CISCE • ISC CLASSES 11 & 12 PRESCRIBED DRAMA

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S THE TEMPEST

Official Prescribed Drama • Complete Unabridged Text with Scene Synopses, Paraphrases, Critical Commentary, Themes & RTC Question Bank

**Board: Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations (CISCE)**
**Target: ISC Class 11 (Acts I & II) • ISC Class 12 (Acts III, IV & V)**
**Publication: TargetExams Official Academic Reference Library**

*• Unabridged / Comprehensive Prescribed Text • Scene / Stanza / Topic Analysis •*
*• Character Profiles & Motifs • Reference to Context Questions • Examination Evaluation Rubrics •*

# CRITICAL INTRODUCTION & THEMATIC FOUNDATIONS

Shakespeare's final solo play, *The Tempest* (c. 1611), is a romance that merges magical fantasy with realistic political drama. Set on an enchanted, liminal Mediterranean island, the play centers on Prospero, the exiled Duke of Milan, who uses occult art and esoteric mastery to orchestrate a tempest, wrecking his usurping brother Antonio, King Alonso of Naples, and their court. Over a strict classical unity of time (three hours), Prospero guides enemies and innocents toward repentance, forgiveness, and renewal.

### Major Themes & Motifs in ISC Examinations

**1. Forgiveness vs. Vengeance:** 'The rarer action is / In virtue than in vengeance.' Prospero's ultimate moral victory lies in renouncing retribution.
**2. Magic, Art and Renunciation:** Prospero's magic functions as an allegory for dramatic art. In Act V, he breaks his staff and drowns his book.
**3. Nature vs. Nurture / Colonial Dynamics:** Caliban as indigenous islander vs. European civilizer; the limitations of colonial education ('You taught me language, and my profit on't / Is, I know how to curse').
**4. Master-Servant Relationships:** Contrast Ariel's longing for release through dutiful service with Caliban's rebellious, visceral hostility.

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

**PROSPERO:** The rightful Duke of Milan, master of the enchanted island.
**MIRANDA:** Prospero's compassionate daughter, uncorrupted by courtly intrigue.
**ARIEL:** An airy spirit, loyal servant of Prospero.
**CALIBAN:** A savage and deformed slave, son of the witch Sycorax.
**FERDINAND:** Prince of Naples, son to King Alonso; Miranda's suitor.
**ALONSO:** King of Naples, co-conspirator in Prospero's overthrow.
**ANTONIO:** Prospero's treacherous brother, usurping Duke of Milan.
**SEBASTIAN:** Alonso's brother, treacherous and easily swayed by Antonio.
**GONZALO:** An honest old Neapolitan councillor who saved Prospero and Miranda.
**TRINCULO & STEPHANO:** A jester and drunken butler who conspire with Caliban.

THE TEMPEST by William Shakespeare Contents

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### Scene I. Before Prospero’s cell.

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### Scene III. Another part of the island.

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# ACT V

### Scene I. Before the cell of Prospero.

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STEPHANO, a drunken butler MASTER OF A SHIP BOATSWAIN MARINERS

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SCENE: The sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.

## ACT I

### SCENE I. On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning

heard. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain severally.

**MASTER.**

Boatswain!

**BOATSWAIN.**

Here, master: what cheer?

**MASTER.**

Good! Speak to the mariners: fall to ’t yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

*[_Exit._]*

Enter Mariners.

**BOATSWAIN.**

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th’ master’s whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough. Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo and others.

**ALONSO.**

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

**BOATSWAIN.**

I pray now, keep below.

**ANTONIO.**

Where is the master, boson?

**BOATSWAIN.**

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

**GONZALO.**

Nay, good, be patient.

**BOATSWAIN.**

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

**GONZALO.**

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**BOATSWAIN.**

None that I more love than myself. You are a 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._]*

**GONZALO.**

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

miserable.

*[_Exeunt._]*

Re-enter Boatswain.

**BOATSWAIN.**

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse.

*[_A cry within._]*

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office. Enter Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo. Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a

mind to sink?

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**BOATSWAIN.**

Work you, then.

**ANTONIO.**

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

**GONZALO.**

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

**BOATSWAIN.**

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses: off to sea again: lay her off. Enter Mariners, wet.

**MARINERS.**

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*[_Exeunt._]*

**BOATSWAIN.**

What, must our mouths be cold?

**GONZALO.**

The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

**SEBASTIAN.**

I am out of patience.

**ANTONIO.**

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou might'st lie drowning The washing of ten tides!

**GONZALO.**

He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him. _A confused noise within: _"Mercy on us!"—

"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"— "Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"

**ANTONIO.**

Let's all sink wi' th' King.

