

(7:30)

[The door opens onto a space indeterminately lit by the dreamlight before a storm; the audience allowed to enter.]

(approx. 7:40)

[ARIEL enters on some task and speaks to the audience.]

ARIEL: I lifted my wings at midnight.

Moonlit pines, empty paths,
broochlike lagoons dwindled below me.

O I was electric: my wingtips
winked like stars through the real stars.

Cold, brisk, tingling that journey,
voyage more than journey, the night
had waves, pressures I had to breast,
thrust aside, I had a figurehead or
perhaps I was a figurehead with
dolphins of the darkness as companions.

Only to have no shore, no landfall,
no runway, no eyrie, no goal and no fall!

[As ARIEL completes the task, CALIBAN, bent under a heavy bag, quietly weeping, enters another part of the space which he believes to be secret, private, and drops his burden. At a distance, ARIEL speaks to him as CALIBAN scans and searches about, unable to place the voice or even be sure that he hears it. Throughout the preshow, CALIBAN remains on the periphery, ignorant of events elsewhere in the space.]

Weep no more but pity me,
Fleet persistent shadow cast
By your lameness, caught at last,
Helplessly in love with you,
Elegance, art, fascination,
 Fascinated by
 Drab mortality;
Spare me a humiliation,
 To your faults be true:

I can sing as you reply—

CALIBAN: I—

ARIEL: Wish for nothing lest you mar
The perfection in these eyes
Whose entire devotion lies
At the mercy of your will;
Tempt not your sworn comrade,—only
 As I am can I
 Love you as you are—
For my company be lonely
 For my health be ill:
I will sing if you will cry—

CALIBAN: I—

And in her old bounds buried her despair,
 Hating and loving warmth alike: so He.

[ANTONIO enters the center of the space and stands staring at PROSPERO.]

ANTONIO: Your all is partial, Prospero;
 My will is all my own:
 Your need to love shall never know
 Me: I am I, Antonio,
 By choice myself alone.

(approx. 7:45)

CALIBAN: 'Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this isle,
 Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing,
 Made all we see, and us, in spite: How else?
 He could not, Himself, make a second self
 To be His mate; as well have made Himself:
 He would not make what He mislikes or slights,
 An eyesore to Him, or not worth His pains:
 But did, in envy, listlessness or sport,
 Make what Himself would fain, in a manner, be—
 Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,
 Worthy, and yet mere playthings all the while,
 Things He admires and mocks too,—that is it.

[CALIBAN removes what he needs from his bag.]

Look now, I melt a gourd-fruit into mash,
 Add honeycomb and pods, then drink up all,
 Quick, quick, till maggots scamper through my brain;

[CALIBAN laps up his concoction.]

Last, throw me on my back i' the seeded thyme,
 And wanton, wishing I were born a bird.
 Put case, unable to be what I wish,
 I yet could make a live bird out of clay:

[CALIBAN retrieves clay from his bag and begins molding it into a bird.]

Would not I take clay, pinch my Caliban
 Able to fly?—for, there, see, he hath wings,
 And great comb like the hoopoe's to admire,
 And there, a sting to do his foes offence,
 There, and I will that he begin to live,

[CALIBAN makes the claybird move.]

Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the horns
 Of grigs high up that make the merry din,
 Saucy through their veined wings, and mind me not.

[CALIBAN hurls his claybird across the space; then scurries to retrieve it.]

In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,
 And he lay stupid-like,

[CALIBAN rips off the claybird's leg.]

—why, I should laugh;

And if he, spying me, should fall to weep,

Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,
 Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,—
 Well, as the chance were, this might take or else
 Not take my fancy: I might hear his cry,
 And give the mankin three sound legs for one,
 Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg,
 And lessoned he was mine and merely clay.
 Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme,
 Drinking the mash, with brain become alive,
 Making and marring clay at will? So He.

[FERDINAND enters the center of the space and stands beside ANTONIO, staring at PROSPERO.]

FERDINAND: One bed is empty, Prospero,
 My person is my own;
 Hot Ferdinand will never know
 The flame with which Antonio
 Burns in the dark alone.

[FERDINAND sits in the front row.]

CALIBAN: 'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in Him,
 Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord.
 'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs
 That march now from the mountain to the sea;
 'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,
 Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
 'Say, the first straggler that boasts purple spots
 Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off;
 'Say, this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
 And two worms he whose nippers end in red;
 As it likes me each time, I do: so He.

[STEPHANO enters the center of the space and stands beside ANTONIO, staring at PROSPERO.]

STEPHANO: One glass is untouched, Prospero,
 My nature is my own;
 Inert Stephano does not know
 The feast at which Antonio
 Toasts one and one alone.

[STEPHANO sits in the front row and becomes FIRST MARINER.]

