

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1998

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Various pagings.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou pliquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité Inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

	10x		14x		18x		22x		26x		30x	
	12x		16x		20x		24x		28x		32x	

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

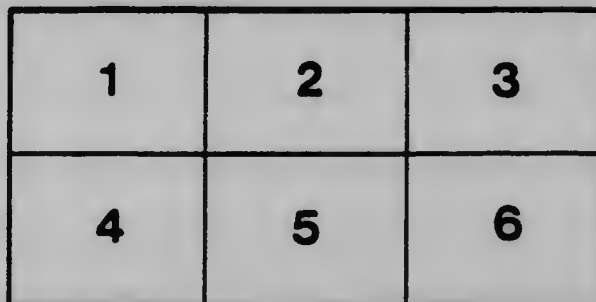
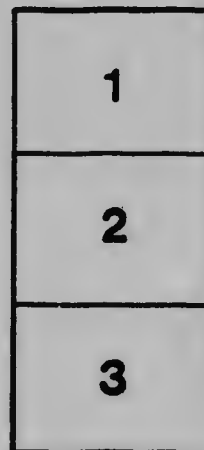
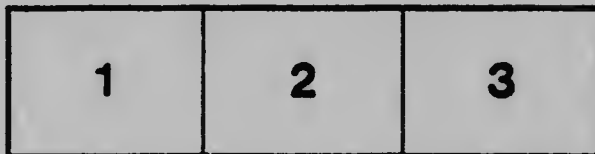
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

Shakespeare's Comedy of
THE TEMPEST



with illustrations by
Edmund Dulac



MAR 25
1797
1720

275-

1908

1st Canadian ed

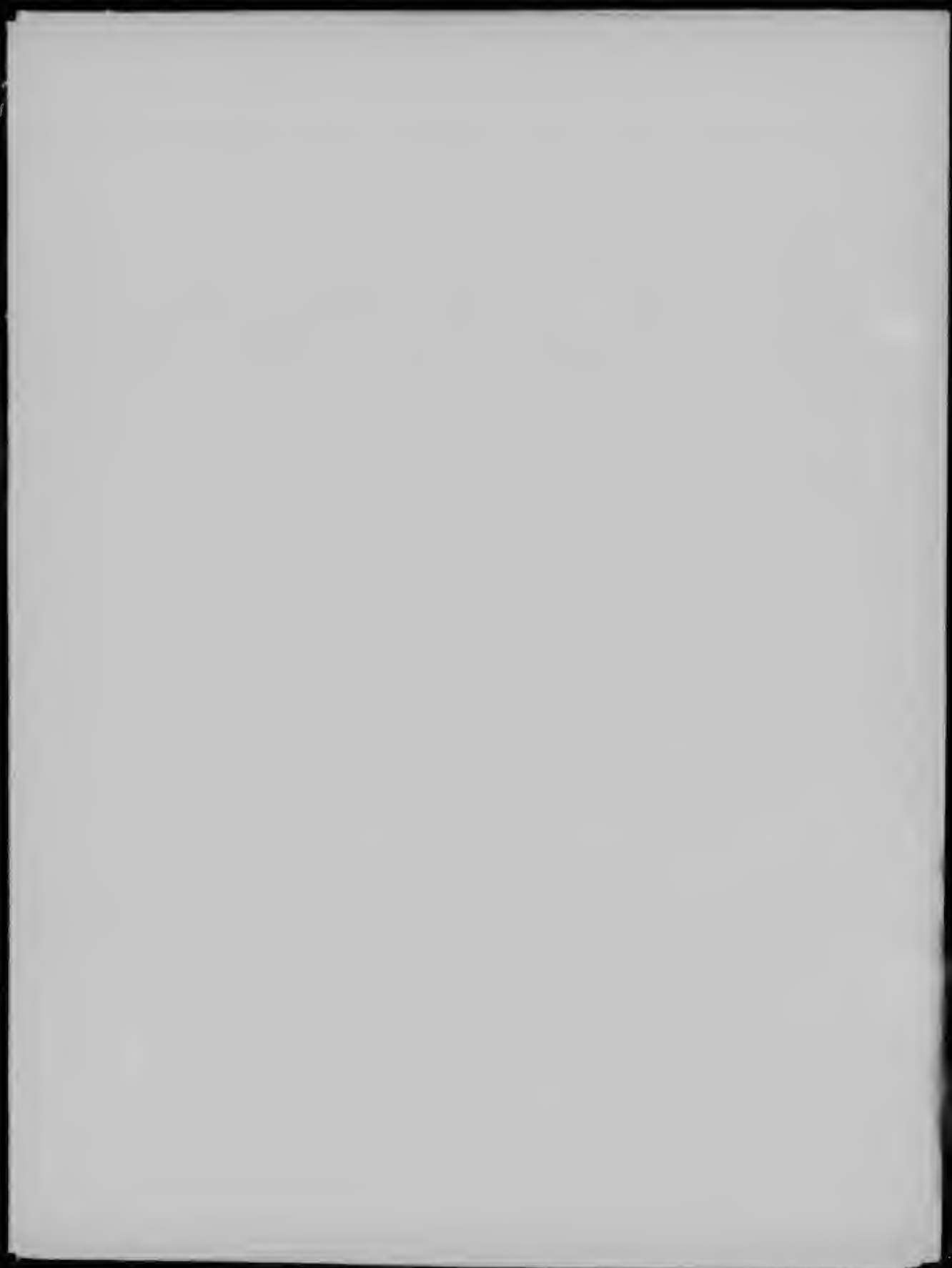
40 sheets
bound in leather

THE TEMPEST

40 tipped
in colour
plates
by E. Dulac



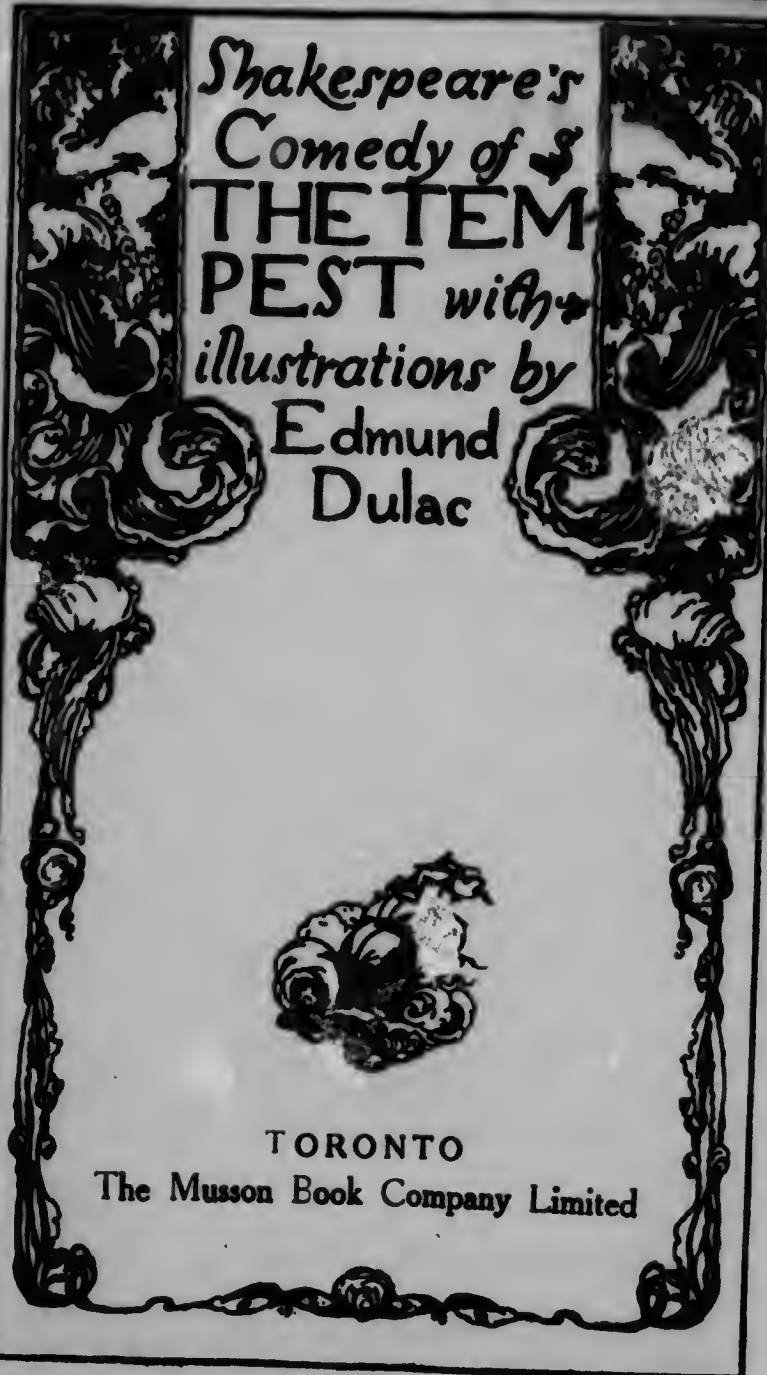




ACT III. Scene 1.

FERDINAND. *Here's my hand.*

MIRANDA. *And mine, with my heart in't*
(page 84).



Shakespeare's
Comedy of
THE TEM
PEST *with*
illustrations by
Edmund
Dulac



TORONTO
The Musson Book Company Limited

PR 2833

A1

1910z

fol.

p***

*The Text is printed
by permission from
the Oxford Edition*

09601997

ILLUSTRATIONS

ACT III. SCENE I.

1. FERDINAND. Here's my hand.
MIRANDA. And mine, with my heart in 't (page 84), . *Frontispiece*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Facing page

2. BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off
to sea again (page 8), x

SCENE II.

3. MIRANDA. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart (page 10), xiv
4. PROSPERO. I have done nothing but in care of thee (page 11), xx
5. PROSPERO. What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? (p. 13), 2
6. PROSPERO. And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies (page 15), 6
7. PROSPERO. A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast (page 19) 10
8. PROSPERO. Here in this island we arrived (page 20), 14
9. PROSPERO. And by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star (page 21), 18

THE TEMPEST

	<i>Facing page</i>
10. PROSPERO. She did confine thee . . . And in her most unmitigable rage, Into a cloven pine (page 27),	22
11. CALIBAN. Wouldst give me Water with berries in 't (page 31),	26
12. FERDINAND. Thence I have follow'd it, Or it hath drawn me rather (page 35),	30
13. ARIEL. Full fathom five thy father lies ; Of his bones are coral made ; Those are pearls that were his eyes (page 35),	34
ACT II. SCENE I.	
14. ANTONIO. Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon (page 61),	38
15. ARIEL (page 62),	42
SCENE II.	
16. CALIBAN. But For every trifle are they set upon me (page 65),	46
17. STEPHANO. Come, swear to that : kiss the book (page 72),	50
ACT III. SCENE I.	
18. MIRANDA. No woman's face remember save mine own (page 82),	54
SCENE II.	
19. CALIBAN. Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not (page 93),	58

ILLUSTRATIONS

Facing page

SCENE III.

20. ARIEL. You are three men of sin (page 99), . . . 62

ACT IV. SCENE I.

21. IRIS. Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep
(page 108), 66

22. IRIS. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, (page 110), . . . 70

23. JUNO. Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue (page 111), . . . 74

24. IRIS. You Nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
Leave your crisp channels (page 112), . . . 78

25. *Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the
Nymphs in a graceful dance (page 113), . . . 82*

26. PROSPERO. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on (page 114), . . . 86

27. STEPHANO. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand I'll
have that gown (page 118), 90

ACT V. SCENE I.

28. ARIEL. All prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell
(page 123), 94

29. PROSPERO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves (page 125), 98

THE TEMPEST

		Facing page
30. PROSPERO.	And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune (page 125), .	102
31. PROSPERO.	You demi-puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make (page 125),	106
32. PROSPERO.	Graves at my command Have waked their sleepers (page 126),	110
33. PROSPERO.	And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book (page 126),	114
34. ARIEL.	Where the bee sucks, there suck I (page 128),	118
35. ARIEL.	On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily (page 128)	122
36. MIRANDA.	Sweet lord, you play me false (page 133),	126
37. ALO' SO.	Give me your hands: Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That does not wish you joy (page 136),	130
38. BOATSWAIN.	And were brought moping hither (page 137)	134
39. PROSPERO.	Where Every third thought shall be my grave (page 142),	138
40. PROSPERO.	Calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail so expeditious (page 142),	142



THE STORY OF THE TEMPEST

ON a certain Island, far out at sea beyond the nearest European coast, lived a grave elderly man, Prospero, and a beautiful maiden, Miranda, his only child. Their home was a cave having several chambers, and Miranda could remember no other, nor how she and her father had come there. She kept no memory of her mother, and indeed had grown up without sight of a single human being save her father—not counting a strange brutish monster whom Prospero had found on the Island, taught to speak, and compelled to hew wood and draw water, with other hard employments; for this Caliban, as they called him, was less a man than a monster. Of her father she stood in no little awe, for he had many books in his cave and had learned from them to practise magic. His spells gave him command over numerous spirits which—sometimes visible, sometimes not—haunted the place: and of these his pet servant was a delicate sprite he called Ariel. Nor in gratitude, although by nature rebellious against human service, could Ariel refuse to obey a master who had released him from dreadful torments. Years before Prospero's coming, the Island had belonged to a foul witch, Sycorax, whose history was this.—The people of Algiers, where she formerly lived, having found her guilty of unspeakable crimes and sorceries, yet remembered that she had once done the state a service, and were unwilling to put her to death: so they banished her instead, put her on board a ship, and carried her to this spot, where the sailors left her. Here she gave birth to Caliban. Here, too, she made the spirits serve her; and enraged at finding the gentle Ariel mutinous

THE TEMPEST

against her wicked commands, imprisoned him in a cleft pine-tree; in which anguish he lingered for twelve years, and but for the coming of Prospero, who released him, might have lingered for ever; for in the meantime the hag had died.

A stern but not unkindly father, then, and the man-beast Caliban, had been Miranda's only acquaintance until a day when accident and a furious tempest brought a shipload of human beings to the Island. In the height of the gale Prospero showed her a tall vessel desperately tacking and shifting canvas to fight a way out to sea-room—but in vain, for she had run down too close upon the Island, and the thrust of the waves heaved her steadily shoreward. By and by she struck, and a terrible cry went up from her decks. Though Miranda knew nothing of men and their calamities, the cry (as she told her father) 'knocked against her very heart.' She had suffered with those she saw suffer. She believed—for the ship was no longer visible—that all on board had perished. Something told her that her father had, by his arts, raised this fury of the wind and waters; and now, though it was too late, she besought him to allay it.

He bade her be comforted, and told her that no harm was done. 'No harm,' he repeated while she still wrung her hands; and, laying by his robe of magic, he assured her that, albeit the vessel had gone down under her eyes, not a soul on board had perished or suffered so much as the loss of a hair. 'But,' said he, 'there is more to tell, and it must be told now. Can you remember, child, a time before we came to this cell of ours? I doubt it, for at the time you were scarcely three years old.' 'Certainly, sir, I can,' Miranda answered; 'although it seems less like a real memory than a dream. But had I not once four or five women that waited on me?' 'Yes, and more,' her father replied; but, although he questioned her, Miranda could not recall their first coming to the Island, how it happened or when, or indeed anything about it. So Prospero told her. Twelve years ago he had been the reigning Duke of Milan, though a

ACT I. Scene I.

BOATSWAIN. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set
her two courses, off to sea again*
(page 8).