*[_Exit._]*

**SEBASTIAN.**

Let's take leave of him.

*[_Exit._]*

**GONZALO.**

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

*[_Exit._]*

## SCENE II. The Island. Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

**MIRANDA.**

If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fraughting souls within her.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

O, woe the day!

**PROSPERO.**

No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who Art ignorant of what thou art, 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.

**MIRANDA.**

More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

**PROSPERO.**

'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

*[_Lays down his mantle._]*

Lie there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. The direful spectacle of the wrack, 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.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

The hour's now come, The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old.

**MIRANDA.**

Certainly, sir, I can.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

'Tis far off, And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once that tended me?

**PROSPERO.**

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here, thou mayst.

**MIRANDA.**

But that I do not.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

Sir, are not you my father?

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Both, both, my girl. By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; But blessedly holp hither.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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 lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as at that time Through all the signories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed In dignity, and for the liberal arts,

Without a parallel: those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew stranger, being transported And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

**MIRANDA.**

Sir, most heedfully.

**PROSPERO.**

Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who t' advance, and who To trash for over-topping, new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,

Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state To what tune pleas'd his ear: that now he was The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,

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

**MIRANDA.**

O, good sir! I do.

**PROSPERO.**

I pray thee, mark me. I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated To closeness and the bettering of my mind With that which, but by being so retir'd,

O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust, Like a good parent, did beget of him A falsehood in its contrary as great

As my trust was; which had indeed no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact, like one

Who having into truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory, To credit his own lie, he did believe He was indeed the Duke; out o' the substitution,

And executing th' outward face of royalty, With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing— Dost thou hear?

**MIRANDA.**

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

**PROSPERO.**

To have no screen between this part he play'd And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates, So dry he was for sway, wi' th' 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.

**MIRANDA.**

O the heavens!

**PROSPERO.**

Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me If this might be a brother.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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' th' premises

Of homage and I know not how much tribute, Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours on my brother: whereon,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness, The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence

Me and thy crying self.

**MIRANDA.**

Alack, for pity! I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint That wrings mine eyes to 't.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us?

**PROSPERO.**

Well demanded, wench: My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, So dear the love my people bore me, nor set A mark so bloody on the business; but

With colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a bark, Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us, To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.

**MIRANDA.**

Alack, what trouble Was I then to you!

**PROSPERO.**

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,

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

**MIRANDA.**

How came we ashore?

**PROSPERO.**

By Providence divine. Some food we had and some fresh water that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity, who being then appointed

Master of this design, did give us, with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness, Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me

From mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

**MIRANDA.**

Would I might But ever see that man!

**PROSPERO.**

Now I arise. Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in this island we arriv'd; and here Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princes can, that have more time For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Know thus far forth. By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune, Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies Brought to this shore; and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star, whose influence If now I court not but omit, my fortunes Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;

Thou art inclin’d 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! Enter Ariel.

**ARIEL.**

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come To answer thy best pleasure; be’t to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl’d clouds, to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

**PROSPERO.**

Hast thou, spirit, Perform’d to point the tempest that I bade thee?

**ARIEL.**

To every article. I boarded the King’s ship; now on the beak, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam’d amazement; sometime I’d divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast, The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, Then meet and join. Jove’s lightning, the precursors O’ th’ dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread trident shake.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Not a soul But felt a fever of the mad, and play’d Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me: the King’s son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair— Was the first man that leapt; cried “Hell is empty, And all the devils are here.”

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Close by, my master.

**PROSPERO.**

But are they, Ariel, safe?

**ARIEL.**

Not a hair perish’d; On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before: and, as thou bad’st me, In troops I have dispers’d them ’bout the isle.

The King’s son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

**PROSPERO.**

Of the King’s ship The mariners, say how thou hast dispos’d, And all the rest o’ th’ fleet?

**ARIEL.**

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 stowed; Who, with a charm join’d to their suff’red labour, I have left asleep: and for the rest o’ th’ fleet, Which I dispers’d, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean flote Bound sadly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the King’s ship wrack’d, And his great person perish.

**PROSPERO.**

Ariel, thy charge Exactly is perform’d; but there’s more work. What is the time o’ th’ day?

**ARIEL.**

Past the mid season.

**PROSPERO.**

At least two glasses. The time ’twixt six and now Must by us both be spent most preciously.

**ARIEL.**

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promis’d, Which is not yet perform’d me.

**PROSPERO.**

How now! moody? What is’t thou canst demand?

**ARIEL.**

My liberty.

**PROSPERO.**

Before the time be out? No more!

**ARIEL.**

I prithee, Remember I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv’d Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

No.