CALIBAN: Well then, 'supposeth He is good i' the main,
 Placable if His mind and ways were guessed,
 But rougher than His handiwork, be sure!
 Oh, He hath made things worthier than Himself,
 And envieth that, so helped, such things do more
 Than He who made them! What consoles but this?
 That they, unless through Him, do naught at all,
 And must submit: What other use in things?

[From his bag, CALIBAN removes a primitive recorder.]

Has peeled a wand and called it by a name;
 Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's robe
 The eyed skin of a supple oncelot;
 And hath an ounce sleeker than youngling mole,
 And saith she is Miranda and my wife:
 'Keeps for his Ariel a tall pouch-bill crane
 He bids go wade for fish and straight disgorge;
 Also a sea-beast, lumpish, which he snared,
 Blinded the eyes of, and brought somewhat tame,
 And split its toe-webs, and now pens the drudge
 In a hole o' the rock and calls him Caliban;
 A bitter heart that bides its time and bites.
 'Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,
 Taketh his mirth with make-believes: so He.

[ALONSO enters the center of the space and stands beside ANTONIO, staring at PROSPERO.]

ALONSO: One crown is lacking, Prospero,
 My empire is my own;
 Dying Alonso does not know
 The diadem Antonio
 Wears in his world alone.

[ALONSO sits in the front row.]

CALIBAN: His dam held that the Quiet made all things
 Which Setebos vexed only: 'holds not so.
 Who made them weak, meant weakness He might vex.
 Had He meant other, while His hand was in,
 Why not make horny eyes no thorn could prick,
 Or plate my scalp with bone against the snow,
 Or overscale my flesh 'neath joint and joint,
 Like an orc's armor? Ay,—so spoil His sport!
 He is the One now: only He doth all.

[FRANCISCO enters the center of the space and stands beside ANTONIO, staring at PROSPERO.]

FRANCISCO: One gaze points elsewhere, Prospero,
 My compass is my own;
 Nostalgic sailors do not know
 The waters where Antonio
 Sails on and on alone.

[FRANCISCO sits in the front row.]

CALIBAN: 'Saith He is terrible: watch His feats in proof!
 One hurricane will spoil six good months' hope.
 He hath a spite against me, that I know,
 Just as He favors Prosper, who knows why?
 So it is, all the same, as well I find.
 'Wove wattles half the winter, fenced them firm
 With stone and stake to stop she-tortoises

Crawling to lay their eggs here: well, one wave,
 Feeling the foot of Him upon its neck,
 Gaped as a snake does, lolled out its large tongue,
 And licked the whole labor flat; so much for spite.
 Please Him and hinder this?—What Prosper does?
 Aha, if He would tell me how! Not He!
 There is the sport: discover how or die!
 All need not die, for of the things o' the isle
 Some flee afar, some dive, some run up trees;
 Those at His mercy,—why, they please Him most
 When . . . when . . . well, never try the same way twice!
 Repeat what act has pleased, He may grow wroth.
 You must not know His ways, and play Him off,
 Sure of the issue. 'Doth the like himself:
 'Spareth a squirrel that it nothing fears
 But steals the nut from underneath my thumb,
 And when I threat, bites stoutly in defence:
 'Spareth an urchin that contrariwise,
 Curles up into a ball, pretending death
 For fright at my approach: the two ways please.
 That either creature counted on its life
 Tomorrow and the next day and all days to come,
 Saying, forsooth, in the inmost of its heart,
 "Because he did so yesterday with me,
 And otherwise with such another brute,
 So must he do henceforth and always."—Ay?
 Would teach the reasoning couple what "must" means!
 'Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord? So He.

(approx. 7:55)

[SEBASTIAN enters the center of the space and stands beside ANTONIO, staring at PROSPERO.]

SEBASTIAN: One face cries nothing, Prospero,
 My conscience is my own;
 Pallid Sebastian does not know
 The dream in which Antonio
 Fights the white bull alone.

[SEBASTIAN sits in the front row.]

CALIBAN: 'Conceiveth all things will continue thus,
 And we shall have to live in fear of Him
 So long as He lives, keeps His strength: no change,
 If He have done His best, make no new world
 To please Him more, so leave off watching this,—
 If He surprise not even the Quiet's self
 Some strange day,—or, suppose, grow into it
 As grubs grow butterflies: else, here are we,
 And there is He, and nowhere help at all.

[TRINCULO enters the center of the space and stands beside ANTONIO, staring at PROSPERO.]

TRINCULO: One note is jarring, Prospero,
 My humor is my own;
 Tense Trinculo will never know
 The paradox Antonio
 Laughs at, in woods, alone.

[TRINCULO sits in the front row and becomes SECOND MARINER.]

