassy field.
Juno
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love. Be not too late.

Orders you. Come, sweet nymphs, and help us
celebrate the wedding of two true lovers. Don’t be
late.

Several Nymphs enter.

Now, you tanned fieldworkers who are so tired of
August’s labors, get out of the dirt and come rejoice
with us here. Put your straw hats on, have some fun,
and dance with these young nymphs.

Several fieldworkers enter, dressed appropriately.

Several Nymphs enter.

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

Enter certain reapers, properly habited They
join with the nymphs in a graceful dance
towards the end whereas PROSPERO starts
suddenly and speaks.

PROSPERO
I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come.—Well done. Avoid, no more!

To a strange, hollow, and confused noise, the
spirits heavily vanish

FERDINAND
(to MIRANDA) 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
(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.

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA

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

Enter ARIEL

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

PROSPERO
Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL
Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared

LER I might anger thee.

PROSPERO
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

and ungrounded vision you've seen, with its towers
topped with clouds, its gorgeous palaces, solemn
Temples, the world itself—and everyone living in it—
which will dissolve just as this illusory pageant has
dissolved, leaving not even a wisp of cloud behind.
We are all made of dreams, and our life stretches
from sleep before birth to sleep after death. Sir, I'm
upset. Please put up with my weakness. My old brain
is troubled. Don't be disturbed by my illness. If you
like, you can rest a while in my room. I'll go for a
short walk to calm down my feverish mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA
We hope you feel better and find some peace.

They exit.

PROSPERO
Come, Ariel—I summon you with a thought. Thank
you, Ariel. Come.

ARIEL enters.

ARIEL
I obey all your thoughts. What do you wish?

PROSPERO
Spirit, we have to get ready to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL
Yes, my master. When I was putting on the Ceres
show, I thought of reminding you about Caliban, but
I was afraid of upsetting you.

PROSPERO
Tell me again, where did you leave those lowlifes?
ARIEL
I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That, calflike, they my lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, prickling 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’erstunk 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,
Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL, laden with glistening apparel,
also.

ARIEL exits.

PROSPERO
He’s a devil, a born devil, who can never be trained.
All my attempts to help him, undertaken with the best intentions, have been wasted. As his body grows uglier with age, his mind rots away as well. I’ll torment them all till they roar with pain.

ARIEL enters, loaded with sparkling clothes.

Here, hang them on this clothesline.
Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

CALIBAN
Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a foot fall. We now are near his cell.

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

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

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

TRINCULO
Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN
Good my lord, give me thy 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.

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

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

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

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

CALIBAN
Please walk softly, so not even a mole hears us approach. We're near his room now.

STEPHANO
Hey monster, the spirit you've been talking about, the one you call harmless, has been playing tricks on us.

TRINCULO
Monster, I smell like horse piss, which is making my nose pretty upset.

STEPHANO
Mine too.—Are you listening, monster? If I decide to get angry at you, just watch out—

TRINCULO
You'd be done for then, monster.

CALIBAN
My good lord, I still need you to like me. Be patient, because the prize I'm leading you to will make you forget how smelly you are now. So be quiet. It's as silent as a graveyard here.

TRINCULO
All right, but I can't get over how we lost our wine bottles in the pond—

STEPHANO
Yes, monster, it's worse than the disgrace of getting drenched and smelly. We lost more than our honor when we lost our wine.

TRINCULO
That upsets me much more than getting wet. And you called the fairy creature harmless, monster.

STEPHANO
I'll get my bottle back if it's the last thing I do.
CALIBAN
Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o’ th’ cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this
island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

CALIBAN
Please, my king, be quiet. Look here, this is the
entrance to his room. Be silent and go in. Do the
deed that will make this island yours forever, and will
make me, Caliban, your worshipful foot-licker.

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

STEPHANO
Give me your hand. I’m starting to feel murderous
urges.

TRINCULO
(seeing the apparel)
O King Stephano! O peer, O worthy Stephano,
look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

TRINCULO
(seeing the clothes) Oh, King Stephano! Worthy
Stephano, look at the fabulous wardrobe waiting for
you here!

CALIBAN
Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.

CALIBAN
Leave it alone, you fool. It’s worthless.

TRINCULO
Oh, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a
frippery.—
(puts on a gown) O King Stephano!

TRINCULO
Oh, monster, we know secondhand clothes when we
see them.—(he puts on one of the gowns) Oh, King
Stephano!

STEPHANO
Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I’ll
have that gown.

STEPHANO
Take off that gown, Trinculo. I swear that gown’s for
me.

TRINCULO
Thy grace shall have it.

TRINCULO
You can have it then, your highness.

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

CALIBAN
To hell with this idiot! Why are you going crazy over
these trashy clothes? Leave them alone, and do the
murder first. If he wakes up before we kill him, he’ll
never stop punishing us.