THE STORY

neglectful one—for his books and studies absorbed the time he should have given to state affairs; but this seemed a small matter, since he could safely trust the government, as he believed, to his younger brother Antonio. This Antonio, however, proved a traitor, and seeing his elder neglectful of worldly ends, laid a plot to seize the dukedom for himself—his scheme being to offer the hitherto free Duchy of Milan in fealty to the King of Naples, to pay tribute and homage, on condition that Naples helped him to dispossess Prospero and rule in his stead. Naples consented greedily; and, the plot being ripe, one night Antonio and his confederates opened the gates of Milan to the Neapolitan troops. A little later, still in the darkness and by the same gates, the rightful Duke and his small daughter—his only heiress, a crying babe—were hurried out into exile. ‘Alack!’ broke in Miranda, at this point in the tale—‘I cannot remember how I wept: and since I cannot, see! I weep for it over again. But why did they not then and there destroy us?’ ‘That is well asked,’ said her father. ‘Their reason was, dear, that they dared not; my people loved me too well. Instead, then, of killing us, our enemies hurried us on board ship, sailed us some leagues out to sea, and there cast us adrift in a rotten boat without tackle, sail or mast.’ ‘Ah, what a trouble must I have been to you then!’ sighed Miranda. ‘You were a cherub, rather, bestowed by Heaven to save me; nay, indeed, while I wept and groaned, it was as if your infant smile had a fortitude direct from heaven. The business of casting us adrift had been committed to one Gonzalo, a noble Neapolitan. His heart smote him; and at the last he stored our boat with food and fresh water, clothes, and other necessaries; to which, knowing how I loved them, he added some books from my library, by me prized above my Dukedom. So Providence brought us ashore here, to this island, where I have been your father and schoolmaster too.’ ‘Heaven thank you for it!’ said Miranda gratefully: ‘but would I might see that man, to thank him!’

Prospero had resumed his mantle, and now explained why he

THE TEMPEST

had raised the late storm. Fortune (he said) had turned to be his dear lady, and had brought his late enemies to this very island to wreck them in the ship *Miranda* had seen founder. Saying this, and while she wondered, Prospero charmed her to slumber with a wave of his wand, and with another summoned his attendant Ariel to give news of the wreck.

On the instant Ariel came tripping to report how well he had done his work. The ship indeed had been carrying the King of Naples, with Ferdinand his son and heir, his brother Sebastian, Antonio the false Duke of Milan, and other courtiers—including the same good Gonzalo who had befriended Prospero; all on their way home from Africa, whither his Majesty had voyaged to betroth his daughter, Claribel, Ferdinand's sister, to the King of Tunis. Ariel narrated how, in the height of the storm, he had boarded the vessel and danced like a flame over every part of her—topmast, yards, bowsprit, the deck, the waist, and into each separate cabin—blazing between the claps of thunder and everywhere carrying confusion; how, in a panic frenzy, with the ship in flames behind them, the passengers had leapt overboard; and how by magic all had come safe to land and were wandering the island in separate parties, each supposing the other drowned. By the same magic their very clothes had suffered no damage from the brine; and as for the ship, she had floated quietly into a creak, where she lay with her crew all charmed asleep after their labour and peril. As for Ferdinand, the King's son, he had been the first to leap; 'but' (said Ariel) 'though he seemed to be swallowed by the waves under his father's eyes, he also came ashore, but alone and in a corner of the isle, where I have left him seated with folded arms and lamenting his father's loss.' 'My brave Ariel!' said Prospero. 'Thou hast performed it all exactly. In two days now thou shalt have thy freedom: but meanwhile I have further tasks for thee. Go, and fetch this Prince hither.'

Off flew Ariel to the spot where he had left Ferdinand sitting, and so began to flit around him invisible, touching his harp and

THE STORY

chanting a song that pierced the youth's ear and awakened him from his moody lethargy.

'What and where should this music be?' cried Ferdinand, starting to his feet. Ariel sang—

' 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 :

Ding-dong !

Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell !'

Amazed, the Prince followed the music, till it led him to the entrance of the cave where sat Prospero with Miranda, now waked out of sleep. So the young man looked upon the maid, and the maid upon the young man ; both wondering, but Miranda wondering most, for she had never seen a young man before, and supposed that he must be a spirit. Ferdinand, for his part, deemed that she must be the goddess of the Island.

She, when he made bold to hail her as such, answered that she was no goddess, but a simple maid only. Still her eyes dwelt upon the youth, while she told herself that a being so handsome must assuredly be something more than human. Prospero, noting how their eyes met, was secretly pleased ; but to make trial of Ferdinand he put on a stern face and addressed him, saying, ' You are a spy, sir, come to this Island to steal it from me, who am lord of it.' Ferdinand protested that he was no spy, and Miranda tried to check her father's strange wrath : but Prospero continued, ' Follow me, sir ! And do you, daughter, keep silence ; he is a traitor. Come, sir, I say ! I will put thee in chains for this ; thy drink shall be sea-water and thy meat mussels and the husks of acorns.' He stamped his foot in command. Ferdinand, incensed, would have drawn his sword : but Prospero's magic held him help-

THE TEMPEST

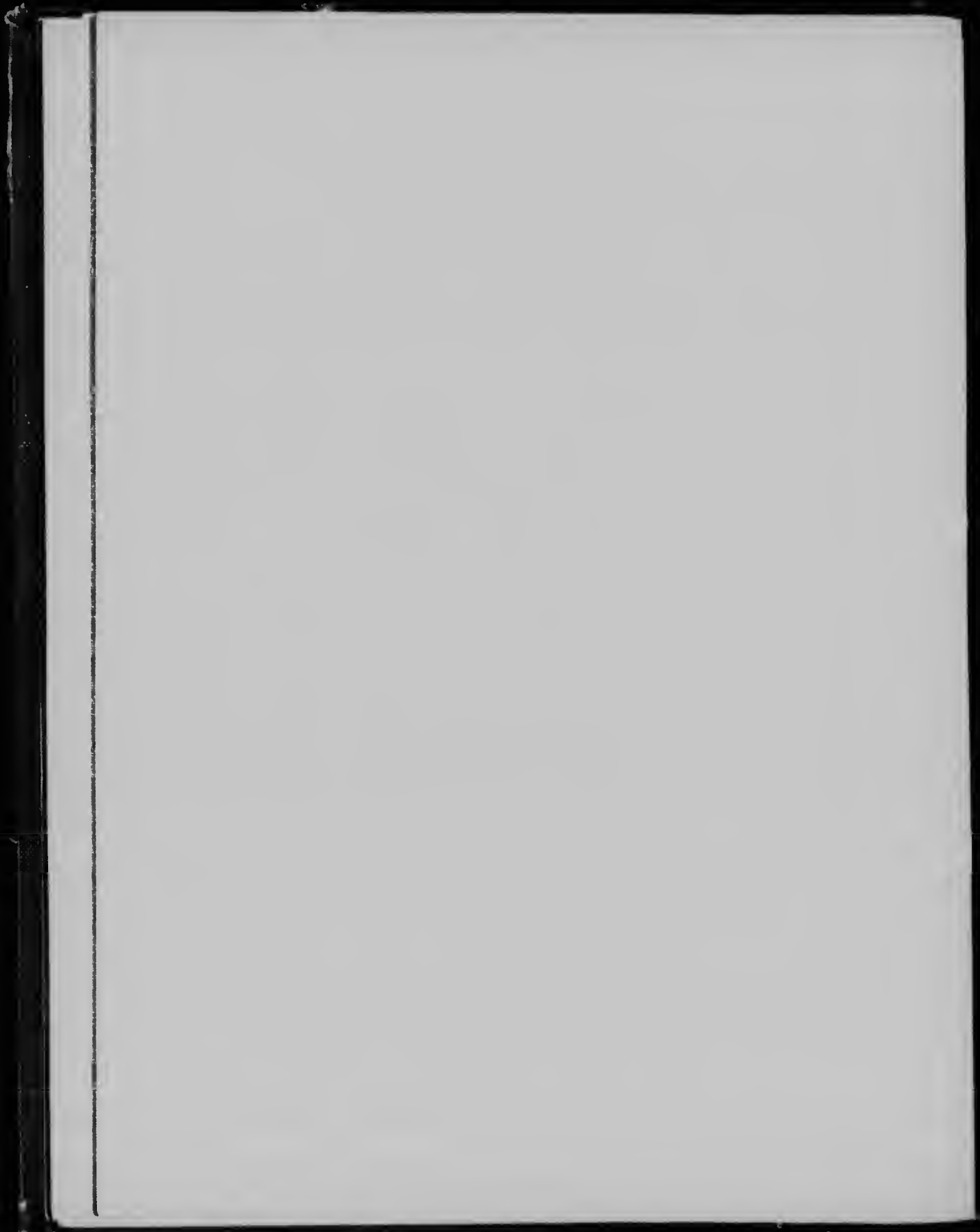
less. Still Miranda held to her father's robe, supplicating him. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'an advocate for an impostor! Come, sir!' The poor Prince found he had no choice but to obey. 'My spirits,' he said, 'are all tied up, as though in a dream. I have lost my father, I am weak, without friends, forced to submit; but all this were nothing, and prison nothing, if once a day from my imprisonment I could have sight of this maiden.' And Miranda, following, could only protest that her father was of better nature than he showed himself.

The punishment to which Ferdinand found himself condemned was that of collecting and piling together some thousands of the logs which Caliban had chopped for firewood: and, being a prince, delicately nurtured, he found the task heavy enough; yet being a prince and of good blood he endured it bravely for Miranda's sake; while she watched him, her heart aching, and her father watched them both from a distance, waiting for the event. 'Alas!' said Miranda, able to bear the sight no longer, 'I pray you set that log down and let me carry for you. My father has gone to his studies, and is safe for these three hours.' But Ferdinand would by no means have this. He protested that he was not weary; that she being by turned night into morning; that at home in his father's Court he had known and liked many a lady, but never had he met perfect woman until now. 'Tell me your name, I beseech you, that I may set it in my prayers.' She told him, and as she spoke the word, cried out that she had broken her father's behest. (But Prospero smiled as he heard, for all was going as he wished.) 'Miranda!' exclaimed Ferdinand, 'ay, and of all women worthiest to be admired!'

Poor Miranda told him that she for her part could remember no woman's face, save her own in her glass; 'nor any man except thee, good friend, and my dear father. Yet I would not wish to have any other companion in the world than you, nor can my imagination form any other shape but yours, that I could like. But I am prattling too wildly and forgetting my father's com-

ACT I. Scene II.

MIRANDA. *O, the cry did knock*
 Against my very heart
 (page 10).





THE STORY

mands.' 'Miranda!' cried the young man, 'I am by rank a prince; to-day, I fear me, a king; and my pride could not endure this slavery, but—hear my soul speak!—the instant I saw you my heart flew out to serve you; it keeps in your service, and for your sake I am the patient log-man you see me.' 'Does this,' asked Miranda, 'mean that you love me?' Ferdinand swore by heaven and earth that he loved, prized, honoured her above all the world. She wondered at the tears that sprang in her eyes. 'I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of.' 'Then why weep?' 'I weep at my unworthiness—no, let me put aside cunning and speak to you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will have me: if not I will die your maid, and meanwhile live your servant.' 'My mistress, rather,' said Ferdinand, kneeling; 'my mistress, dearest; and I ever, as now, humble before you!'

Now was Prospero's time to reveal himself. 'Sir,' said he, addressing Ferdinand, 'if I have punished you too austere, I make you rich amends. The vexations I put upon you were but my way of making trial of your love. You have stood that trial, and therefore—see now—I give you my daughter, that dear part of myself. Sit and talk with her while I devise how to make preparation for your wedding.'

Meanwhile in other parts of the Island the rest of the shipwrecked passengers were faring less happily. The King of Naples and his courtiers had reached an open glade and there seated themselves to rest; the King silent and mirthless, brooding over the loss of his son, while the others talked and tried in their various ways to console or divert his grief. Honest Gonzalo reminded him that they had all cause to thank Heaven for their own escape. They noted the delicate air of the place, the lush green of the grass, and—with wonder—that their garments had no sea-stains, but seemed as fresh as when first donned for the ceremonies at Tunis. This led to talk of the wedding, when King Alonso broke in bitterly that he had left a daughter there and had

THE TEMPEST

now lost a son. One, who had seen Ferdinand in the waves and with what a lusty stroke he had swum, made no doubt that he had come safe to land. 'No, no; he is gone'—the King would hear of no comfort. His brother Sebastian, who owed him no good will, took occasion of his woe to remind him that it came of his own obstinacy. 'We all supplicated you against this marriage, and now it has made widows enough in Venice and Milan.' The King begged peace from these reproaches; if the fault were his so also was the worst loss of all: and Gonzalo, to divert them, fell a-talking of what he would do, if he were King of the Island, to build up a perfect commonwealth. Whether through fatigue, or because the air of the Island made them drowsy, or because Ariel sat watching them in the tree-tops and playing them with his harp to slumber, heaviness came upon them, and by and by they dropped asleep one by one—even Alonso, in spite of his misery—all but the King's brother Sebastian and Antonio, the false Duke of Milan. And while these two sat talking together it entered their wicked minds that by murdering the King here they could both advance their ambitions. By hints at first, then openly, the plot was soon hatched, and the pair were gripping their swords when Ariel swooped down, invisible, to Gonzalo's ear and sang to him 'Awake! Awake!' Gonzalo leapt up with a cry, and all the others started from slumber—to see the conspirators standing with naked swords. They explained that, hearing a terrible noise, they had drawn to defend the King: and this satisfied the others for the time. But, the spot being dangerous, Alonso ordered all to set forward again and take up the search for his son. They wandered on, therefore, until Gonzalo declared he could go no further, his old bones ached so. The King, too, was weary, and had lost all hope. Hunger had begun to attack them when—to their amazement—strange shapes appeared bearing a table with a banquet and inviting them, in dumbshow, to eat. Breaking through their fears the famished courtiers would have fallen to, when again Ariel (who had brought Prospero, in his cloak of

THE STORY

invisibility, to watch) swooped down in the form of a Harpy, and at a clap of his wings the banquet vanished. 'You are men of sin,' said the apparition sternly, addressing Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio; 'and this madness has deservedly come upon you. Nay, put up your swords! They are idle, even if you could lift them. Hear me remind you three how wickedly years ago, you drove the good Prospero out of Milan and exposed him to the sea. The powers of the winds and the waves have now become his avengers. They have snatched thy son from thee, Alonso, and now nothing but a lingering perdition awaits thee unless thou repent and lead henceforth a clear life.' So saying, Ariel vanished in thunder. 'Yes!' cried the distraught Alonso, 'my crime pursues me. The seas, the winds, sang the name of Prospero, and now this thunder repeats it like a deep and dreadful organ-pipe. For my guilt my son lies deep in the ooze, and there will I lie beside him!' He ran seaward, demented, some courtiers following, as best they could, to hinder his intention; while others pursued Sebastian and Antonio, who, equally demented, had plunged into the wood, hacking with their swords at imaginary fiends.

In yet another corner of the Island Ariel had been busy. There Caliban, the man-monster, had been cutting and binding faggots, and cursing over his task. He had dragged his load into an open space, when he saw an apparition approaching and fell flat, supposing that it was one of his master's spirits sent to torment him for his laziness. His mistake and his fear had much excuse, for the apparition wore a fool's cap and a suit of motley. It was, in fact, one Trinculo, King Alonso's jester, who had reached shore as safely as his betters. An afterblow of the storm coming on just then, he was caught without bush or shelter just at the moment when he stumbled over Caliban. 'What in the world have we here?' he wondered as he stooped over the monster (who still shammed dead); 'a man, or a fish? Dead, or

THE TEMPEST

alive? It smells like a fish—but 'tis legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! This is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.' The gale at this moment broke out with renewed fury. 'Alas! it 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 harbour here till the dregs of the storm be blown over.'