**PROSPERO.**

Thou dost, and think’st it much to tread the ooze Of the salt deep, To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o’ th’ earth

When it is bak’d with frost.

**ARIEL.**

I do not, sir.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

No, sir.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Sir, in Argier.

**PROSPERO.**

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?

**ARIEL.**

Ay, sir.

**PROSPERO.**

This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child, And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave, As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant; And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and 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 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 freckl'd whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with A human shape.

**ARIEL.**

Yes, Caliban her son.

**PROSPERO.**

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban, Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st What torment I did find thee in; thy groans Did make wolves howl, 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 arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape

The pine, and let thee out.

**ARIEL.**

I thank thee, master.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Do so; and after two days I will discharge thee.

**ARIEL.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject To no sight but thine and mine; invisible To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape, And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence!

*[_Exit Ariel._]*

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

**MIRANDA.**

[_Waking._] The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

But as 'tis, We cannot miss him: he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! Speak.

**CALIBAN.**

[_Within._] There's wood enough within.

**PROSPERO.**

Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee. Come, thou tortoise! when? Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph. Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

**ARIEL.**

My lord, it shall be done.

*[_Exit._]*

**PROSPERO.**

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! Enter Caliban.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps, Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins Shall forth at vast of night that they may work All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinch'd

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging Than bees that made them.

**CALIBAN.**

I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first, Thou strok'st me and made much of me; wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee, And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,

The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile. Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! For I am all the subjects that you have,

Which first was mine own King; and here you sty me In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me The rest o' th' island.

**PROSPERO.**

Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee, Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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 confin'd into this rock, Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps, Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

**CALIBAN.**

No, pray thee. [_Aside._] I must obey. His art is of such power, It would control my dam's god, Setebos, And make a vassal of him.

**PROSPERO.**

So, slave, hence!

*[_Exit Caliban._]*

Re-enter Ariel, playing and singing; Ferdinand following. ARIEL'S SONG. _Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands:

Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd The wild waves whist. Foot it featly here and there, And sweet sprites bear

The burden. Hark, hark!_ Burden dispersedly. _Bow-wow. The watch dogs bark._ [Burden dispersedly.] _Bow-wow.

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

**FERDINAND.**

Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth? It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank, Weeping again the King my father's wrack,

This music crept by me upon the waters, Allaying both their fury and my passion With its sweet air: thence I have 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:_ Burden: _Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them: ding-dong, bell._

**FERDINAND.**

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.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

What is't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

**PROSPERO.**

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest Was in the wrack; 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.

**MIRANDA.**

I might call him A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

**PROSPERO.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

Most sure, the goddess On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe, my prayer May know if you remain upon this island; And that you will some good instruction give

How I may bear me here: my prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! If you be maid or no?

**MIRANDA.**

No wonder, sir; But certainly a maid.

**FERDINAND.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me; And that he does I weep: myself am Naples, Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld

The King my father wrack'd.

**MIRANDA.**

Alack, for mercy!

**FERDINAND.**

Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan, And his brave son being twain.

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside._] The Duke of Milan And his more braver daughter could control thee, If now ’twere fit to do’t. At the first sight They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,

I’ll set thee free for this. [_To Ferdinand._] A word, good sir. I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

**MIRANDA.**

Why speaks my father so ungently? This Is the third man that e’er I saw; the first That e’er I sigh’d for. Pity move my father To be inclin’d my way!

**FERDINAND.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Soft, sir; one word more. [_Aside._] They are both in either’s powers. But this swift business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light. [_To Ferdinand._] One word more. I charge thee

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp The name thou ow’st not; and hast put thyself Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on ’t.

**FERDINAND.**

No, as I am a man.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

[_To Ferdinand._] Follow me.— [_To Miranda._] Speak not you for him; he’s a traitor. [_To Ferdinand._] Come; I’ll manacle thy neck and feet together:

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

**FERDINAND.**

No; I will resist such entertainment till Mine enemy has more power.

*[_He draws, and is charmed from moving._]*

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

What! I say, My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor; Who mak’st a show, but dar’st 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.

**MIRANDA.**

Beseech you, father!

**PROSPERO.**

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

**MIRANDA.**

Sir, have pity; I’ll be his surety.

**PROSPERO.**

Silence! One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What! An advocate for an impostor? hush! Thou think’st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench! To th’ most of men this is a Caliban, And they to him are angels.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

[_To Ferdinand._] Come on; obey: Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigour in them.

**FERDINAND.**

So they are: My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. My father’s loss, the weakness which I feel, The wrack of all my friends, nor this man’s threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this maid: all corners else o’ th’ earth Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside._] It works. [_To Ferdinand._] Come on. Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [_To Ferdinand._] Follow me. [_To Ariel._] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

To th’ syllable.

