

William Shakespeare

The Tempest

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Alonso, King of Naples

Sebastian, his brother

Prospero, the right Duke of Milan

Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan

Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples

Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor

Lords:

Adrian

Francisco

Caliban, a savage and deformed slave

Trinculo, a jester

Stephano, a drunken butler

Master of a ship

Boatswain

Mariners

Miranda, daughter to Prospero

Ariel, an airy spirit

Spirits:

Iris

Ceres

Juno

Nymphs

Reapers

SCENE: A ship at sea; afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT I

SCENE I

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

Enter a Master and a Boatswain.

Master

Boatswain!

Boatswain

Here, master: what cheer?

Master

Good, speak to 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 the
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

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

Alonso

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

Boatswain

I pray now, keep below.

Antonio

Where is the master, boatswain?

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 hanged, our case is miserable.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatswain

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

A cry within.

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

Re-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!

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'm out of patience.

Antonio

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide- chapp'd rascal-would thou mightst 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 widest 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 with the king.

Sebastian

Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Gonzalo

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

Exeunt.

SCENE II

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.
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 the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

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

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 any thing 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 remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Miranda

But that I do not.

Prospero

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

Miranda

Sir, are not you my father?

Prospero

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

Miranda

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 heaved
thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

Miranda

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the 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 loved and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Miranda

Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed '
em,

Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. 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' the substitution
And executing the 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' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd- alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

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.
The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Miranda

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

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 colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Miranda

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Prospero

O, a cherubim

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 burthen groan'd; 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, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda

Would I might
But ever see that man!

Prospero

Now I arise:

Resumes his mantle

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Miranda

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

Prospero

Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps

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

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 flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

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 badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Prospero

Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the 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 stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

Prospero

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the 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 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 thee no mistakings,

served

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' the 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 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-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 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 freckled 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 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 howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Ariel

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

Prospero

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

Exit ARIEL.

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

Caliban

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest
first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me,
wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms