Boatswain!
Here, master: what cheer?
Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
master's whistle. Blow, till burst wind,
if room enough!

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men.
I pray now, keep below.
Where is the master, boatswain?
Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your
cabins: you do assist the storm.
Nay, good, be patient.
When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.
Good, yet remember whom hast aboard.
None that I more love than myself. You are a
counsellor; if you can command these elements to
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you
cannot, give thanks you have 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.

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.

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

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

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?
A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,
inharmorable dog!
Work you then.
Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!
We are less afraid to be drowned than art.
I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were
no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an
unstanched wench.
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to
sea again; lay her off.
All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
What, must our mouths be cold?
The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.
I'm out of patience.
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal--would mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!
He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

Let's all sink with the king.
Let's take leave of him.

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

THE TEMPEST
The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

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 the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
O, woe the day!
No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of
Of, my dear one, , my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And no greater father.
More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
'Tis time
I should inform farther. Lend hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

Lie there, my art. Wipe eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in,
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 heard'st cry, which saw'st sink. Sit down;
For must now know farther.

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'
The hour's now come;
The very minute bids ope ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think canst, for then wast not
Out three years old.
Certainly, sir, I can.
By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with remembrance.

'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?
hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in mind? What seest else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If remember'st aught ere camest here,
How camest here mayst.
But that I do not.

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Sir, are not you my father?
mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said wast my daughter; and father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.
O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
My brother and uncle, call'd Antonio--
I pray, 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. false uncle--
Dost attend me?
Sir, most heedfully.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created

The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. attend'st not.
O, good sir, I do.
I pray , 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'er-prized 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' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing--
Dost hear?
Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd 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--wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbrow'd--alas, poor Milan!--
To most ignoble stooping.
O the heavens!
Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Now the condition.

The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and crying self.
Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Hear a little further
And then I'll bring to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
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 colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
O, a cherubim
wast that did preserve me. didst smile.
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
How came we ashore?
By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, 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 furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Would I might
But ever see that man!
Now I arise:

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, schoolmaster, made more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.
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?
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:
Art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know canst not choose.

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

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Hast, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade?
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 lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
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 leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.'
Why that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Close by, my master.
But are they, Ariel, safe?
Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as 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.
Of the king’s ship
The mariners say how hast disposed
And all the rest o’ the fleet.
Safely in harbour
Is the king’s ship; in the deep nook, where once
call’dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex’d Bermoothes, there she’s hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow’d;
Who, with a charm join’d to their suffer’d labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o’ the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king’s ship wreck’d
And his great person perish.
Ariel, charge
Exactly is perform’d: but there’s more work.
What is the time o’ the day?
Past the mid season.
At least two glasses. The time ’twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Is there more toil? Since dost give me pains,
Let me remember what hast promised,
Which is not yet perform’d me.
How now? moody?
What is’t canst demand?
My liberty.
Before the time be out? no more!
I prithee,
Remember I have done worthy service;
Told no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Dost forget
From what a torment I did free?
No.
dost, and think’st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o’ the earth
When it is baked with frost.
I do not, sir.
liest, malignant thing! Hast forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast forgot her?
No, sir.
hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Sir, in Argier.
O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what hast been,
Which forget’st. This damn’d witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To human hearing, from Argier,
know’st, was banish’d: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
   Ay, sir.

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
   And here was left by the sailors, my slave,
   As report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
   And, for wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
   Refusing her grand hests, she did confine,
   By help of her more potent ministers
   And in her most unmitigable rage,
   Into a cloven pine; within which rift
   Imprison'd didst painfully remain
   A dozen years; within which space she died
   And left there; where didst vent 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 honour'd with
   A human shape.
   Yes, Caliban her son.
   Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
   Whom now I keep in service. best know'st
   What torment I did find in; groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
   Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
   To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
   Could not again undo: it was mine art,
   When I arrived and heard, that made gape
   The pine and let out.
   I thank, master.
   If more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
   And peg in his knotty entrails till
   hast howl'd away twelve winters.
   Pardon, master;
   I will be correspondent to command
   And do my spiriting gently.
   Do so, and after two days
   I will discharge.
   That's my noble master!
   What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
   To no sight but and mine, invisible
   To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
   And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

Awake, dear heart, awake! hast slept well; Awake!
   The strangeness of your story put
   Heaviness in me.
   Shake it off. Come on;
   We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
   Yields us kind answer.
   'Tis a villain, sir,
   I do not love to look on.
   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!
   earth, ! speak.
There's wood enough within.
Come forth, I say! there's other business for:
Come, tortoise! when?