STEPHANO
Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this
my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line.—
Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and
prove a bald jerkin.

STEPHANO
Shut up, monster.—Madame tree, is this jacket for
me? Thank you kindly. The tree’s lost its jacket. (he
takes a jacket hanging on the tree)—Now the jacket
might lose its fur trim and become a bald jacket.
TRINCULO
Do, do. We steal by line and level, an ’t like your grace.

STEPHANO
I thank thee for that jest. Here’s a garment for ’t. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. “Steal by line and level” is an excellent pass of pate. There’s another garment for ’t.

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

CALIBAN
I will have none on ’t. We shall lose our time, And all be turn’d to barnacles or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO
Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I’ll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO
And this.

STEPHANO
Ay, and this.

PROSPERO
Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL
Silver. There it goes, Silver!

A noise of hunters heard Enter divers spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

PROSPERO
Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL
Silver. There they go, Silver!
Fury, Fury!—There, Tyrant, there. Hark, hark!

Spirits drive out CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are chased away.

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

ARIEL
Hark, they roar.

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

Exeunt

Ariel, go order my goblin servants to make these fellows’ bones ache, give them muscle cramps all over, and give them more bruises than leopards have spots.

ARIEL
Listen they’re howling.

PROSPERO
Hunt them down. Now all my enemies are at my mercy. Soon all my work will be done, and you’ll be free. Just obey me a little bit longer.

They exit.
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
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay. But chiefly

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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.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou
art?
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. They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL
I'll fetch them, sir.

PROSPERO
(tracing a circle on the ground)
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,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war—to th' dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

PROSPERO
I will too. You’re made of air, so if even you feel sorry
for them, imagine the pity that I’ll feel, being one of
their own human race. I suffer pain just as much as
they do, so I’ll sympathize far more than you. Though
I’m indignant about their evil deeds, I’ll go with my
nobler instincts, which tell me to feel some
compassion for them. It’s better to act virtuously
rather than vengefully. Now that they’re sorry, I don’t
want anything more. Go release them, Ariel. I’ll break
my spells and bring them back to their senses, and
they’ll feel like themselves again.

ARIEL
I'll go get them, sir.

PROSPERO
(drawn a large circle on the stage with his staff) I’ve
darkened the noontime sun with the aid of you elves
who live in the hills and brooks and groves, and you
who chase the sea on the beach without leaving
footprints in the sand, and run away when the waves
come back; and you who make toadstools while the
moon shines; who make mushrooms as a hobby after
the evening bell has rung. With your help I’ve called
up the angry winds, and set the green sea and blue
sky at war with each other. I’ve given lightning to the
thunderclouds, and burned up Jupiter’s beloved 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,
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.

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.—
(to GONZALO) Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.
(aside) The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—
(to GONZALO) O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver and a loyal sir

Solemn music plays.

ARIEL enters, followed by ALONSO gesturing 
frantically, accompanied by GONZALO.
SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO enter in the same 
way, accompanied by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO.

They all enter the circle that PROSPERO has 
drawn and stand there under a spell. PROSPERO, 
watching all of this, speaks, though the others do 
not hear him.

Let this solemn melody comfort your fevered minds, 
which are now useless, seething inside your skulls.—
All of you stand there in my spell.—(to GONZALO) 
Good Gonzalo, you honorable man, my eyes weep 
for you, since I feel what you must feel now. (to 
himself) The spell is breaking gradually, and just as 
dawn creeps in and melts away the darkness, they 
will slowly return to their senses.—(to GONZALO) 
Oh, my dear Gonzalo, you're my savior and loyal to 
your lord, I'll reward you fully, not just with praise but 
with actions too.
To him you follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—

(to ALONSO) Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—

(to SEBASTIAN) Thou art pinched for 't now,
Sebastian.—

(to ANTONIO) 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.

(aside) 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.—

(to ARIEL) 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
(sings and helps to attire PROSPERO)
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

ARIEL
(The sings and helps PROSPERO dress)
Where the bee drinks, I drink dew.
I lie in the cup of a cowslip flower.
I sleep there when the owls hoot.
I fly on a bat's back,
Following the summer around the globe.
Happily, happily I will live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO
Why, that's my dainty Ariel singing now. I'll miss you,
Ariel, but you'll be free.—Yes, you will, yes.—Go to
the king's ship in your invisible state. There you'll find
the sailors asleep below deck. Find the Master and
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.

Exit ARIEL

GONZALO
All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us

Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO
(to ALONSO) Behold, sir King,
The wrongèd 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. (embraces ALONSO)

ALONSO
Whe’er thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood. And since I saw
thee,
Th’ affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me. This must crave—
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 honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

Boatswain, who will be awake, and bring them here right away, please.