Trinculo had scarcely taken shelter under Caliban's cloak before yet another strange figure came driving across the open before the squall. This was Stephano, a drunken butler, who had floated ashore on a cask of wine heaved overboard to lighten the ship; and he still clutched a bottle as he staggered along singing and brought up against Caliban with a kick. 'Do not torment me: O!' whined Caliban. Stephano, who did not want for courage, stood still and tried to pull his wits together at sight of four legs sticking from under one cloak. 'What's here? Devils? Ha! I have not escaped drowning to be afraid now of four legs. . . . This is some four-legged monster of the Island, who hath got, as I take it, the ague.' Here Caliban stood up, shaking and whimpering to be spared. 'He would bring his wood home faster, he promised.' With him, at least as much frightened, rose up Trinculo. 'I should know that voice!' gasped Trinculo. 'Four legs and two voices!' hiccupped Stephano, now utterly taken aback. 'Stephano! I am Trinculo—thy good friend Trinculo!' Stephano reached for his good friend's legs and dragged him forth. 'Trinculo, indeed! How camest thou here, Trinculo?' 'And thou, Stephano—art thou living? What, two Neapolitans escaped!' 'Prithee,' begged Stephano, 'do not pull me about so: my stomach is not constant. I came ashore in a cask. And thou?' 'I swam ashore like a duck.' 'Here, kiss the hook upon that'—Stephano tendered him the bottle. 'O Stephano! hast thou any more of this excellent wine?' 'The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seashore.' The pair turned their attention upon Caliban, fawning before

THE STORY

them. He supposed them dropped from heaven, out of the moon : his young mistress Miranda had told him all about the Man in the Moon. 'Come, swear to that ; kiss the book !' said Stephano, presenting the bottle again. Caliban drank. 'I pray thee,' said he, 'be my god ! I'll show thee every fertile inch of the Island, the best springs of water. I'll pluck thee berries, fish for thee and get wood, bring thee where the young crab-apples grow, dig thee pig-nuts with my long nails, teach thee where the jay nests and how to snare the marmosets, point thee out where the fi'berts cluster, and fetch thee young scamels from the rock.' 'Lead the way,' commanded Stephano : 'the King and all our company being drowned, we are lords here. Here, carry my bottle.' Caliban led them off, carrying the bottle and singing—

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master : get a new man !'

By and by, as they went and the monster refreshed himself with many pulls at the bottle, it came into his head to tell how, beside themselves, there were but two living souls on the Island. He described Prospero and Miranda ; the hard mastery of the one, the fresh young beauty of the other. Until Prospero were overthrown they could never (he promised) be kings of this delectable spot. Stephano and Trinculo listened eagerly—and so did the faithful Ariel, by this time perched above them in the air and still invisible. Presently they began to hatch a plot ; and although Ariel, mimicking Trinculo's voice, threw them from time to time into drunken confusion and brought them to blows, by degrees the plot took shape. They were to creep to Prospero's cave, seize his books (for fear of magic) and brain him while he slept, as his custom was of an afternoon. They shook hands on their resolve, and Ariel with a twang of his harp flew off to warn his master. The tune falling out of the sky, by this time blue and clear of its late storm, for a moment confounded the conspirators. But Caliban bade them take heart : the Island (said he) was full of

THE TEMPEST

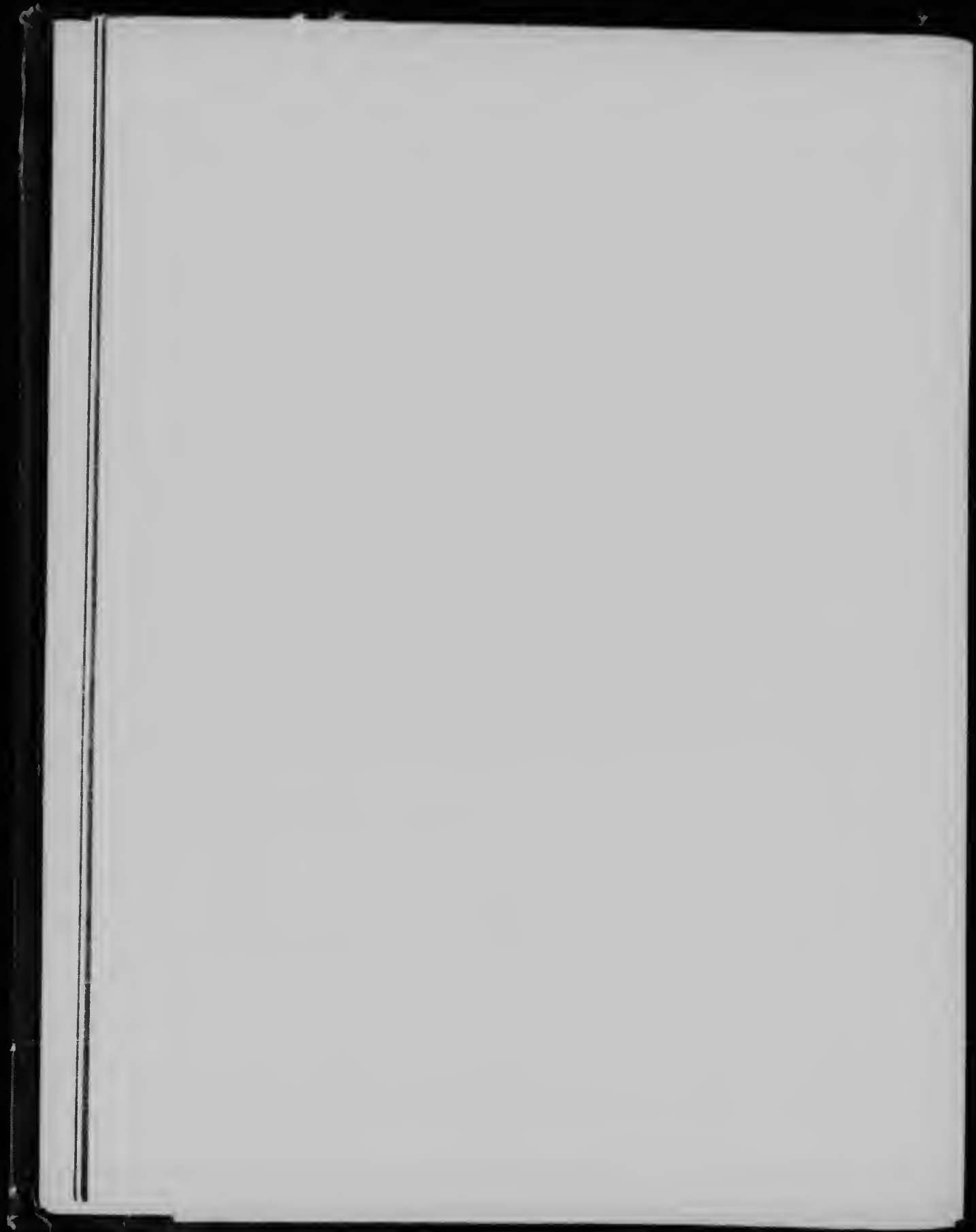
noises, of sounds and sweet airs which only delighted and hurt nobody. And this assurance made them the more determined to destroy Prospero and possess so fair a kingdom.

Prospero himself, cloaked and with his wizard's staff in hand, was conjuring up a masque or phantasy—in which goddesses appeared from the clouds and spoke, and nymphs and reapers danced for the delight of the two young lovers seated at the cave's mouth—when with a start he remembered Ariel's warning of this conspiracy. With a sharp wave of his wand, and much to Miranda's and Ferdinand's surprise, he broke off the sport and dismissed the apparitions. A moment later, conscious of the alteration in his looks, he begged Ferdinand's pardon. 'Be not dismayed. These our actors were but spirits and have melted into air. They have faded, even as the pageant of this great globe shall, one day, melt and dissolve. We, too, are of the same stuff as dreams, and a sleep rounds our little life. For me, I am vexed just now; my old brain is troubled. Sir, bear with my weakness!'

He dismissed them and summoned Ariel. But Ariel, it appeared, had been more watchful than his master. With his music he had led the drunken trio astray through gorse-brakes, briar and thorn patches, undergrowth of all kinds, up and down, hither and thither, all in a maze, and had lured them finally up to their chins into a stinking stagnant pond. Thence now, by Prospero's orders he enticed them, skipping before them with a heap of glittering apparel which he hung on a line to entice these would-be kings. They were creeping to the cave, when their eyes fell on the finery, and at once they broke off to snatch it and array themselves. But in the midst of their employment, and while their limbs were tangled in the clothes, Ariel raised a loud baying, and in rushed his attendant spirits in the shape of a pack of hounds. 'Hey, Mountain! There it goes, Silver! Fury! Tyrant! there, there!' halloed Ariel, setting them on; and the wretched drunkards dropped their spoil to flee this way and that, screaming, plunging further and further into the forest.

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *I have done nothing but in
care of thee* (page 11).





THE STORY

'And now,' said Prospero, 'my dainty Ariel, you shall soon have your freedom. But while my charms crack not and my power is yet strong in me, there is a short task more. Fetch me the King of Naples and his companions; and afterwards go to the ship, where the mariners lie all in a charmed sleep, under hatches. Wake and bring me the master and the boatswain. These things done, in a little while I may break my magic staff and drown my book.'

Ariel flew off and anon was back again, bringing King Alonso and all the courtiers whom he had left spellbound in a grove of limes. He led them within a circle which Prospero had traced on the ground, and there they stood spellbound again, looking about them with wild eyes. Prospero stepped forward. He addressed himself first to Gonzalo, using the kindest words, and at the sound of his voice the general stupefaction seemed to dissolve and reason to creep back into the disordered brains of his audience, clearing their senses. But while they, who had wronged him and thought him dead, still doubted that here was Prospero in flesh and blood, he sent Ariel to fetch him the clothes he had worn aforetime as Duke of Milan; and Ariel, habiting him, sang in anticipation of sweet liberty—

'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.'

Then, no longer able to doubt that verily this was Prospero standing before them, the King of Naples confessed the common wrong they had done him, and promised to reinstate him in his dukedom. 'Sir,' answered Prospero, 'this cell is my only court here; here I have few attendants and no subjects. Yet I may make shift to requite you.' And at a wave of his wand the door of the cave opened and revealed the King's son, Ferdinand, seated quietly with Miranda and playing at chess.

THE TEMPEST

In the amazement of this meeting all were reconciled. Ferdinand ran and knelt to his father, while Miranda, looking around on these many strange faces, could only cry out, 'What goodly creatures! How beautiful is mankind, and what a strange new world that holds such people!' Nothing remained—King Alonso having heartily approved his son's choice of a wife—but for Ariel to bring up the master and boatswain of the ship, and on their heels to drive in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo from the woods with their stolen apparel. Caliban cringed before Prospero. 'What a thrice-double ass have I been,' said he, 'to mistake this drunkard for a god and worship this dull fool!' The Boatswain having reported that all the ship's tackle was sound, and she ready for sailing to-morrow, Prospero invited his guests to sup and sleep with him that one night before all sailed together for home, there to celebrate the nuptials of Ferdinand and Miranda. So, on the morrow, all hoisted sail and left the Island to Caliban; and Ariel received his liberty, to follow the ship so far as he listed, breathing a gentle home-wind to waft her.

Most of us who can remember the day—it may be, the very hour—when as children we first dipped into the pages of Shakespeare, will allow it to be, if an accident, a most fortunate one that chose *The Tempest* in defiance of chronological order and gave it first place in the Folio of 1623. Actually it was almost the last play, if not quite the last, written by Shakespeare. But may the authority of the First Folio long continue to misplace it and keep it the first to open our children's eyes and catch their fluttering imaginations! For no other exerts the same instant spell upon a child or unlocks such a doorway into marvels. Oid men read and rejoice in its philosophy, its dignity, its charitable calm of mind, its noble conclusion of the whole matter: but the child heeds none of these. The magic Island attracts him with its reefs and rainbow surges; within the ring of them it enchants him to shore, to track the feet of elves along the yellow sands, to explore

THE STORY

the woods, to pant after Ariel's harp, to peer with delicate terror into Caliban's cave. For the child, Shakespeare in this his closing work becomes a child again. Never, surely, was such a combination of aged, almost weary, wisdom with young-eyed romance. But of course John Hemminge and Henry Condell, the editors of the First Folio, did not print *The Tempest* first by any accident. They had been friends of Shakespeare and his fellow-actors, and knew for certain when and upon what occasion he wrote it. Now the date of the play has been much disputed; but it was indisputably acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles (afterwards King Charles I.), the Lady Elizabeth his sister, and the Prince Palatine Elector who had come over to England to marry her; and the evidence points to its having been composed expressly for the bridal entertainment.¹ If this be so, some of us must feel that even such a masterpiece as *The Tempest* gains in lustre by association with the Princess Elizabeth, 'th' eclipse and glory of her kind,' whose history was sorrowful indeed, yet whose effluence such that no true man came within its area but (as the memoirs of those times wonderfully attest) his face was transfigured, his soul lifted and set above base ambitions; to serve whom was to earn suffering but to win and wear the ineffaceable seal of the true knight.

If, then, John Hemminge and (possibly also) Henry Condell presented *The Tempest* before royalty in 1613 and earned the royal approval, we can easily understand why they gave it the first place in their collected edition of the plays. The royal favour may have started its popularity. We have overwhelming evidence, at any rate, that popular—very greatly popular—it was.

It has been suggested—and, I believe, with truth—that in the person of Prospero Shakespeare was glancing half-ironically at

¹ This theory was first propounded by the late Dr. Richard Garnett before the New Shakespeare Society in 1887; was published by him in *The Universal Review*, 1889, and reprinted in *Essays of an Ex-Librarian*, 1901. I can only say here, after having weighed a number of opponent theories with some care, that to me Dr. Garnett's is convincing.—A. T. Q.-C.

THE TEMPEST

himself. Irony, wise and resigned, underlies all the romance of the story. The Island is, after all, not Prospero's. It belongs by inheritance to the man-monster who enters cringing, yet with a curse—

'I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine.'

Prospero may weave spells over it, Ariel music; but when the one has laid by his mantle, the other resumed his liberty, the Island will revert to Caliban; and not by inheritance only, but by right. It is Caliban who knows the best springs, where the crabs grow, where to dig for pig-nuts, where to find the young scamels on the rocks. This bookworm Prospero is a hard master, reaping where he has not sown and gathering where he has not strawed; abominably potent, to be kneeled to because he can afflict Caliban's bed with hedgehogs; and Ariel has been enlarged for a season to play his tricks. But by and by Ariel will fly away after summer, and Prospero take ship, and his enchantments—

'Like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind.'

As for Ferdinand and Miranda, they are fairy prince and princess, encircled for a moment by rainbows of island surf. It is all sleep, concludes this wise man—all this clinging of love and conspiring of ambition—

'We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.'

So concludes Prospero, whose own preoccupation with books had been a sleep within a sleep; and so, breaking his wand, concludes our Shakespeare, who in younger days had sung to us 'how that life was but a flower—

And therefore take the present time

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino !'

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.

TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.

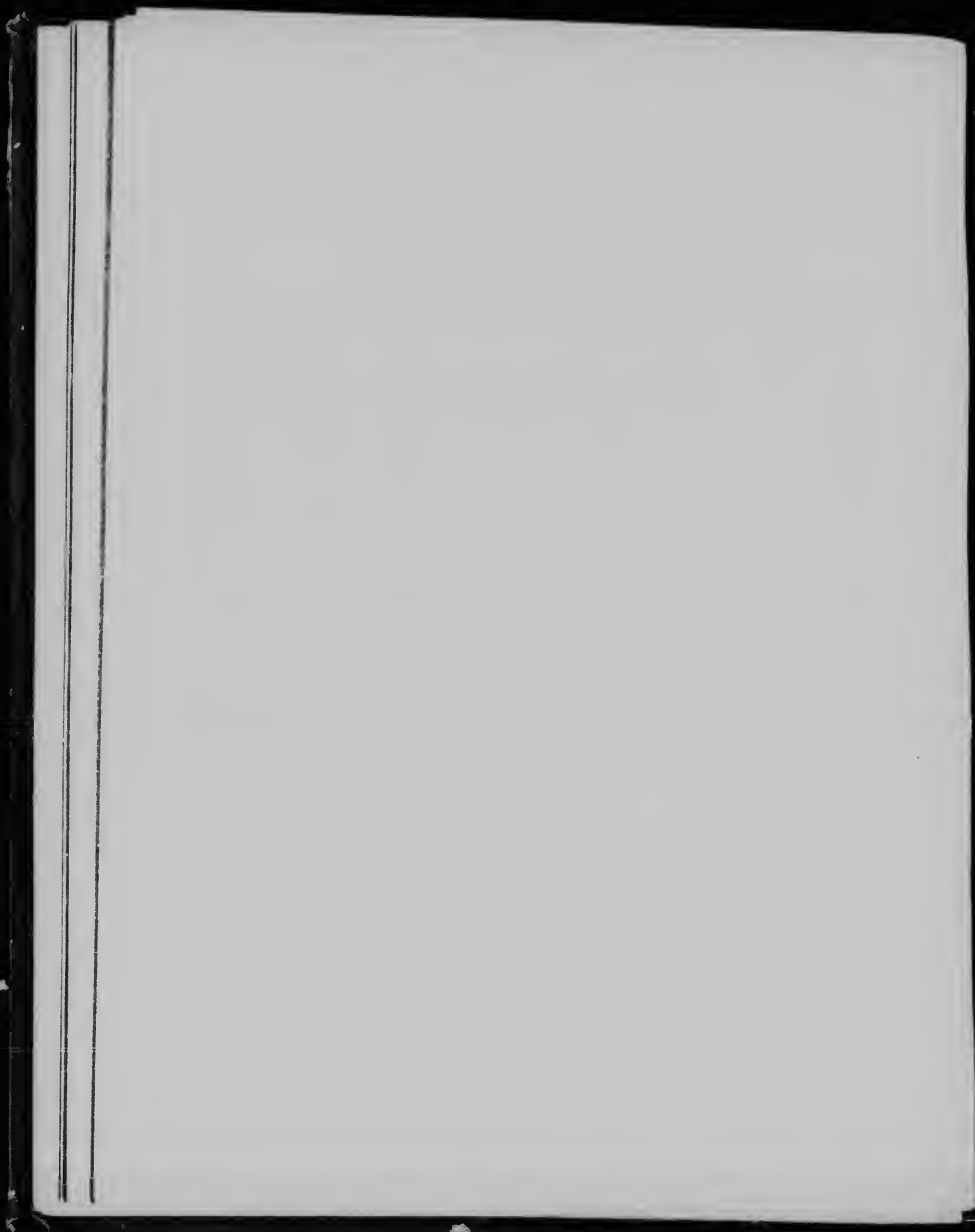
IRIS, }
CERES, } presented by Spirits.
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*A ship at Sea: an island.*

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm
of time? (page 13).*









SCENE I

*On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of
thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

MAST. Boatswain!

BOATS. Here, master: what cheer?

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

Enter Mariners.

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

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

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

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boatswain?

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

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

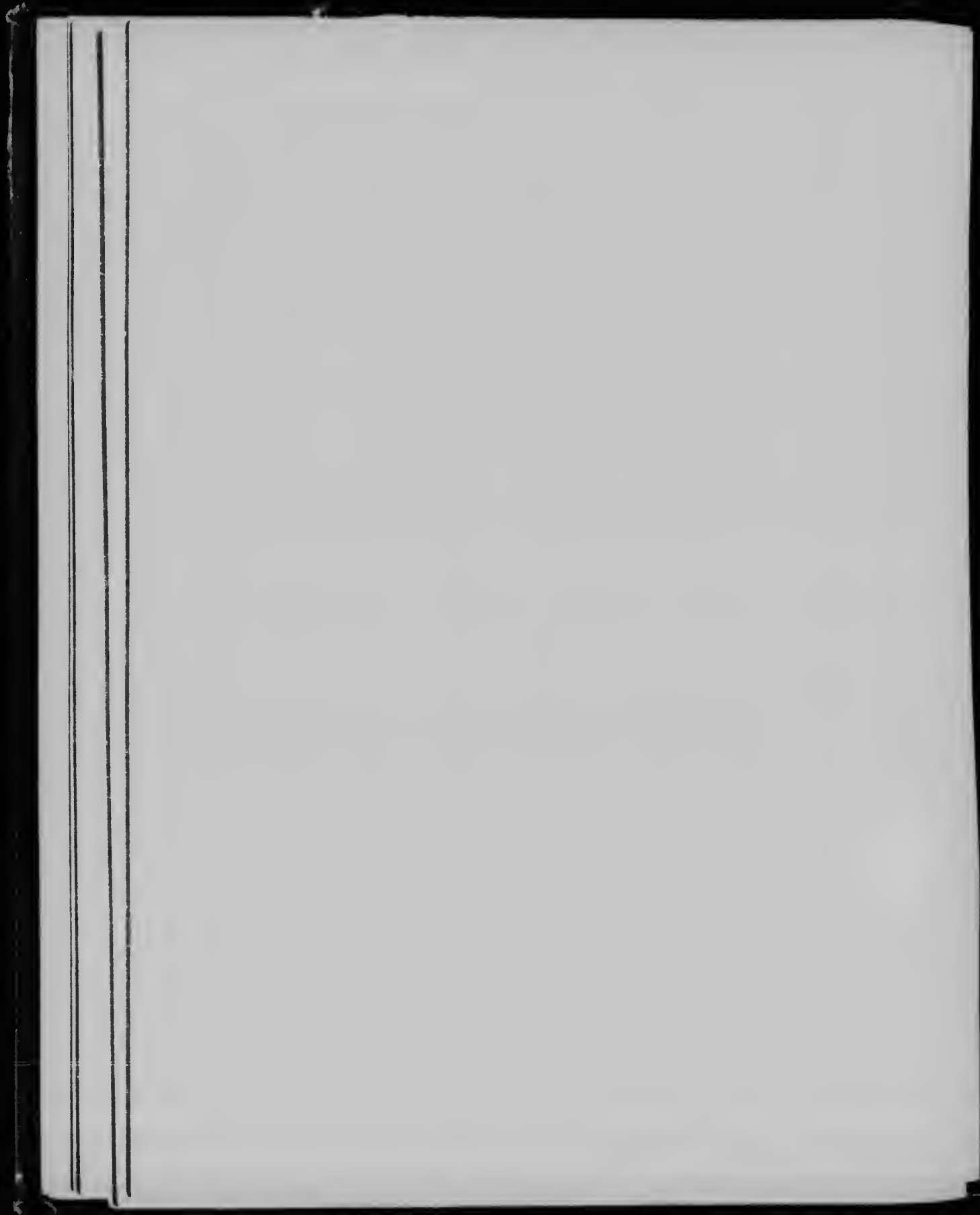
BOATS. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance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

[*Exit.*

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

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *And to my state grew
stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies*
(page 15).





THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist
them,

For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunk-
ards:

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

The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

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

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we
split!']

ANT. Let's all sink with the king.

SEB. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.]

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
for an acre of barren ground, ling, heath, broom,
furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but
I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

SCENE II

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

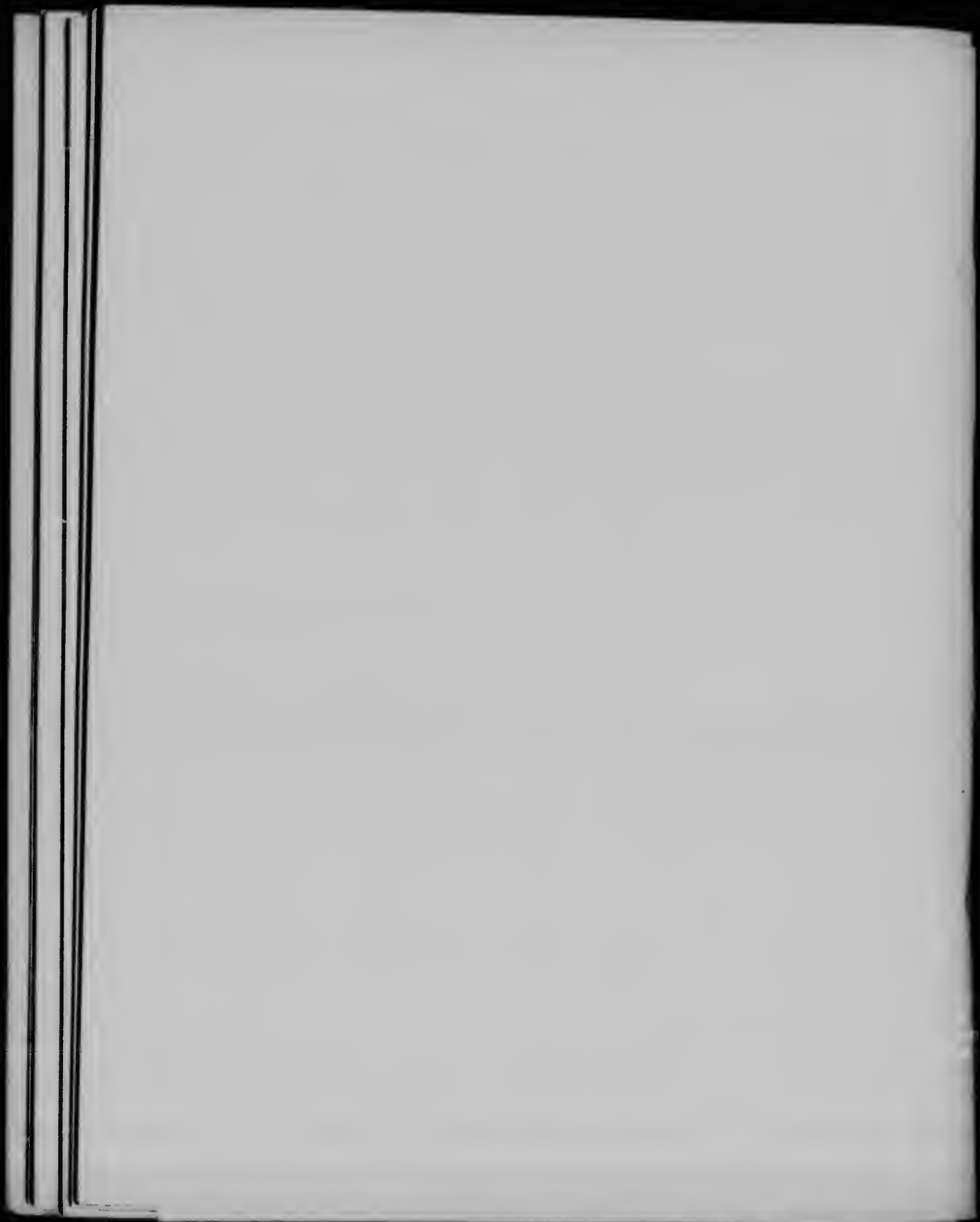
Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIR. 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

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *A rotten carcass of a bull,
not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast*

(page 19).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

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

MIR. O, woe the day !

PROS. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Thou my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIR. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROS. 'Tis time
I should inform thee of her. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :
[Lays down his mantle.]
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.]

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

Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.

MIR. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding ' Stay : not yet.'

PROS. 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.

MIR. Certainly, sir, I can.

PROS. By what ? by any other house or person ?

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIR. '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?

PROS. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how
is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou
else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIR. But that I do not.

PROS. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIR. Sir, are not you my father?

PROS. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

Was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

MIR. O the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence ?

Or blessed was 't we did ?

PROS. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved
thence,

But blessedly help hither.

MIR. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you,
farther.

PROS. My brother and thy uncle, call'd 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

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *Here in this island we arrived*
(page 20).





THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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 unto 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 grow-
ing—

Dost thou hear ?

MIR. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROS. To have no screen between this part he
play'd

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royal-
ties

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 unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIR. O the heavens!

PROS. Mark his condition and the event ; then tell
me

If this might be a brother.

MIR. I should sin

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

PROS. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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 thy crying self.

MIR. 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.

PROS. Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's ; without the which this
story
Were most impertinent.

MIR. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROS. Well demanded, wench :

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *And by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star (page 21).*





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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 pre-
pared

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have 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.

MIR. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROS. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst
smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

Under my burthen groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIR. How came we ashore ?

PROS. 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 furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIR. Would I might
But ever see that man !

PROS. Now I arise :

[Resumes his mantle.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived ; and here

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIR. 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?

PROS. 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 ques-
tions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA *sleeps*.

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

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. 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 curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROS. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.

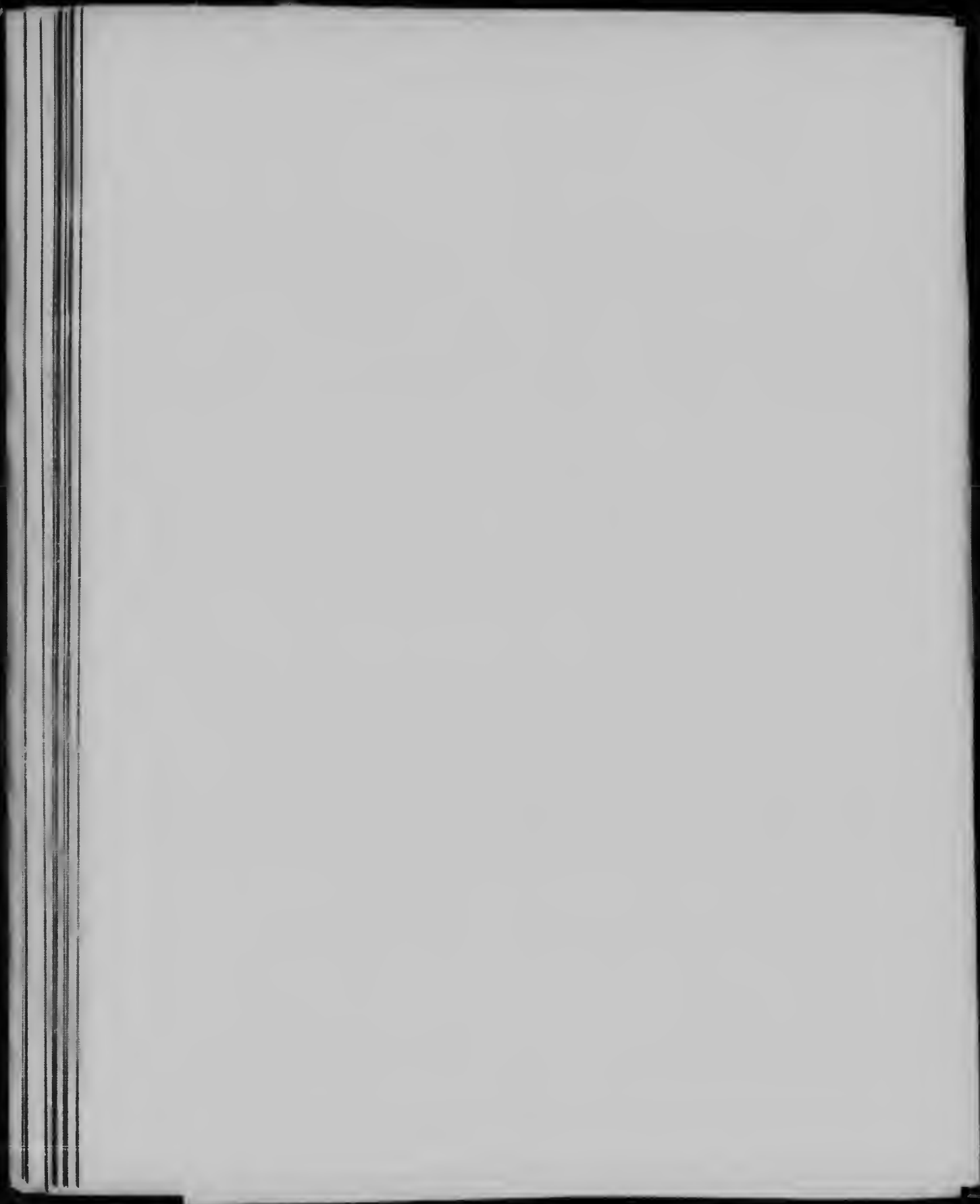
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement : sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

ACT I. Scene II.

PROSPERO. *She did confine thee . . .*
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine (page 27).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

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

ARI. 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, Ferdi-
nand,
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.'

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

ARI. Close by, my master.