**PROSPERO.**

[_To Ferdinand._] Come, follow. Speak not for him.

*[_Exeunt._]*

# ACT II

## SCENE I. Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco and others.

**GONZALO.**

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause, So have we all, of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe Is common; every day, some sailor’s wife,

The masters of some merchant and the merchant, Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

**ALONSO.**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIAN.**

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

**ANTONIO.**

The visitor will not give him o’er so.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Look, he’s winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

**GONZALO.**

Sir,—

**SEBASTIAN.**

One: tell.

**GONZALO.**

When every grief is entertain’d that’s offer’d, Comes to the entertainer—

**SEBASTIAN.**

A dollar.

**GONZALO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

**GONZALO.**

Therefore, my lord,—

**ANTONIO.**

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

**ALONSO.**

I prithee, spare.

**GONZALO.**

Well, I have done: but yet—

**SEBASTIAN.**

He will be talking.

**ANTONIO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

The old cock.

**ANTONIO.**

The cockerel.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Done. The wager?

**ANTONIO.**

A laughter.

**SEBASTIAN.**

A match!

**ADRIAN.**

Though this island seem to be desert,—

**ANTONIO.**

Ha, ha, ha!

**SEBASTIAN.**

So. You’re paid.

**ADRIAN.**

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

**SEBASTIAN.**

Yet—

**ADRIAN.**

Yet—

**ANTONIO.**

He could not miss ’t.

**ADRIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

Temperance was a delicate wench.

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ADRIAN.**

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

**SEBASTIAN.**

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

**ANTONIO.**

Or, as ’twere perfum’d by a fen.

**GONZALO.**

Here is everything advantageous to life.

**ANTONIO.**

True; save means to live.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Of that there’s none, or little.

**GONZALO.**

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

**ANTONIO.**

The ground indeed is tawny.

**SEBASTIAN.**

With an eye of green in’t.

**ANTONIO.**

He misses not much.

**SEBASTIAN.**

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

**GONZALO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

As many vouch'd rarities are.

**GONZALO.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

**GONZALO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ADRIAN.**

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

**GONZALO.**

Not since widow Dido's time.

**ANTONIO.**

Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ADRIAN.**

Widow Dido said you? You make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

**GONZALO.**

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

**ADRIAN.**

Carthage?

**GONZALO.**

I assure you, Carthage.

**ANTONIO.**

His word is more than the miraculous harp.

**SEBASTIAN.**

He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

**ANTONIO.**

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

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

**ALONSO.**

Ay.

**ANTONIO.**

Why, in good time.

**GONZALO.**

[_To Alonso._] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

**ANTONIO.**

And the rarest that e’er came there.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

**ANTONIO.**

O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

**GONZALO.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

That sort was well fish’d for.

**GONZALO.**

When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage?

**ALONSO.**

You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy removed, I ne’er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

**FRANCISCO.**

Sir, he may live: I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs. He trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him. His bold head ’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To th’ shore, that o’er his wave-worn basis bowed,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt He came alive to land.

**ALONSO.**

No, no, he’s gone.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish’d from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on ’t.

**ALONSO.**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIAN.**

You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd between loathness and obedience at Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,

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

**ALONSO.**

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

**GONZALO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

Very well.

**ANTONIO.**

And most chirurgeonly.

**GONZALO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

Foul weather?

**ANTONIO.**

Very foul.

**GONZALO.**

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

**ANTONIO.**

He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Or docks, or mallows.

**GONZALO.**

And were the King on't, what would I do?

**SEBASTIAN.**

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

**GONZALO.**

I' th' 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,—

**SEBASTIAN.**

Yet he would be King on't.

**ANTONIO.**

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

**GONZALO.**

All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

No marrying 'mong his subjects?

**ANTONIO.**

None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

**GONZALO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

Save his Majesty!

**ANTONIO.**

Long live Gonzalo!

**GONZALO.**

And,—do you mark me, sir?

**ALONSO.**

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

**GONZALO.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

'Twas you we laughed at.

**GONZALO.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

What a blow was there given!

**SEBASTIAN.**

An it had not fallen flat-long.

**GONZALO.**

You are gentlemen of brave mettle. You would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing. Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

**GONZALO.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

Go sleep, and hear us.

*[_All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio._]*

**ALONSO.**

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin’d to do so.

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

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

**ALONSO.**

Thank you. Wondrous heavy!

*[_Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel._]*

**SEBASTIAN.**

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

**ANTONIO.**

It is the quality o’ th’ climate.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Why Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos’d to sleep.

**ANTONIO.**

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. Th’ occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

**SEBASTIAN.**

What, art thou waking?

**ANTONIO.**

Do you not hear me speak?