CALIBAN: 'Believeth with the life, the pain shall stop.
 His dam held different, that after death
 He both plagued enemies and feasted friends:
 Idly! He doth His worst in this our life,
 Giving just respite lest we die through pain,
 Saving last pain for the worst,—with which, an end.
 Meanwhile, the best way to escape His ire
 Is, not to seem too happy. 'Sees, himself,
 Yonder two flies, with purple films and pink,
 Bask on the pompion-bell above: kills both.
 'Sees two black painful beetles roll their ball
 On head and tail as if to save their lives:
 Moves them the stick away they strive to clear.

[MIRANDA takes a step out of the cell, staring at PROSPERO.]

MIRANDA: One link is missing, Prospero,
 My magic is my own;
 Happy Miranda does not know
 The figure that Antonio
 The only one, Creation's O
 Dances for Death alone.

[ANTONIO sits in the front row. MIRANDA remains in the mouth of the cell, watching the gathering storm.]

CALIBAN: Even so, 'would have Him misconceive, suppose
 This Caliban strives hard and ails no less,
 And always, above all else, envies Him;
 Wherefore he mainly dances on dark nights,
 Moans in the sun, gets under holes to laugh,
 And never speaks his mind save housed as now:
 Outside, 'groans, curses. If He caught me here,
 O'erheard this speech, and asked "What chucklest at?"
 'Would, to appease Him, cut a finger off,
 Or of my three kid yearlings burn the best,
 Or let the toothsome apples rot on tree,
 Or push my tame beast for the orc to taste:
 While myself lit a fire, and made a song
 And sung it, "What I hate, be consecrate
 To celebrate Thee and Thy state, no mate
 For Thee; what see for envy in poor me?"

Hoping the while, since evils sometimes mend,
 Warts rub away and sores are cured with slime,
 That some strange day, will either the Quiet catch
 And conquer Setebos, or likelier He
 Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die.

(approx. 8:00)

[Lights to darkness. ARIEL enters and begins swiftly turning on, one by one, the bank of electric fans surrounding the audience and the space till winds blow willy-nilly everywhere.]

What, what? A curtain o'er the world at once!
 Crickets stop hissing; not a bird—or, yes,
 There scuds His raven that has told Him all!
 It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha! The wind
 Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the move,

[Lightning!]

And fast invading fires begin! White blaze—
 A tree's head snaps—

[Long roll of thunder!]

and there, there, there, there, there,

His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at Him!
 Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!

[Lightning and thunder! CALIBAN falls flat, cowering.]

'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,
 Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month
 One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape!

[CALIBAN springs up and exits, running. Lightning and thunder still. Subtly, PROSPERO's spell has become English, lifting into the following invocation to ARIEL, who stands now in PROSPERO's embrace.]

PROSPERO: Sing, Ariel, sing,
 Sweetly, dangerously
 Out of the sour
 And shiftless water,
 Lucidly out
 Of the dozing tree,
 Entrancing, rebuking
 The raging heart
 With a smoother song
 Than this rough world,
 Unfeeling god.

O brilliantly, lightly,
 Of separation,
 Of bodies and death,
 Unanxious one, sing
 To man, meaning me,
 As now, meaning always,

In love or out,
Whatever that mean,
Trembling he takes
The silent passage
Into discomfort.

ACT 1

Scene 1. [*On a ship at sea.*]

[*ARIEL, within PROSPERO's embrace, flashes a strange bright light (Saint Elmo's Fire) about the space—onto players, audience, ropes, sails, whatever. Lightning and thunder throughout! Stand from the audience FRANCISCO, FIRST MARINER and SECOND MARINER tending to ropes and sails with the aid of the audience as ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO stand up confused and frightened, crashing into one another, leaning on audience members, tangling into ropes and sails.*]
 FRANCISCO: Bestir, bestir! Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Fall to't yarely, men, or we run ourselves aground.

FRANCISCO: Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.	ALONSO: Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
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FRANCISCO: I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO: Where is the master, bos'n?

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

GONZALO: Nay, good, be patient.

FRANCISCO: 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.

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

FRANCISCO: Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course.	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.
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[*The ship rolls and ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO and FERDINAND cry in terror.*]

FRANCISCO: A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

[*ALONSO and FERDINAND fall to pray.*]

FRANCISCO: 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!

FRANCISCO: Work you, then.

<p>FRANCISCO: Lay her ahoid, ahoid! Set her two courses! Off to sea again! Lay her off!</p> <p>What, must our mouths be cold?</p> <p>GONZALO: The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.</p> <p>SEBASTIAN: I am out of patience.</p>	<p>ANTONIO: Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.</p> <p>We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.</p>	<p>PROSPERO: Go, Ariel, silence the tempest and throw the dazed ones on the beach. I need them living so I can kill them</p> <p>MIRANDA (<i>alone</i>): For me—Father—</p>
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MIRANDA: —Why—

[A terrific crash and the ship rolls. ARIEL's light goes out as ARIEL leaves PROSPERO's embrace.]