PROS. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

ARI. Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The 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.

PROS. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
hid :
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,



THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

PROS. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

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

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARI. I do not, sir.

PROS. 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?

ARI. No, sir.

PROS. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak;
tell me.

ARI. Sir, in Argier.

ACT I. Scene II.

CALIBAN. *Wouldst give me
Water with berries in't*
(page 31).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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

ARI. Ay, sir.

PROS. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child
And here was left by the 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 abhorr'd 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

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

Imprison'd 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 honour'd with
A human shape.

ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.

PROS. Dull thing, I say so ; he that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best
know'st

What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl 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 thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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

ARI. Pardon, master ;
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

PROS. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master !
What shall I do? say what ; what shall I do?

PROS. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea : be
subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't : go, hence with diligence !

[*Exit* ARIEL.

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

MIR. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROS. Shake it off. Come on ;

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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

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

PROS. 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.

CAL. [*within.*] There 's wood enough within.

PROS. Come forth, I say! there 's other business
for thee :

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

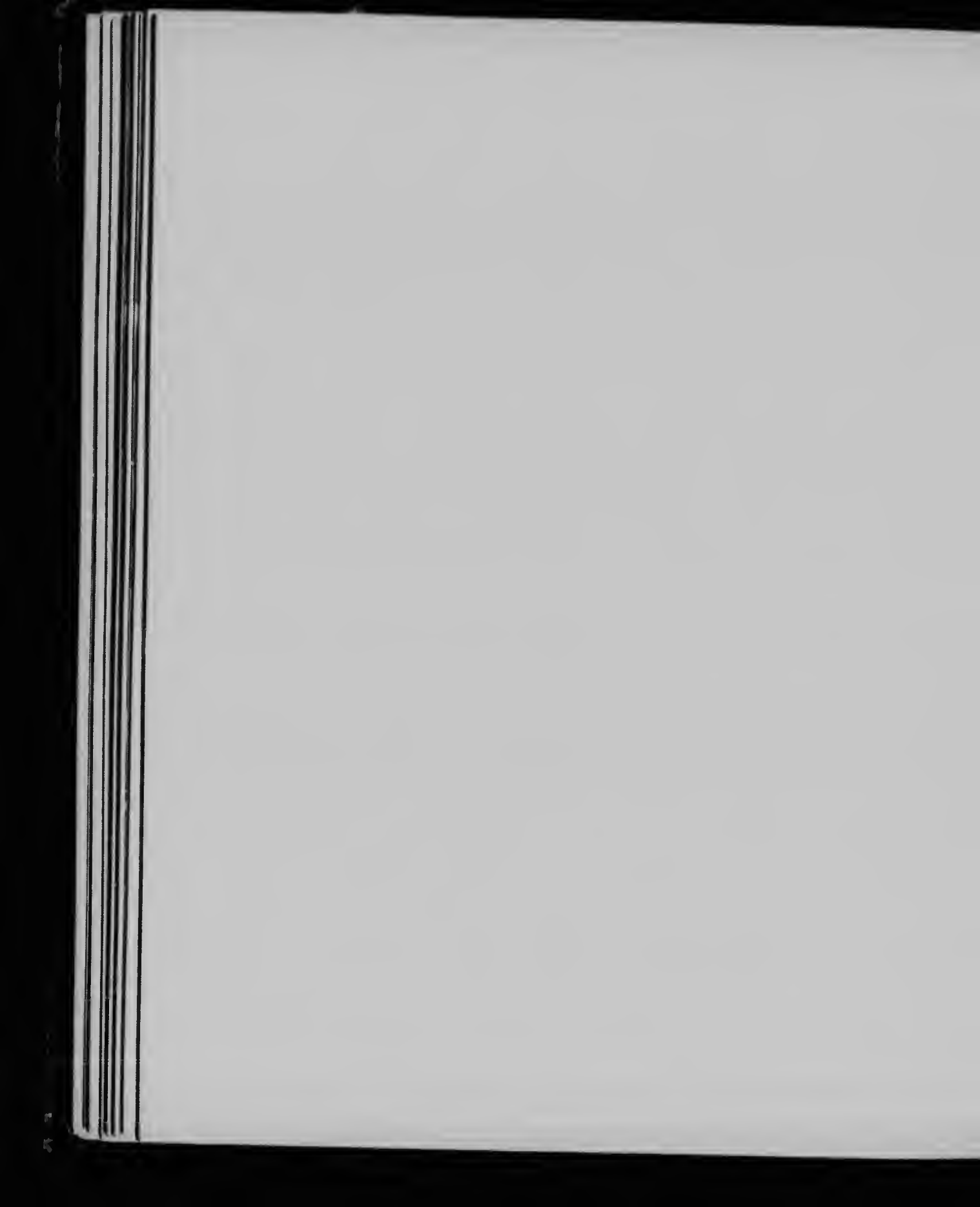
ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

PROS. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
self

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

ACT I. Scene II.

FERDINAND. *Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather*
(page 35).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

Enter CALIBAN.

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

PROS. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

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

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

PROS. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy
vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CAL. 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 !

PROS. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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.

CAL. 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.

PROS. So, slave; hence! [*Exit CALIBAN.*

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND *following.*

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 featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

BURTHEN [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.

ARI. The watch-dogs bark:

BURTHEN [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.

ACT I. Scene II.

ARIEL. *Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes*
(page 35).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

ARI. Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FER. 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.

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:
 BURTHEN. Ding-dong.

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

ARI. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FER. 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.

PROS. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIR. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

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

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something
stain'd

With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIR. I might call him

A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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

FER. 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?

MIR. No wonder, sir ;
But certainly a maid.

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

PROS. How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee ?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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 wreck'd.

MIR. Alack, for mercy!

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
Milan

And his brave son being twain.

PROS. [*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 FER.*] A word, good
sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word.

MIR. 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!

ACT II. Scene I.

ANTONIO. *Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon*
(page 61).



SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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

PROS. 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 FER.*] 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.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIR. 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.

PROS. Follow me.
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No ;

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

[Draws, and is char:ned from moving.

MIR. O dear father,

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

PROS. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father.

PROS. Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIR. Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

PROS. Silence ! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What !

An advocate for an impostor ! hush !
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish
wench !

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

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

PROS. Come on ; obey :
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

FER. 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,

THE TEMPEST [ACT I.

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.

PROS. [*aside.*] It works. [*To FER.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! [*To FER.*]
Follow me.

[*To ARIEL.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIR. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROS. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable.

PROS. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

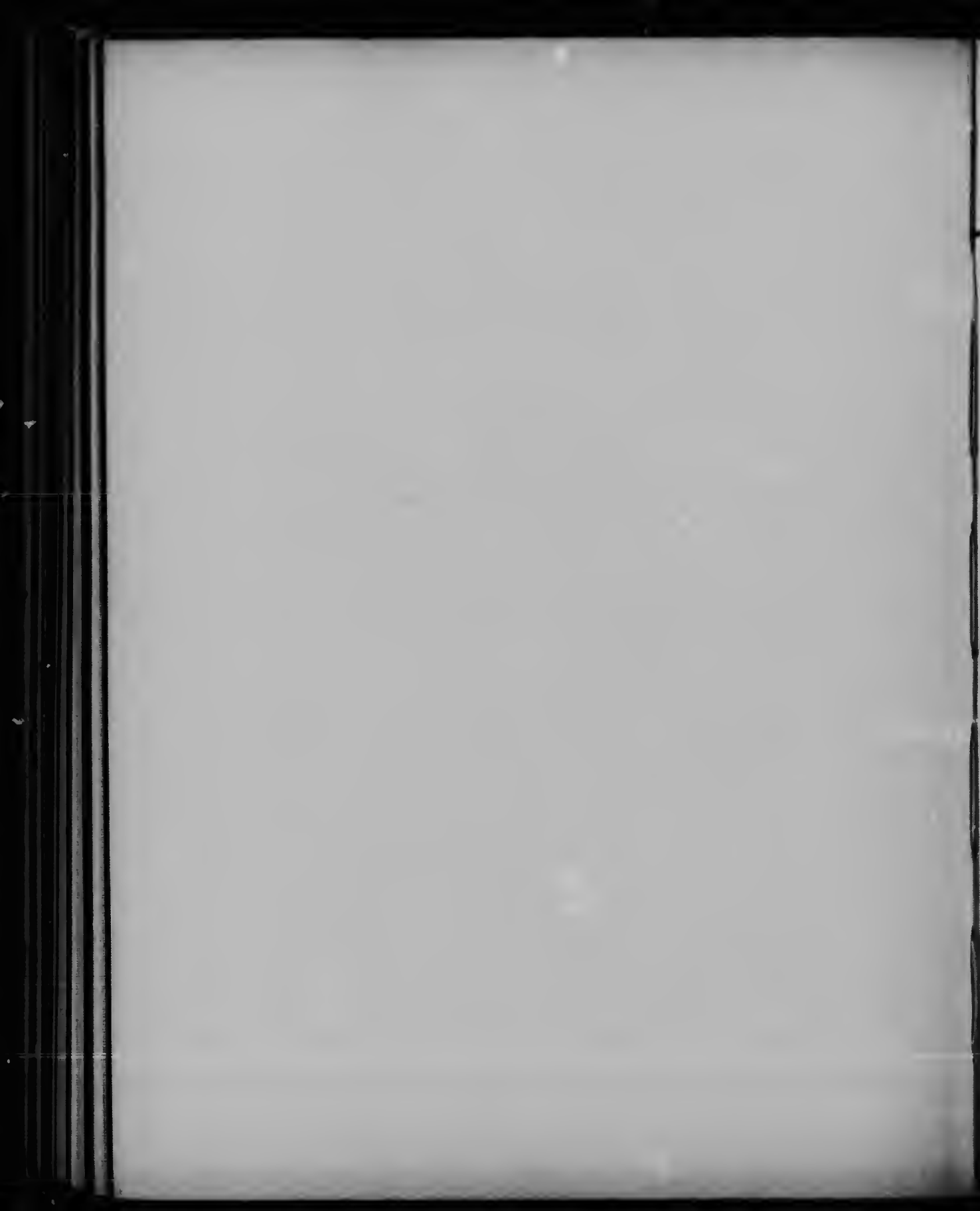
ACT II. Scene I.

ARIEL (page 62).









SCENE I

Another part of the island.

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

GON. 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 mer-
chant,
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.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit :
by and by it will strike.

GON. Sir,—

SEB. One : tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

SEB. You have taken it wiselier that I meant you
should.

GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

ALON. I prithee, spare.

GON. Well, I have done : but yet,—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow ?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockerel.

ACT II. Scene II.

CALIBAN.

But

For every trifle are they set upon me

(page 65).



SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

SEB. Done. The wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match!

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEB. Ha, ha, ha!

ANT. So, you're paid.

ADR. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

SEB. Yet,—

ADR. Yet,—

ANT. He could not miss 't.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
temperance.

ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANT. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GON. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

ANT. True: save means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANT. The ground indeed is tawny.

SEB. With an eye of green in 't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost
beyond credit,—

SEB. As many vouched rarities are.

GON. 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.

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

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. 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.

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

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

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

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow! a plague o' that! How came that
widow in? widow Dido!

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

ADR. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study
of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEB. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy
next?

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

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

GON. Ay.

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. 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.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

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

ANT. That sort was well fished for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against

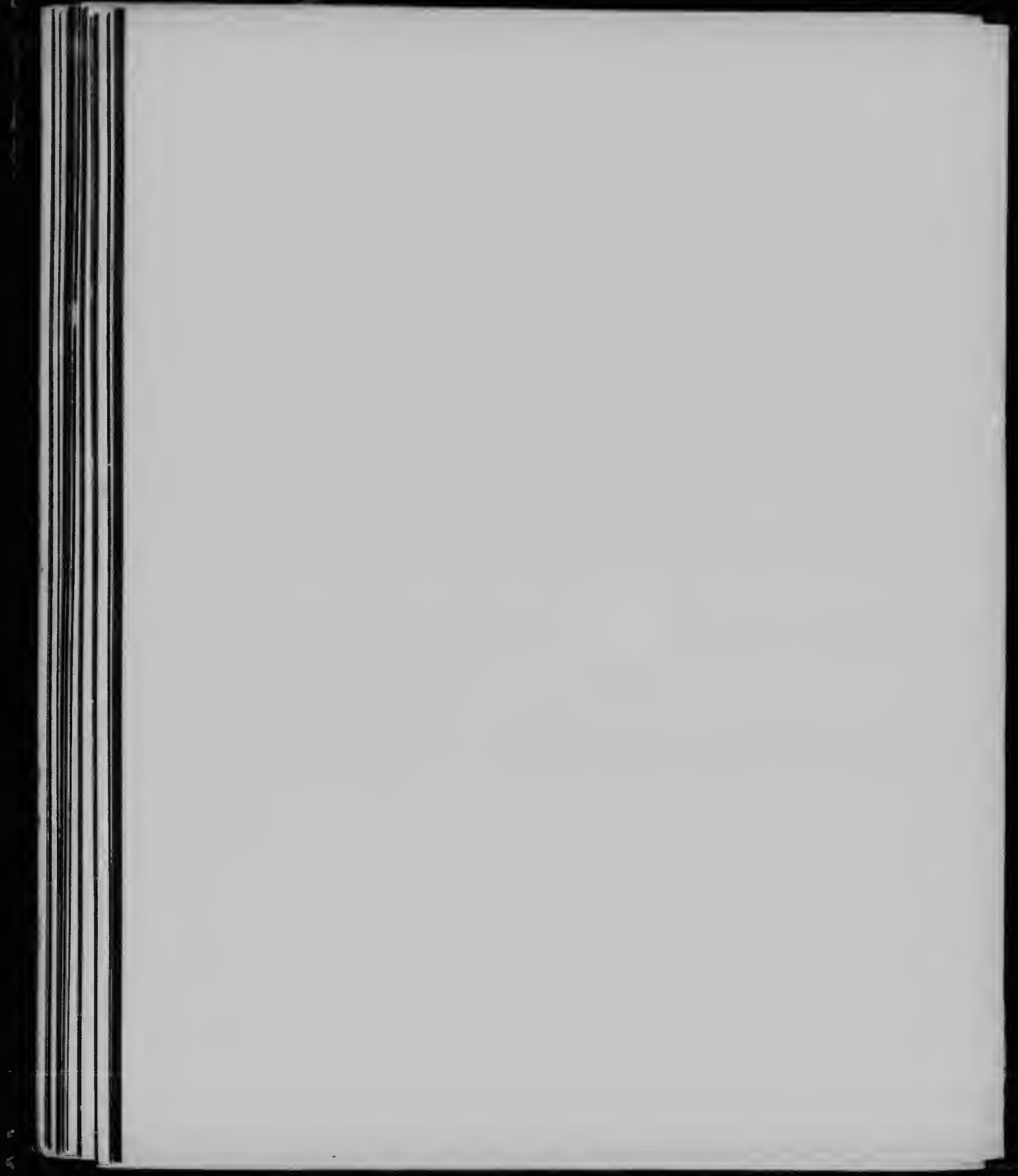
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN.

Sir, he may live :

ACT II. Scene II.

STEPHANO. *Come, swear to that: kiss the
book* (page 72).





THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

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
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them :
The fault's your own.

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

GON. 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.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgeonly.

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

SEB. Foul weather ?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANT. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GON. 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, tilth, 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 ;—

SEB. Yet he would be king on 't.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

GON. 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,

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANT. None, man ; all idle.

GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

SEB. Save his majesty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And,—do you mark me, sir?

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

GON. 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.

ANT. 'Twas you we laughed at.