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in ear.
My lord it shall be done.

poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon wicked dam, come forth!

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
For this, be sure, to-night shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on; shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which takest from me. When camest first,
strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved
And show'd all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used,
Filth as art, with human care, and lodged
In mine own cell, till didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
O ho, O ho! would'st had been done!
didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied,
Took pains to make speak, taught each hour
One thing or other: when didst not, savage,
Know own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd purposes
With words that made them known. But vile race,
Though didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
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!
   Hag-seed, hence!
   Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st, malice?
   If neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack with old cramps,
   Fill all bones with aches, make roar
   That beasts shall tremble at din.
   No, pray.

I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
   and make a vassal of him.
   So, slave; hence!

ARIEL'S song.
Come unto these yellow sands,
   And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
   The wild waves whist,
Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
   Hark, hark!
   dispersedly, within
   The watch-dogs bark!

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
   Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.
Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
   It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
   Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
   No, it begins again.

Full fathom five 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
   Ding-dong, bell.
The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
   This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
   The fringed curtains of eye advance
   And say what seest yond.
   What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
   It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
   As we have, such. This gallant which seeest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
   And strays about to find 'em.
   I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
   I ever saw so noble.
   It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
   Within two days for this.
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?
   No wonder, sir;
   But certainly a maid.
   My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
   Were I but where 'tis spoken.
How? the best?
What wert, if the King of Naples heard?
   A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear 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 wreck'd.
   Alack, for mercy!
Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
   And his brave son being twain.
The Duke of Milan
   And his more braver daughter could control,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
   They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
   I'll set free for this.
   A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
   Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
   That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
   To be inclined my way!
   O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
   The queen of Naples.
   Soft, sir! one word more.

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
   I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
   Make the prize light.
One word more; I charge
That attend me: dost here usurp
The name owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
No, as I am a man.
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.
Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt drink; food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.
What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put sword up, traitor;
Who maketh a show but dare not strike, conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from ward,
For I can here disarm with this stick
And make weapon drop.
Beseech you, father.
Hence! hang not on my garments.
Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide, if not hate. What!
An advocate for an imposter! hush!
think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.
My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Come on; obey;
nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.
So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
It works.
Come on.
    hast done well, fine Ariel!

    Follow me.

    Hark what else shalt do me.
    Be of comfort;
    My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
    shalt be free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
    All points of my command.
    To the syllable.
    Come, follow. Speak not for him.

THE TEMPEST
Another part of the island.

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
    So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
    I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
    Our sorrow with our comfort.
    Prithee, peace.
    He receives comfort like cold porridge.
    The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;
    by and by it will strike.
    Sir,--
    One: tell.
When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
    Comes to the entertainer--
    A dollar.
    Dolour comes to him, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purposed.
    You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
    Therefore, my lord,--
    Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
    I prithee, spare.
    Well, I have done: but yet,--
    He will be talking.
Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
    wager, first begins to crow?
    The old cock.
    The cockerel.
    Done. The wager?
    A laughter.
    A match!
    Though this island seem to be desert,--
    Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.
    Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--
    Yet,--
Yet,--

He could not miss't.
It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
temperance.

Temperance was a delicate wench.
Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Here is everything advantageous to life.
True; save means to live.
Of that there's none, or little.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
The ground indeed is tawny.
With an eye of green in't.
He misses not much.

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost
beyond credit,--
As many vouched rarities are.

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

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report
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.
'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to
their queen.
Not since widow Dido's time.
Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in?

What if he had said 'widower AEneas' too? Good Lord,
how you take it!

'Widow Dido' said you! you make me study of that:
she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Carthage?
I assure you, Carthage.
His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath
raised the wall and houses too.
What impossible matter will he make easy next?
I think he will carry this island home in his pocket
and give it his son for an apple.
And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring
forth more islands.

Ay.