<p>FERDINAND: Mercy on us! Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!</p>	<p>ALONSO: Farewell, brother!</p>	<p>FRANCISCO: Farewell, my wife and children!</p>	<p>FIRST MARINER: All lost! All lost! We split, we split!</p>	<p>SECOND MARINER: To prayers, to prayers! We split, we split, we split!</p>
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[All aboard are blown screaming to far corners of the space, behind the audience, where they fall unconscious: first, FERDINAND one way; then FRANCISCO, ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO another; last the FIRST MARINER a third way as the SECOND MARINER flies another.]

Scene 2. *[The island. In front of Prospero's cell.]*

[ARIEL proceeds to silence the winds as MIRANDA rushes toward PROSPERO, who swiftly shuts the book.]

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 sufferéd
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel
Dashed all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

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

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

MIRANDA: More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO: 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So.
[MIRANDA assists PROSPERO remove and lay down his robe.]
Lie there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

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

- 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 changed 'em,
 Or else new formed 'em—having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not?
- MIRANDA: O good sir, I do.
- PROSPERO: I pray thee, mark me.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind—
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded—
 Not only with what my revenue yielded
 But what my power might else exact, like one
 Who having into truth—by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution
 And executing th' outward face of royalty
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear?
- MIRANDA: Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
- PROSPERO: To have no screen between this part he played
 And him he played it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me (poor man) my library
 Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan!),
 To most ignoble stooping.
- MIRANDA: O the heavens!
- PROSPERO: Mark his condition, and th' 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 honors, 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's; 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 colors fairer, painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
 A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
 To cry to th' sea that roared to us; to sigh
 To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA: Alack! what trouble
 Was I then to you!

PROSPERO: O a cherubin
 Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA: How came we ashore?

PROSPERO: By Providence divine.
 Some food we had and some fresh water, that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA: Would I might
 But ever see that man!

PROSPERO: Now I arise.
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 Than other princess' 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 inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
 And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.
[MIRANDA sleeps.]
 Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
 Approach, my Ariel! Come!
[ARIEL comes forward into PROSPERO's embrace.]

ARIEL: All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curled clouds. To thy strong bidding task
 Ariel and all his quality.

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

ARIEL: To every article.
 I boarded the King's ship. Now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards, and boresprit would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
 O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
 Of 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 played
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
 Then all afire with me. The King's son Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
 Was the first man that 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 perished.
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before; and as thou bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
 The king's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO: Of the King's ship
 The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
 And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARIEL: Safely in harbor
 Is the King's ship; in the deep nook where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vexed Bermoothes; there she's hid;
 The mariners all under hatches stowed,
 Who, with a charm joined to their suff'ring labor,
 I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote
 Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wracked,
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO: Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL: Past the mid season.

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

ARIEL: Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO: How now! Moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL: My liberty.

PROSPERO: Before the time be out? No more!

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

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

ARIEL: No.

PROSPERO: Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL: I do not, sir.

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

ARIEL: No, sir.

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

ARIEL: Sir, in Argier.

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

ARIEL: Ay, sir.

PROSPERO: This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers,
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died,
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as millwheels strike. Then was this island
 (Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp, hagborn) not honored 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 damned, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL: I thank thee, master.

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

ARIEL: Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my 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: Be subject to no sight but thine and mine,
 Invisible to every eyeball else.

[ARIEL sits in the audience.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well.
 Awake!

MIRANDA: The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

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

MIRANDA: 'Tis a villain, sir,

One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
 Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock, who hadst
 Deserved more than a prison.

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

PROSPERO: Hagseed, 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.
[CALIBAN exits as ARIEL sings from the audience and the actors portraying ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO and FRANCISCO, in the guise of spirits, accompany from where they lie prone. As the song begins, FERDINAND stands and searches the space for the source, ARIEL moving amongst the audience all the while.]

ARIEL (*sings*): Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands.
 Curtsied when you have and kissed
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!

SPIRITS (*sing dispersedly*): Bow, wow!

ARIEL: The watch dogs bark.

SPIRITS (*sing dispersedly*): Bow, wow!

ARIEL: Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer
 Cry

ARIEL: cock-a-diddle dow.	SPIRITS: cock-a-diddle dow.
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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 followed it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone.

FERDINAND: Yes, faith, and all his lords.

PROSPERO: Thou dost 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, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow!

FERDINAND: No.

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more pow'r.