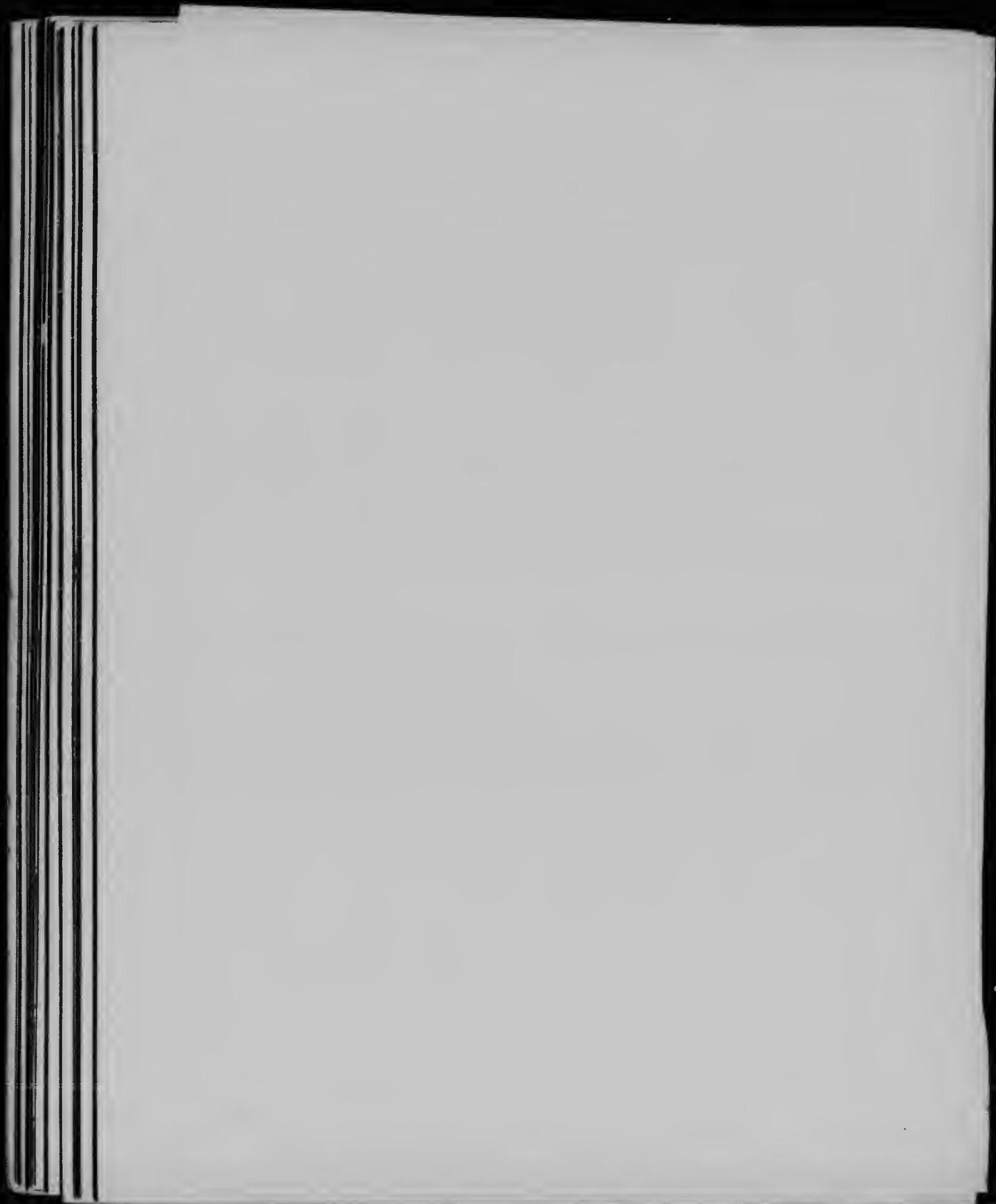
GON. Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh
at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there given!

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

ACT III. Scene I.

MIRANDA. *No woman's face remember
save mine own* (page 82).





SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

GON. 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.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

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

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

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

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

*[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN,
and ANTONIO.]*

ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:
I find

They are inclined to do so.

SEB. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

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

ALON. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[ALONSO sleeps. *Exii* ARIEL.

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANT. 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 methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks
thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

ANT. 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.

SEB. 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.

ANT. Thus, sir :
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded—
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
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANT. O, out of that 'no hope'

ACT III. Scene II.

CALIBAN. *Sounds and sweet airs, that
give delight and hurt not*
(page 93).





THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

SEB. 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.

ANT. 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?

SEB. Methinks I do.

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

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.

SEB. 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.

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

SEB. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

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

ACT III. Scene III.

ARIEL. *You are three men of sin*
(page 99).



THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GON. 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.

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

For my poor son.

GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts !
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALON. Lead away.

ARI. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done :

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

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

SCENE II

Another part of the island.

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

CAL. 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

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

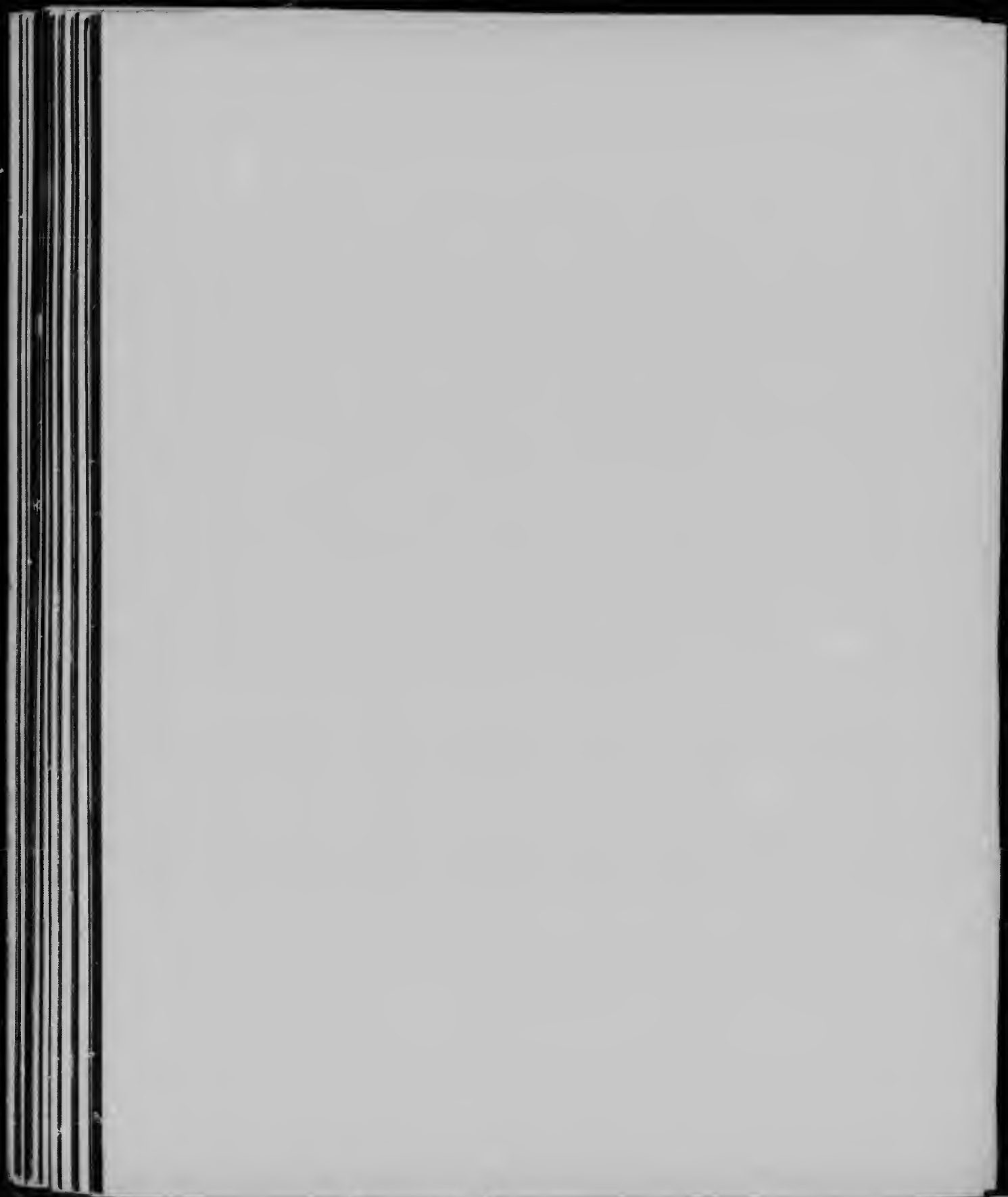
Lo, now, lo!

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

TRIN. 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

ACT IV. Scene I.

IRIS. *Thy turfy mountains, where live
nibbling sheep* (page 108).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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 hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

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

STEPH. 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.*]

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.]

[Sings.]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch :
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my
comfort. [Drinks.]

CAL. Do not torment me : Oh !

STEPH. 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
afear'd now of your four legs; for it hath been
said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs
cannot make him give ground; and it shall be
said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me : Oh !

STEPH. This is some monster of the isle with four
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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.

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

STEPH. 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.

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

STEPH. 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

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

tell who's your friend : open your chaps
again.

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

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

TRIN. Stephano!

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

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

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

ACT IV. Scene I.

IRIS.

I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos

(page 110).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou here?

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

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

CAL. [*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.

STEPH. 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.





THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

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

STEPH. Here ; swear then how thou escapedst.

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

STEPH. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this ?

STEPH. The whole butt, man : my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf ! how does thine ague ?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?

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

CAL. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee : My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

STEPH. Come, swear to that : kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ! I afeard of him ! A very weak

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

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

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPH. Come on then; down, and swear.

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

STEPH. Come, kiss.

TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

THE TEMPEST [ACT II.

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

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

CAL. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs
grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-
nuts ;

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?

STEPH. 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.

CAL. [*sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell!

.ACT IV. Scene I.

JUNO. *Go with me*
To bless this twain, that they may
prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue
(page 111).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

TRIN. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CAL. 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!

STEPH. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]







ACT IV. Scene I.

IRIS. *You Nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
winding brooks,
Leave your crisp channels.*

(page 112).

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AND
ANATOMY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SCENE I

Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

FER. 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

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance
unseen.*

MIR. 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.

FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIR. If you 'll sit down,

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

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

FER. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIR. 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.

PROS. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIR. You look wearily.

FER. 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?

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

FER. Admired Miranda!

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

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 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!

MIR. 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 skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle

ACT IV. Scene I.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited:
they join with the Nymphs in a
graceful dance (page 113).*





SC. 1.] THE TEMPEST

Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FER. 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.

MIR. Do you love me ?

FER. 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.

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

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

PROS. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
grace

On that which breeds between 'em!

FER. Wherefore weep you?

MIR. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIR. My husband, then?

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

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

SCENE II

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

STEPH. 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.

TRIN. 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.

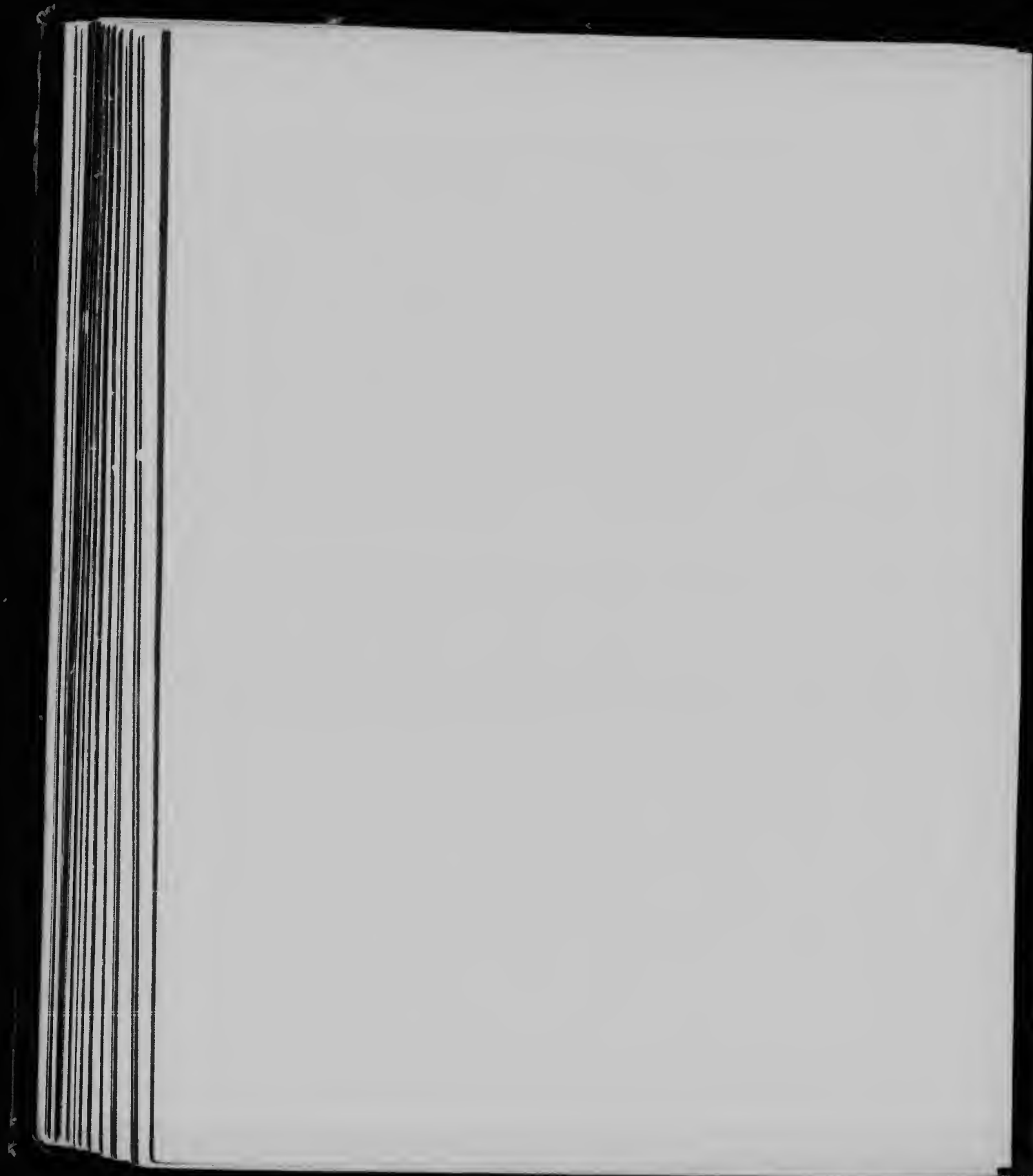
STEPH. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

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

ACT IV. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *We are such stuff*
As dreams are made on

(page 114).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

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

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no stan-
dard.

STEPH. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

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

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

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe.

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

TRIN. 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 to-day? Wilt thou tell
a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half
a monster?

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

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

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

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

STEPH. 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.

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

STEPH. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

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

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou :

sc. II.] THE TEMPEST

I would my valiant master would destroy thee !
I do not lie.

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

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STEPH. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. 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,—

STEPH. That 's most certain.

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

STEPH. How now shall this be compassed? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

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

ARI. Thou liest ; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy
patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.]

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.

STEPH. Trinculo, run into no further danger : in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and, by
this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and
make a stock-fish of thee.

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

STEPH. Didst thou not say he lied ?

ARI. Thou liest.

STEPH. Do I so ? take thou that. [*Beats TRINCULO.*]

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

TRIN. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and
hearing too ? A plague o' your bottle ! this can
sack and drinking do. A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers.

CAL. Ha, ha, ha !

STEPH. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand
farther off.

ACT IV. Scene I.

STEPHANO. *Put off that gown, Trinculo;
by this hand I'll have that
gown* (page 118).





SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

CAL. Beat him enough : after a little time
I'll beat him too.

STEPH. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CAL. 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 wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books ; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. 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 ;

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STEPH. Is it so brave a lass ?

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

STEPH. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter
and I will be king and queen,—save our graces !—
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

TRIN. Excellent.

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

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep :
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

STEPH. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou makest me merry ; I am full of plea-
sure :

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere ?

SC. II.] THE TEMPEST

STEPH. 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.

CAL. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

STEPH. What is this same?