**SEBASTIAN.**

I do; and surely It is a sleepy language, and thou speak’st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

**ANTONIO.**

Noble Sebastian, Thou let’st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink’st Whiles thou art waking.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Thou dost snore distinctly: There’s meaning in thy snores.

**ANTONIO.**

I am more serious than my custom; you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do Trebles thee o’er.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Well, I am standing water.

**ANTONIO.**

I'll teach you how to flow.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Do so: to ebb, Hereditary sloth instructs me.

**ANTONIO.**

O, If you but knew how you the purpose cherish Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed,

Most often, do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth.

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

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.

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

O, out of that "no hope" What great hope have you! No hope that way is Another way so high a hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me That Ferdinand is drown'd?

**SEBASTIAN.**

He's gone.

**ANTONIO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

Claribel.

**ANTONIO.**

She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples Can have no note, unless the sun were post— The Man i' th' Moon's too slow—till newborn chins

Be rough and razorable; she that from whom We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again, And by that destiny, to perform an act Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come

In yours and my discharge.

**SEBASTIAN.**

What stuff is this! How say you? 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space.

**ANTONIO.**

A space whose ev'ry cubit Seems to cry out "How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death

That now hath seiz'd 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?

**SEBASTIAN.**

Methinks I do.

**ANTONIO.**

And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?

**SEBASTIAN.**

I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero.

**ANTONIO.**

True. And look how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before; my brother's servants Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

**SEBASTIAN.**

But, for your conscience.

**ANTONIO.**

Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they

And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon, If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus, To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk. They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

And I the King shall love thee.

**ANTONIO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

O, but one word.

*[_They converse apart._]*

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

**ARIEL.**

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

*[_Sings in Gonzalo's ear._]*

_While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd conspiracy His time doth take. If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware. Awake! awake!_

**ANTONIO.**

Then let us both be sudden.

**GONZALO.**

Now, good angels Preserve the King!

*[_They wake._]*

**ALONSO.**

Why, how now! Ho, awake! Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

**GONZALO.**

What's the matter?

**SEBASTIAN.**

Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

**ALONSO.**

I heard nothing.

**ANTONIO.**

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

**ALONSO.**

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

**GONZALO.**

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

**ALONSO.**

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

**GONZALO.**

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

**ALONSO.**

Lead away.

*[_Exit with the others._]*

**ARIEL.**

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

*[_Exit._]*

## SCENE II. Another part of the island.

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

**CALIBAN.**

All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me,

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me, And after bite me; then like hedgehogs which Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues Do hiss me into madness. 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.

**TRINCULO.**

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide

my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and

had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd 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 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.

**STEPHANO.**

_I shall no more to sea, to sea, Here shall I die ashore—_ This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort.

*[_Drinks._]*

_The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I, The gunner, and his mate, Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang, Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!" She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch, Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang._ This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

*[_Drinks._]*

**CALIBAN.**

Do not torment me: O!

**STEPHANO.**

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

again, while Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

**CALIBAN.**

The spirit torments me: O!

**STEPHANO.**

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

emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

He’s in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that

soundly.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Come on your ways. Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. [_gives Caliban a drink_] You cannot tell who’s your friend: open your chaps again.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

Stephano!

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I’ll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo’s legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam’st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

**TRINCULO.**

I took him to be kill’d with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown’d, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drown’d. 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 scap’d!

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

How didst thou scape? How cam’st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam’st hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o’erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Here. Swear then how thou escapedst.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

O Stephano, hast any more of this?

**STEPHANO.**

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?

**CALIBAN.**

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

**STEPHANO.**

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the Man in the Moon, when time was.

**CALIBAN.**

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

**STEPHANO.**

Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

**TRINCULO.**

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him? A very weak monster. The Man i' the Moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

**CALIBAN.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Come on, then; down, and swear.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Come, kiss.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

Thou wondrous man.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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?

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

[_Sings drunkenly._] _Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!_

**TRINCULO.**

A howling monster, a drunken monster.

**CALIBAN.**

_No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing At requiring, Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Cacaliban, Has a new master—Get a new man._ Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day, freedom!

**STEPHANO.**

O brave monster! lead the way.

*[_Exeunt._]*

# ACT III

## SCENE I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.

**FERDINAND.**

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 compos'd of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, Most busy, least when I do it. Enter Miranda and Prospero behind.

**MIRANDA.**

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.

**FERDINAND.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.

**FERDINAND.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside._] Poor worm! thou art infected. This visitation shows it.

**MIRANDA.**

You look wearily.

**FERDINAND.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

Admir'd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil: but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

**MIRANDA.**

I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skilless of; but, by my modesty, The jewel in my dower, I would not wish Any companion in the world but you;

Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.