ARIEL
I’ll go so fast I’ll burn up the air, and come back in two heartbeats.

ARIEL exits.

GONZALO
This place is full of trouble, torments, and amazements. Please come, heavenly powers, and guide us out of this godforsaken country!

PROSPERO
(to ALONSO) Your Highness, you see before you the Duke of Milan, Prospero, who’s been wronged. I’ll embrace you now so you will know it’s really me, a living prince, talking to you. I heartily welcome you and your entourage here. (he embraces ALONSO)

ALONSO
Whether you’re really him or whether this is some magic trick like I was recently subjected to, I don’t know. Your heart beats like you were real, and ever since I saw you, I feel my mind becoming sane again, released from its earlier insanity. There must be a strange explanation for this—if it’s true. I surrender your dukedom and beg you to forgive me all my crimes. But how is it possible that Prospero’s alive and well and living on this island?

PROSPERO
(to GONZALO) First, my noble old friend, let me embrace you, who are more honorable than I can say.
GONZALO
Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

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

(aside to SEBASTIAN and 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
The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO
No.—(to ANTONIO)
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 beest Prospero,
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.

PROSPERO
I am woe for 't, sir.

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

PROSPERO
You're still experiencing some of the little quirks of
this island, which makes so many things seem
uncertain. Welcome, my friends. (speaking so that
only SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO can hear) But you
two lords, if I felt like it, I could turn you in as the
traitors you are. But as for now, I won't say a word.

SEBASTIAN
It's the devil speaking through him.

PROSPERO
No.—(to ANTONIO) As for you, you evil man that I
can't even call brother, I forgive you for even your
worst sin, all your sins. I demand my dukedom back
from you, which I know you have to give me.

ALONSO
If you're Prospero, give us the details of how you
were saved, how you met us here, when we were
just shipwrecked here three hours ago, when I lost—
How painful the memory is!—my dear son Ferdinand

PROSPERO
I'm sorry about that, sir.

ALONSO
No one can undo this loss of mine, and trying to
endure it patiently doesn't help.
**PROSPERO**

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I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content.

**ALONSO**

You the like loss?

**PROSPERO**

As great to me as late. And supportable

To make the dear loss have I means much weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I Have lost my daughter.

**ALONSO**

A daughter? O heavens, that they were living both in Naples, The king and queen there! That they were, I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed Where my son lies.—When did you lose your daughter?

**PROSPERO**

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords At this encounter do so much admire

That they devour their reason and scarce think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath.—But howsoev'r you have

Been justled from your senses, know for certain

That I am Prospero and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely

Upon this shore where you were 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.
(to ALONSO) Welcome, sir.
This cell’s my court. Here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO uncovers 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.

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

SEBASTIAN
A most high miracle!

FERDINAND
(seeing ALONSO and kneeling)
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have cursed them without cause.

PROSPERO draws a curtain to reveal FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing chess.

MIRANDA
(protesting)

FERDINAND
No, my dearest love, I wouldn’t cheat you for the whole world.

MIRANDA
Maybe not the whole world, but you’d cheat for twenty kingdoms. But even then I’d still lie and say you were playing by the rules.

ALONSO
If this dream vision is typical of what this island conjures up, then I’ll lose my son twice.

SEBASTIAN
A wonderful miracle!

FERDINAND
(seeing ALONSO and kneeling)
The seas may threaten us, but they show mercy sometimes too. I cursed them for no reason.
ALONSO
Now all the blessings
185 Of a glad father, compass thee about.
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIRANDA
Oh, 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
(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 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 oh, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO
There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that’s gone.

ALONSO
Receive all the blessings of a happy father. Get up
and tell me how you came here.

MIRANDA
How amazing! How many wonderful creatures there
are here! Mankind is so beautiful! Oh, what a
wonderful new world, that has such people in it!

PROSPERO
It’s new to you.

ALONSO
(to FERDINAND ) Who is this girl you were playing
chess with? You can’t have known her for more than
three hours. Is she the goddess that separated us
and then brought us back together?

FERDINAND
No, sir, she’s human. But by the grace of God, she’s
mine. I chose her for my wife when I thought I had
no father to ask advice of. She’s the daughter of this
famous Duke of Milan I heard so much about but
never saw before. He’s given me a second life, and
marrying her makes him a second father to me.

ALONSO
And I’m her father as well. But oh, how odd it is to
have to ask for my child’s forgiveness!

PROSPERO
Stop right there, sir. Let’s not get gloomy in our
reminiscing, since there’s no reason for sadness
anymore.
I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
 gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown,
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

I've been crying to myself just now, or I would've
said the same thing. Dear gods, bless this couple,
since you're the ones who have shown us the path
that led us here.

I say amen, Gonzalo.
Amen to that, Gonzalo.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.