[*FERDINAND draws his sword, but PROSPERO's magic subdues him.*]

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.

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[*to FERDINAND*]: Come. [*to MIRANDA*] Speak not for him.
[*PROSPERO and MIRANDA exit and the magic draws FERDINAND after them.*]

ACT 2

Scene 1. *[Another part of the island.]*

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, and FRANCISCO awake and stand.]

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 *[aside to Antonio]*: He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]*: The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]*: Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by
 it will strike.

GONZALO: Sir,

GONZALO: When every	SEBASTIAN <i>[aside to Antonio]</i> : One. Tell.
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GONZALO: grief is entertained, that's offered
 Comes to the entertainer—

SEBASTIAN: A dollar.

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

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

GONZALO: 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 *[aside to Sebastian]*: Which, of he or the bosun, for a good wager, first
 begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]*: The old cock.

ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]*: The cock'rel.

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]*: Done! The wager?

ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]*: A laughter.

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]*: A match!

FRANCISCO: Though this island seem to be desert,	ANTONIO: Ha, ha, ha! SEBASTIAN <i>[aside to Antonio]</i> : So, you're paid.
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FRANCISCO: uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

SEBASTIAN *[aside to Antonio]*: Yet—

FRANCISCO: Yet

FRANCISCO: it must needs be of	ANTONIO <i>[aside to Sebastian]</i> : He could not miss it.
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FRANCISCO: subtle, tender, and delicate temperance. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN [*aside to Antonio*]: As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*]: Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO: Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*]: True; save means to live.

GONZALO: How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*]: He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN [*aside to Antonio*]: No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

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

GONZALO: That our garments, being, as they were,	SEBASTIAN [<i>aside to Antonio</i>]: As many vouched rarities are.
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GONZALO: drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

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	ANTONIO [<i>aside to Sebastian</i>]: If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies? SEBASTIAN [<i>aside to Antonio</i>]: Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
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GONZALO: daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

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

GONZALO: Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen. [*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.

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

GONZALO: When I wore it at your	ANTONIO [<i>aside to Sebastian</i>]: That sort was well fished for.
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GONZALO: 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 swol'n that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

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 banished from your eye
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO: Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN: You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself
 Weighed, between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,
 I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have
 Moe 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.

GONZALO [*to Alonso*]: 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,
 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 [*aside to Antonio*]: Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*]: 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 [*aside to Antonio*]: No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*]: 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!

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.

[Still seated, ARIEL begins to play or sing solemn music.]

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 inclined to do so.

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

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

ALONSO: Thank you. Wondrous heavy!

[ALONSO sleeps. ARIEL stops the music.]

SEBASTIAN: What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO: It is the quality o' th' climate.

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

ANTONIO: Nor I: My spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent.
They dropped as by a thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian—O what might?—No more!
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and

- Who's the next heir of Naples?
- SEBASTIAN: Claribel.
- ANTONIO: She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
 Can have no note—unless the sun were post;
 The man i' th' moon's too slow—till newborn chins
 Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
 We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,
 And, by that destiny, to perform an act
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
 In yours and my discharge.
- SEBASTIAN: What stuff is this? How say you?
 'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
 So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
 There is some space.
- ANTONIO: A space whose 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 seized them, why, they were no worse
 Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
 As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
 As amply and unnecessarily
 As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
 A chough of as deep chat. O that you bore
 The mind that I do! What a sleep were this
 For your advancement! Do you understand me?
- 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.

SEBASTIAN: Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke

[ARIEL, still seated, leans over to sing in GONZALO's ear.]

<p>SEBASTIAN: Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest, And I the King shall love thee.</p> <p>ANTONIO: Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.</p>	<p>ARIEL (<i>sings</i>): While you here do snoring lie, Open-eyed conspiracy His time doth take. If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber and beware. Awake, awake!</p>
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[GONZALO wakes.]

GONZALO: Now good angels
 Preserve the King!

[GONZALO shakes ALONSO awake.]

ALONSO: Why, how now? Ho, awake!

[FRANCISCO awakes.]

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 shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,
 I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
 Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.
[ALONSO, GONZALO and FRANCISCO draw.]

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.

[SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, ALONSO, GONZALO and FRANCISCO exit.]

Scene 2. *[Another part of the island.]*

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

CALIBAN: All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
 By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
 For every trifle are they set upon me;
 Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
 And after bite me; then like hedgehogs which
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my footfall; 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.

[CALIBAN falls flat on his face.]

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 fishlike smell. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! And his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer. This is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by thunderbolt.

[A noise of thunder heard.]

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

[TRINCULO creeps underneath CALIBAN's garment as STEPHANO enters, a wooden bottle in his hand.]