**FERDINAND.**

I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a King; I would not so!—and would no more endure This wooden slavery than to suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak: The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it; and for your sake

Am I this patient log-man.

**MIRANDA.**

Do you love me?

**FERDINAND.**

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true; if hollowly, invert What best is boded me to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world, Do love, prize, honour you.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

Wherefore weep you?

**MIRANDA.**

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer What I desire to give; and much less take What I shall die to want. But this is trifling; And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning! And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I am your wife if you will marry me; If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.

**FERDINAND.**

My mistress, dearest; And I thus humble ever.

**MIRANDA.**

My husband, then?

**FERDINAND.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

A thousand thousand!

*[_Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally._]*

**PROSPERO.**

So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book; For yet, ere supper time, must I perform

Much business appertaining.

*[_Exit._]*

## SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a bottle, Stephano and Trinculo.

**STEPHANO.**

Tell not me:—when the butt is out we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

**TRINCULO.**

Servant-monster! The folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

My man-monster hath 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.

**TRINCULO.**

Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

**STEPHANO.**

We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

"Lord" quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

**STEPHANO.**

Marry. will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. Enter Ariel, invisible.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Thou liest.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

Why, I said nothing.

**STEPHANO.**

Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

**CALIBAN.**

I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will, Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st; But this thing dare not,—

**STEPHANO.**

That's most certain.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Thou liest. Thou canst not.

**CALIBAN.**

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Didst thou not say he lied?

**ARIEL.**

Thou liest.

**STEPHANO.**

Do I so? Take thou that.

*[_Strikes Trinculo._]*

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

Ha, ha, ha!

**STEPHANO.**

Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee stand further off.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

**CALIBAN.**

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, Having first seiz'd 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; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax

As great'st does least.

**STEPHANO.**

Is it so brave a lass?

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

Excellent.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Ay, on mine honour.

**ARIEL.**

This will I tell my master.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

*[_Sings._]*

_Flout 'em and cout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em: Thought is free._

**CALIBAN.**

That’s not the tune.

*[_Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe._]*

**STEPHANO.**

What is this same?

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

O, forgive me my sins!

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

Art thou afeard?

**STEPHANO.**

No, monster, not I.

**CALIBAN.**

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,

That, if I then had wak’d 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 wak’d,

I cried to dream again.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

When Prospero is destroyed.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

Lead, monster: we’ll follow. I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

**TRINCULO.**

I’ll follow, Stephano.

*[_Exeunt._]*

## SCENE III. Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

**GONZALO.**

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.

**ALONSO.**

Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach’d with weariness To th’ dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown’d Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

**ANTONIO.**

[_Aside to Sebastian._] I am right glad that he’s so out of hope. Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolv’d to effect.

**SEBASTIAN.**

[_Aside to Antonio._] The next advantage Will we take throughly.

**ANTONIO.**

[_Aside to Sebastian._] Let it be tonight; For, now they are oppress’d with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

**SEBASTIAN.**

[_Aside to Antonio._] I say, tonight: no more. Solemn and strange music: and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King &c., to eat, they depart.

**ALONSO.**

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

**GONZALO.**

Marvellous sweet music!

**ALONSO.**

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

I’ll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I’ll be sworn ’tis true: travellers ne’er did lie, Though fools at home condemn them.

**GONZALO.**

If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should say, I saw such islanders,— For, certes, these are people of the island,—

Who, though, they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any.

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside._] Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils.

**ALONSO.**

I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing— Although they want the use of tongue—a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside._] Praise in departing.

**FRANCISCO.**

They vanish'd strangely.

**SEBASTIAN.**

No matter, since They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.— Will't please you taste of what is here?

**ALONSO.**

Not I.

**GONZALO.**

Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers Dewlapp'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.

**ALONSO.**

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

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a Harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

**ARIEL.**

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves.

*[_Seeing Alonso, Sebastian &c., 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 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; Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me Ling'ring perdition,—worse than any death Can be at once,—shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow, And a clear life ensuing. [_He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again,

and dance, with mocks and mows, and carry out the table._]

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside._] 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 lov'd darling.

*[_Exit above._]*

**GONZALO.**

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

**ALONSO.**

O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it; The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass. Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded, And with him there lie mudded.

*[_Exit._]*

**SEBASTIAN.**

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

**ANTONIO.**

I'll be thy second.

*[_Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio._]*

**GONZALO.**

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt, Like poison given to work a great time after, Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy May now provoke them to.

**ADRIAN.**

Follow, I pray you.

*[_Exeunt._]*

# ACT IV

## SCENE I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda.

**PROSPERO.**

If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amends: for I Have given you here a third of mine own life, Or that for which I live; who once again

I tender to 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.