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

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

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STEPH. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?

STEPH. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and
hurt not.

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

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.

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

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

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

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

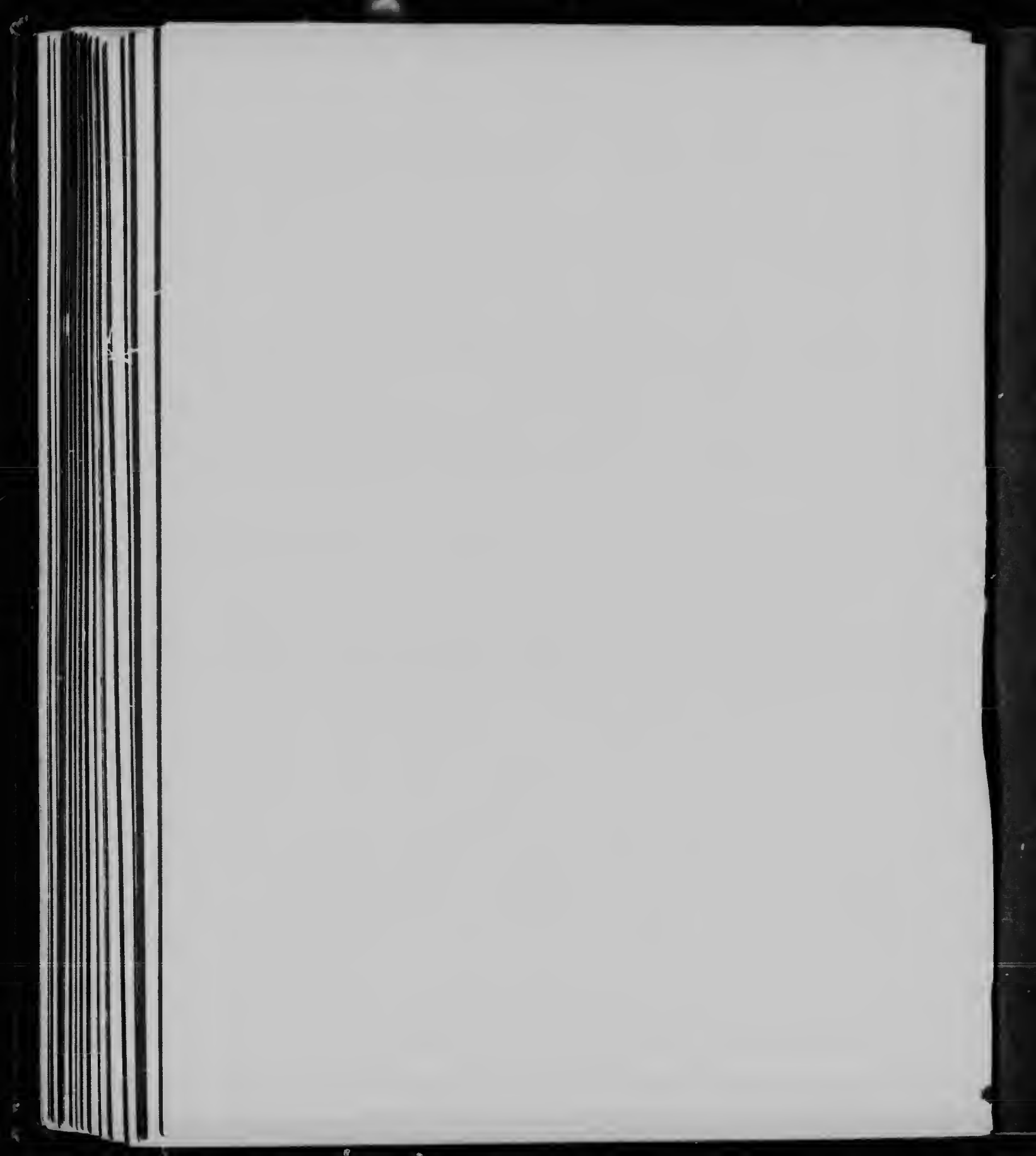
STEPH. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I
could see this taborer; he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. Scene I.

ARIEL. *All prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-
fends your cell (page 123).*





SC. III.] THE TEMPEST

SCENE III

Another part of the island.

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

GON. 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.

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

ANT. [*aside to SEB.*] I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

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

SEB. [*aside to ANT.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANT. [*aside to SEB.*] 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.

SEB. [*aside to ANT.*] I say, to-night : no more.
 [*Solemn and strange music.*

ALON. What harmony is this? My good friends,
hark !

GON. Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several
strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; they
dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ;
and, inviting the King, etc. to eat, they depart.*

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were
these !

SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROS. [*aside.*] Praise in departing.

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. 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.

ACT V. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *Ye elves of hills, brooks,
standing lakes and groves*
(page 125).





SC. III.] THE TEMPEST

ALON. 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.

ARI. 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.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *etc.* draw their swords.

You fools ! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

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. 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 wraths to guard you
from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

SC. III.] THE TEMPEST

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

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

PROS. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
and his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

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

THE TEMPEST [ACT III.

ALON. 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. [Exit.

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

ANT. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

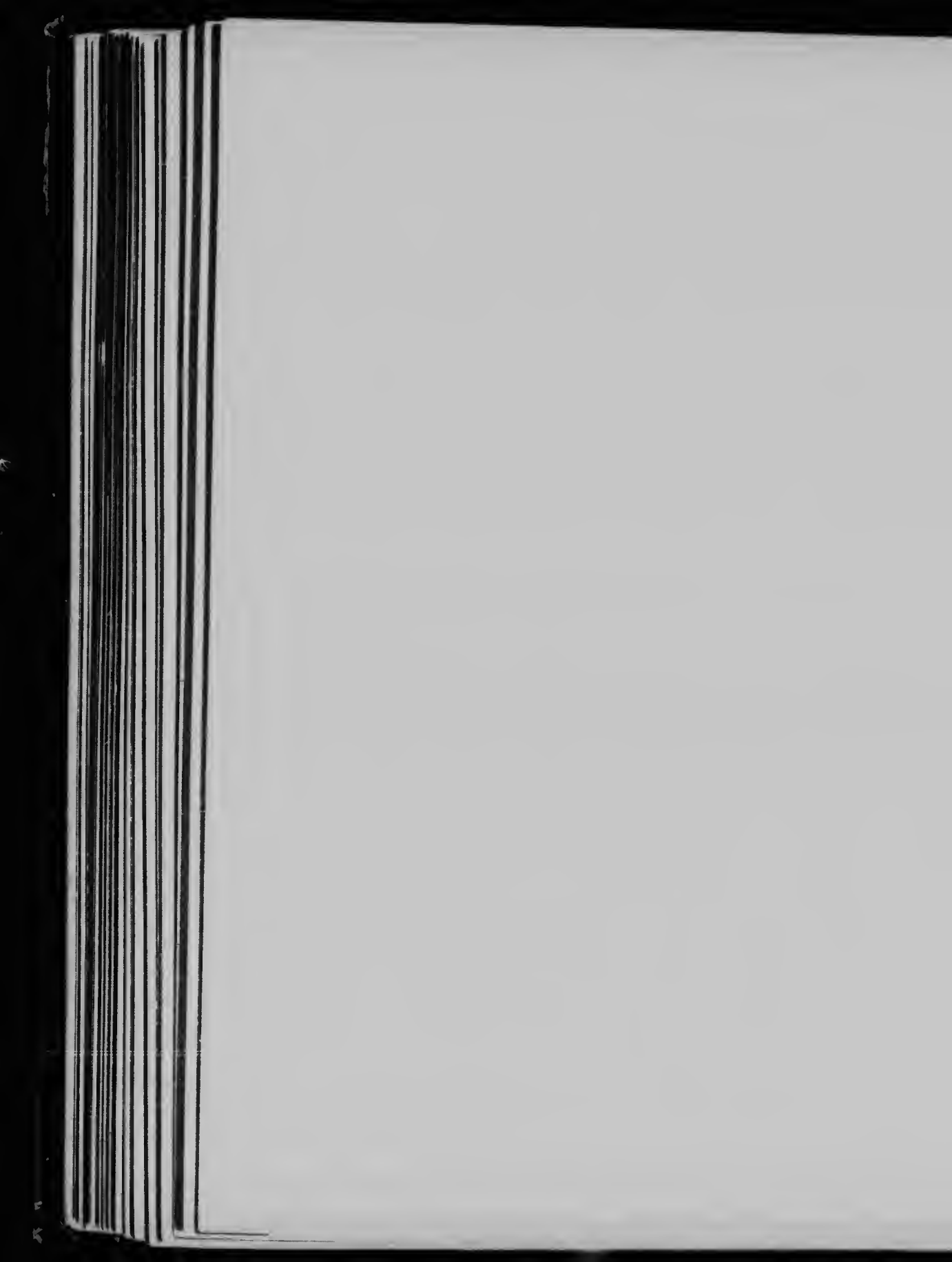
GON. All three of them are desperate: their great
guilt,

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.

ADR. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT V. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *And ye that on the sands
with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune
(page 125).*







SCENE I

Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

PROS. If I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; who once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FER. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

PROS. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

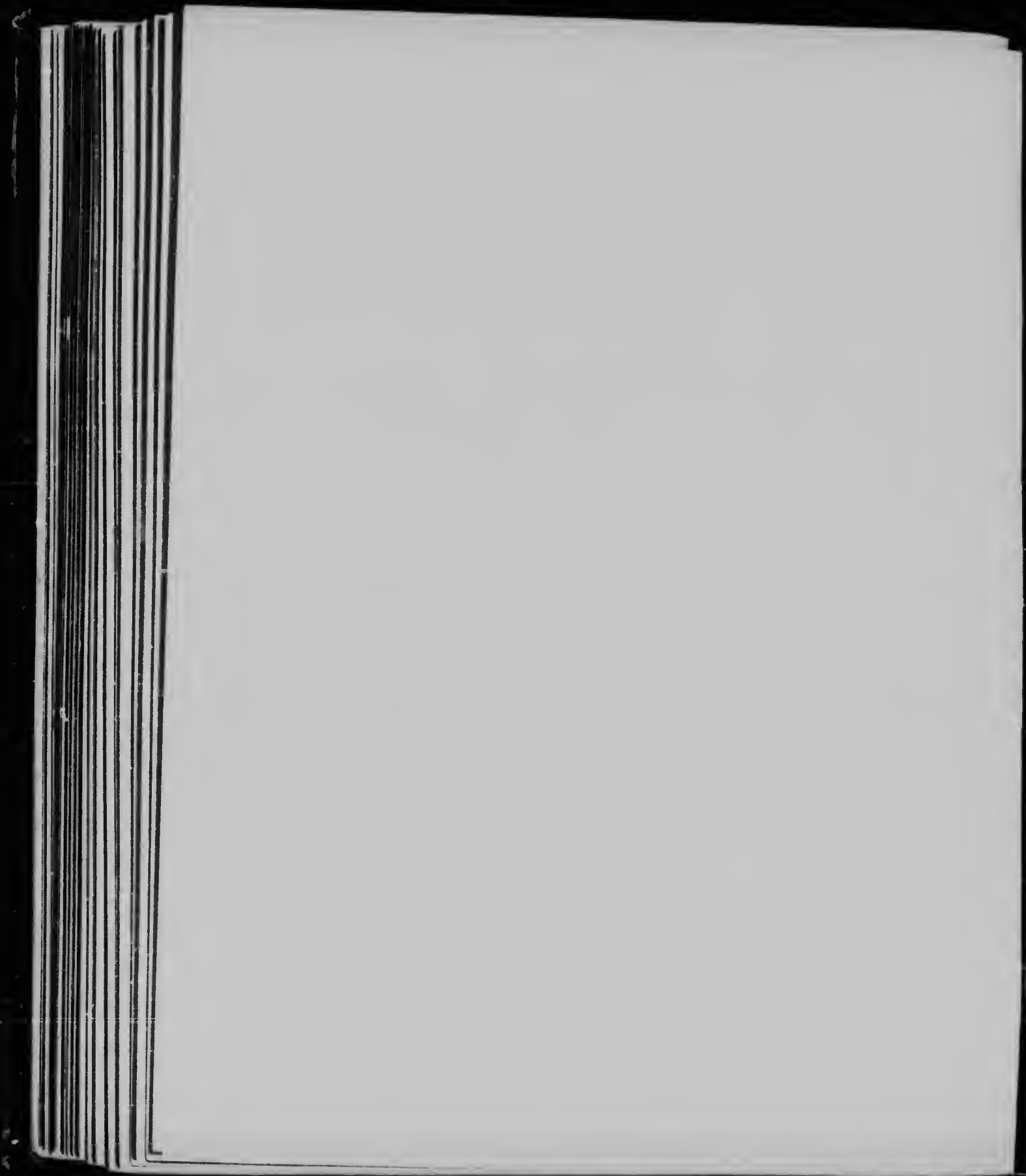
Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union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

FER. 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 Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROS. Fairly spoke.

ACT V. Scene

PROSPERO. Ye *are* *lets* *it*
By n *constitue* *in* *green* *ur*
rim *lets* *n* *e* (page 15).





SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.

What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. What would my potent master ? here I am.

PROS. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

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

ARI. Presently ?

PROS. Ay, with a twink.

ARI. 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 ?

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

PROS. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

PROS. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FER. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROS. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

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

CER. 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.

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 return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,

ACT V. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers*
(page 126).





THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

PROS. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES *whisper, and send IRIS on
employment.*

PROS. Sweet, now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There 's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
brooks,

With your saged 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.

sc. 1.] THE TEMPEST

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 whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and
speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and
confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

PROS. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done !
avoid ; no more !

FER. This is strange : your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIR. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.]

PROS. 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,
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 vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old 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.

FER. MIR. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

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

ACT V. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *And deeper than did ever
plummet sound
I'll drown my book*

(page 126).





SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

Enter ARIEL.

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

PROS. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PROS. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARI. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full 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 tabor;
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 enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROS. 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.

ARI. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

PROS. 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.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

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

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

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

STEPH. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

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

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STEPH. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

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

CAL. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

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

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

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

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

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

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. 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.

ACT V. Scene I.

ARIEL. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I.*
(page 128).







SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

STEPH. 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.

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

STEPH. 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.

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

CAL. 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.

STEPH. 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.

TRIN. And this.

STEPH. Ay, and this.

THE TEMPEST [ACT IV.

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

PROS. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARI. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PROS. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!
hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are
driven out.

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar!