STEPHANO (*singing*): I shall no more to sea, to sea;
 Here shall I die a-shore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort.

[STEPHANO drinks.]

(*singing*) The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,
 Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
 But none of us cared for Kate.
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"
 She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

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

<i>[STEPHANO drinks.]</i>	CALIBAN: Do not torment me! O!
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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 scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

STEPHANO: For it hath been said, "As proper—"	CALIBAN: The spirit torments me. O!
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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

STEPHANO: that ever trod on neat's leather—	CALIBAN: Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.
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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.

[STEPHANO gives CALIBAN drink.]

STEPHANO: 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!

[STEPHANO gives CALIBAN drink.]

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.

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

STEPHANO: If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.

[STEPHANO draws TRINCULO out from under CALIBAN's garment.]

Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO: I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's

TRINCULO: gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!	CALIBAN (<i>aside</i>): These be fine things, and if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.
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[TRINCULO dances STEPHANO around as, unnoticed by either, CALIBAN kneels.]

STEPHANO: Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither.

STEPHANO: I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard—by this bottle	CALIBAN: I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.
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STEPHANO: which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore. Here! Swear then how thou escap'dst.

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

STEPHANO: Here, kiss the book.

[STEPHANO gives TRINCULO drink.]

STEPHANO: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO: O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO: The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by 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' th' 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>[STEPHANO gives CALIBAN the bottle.]</i>	TRINCULO (<i>aside</i>): By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him?
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STEPHANO: I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

<i>[CALIBAN drinks.]</i>	TRINCULO (<i>aside</i>): The Man i' th' Moon? A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!
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CALIBAN: I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO: Come on, then. Down and swear!

<i>[CALIBAN kneels.]</i>	TRINCULO (<i>aside</i>): I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.
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STEPHANO: Come, kiss.

<i>[CALIBAN kisses STEPHANO's foot.]</i>	TRINCULO (<i>aside</i>): I could find in my heart to beat him—
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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.

<i>[CALIBAN rises.]</i>	TRINCULO (<i>aside</i>): To make a wonder of a poor drunkard!
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CALIBAN: I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
 To clust'ring 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 (*singing drunkenly*): Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!
 No more dams I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
 'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
 Has a new master. Get a new man!

Freedom, high day! High day, freedom! Freedom, high day, freedom!

STEPHANO: O brave monster! Lead the way.

[Exeunt CALIBAN and STEPHANO. TRINCULO retrieves the INTERMISSION sign and places it on stage.]

TRINCULO (*muttered aside*): A howling monster. A drunken monster.
[TRINCULO exits.]

INTERMISSION

[ARIEL immediately brings the concessions table, laden with junk food, into the space, then exits. In the middle of the interval, ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO and FRANCISCO enter and seat themselves separately, along the outside of the audience.

Near the end of the interval, PROSPERO and ARIEL enter together, intimate and whispering, and seat themselves separately in the audience.]

ACT 3

Scene 1. [*Before PROSPERO's cell.*]

[Enter FERDINAND, manacled neck to foot, bearing so many logs at once he threatens to drop them. He stops when he sees the INTERMISSION sign, and tries to pick it up and set it on top of the firewood without setting the wood down. This fails and everything falls. Throughout this speech, he regathers the wood in his arms and finally sets the INTERMISSION sign on top.]

FERDINAND: There be some sports are painful, and their labor
 Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
 And makes my labors pleasures. O she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget;
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
 Most busiest when I do it.

[Enter MIRANDA.]

MIRANDA: Alas, now pray you,
 Work not so hard! I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
 Pray set it down and rest you. When this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself;
 He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND: 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 you look wearily.

FERDINAND: No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me

Scene 2. *[Another part of the island]*

[Enter CALIBAN, 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 drowned his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO: 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: Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN: How does thy honor? 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 pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

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

CALIBAN: As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath

Cheated me of the island.

[ARIEL, seated directly behind TRINCULO's position, leans into the action for a second.]

ARIEL (*imitating TRINCULO*): 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 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO: Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO: Mum then, and no more. *[to CALIBAN]* —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 may'st knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL (*imitating TRINCULO*): 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

STEPHANO: make a stockfish of thee.	TRINCULO: Why, what did I? I did nothing.
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TRINCULO: I'll go farther off.

[As TRINCULO retreats, ARIEL slips through the audience to a new seat behind him.]

STEPHANO: Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL [*imitating TRINCULO*]: Thou liest.

STEPHANO: Do I so? Take thou that.

[STEPHANO strikes TRINCULO.]

STEPHANO: 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!	<i>[CALIBAN laughs and laughs and laughs.]</i>
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STEPHANO: Now forward with your tale. *[to TRINCULO]* —Prithee stand further off.
[TRINCULO moves away.]