Why, in good time.
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.
And the rarest that e'er came there.
Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.
Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
That sort was well fished for.
When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
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 mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on?
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 swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
No, no, he's gone.
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Prithee, peace.
You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
So is the dear'st o' the loss.
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.
Very well.
And most chirurgeonly.
It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Foul weather?
Very foul.
Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,--
He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
Or docks, or mallows.
And were the king on't, what would I do?
'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tillth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
Yet he would be king on't.
The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
No marrying 'mong his subjects?
None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
God save his majesty!
Long live Gonzalo!
And,—do you mark me, sir?
Prithee, no more: dost talk nothing to me.
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.
'Twas you we laughed at.
Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue and laugh at
nothing still.

What a blow was there given!
An it had not fallen flat-long.
You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift
the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it five weeks without changing.

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Go sleep, and hear us.

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.
Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
    Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
    It is the quality o’ the climate.
    Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
    Myself disposed to sleep.
Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
    They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp’d, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
    Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—
    And yet me thinks I see it in face,
What shouldst be: the occasion speaks, and
    My strong imagination sees a crown
        Dropping upon head.
    What, art waking?
Do you not hear me speak?
    I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and speak’st
    Out of sleep. What is it dist say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
    And yet so fast asleep.
    Noble Sebastian,
let’s fortune sleep—die, rather; wink’st
    Whiles art waking.
dost snore distinctly;
    There’s meaning in snores.
I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
    Trebles o’er.
    Well, I am standing water.
I’ll teach you how to flow.
    Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
    O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
    Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
    Most often do so near the bottom run
    By their own fear or sloth.
    Prithee, say on:
The setting of eye and cheek proclaim
    A matter from, and a birth indeed
Which throes much to yield.
    Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
    Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth’d, 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 undrown’d
And he that sleeps here swims.
    I have no hope
That he’s undrown’d.
    O, out of that ‘no hope’
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown’d?
He’s gone.
Then, tell me,
Who’s the next heir of Naples?
Claribel.
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’ the moon’s too slow--till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that--from whom?
We all were sea-swallow’d, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what’s past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.
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.
A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, ‘How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.’ Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. 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. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Methinks I do.
And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
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.
But, for your conscience?
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;
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
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.
    case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw sword: one stroke
    Shall free from the tribute which payest;
    And I the king shall love.
    Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
    To fall it on Gonzalo.
    O, but one word.

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth--
    For else his project dies--to keep them living.

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!
Then let us both be sudden.
    Now, good angels
    Preserve the king.

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
    Wherefore this ghastly looking?
What's the matter?
    Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
    Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
    It struck mine ear most terribly.
    I heard nothing.
    O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
    To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
    Of a whole herd of lions.
    Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
    And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
    I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
    That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
    Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.
Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
    For my poor son.
    Heavens keep him from these beasts!
    For he is, sure, i' the island.
    Lead away.
Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
    So, king, go safely on to seek son.

THE TEMPEST
Another part of the island.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they’ll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin—shows, pitch me i’ the 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; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

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.
Here’s neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i’ the wind: yond same black
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece
of silver: there would this monster make a
man; any strange beast there makes a man:
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like
arms! Warm o’ my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt.

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

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.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

Do not torment me: Oh!
What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put
tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I
have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your
four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as
ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground;
and it shall be said so again while Stephano
breathes at's nostrils.
The spirit torments me; Oh!
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.
Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.
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 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.

dost me yet but little hurt; wilt anon, I
know it by trembling: now Prosper works upon.
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.
I should know that voice: it should be--but he is
drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!
Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!
His forward voice now is to speak well of his
friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches
and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will
recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I
will pour some in other mouth.

Stephano!

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

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

If beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull
by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they. art very Trinculo indeed! How
camest to be the siege of this moon-calf? can
he vent Trinculos?
I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But
The Tempest

by William Shakespeare

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

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That’s a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him. How didst ‘scape? How 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. I’ll swear upon that bottle to be true subject; for the liquor is not earthly. Here; swear then how escapedst.

Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I’ll be sworn. Here, kiss the book. Though canst swim like a duck, art made like a goose.

O Stephano, hast any more of this? The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does ague?

Hast not dropp’d from heaven? Out o’ the moon, I do assure: I was the man! I have seen in her and I do adore: My mistress show’d me and dog and bush.

Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents swear. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i’ the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

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

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him...

I prithee, let me bring where crabs grow.
And I with my long nails will dig pignuts;
Show a jay's nest and instruct how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt go with me?
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.

Farewell master; farewell, farewell!
A howling monster: a drunken monster!
No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!
O brave monster! Lead the way.

THE TEMPEST
Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

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

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
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.
Poor worm, art infected!
This visitation shows it.
You look wearily.
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.--O my father,

I have broke your hest to say so!
Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so fun soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best!
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 skilless 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.
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.
Do you love me?
O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else I ' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.
I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Wherefore weep you?
At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, it 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.
My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
My husband, then?
Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
A thousand thousand!
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.

THE TEMPEST
Another part of the island.
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.
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.
Drink, servant-monster, when I bid: eyes
are almost set in head.
Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack:
for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I
could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off
and on. By this light, shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.
Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.
Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say
nothing neither.
Moon-calf, speak once in life, if beest a
good moon-calf.
How does honour? Let me lick shoe.
I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.
liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to
justle a constable. Why, deboshed fish,
was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much
sack as I to-day? Wilt tell a monstrous lie,
being but half a fish and half a monster?
Lo, how he mocks me! wilt let him, my lord?
'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!
Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.
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.
I thank my noble lord. Wilt be pleased to
hearken once again to the suit I made to?
Marry, will I kneel and repeat it; I will stand,
and so shall Trinculo.

As I told before, I am subject to a tyrant, a
sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
liest.
liest, jesting monkey: I would my
valiant master would destroy! I do not lie.
Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by
this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Why, I said nothing.
Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.
I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. if greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know darest,
But this thing dare not,—
That's most certain.
Shalt be lord of it and I'll serve.
How now shall this be compassed?
Canst bring me to the party?
Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him asleep,
Where mayst knock a nail into his bead.
liest; canst not.
What a pied ninny's this! scurvy patch!
I do beseech greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.
Trinculo, run into no further danger:
interrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors
and make a stock-fish of.
Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther
off.
Didst not say he lied?
liest.
Do I so? take that.

As you like this, give me the lie another time.
I did not give the lie. Out o' your
wits and bearing too? A pox o' your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on
your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Ha, ha, ha!
Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.
Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.
Stand farther. Come, proceed.
Why, as I told, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with 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.
Is it so brave a lass?
Ay, lord; she will become bed, I warrant.
And bring forth brave brood.
Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen--save our graces!--and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost
like the plot, Trinculo?
Excellent.
Give me hand: I am sorry I beat; but,
while livest, keep a good tongue in head.
Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt destroy him then?
Ay, on mine honour.
This will I tell my master.

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em
Thought is free.
That's not the tune.

What is this same?
This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture
of Nobody.
If beest a man, show thyself in likeness:
if beest a devil, take't as list.
O, forgive me my sins!
He that dies pays all debts: I defy. Mercy upon us!
Art afeard?
No, monster, not I.
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.
This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall
have my music for nothing.
When Prospero is destroyed.
That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
after do our work.
Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see
this tabourer; he lays it on.
Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

THE TEMPEST

Another part of the island.

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Old lord, I cannot blame,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
I say, to-night: no more.

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Marvellous sweet music!

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.
I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did
lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
    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.
    Honest lord,
hast said well; for some of you there present
    Are worse than devils.
I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
    Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
    Praise in departing.
    They vanish'd strangely.
    No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
    Will't please you taste of what is here?
    Not I.
    Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
    Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd 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.
    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.

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 such-like valour men hang and drown
    Their proper selves.

You fools! I and my fellows
    Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
    Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle 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. of 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 wraths to guard you from--
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast nothing bated
In what hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling.

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

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

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.
Follow, I pray you.

THE TEMPEST
Before PROSPERO'S cell.

If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to hand; all vexations
Were but my trials of love and
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.
I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Then, as my gift and own acquisition
Worthily purchased take my daughter: but
If dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister’d,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen’s lamps shall light you.
As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as ’tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong’st suggestion.
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day’s celebration
When I shall think: or Phoebus’ steeds are founder’d,
Or Night kept chain’d below.
Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!
What would my potent master? here I am.
and meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O’er whom I give power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Presently!
Ay, with a twink.
Before you can say ’come’ and ’go,‘
And breathe twice and cry ’so, so,’
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till dost hear me call.
Well, I conceive.