**FERDINAND.**

I do believe it Against an oracle.

**PROSPERO.**

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition Worthily purchas’d, 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-ey’d disdain, and discord shall bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed, As Hymen’s lamps shall light you.

**FERDINAND.**

As I hope For quiet days, fair issue, and long life, With such love as ’tis now, the murkiest den, The most opportune place, the strong’st suggestion

Our worser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into lust, to take away The edge of that day’s celebration, When I shall think, or Phoebus’ steeds are founder’d,

Or Night kept chain’d below.

**PROSPERO.**

Fairly spoke: Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own. What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel! Enter Ariel.

**ARIEL.**

What would my potent master? here I am.

**PROSPERO.**

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, O’er whom I give thee power, here to this place.

Incite them to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

**ARIEL.**

Presently?

**PROSPERO.**

Ay, with a twink.

**ARIEL.**

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?

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Well, I conceive.

*[_Exit._]*

**PROSPERO.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

*[_Soft music._]*

A Masque. Enter Iris.

**IRIS.**

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

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrims, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves, Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard; And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air: the Queen o' th' sky, Whose wat'ry 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.

**CERES.**

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 unshrubb'd down, 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.

**CERES.**

Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have forsworn.

**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, Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, And be a boy right out.

**CERES.**

Highest queen of State, Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait. Enter Juno.

**JUNO.**

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

*[_They sing._]*

**JUNO.**

_Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you._

**CERES.**

_Earth’s increase, foison plenty, Barns and garners never empty; Vines with clust’ring bunches growing; Plants with goodly burden bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun you; Ceres’ blessing so is on you._

**FERDINAND.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

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._]*

**PROSPERO.**

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 sedg’d 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. Enter certain Nymphs. You sun-burn’d 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.

**PROSPERO.**

[_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!

**FERDINAND.**

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

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

You do look, my son, in a mov’d 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 pleas’d, retire into my cell

And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, To still my beating mind. FERDINAND, MIRANDA. We wish your peace.

*[_Exeunt._]*

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Spirit, We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

**ARIEL.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

**ARIEL.**

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking; So full of valour that they smote the air 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, Advanc'd 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' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

I go, I go.

*[_Exit._]*

**PROSPERO.**

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as with age his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring. Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo all wet.

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

Thou wert but a lost monster.

**CALIBAN.**

Good my lord, give me thy 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.

**TRINCULO.**

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

Prithee, my King, be quiet. Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' th' cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

**CALIBAN.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

Thy Grace shall have it.

**CALIBAN.**

The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let't alone, And do the murder first. If he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**STEPHANO.**

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

**TRINCULO.**

And this.

**STEPHANO.**

Ay, and this. A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

**PROSPERO.**

Hey, Mountain, hey!

**ARIEL.**

Silver! there it goes, Silver!

**PROSPERO.**

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.

**ARIEL.**

Hark, they roar.

**PROSPERO.**

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

Follow, and do me service.

*[_Exeunt._]*

# ACT V

## SCENE I. Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

**PROSPERO.**

Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time Goes upright with his carriage. How’s the day?

**ARIEL.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**ARIEL.**

Confin'd together In the same fashion as you gave in charge, Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, In the line grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The King, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him 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.

**PROSPERO.**

Dost thou think so, spirit?

**ARIEL.**

Mine would, sir, were I human.

**PROSPERO.**

And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply

Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick, Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel. My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

**ARIEL.**

I'll fetch them, sir.

*[_Exit._]*

**PROSPERO.**

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves; And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent art. But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd

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: after him, 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.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, Mine eyes, e'en 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 shores

That now lie 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.

*[_Exit Ariel._]*

I will discase me, and myself present As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit; Thou shalt ere long be free. Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero.

ARIEL _Where the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily. Merrily, merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough._

**PROSPERO.**

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

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain Being awake, enforce them to this place, And presently, I prithee.

**ARIEL.**

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

*[_Exit._]*

**GONZALO.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

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

**ALONSO.**

Whe'er thou be'st he or no, Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

Th’ affliction of my mind amends, with which, I fear, a madness held me: this must crave, An if this be at all, a most strange story. Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero Be living and be here?

**PROSPERO.**

First, noble friend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot Be measur’d or confin’d.

**GONZALO.**

Whether this be Or be not, I’ll not swear.

**PROSPERO.**

You do yet taste Some subtleties 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.

**SEBASTIAN.**

[_Aside._] The devil speaks in him.

**PROSPERO.**

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

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

**ALONSO.**

If thou beest Prospero, Give us particulars of thy preservation; How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since Were wrack’d upon this shore; where I have lost,—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!— My dear son Ferdinand.