CALIBAN: Beat him enough. After a little time
 I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO *[to TRINCULO]* Stand farther.

[TRINCULO moves farther away.]

STEPHANO: *[to CALIBAN]* —Come, proceed.

CALIBAN: Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
 I th' afternoon to sleep. There thou may'st brain him,
 Having first seized his books, or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
 First to possess his books; for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command. They all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
 He has brave utensils (for so he calls them)
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider is
 The beauty of his daughter. He himself

Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
 But only Sycorax my dam and she;
 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 honor.

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

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

[Sings] Flout 'em and scout 'em
 And scout 'em and flout 'em!
 Thought is free.

CALIBAN: That's not the tune.

[ARIEL and SPIRITS ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR and FIVE sing a round from their
 seats.]

<p>ARIEL & SPIRITS (<i>singing</i>): Flout 'em and scout 'em And scout 'em and flout 'em! Thought is free. Flout 'em and scout 'em And scout 'em and flout 'em! Thought is free. etc. etc. etc.</p>	<p>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!</p>
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[ARIEL and SPIRITS ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR and FIVE *diminuendo*, or begin to
 hum instead of sing.]

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 waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,

I cried to dream again.

[Subtly, when attention is elsewhere, SPIRITS ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR and FIVE begin to slip from the space unseen, still singing/humming quietly.]

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

CALIBAN: When Prospero is destroyed.

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

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

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

TRINCULO: Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano.

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO exit.]

ACT 4

[Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

ANTONIO: I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not for one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN: The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO: Let it be tonight;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN: I say tonight. No more.

[Enter ALONSO and FRANCISCO, GONZALO lagging behind.]

GONZALO: By'r Lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forthrights and meanders. By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

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

[GONZALO discovers the concessions table, still laden with junk food.]

GONZALO: In Naples if I should report this now,
Would they believe me?

SEBASTIAN: 'Twere no matter, with
Such viands left behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO: I will feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to and do as we.

[FRANCISCO and GONZALO stand guard. After some initial difficulty and wonder regarding wrappers around candy, poptops on soda cans, etc., ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO feast. During the following speeches of ALONSO and ARIEL, ALONSO becomes increasingly grief-stricken, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO increasingly angry, all of the feasting turning less and less polite, more and more bestial, until none of the three use their hands at all but snarl up fruit and candy with lips and teeth alone.]

ALONSO: O monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.

You and your ways;

[ARIEL whistles the hounds come.]

whose wraths to guard you from,

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

[Exit ARIEL with the three hounds at heel as PROSPERO enters.]

PROSPERO: My charms work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up

In their distractions. They now are in my pow'r;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit—

I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates.

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

[Enter ARIEL to PROSPERO's embrace.]

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

PROSPERO: Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL: I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valor 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 unbacked colts they pricked their ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears,

That calf-like they my lowing followed through

Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

Which ent' red 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.

[PROSPERO kisses ARIEL.]

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.

[ARIEL exits.]

PROSPERO: A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!

And as with age his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Even to roaring.

[Enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel.]

Come, hang them on this line.

[ARIEL obeys and PROSPERO and ARIEL exit as CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter, all wet.]

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

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

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

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

TRINCULO: Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN: Good my lord, give me thy favor still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak softly.
All's hushed as midnight yet.

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

STEPHANO: There is not only disgrace and 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 labor.

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 footlicker.

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.

STEPHANO: Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin?

[STEPHANO takes down a 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, and'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 turned to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO: Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hog's head of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO: And this.

STEPHANO: Ay, and this.

[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO, still in the form of hounds, snarling and menacing, slowly advancing as PROSPERO and ARIEL enter.]

PROSPERO: Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them Than pard, or cat o' mountain.	<i>[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO leap upon CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO, driving them to their exit screaming, their cries still heard offstage.]</i>
ARIEL: Hark, they roar.	

PROSPERO: Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou

Shalt have the air at

PROSPERO: freedom—.	ARIEL: Freedom.
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PROSPERO: For a little,

Serve me still.

[For the first time, ARIEL understands PROSPERO.]

ARIEL: 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 ARIEL as MIRANDA and FERDINAND surreptitiously enter at a remove; MIRANDA frees FERDINAND of his manacles as they whisper.]

FERDINAND: This is strange. Your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

MIRANDA: Never till this day

Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

[PROSPERO spies them and approaches.]

PROSPERO: You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,

As if you were dismayed; be cheerful, sir.

If I have too austere punished you,

Your compensation makes amends; for I

Now give to you a third of mine own life,

Or that for which I live; who for your life

I tender to thy hand.

[PROSPERO places MIRANDA's hand into FERDINAND's.]

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

FERDINAND: As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered,
 Or Night kept chained below.