PROS. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

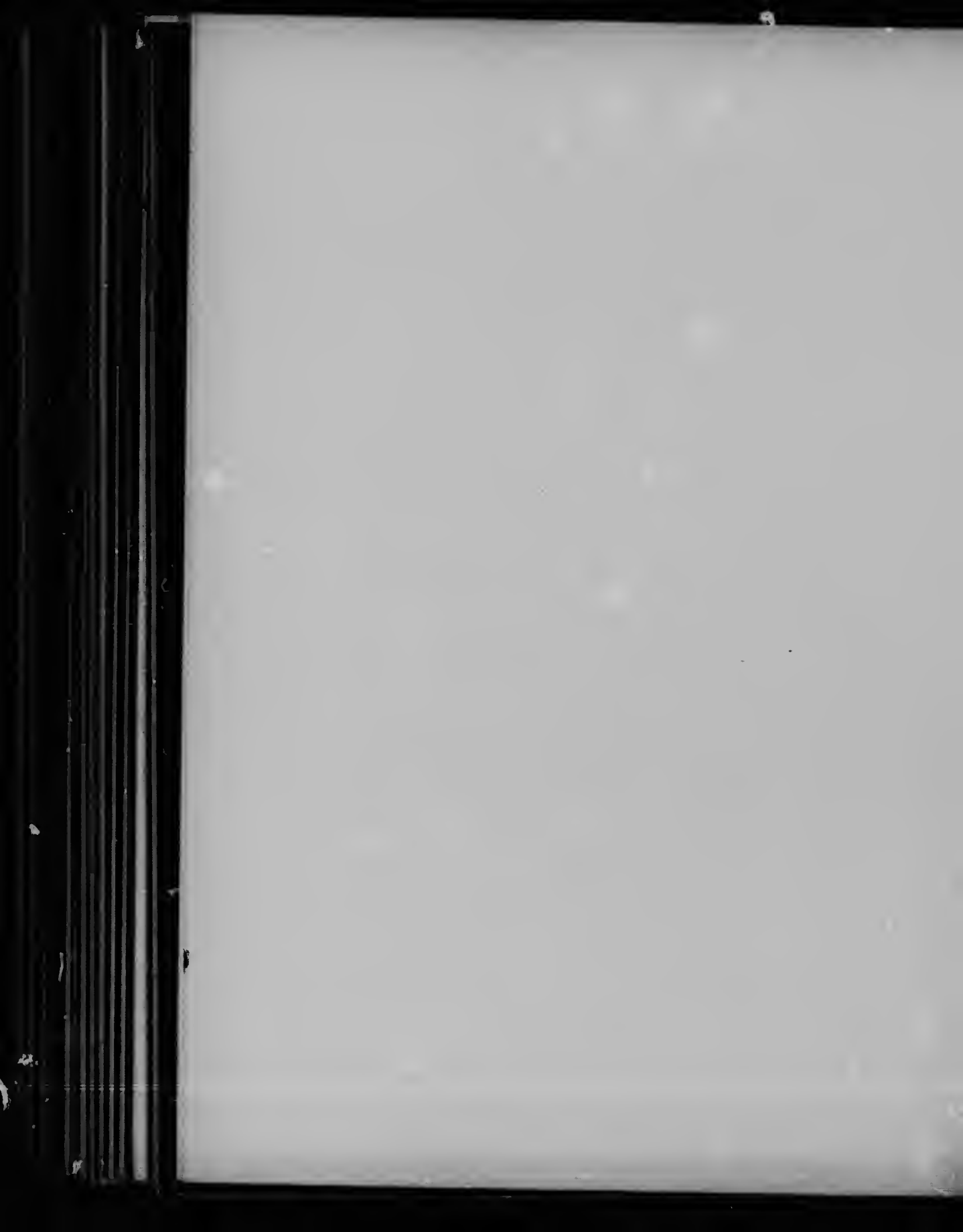
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

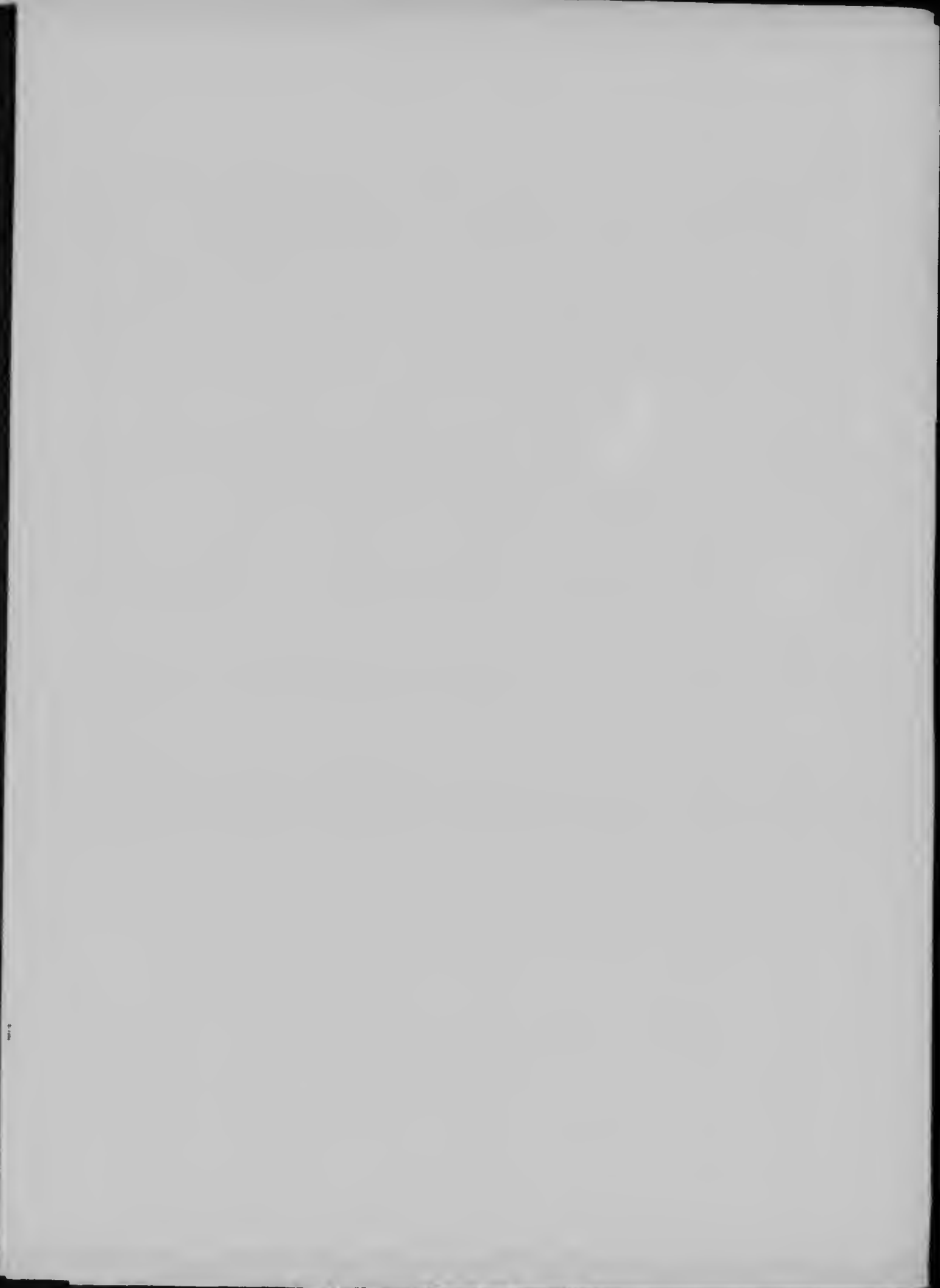




ACT V. Scene I.

ARIEL. *On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily*

(page 128).





SCENE I

Before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

PROS. 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 ?

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

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

ARI. 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,

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.

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.

PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROS. 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
the 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

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.]

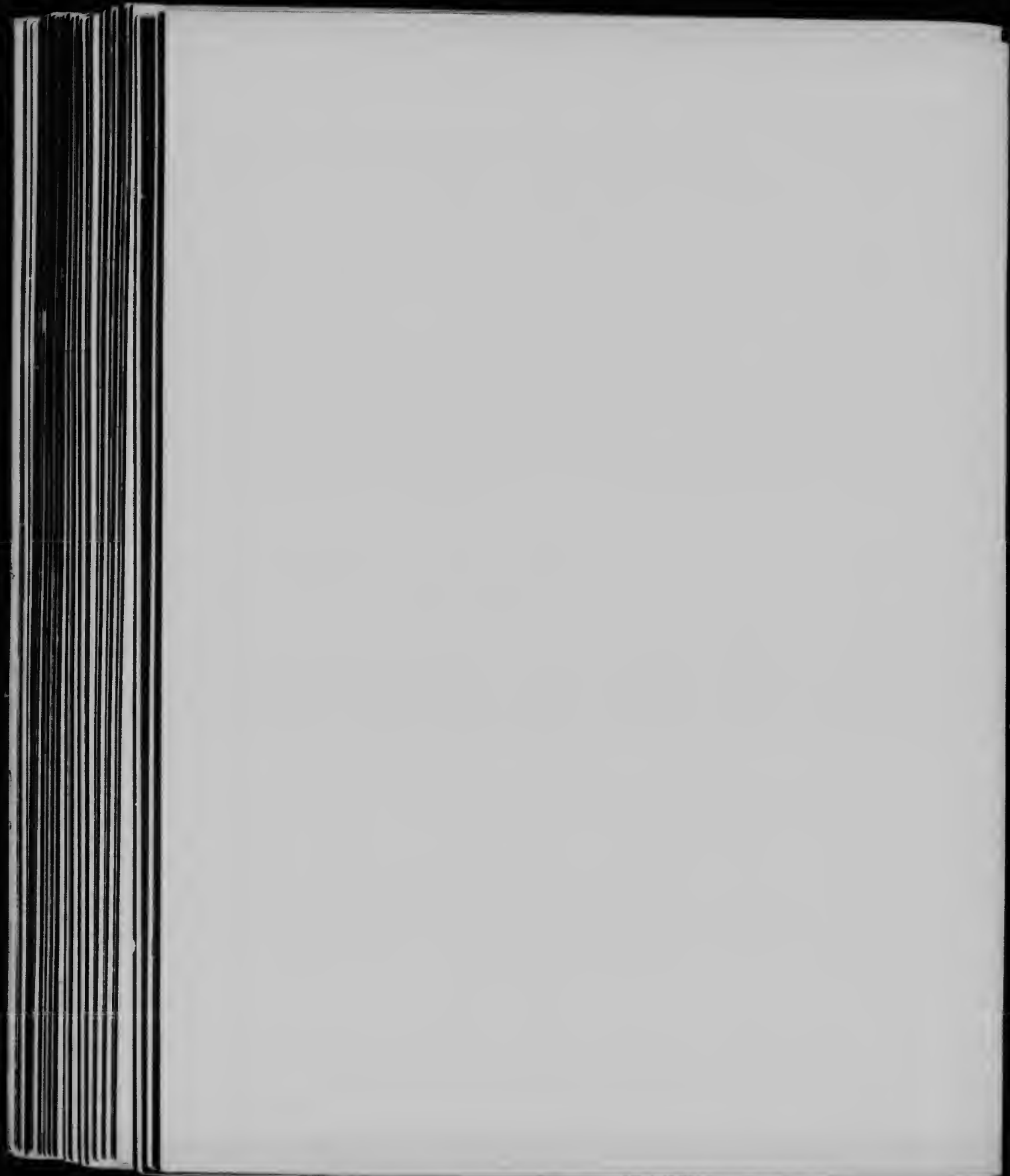
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

*Re-enter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a frantic
gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and
ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN
and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which
PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed;
which PROSPERO observing, speaks :*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.

ACT V. Scene I.

MIRANDA. *Sweet lord, you play me false*
(page 133).





sc. I.] THE TEMPEST

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
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 thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't 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 thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.

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 ;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

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.

PROS. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss
thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

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

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

ALON. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom, I resign and do entreat

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.]

Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero

Be living and be here ?

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

GON. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

PROS. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the 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.

SEB. [*aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

PROS. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require

ACT V. Scene I.

ALONSO. *Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace
his heart
That does not wish you joy*

(page 136).





SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALON. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROS. I am woe for 't, sir.

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

PROS. 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.

ALON. You the like loss !

PROS. 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.

ALON. A daughter ?

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.]

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?

PROS. 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

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.

Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

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

PROS. 'Tis new to thee.

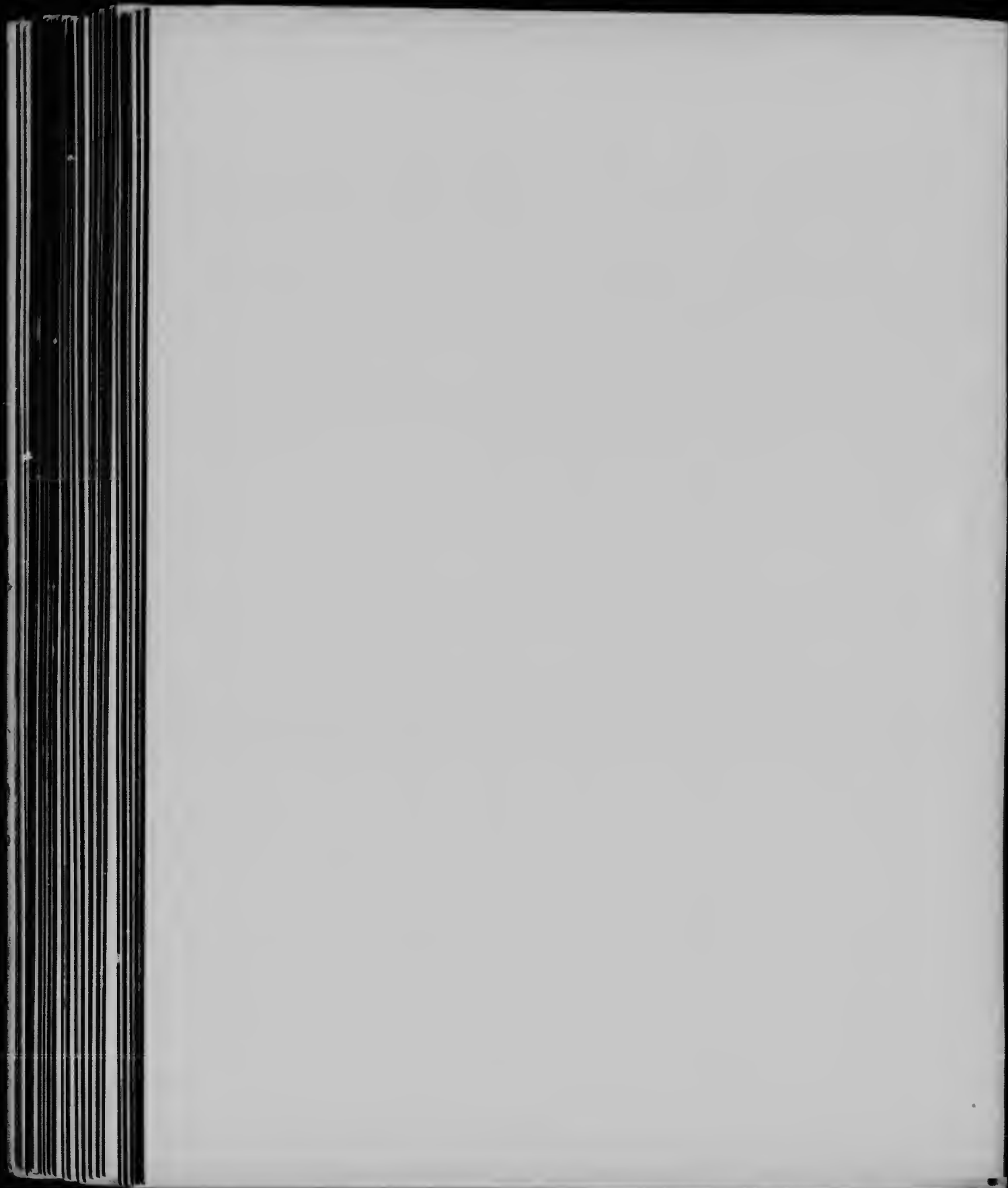
ALON. What is this maid with whom thou wast at
play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

FER. 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.

ACT V. Scene I.

BOATSWAIN. *And were brought moping
hither* (page 137).





THE TEMPEST [ACT V.

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALON. [*to FER. and MIR.*] Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

GON. Be it so ! Amen !

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

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 thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?
BOATS. 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.

ARI. [*aside to PROS.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

SC. I.] THE TEMPEST

PROS. [*aside to ARIEL.*] My tricksy spirit!

ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

BOATS. 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 no 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.

ARI. [*aside to PROS.*] Was't well done?

PROS. [*aside to ARIEL.*] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.]

ALON. 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.

PROS. 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. [*Aside to ARIEL.*]

Come hither, spirit :
Set Caliban and his companions free ;
Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my
gracious sir ?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

STEPH. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no

ACT V. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *Where*
Every third thought shall be my
grave (page 142).





THE TEMPEST [ACT V.]

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.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEB. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How camest thou in this pickle?

TRIN. 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.

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano!

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

PROS. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPH. I should have been a sore one then.

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

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*]

THE TEMPEST [ACT V.]

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.

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

PROS. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to ARIEL.*] My
Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well ! Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. Scene I.

PROSPERO. *Calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious*

(page 142).





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,

EPILOGUE

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.

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