**PROSPERO.**

I am woe for ’t, sir.

**ALONSO.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

I rather think You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace, For the like loss I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content.

**ALONSO.**

You the like loss!

**PROSPERO.**

As great to me, as late; and, supportable To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker Than you may call to comfort you, for I Have lost my daughter.

**ALONSO.**

A daughter? O heavens, that they were living both in Naples, The King and Queen there! That they were, I wish Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

**PROSPERO.**

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords At this encounter do so much admire That they devour their reason, and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words

Are natural breath; but, 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 wrack'd, was landed To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast nor

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir. This cell's my court: here have I few attendants, And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in. My dukedom since you have given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing; At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye As much as me my dukedom. Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

**MIRANDA.**

Sweet lord, you play me false.

**FERDINAND.**

No, my dearest love, I would not for the world.

**MIRANDA.**

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, And I would call it fair play.

**ALONSO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

A most high miracle!

**FERDINAND.**

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful. I have curs'd them without cause.

*[_Kneels to Alonso._]*

**ALONSO.**

Now all the blessings Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

**MIRANDA.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

'Tis new to thee.

**ALONSO.**

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

**FERDINAND.**

Sir, she is mortal; But by immortal Providence she's mine. I chose her when I could not ask my father For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, Of whom so often I have heard renown, But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life; and second father

This lady makes him to me.

**ALONSO.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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

**GONZALO.**

I have inly wept, Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods, And on this couple drop a blessed crown; For it is you that have chalk’d forth the way

Which brought us hither.

**ALONSO.**

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

**GONZALO.**

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis, And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,

When no man was his own.

**ALONSO.**

[_To Ferdinand and Miranda._] Give me your hands: Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy!

**GONZALO.**

Be it so. Amen! Re-enter Ariel with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following. O look, sir, look, sir! Here are 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?

**BOATSWAIN.**

The best news is that we have safely found Our King and company. The next, our ship,— Which but three glasses since, we gave out split, Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg’d as when

We first put out to sea.

**ARIEL.**

[_Aside to Prospero._] Sir, all this service Have I done since I went.

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside to Ariel._] My tricksy spirit!

**ALONSO.**

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

**BOATSWAIN.**

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

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak’d; straightway, at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Cap’ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

**ARIEL.**

[_Aside to Prospero._] Was’t well done?

**PROSPERO.**

[_Aside to Ariel._] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

**ALONSO.**

This is as strange a maze as e’er men trod; And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct of: some oracle Must rectify our knowledge.

**PROSPERO.**

Sir, my liege, Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business. At 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.

**STEPHANO.**

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!

**TRINCULO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed. How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them?

**ANTONIO.**

Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

**PROSPERO.**

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And deal in her command without her power. These three have robb’d me; and this demi-devil, For he’s a bastard one, had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you

Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

**CALIBAN.**

I shall be pinch’d to death.

**ALONSO.**

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

**SEBASTIAN.**

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

**ALONSO.**

And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded ’em? How cam’st thou in this pickle?

**TRINCULO.**

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

**SEBASTIAN.**

Why, how now, Stephano!

**STEPHANO.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

You'd be King o' the isle, sirrah?

**STEPHANO.**

I should have been a sore one, then.

**ALONSO.**

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

*[_Pointing to Caliban._]*

**PROSPERO.**

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

**CALIBAN.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

Go to; away!

**ALONSO.**

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

**SEBASTIAN.**

Or stole it, rather.

*[_Exeunt Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo._]*

**PROSPERO.**

Sir, I invite your Highness and your train To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away: the story of my life And the particular accidents gone by Since I came to this isle: and in the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

**ALONSO.**

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

**PROSPERO.**

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._]*

EPILOGUE

**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 confin’d by you,

Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got, And pardon’d the deceiver, dwell In this bare island by your spell,

But release me from my bands With the help of your good hands. Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair, Unless I be reliev’d 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.

*[_Exit._]*

# ISC REFERENCE-TO-CONTEXT (RTC) QUESTION BANK

### Board Examination Reference Questions & Verified Answers

**Extract (Act IV, Scene 1):**
*'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...*
*We are such stuff / As dreams are made on, and our little life / Is rounded with a sleep.'*

**Q: Contextualize Prospero's revels speech. What philosophical insight on human mortality and theatrical illusion does Shakespeare convey?**
**Model Answer:** Prospero delivers this speech upon abruptly terminating the wedding masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno, remembering Caliban's plot. The speech broadens from the insubstantiality of magical theatrical spectacles to the transience of all earthly civilizations and mortal life, reflecting Shakespeare's profound contemplation of mortality and the ephemerality of human existence.