Was the Duke of Milan kicked out of Milan so his
children could become kings of Naples? Oh, this is
cause for an extraordinary joy that should be
engraved in gold on pillars to last forever. On one
and the same trip Claribel found a husband in Tunis,
and Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife where he
was shipwrecked; Prospero found his dukedom on a
poor island; and all of us found ourselves when we
lost control of ourselves.

(to FERDINAND and MIRANDA) Give me your hands.
May anyone who doesn't wish you joy feel
grief and sorrow.

Be it so. Amen.

So be it. Amen.

Oh, look, sir, look, sir! More of us are here. I
remember I predicted that this guy could never
drown, as long as there are gallows around on the
land. (to BOATSWAIN) Hey, you curser, who defiled
our ship with your foul language, don't you have any
gutter talk for us on shore? What's going on?
BOATSWAIN
The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company. The next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split
—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL
(aside to PROSPERO) Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO
(aside to ARIEL) My tricksy spirit!

ALONSO
These are not natural events. They strengthen
From strange to stranger.—
(to BOATSWAIN) Say, how came you hither?

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,
We were awaked, straightway at liberty,
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our Master
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL
(aside to PROSPERO) Was 't well done?

PROSPERO
(aside to ARIEL) Bravely, my diligence. Thou
shalt be free.
ALONSO
This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO
Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every These happened accidents. Till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.
(aside to ARIEL) Come hither, spirit.
Set Caliban and his companions free. Untie the spell.

PROSPERO
Sir, my king, don't waste your time mulling over how strange this business is. When the time is right, and it'll be soon, I promise I alone will explain everything that's happened. Until then, be cheerful and keep an open mind. (speaking so that only ARIEL can hear) Come here, spirit; set Caliban and his fellow slaves free. Break the spell that enslaves them to me.

Exit ARIEL

How fares my gracious sir? There are yet missing of your company Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO in their stolen apparel

STEFANO
Every man shift for all the rest and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune. Coraggio, bully-monster, coraggio!

TRINCULO
If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN
O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.
SEBASTIAN
Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO
Very like. One of them is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

PROSPERO
Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, then say if they be true. (indicates CALIBAN) 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.

ALONSO
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN
He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO
And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—How camest thou in this pickle?

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

SEBASTIAN
Why, how now, Stephano?

CALIBAN
He’ll kill me with tortures.

ALONSO
Isn’t this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN
He’s definitely drunk now. Where did he get wine?

ALONSO
And Trinculo’s drunk. Where did they find the liquor to get drunk on?—(to TRINCULO) How did you get this way?

TRINCULO
I’ve been so wasted since I saw you last that I’m worried I’ll never be sober again. But at least I won’t rot, being so full of alcohol.

SEBASTIAN
How are you doing, Stephano?
STEPHANO
O, touch me not. I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO
You’d be king o’ th’ isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO
I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO
(indicating CALIBAN)
This is a strange thing as e’er I looked on.

PROSPERO
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!

PROSPERO
Go to, away.

ALONSO
(to STEPHANO and TRINCULO)
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN
Or stole it, rather.

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

PROSPERO
Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which—part of it—I’ll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I’ll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

PROSPERO
Sir, I invite your highness and your entourage to my little room, where you can sleep tonight. But for this evening—part of it, at least—I’ll tell you tales to make the time pass quickly. I’ll narrate the story of my life, and give you all the details of what happened to me since I first came to this island. And in the morning I’ll take you to your ship and we’ll sail to Naples, where I hope to see this loving couple married. After that I’ll retire to Milan, where I’ll
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized,
   And thence retire me to my Milan, where
   Every third thought shall be my grave.

contemplate my death, which is soon to come.
ALONSO
Lead off this ground, and let’s make further search
For my poor son.

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

ALONSO
Lead away.

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

Exeunt

MODERN TEXT

ALONSO
Lead us away from this area. We can search for my poor son while we’re at it.

GONZALO
I hope those lions stay far away from him. I’m sure he’s somewhere on the island.

ALONSO
Get us out of here.

ARIEL
(to himself) My lord Prospero will know what I’ve done. So go ahead, King, and look for your son.

They exit.
PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,

Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
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.

Exit

PROSPERO

Now my spells are all broken,
And the only power I have is my own,
Which is very weak. Now you all
Have got the power to keep me prisoner here,
Or send me off to Naples. Please don't
Keep me here on this desert island
With your magic spells. Release me
So I can return to my dukedom
With your help. The gentle wind
You blow with your applause
Will fill my ship's sails. Without applause,
My plan to please you has failed.
Now I have no spirits to enslave,
No magic to cast spells,
And I'll end up in despair
Unless I'm relieved by prayer,
Which wins over God himself
And absolves all sins.
Just as you'd like to have your sins forgiven,
Indulge me, forgive me, and set me free.

He exits.