PROSPERO: Fairly spoke.
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
[FERDINAND and MIRANDA sit.]
 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 ardor of my liver.

PROSPERO: Well.
(aside) What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!
*[ARIEL enters and conceals FERDINAND and MIRANDA, then begins to garb
 PROSPERO in magic robes.]*
 Now does my project gather to a head:
 My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
 Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

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

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

ARIEL: Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
 Just as you left them—all prisoners, sir,
 The King, his brother, and yours all three distracted.
 Him you termed, sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo,
 His tears run down his beard like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

PROSPERO: Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL: Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO: And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part. The rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL: I'll fetch them, sir.

[Exit ARIEL. As PROSPERO begins the following incantation, each spirit referenced chatters, whirrs, buzzes, groans, whistles or hisses offstage when it is referenced and continues doing so till by speech's end PROSPERO must speak above a great clamor of spirit sounds from all directions.]

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 mushrumps, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimmed
 The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure; and when I have required
 Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

[Silence sudden as a gasp; then a beat; then, offstage, ARIEL whistles thrice and in answer each miserable hound spirit barks or whines; then solemn music as ARIEL enters amongst the pack of them.]

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand.

[In ARIEL's embrace, PROSPERO scans the audience and spies GONZALO at the very back, asleep in his chair, on the shoulder of the audience member beside him, deep in a dream of grief.]

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.

[Very slowly, throughout the following speeches, the hounds not unpainfully regain their human forms, the transformation complete in the instant GONZALO awakens from his dream.]

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 pinched for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
 Expelled remorse and nature; whom, with Sebastian
 Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 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

[Enter ARIEL with the hat and rapier.]

PROSPERO:	free—.	ARIEL:	Free.
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[PROSPERO and ARIEL regard one another; suddenly ARIEL begins to sing, the emotion behind the song inscrutable.]

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

[ARIEL approaches PROSPERO and helps to remove his magic robes.]

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

PROSPERO:	freedom;	ARIEL:	Freedom.
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PROSPERO: so, so, so.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art!
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The boatswain, being awake,
Enforce him to this place and presently.

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

[ARIEL exits as GONZALO awakens from his dream.]

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

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

ALONSO: Whe'r 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
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

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

GONZALO: Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

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 cursed them without cause.

[FERDINAND 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 severed us
And brought us thus together?

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

ALONSO: I am hers.
But, 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 blessèd crown!
For it is you that have chalked 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!

[Enter FRANCISCO running, who stops at the sight of the others and looks behind him, confused: Was he being chased or did it just seem so? Where is he?]

O look, sir! look, sir! Here is more of us.
 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

FRANCISCO: The best news is that I have safely found
 My king and company; the next, our ship,
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
 Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
 We first put out to sea.

ALONSO: How came you hither?

FRANCISCO: If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. On a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, was I divided from him.

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

PROSPERO: Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
 (Which to you shall seem probable) of every
 These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful.
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

[Enter running CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO in their stolen apparel.]

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.

PROSPERO: This misshapen knave,
 His mother was a witch, and one so strong
 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
 And deal in her command without her power.
 These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN: I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO: Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

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: And Trinculo is reeling ripe.

PROSPERO [*to CALIBAN*]: Go, sirrah,
To my cell, your companions too. 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!

[Exit CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO into the cell.]

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-belovèd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*[As MIRANDA leads FERDINAND, ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO into the cell,
ALONSO lingers for a second.]*

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.

MIRANDA: Please you draw near.

*[Exit into the cell MIRANDA, FERDINAND, ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO;
meanwhile, ARIEL has appeared unnoticed in the space.]*

ARIEL: Sir, all this service have I done.

PROSPERO: Come hither,
My tricky spirit, my Ariel.

ARIEL: Was't well done?

PROSPERO: Bravely, my diligence.

[PROSPERO gives ARIEL a long last kiss.]

Thou shalt be

PROSPERO:	free—.	ARIEL: Free.
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[PROSPERO breaks the staff; then, surprised, confused, unsure, looks at the broken halves; then drops them. All power and certainty once PROSPERO's, through subtle change of body language alone, returns to ARIEL, who, exultant, dances. Now PROSPERO and ARIEL regard one another, neither servant, neither master. PROSPERO offers ARIEL his hand. But ARIEL throws open the outside door, looks once into the night and vanishes, and PROSPERO yanks back his hand as if burned.]

PROSPERO: Our revels now are ended. These our actors

Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. O I am vexed!
 Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint. Now 'tis true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands.
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,
 Which pierces so that it assaults
 Mercy itself and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardoned be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.

[Long silence. No change in lighting. PROSPERO stands there, helpless and alone, until somebody in the audience figures out it's time to clap.]