Look be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i’ the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
I warrant you sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch’d with stover, them to keep;
banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn: pole-clipt vineyard;
And sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thyself dost air;--the queen o’ the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Hail, many-colour’d messenger, that ne’er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb’d down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath queen
Summon’d me hither, to this short-grass’d green?
A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.
Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as 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.
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 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.
High’st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour’d in their issue.
Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings upon you.
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.
This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

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.

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!
This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

We wish your peace.

Come with a thought I thank, Ariel: come.

thoughts I cleave to. What's pleasure?
pirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger.
Say again, where didst leave these varlets?
I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
This was well done, my bird.
shape invisible retain still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
I go, I go.

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

Come, hang them on this line.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
played the Jack with us.

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

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

Good my lord, give me favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring to

Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,--
There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,

monster, but an infinite loss.

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your

harmless fairy, monster.

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

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and .

Do that good mischief which may make this island
own for ever, and I, Caliban,

For aye foot-licker.

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

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

Let it alone, fool; it is but trash.

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

O king Stephano!

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

grace shall have it.

The dropsy drown this fool I what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,

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

Make us strange stuff.

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.

Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

I thank 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.

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

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

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.

And this.

Ay, and this.
Hey, Mountain, hey!
Silver I there it goes, Silver!
Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o’ mountain.
Hark, they roar!
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

THE TEMPEST
Before PROSPERO’S cell.

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?
On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and’s followers?
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
Him that you term’d, 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.
Dost think so, spirit?
Mine would, sir, were I human.
And mine shall.
Hast, 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 art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason ‘gaitist 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.
I’ll fetch them, sir.

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 bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And ’twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck’d 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 brains,
Now useless, boil'd within skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him you follow'st! I will pay graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
didst, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
brother was a furtherer in the act.

art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive,
Unnatural though art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
shalt ere long be free.
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.
Why, that’s my dainty Ariel! I shall miss:
    But yet shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king’s ship, invisible as art:
    There shalt find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
    And presently, I prithee.
I drink the air before me, and return
    Or ere your pulse twice beat.

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
    Out of this fearful country!
Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to, I embrace body;
    And to and company I bid
    A hearty welcome.
Whether best he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
    If this be at all, a most strange story.
dukedom I resign and do entreat
pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
    Be living and be here?
First, noble friend,
Let me embrace age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
    Whether this be
Or be not, I’ll not swear.
    You do yet taste
Some subtilties o’ the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness’ frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
    I will tell no tales.
The devil speaks in him.
    No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
    rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of, which perforce, I know,
    must restore.
If be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of preservation;
How hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost--
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!--
My dear son Ferdinand.
I am woe for't, sir.
Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
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.
You the like loss!
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.
A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, 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.

Sweet lord, you play me false.
No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it, fair play.
If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
A most high miracle!
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass about!
Arise, and say how camest here.

O, wonder!

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

'Tis new to

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

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.

I am hers:

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

There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

I say, Amen, 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.

Give me your hands:

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

Be it so! Amen!

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast no mouth by land? What is the news?
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 rigg'd as when

We first put out to sea.

Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
My tricksy spirit!
These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
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 clapp'd 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.
Was't well done?
Bravely, my diligence. shalt be free.
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.
Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.

Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.

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

Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself; for all is
but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!
If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.
O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?
Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen 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 robb'd 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!
   Acknowledge mine.
   I shall be pinch’d to death.
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
He is drunk now: where had he wine?
And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded ’em?
   How camest in this pickle?
   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 fly-blowing.
   Why, how now, Stephano!
O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
   You’d be king o’ the isle, sirrah?
   I should have been a sore one then.
This is a strange thing as e’er I look’d on.

   He is as disproportion’d in his manners
   As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
   To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
   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!
   Go to; away!
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Or stole it, rather.

   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
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
   Every third thought shall be my grave.
   I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
   Take the ear strangely.
   I’ll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
   And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

My Ariel, chick,
   That is charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare well! Please you, draw near.

THE TEMPEST
EPILOGUE
SPOKEN BY 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 pardon’d the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon’d be,
Let your indulgence set me free.