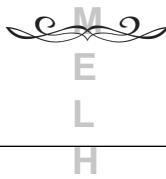


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# The Tempest



Shakespeare creates in *The Tempest* a world of the imagination, a place of conflict and ultimately of magical rejuvenation, like the forests of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It*. The journey to Shakespeare's island is to a realm of art where everything is controlled by the artist-figure. Yet the journey is no escape from reality, for the island shows people what they are, as well as what they ought to be. Even its location juxtaposes the "real" world with an idealized landscape: like Plato's New Atlantis or Thomas More's Utopia, Shakespeare's island is to be found both somewhere and nowhere. On the narrative level, it is located in the Mediterranean Sea. Yet there are overtones of the New World, the Western Hemisphere, where Thomas More had situated his island of Utopia. Ariel fetches dew at Prospero's command from the "Bermudas" (1.2.230). Caliban when prostrate reminds Trinculo of a "dead Indian" (2.2.33) who might be displayed before gullible crowds eager to see such a prodigious creature from across the seas, and Caliban's god, Setebos, was, according to Richard Eden's account of Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe (in *History of Travel*, 1577), worshiped by South American natives. An inspiration for Shakespeare's story (for which no direct literary source is known) may well have been various accounts of the shipwreck in the Bermudas in 1609 of the *Sea Venture*, which was carrying settlers to the new Virginian colony. Shakespeare borrowed details from Sylvester Jourdain's *A Discovery of the Bermudas, Otherwise Called the Isle of Devils*, published in 1610, and from William Strachey's *A True Reportory of the Wreck and Redemption . . . from the Islands of the Bermudas*, which Shakespeare must have seen in manuscript since it was not published until after his death. He wrote the play shortly after reading these works, for *The Tempest* was acted at court in 1611. He may also have known or heard of various accounts of Magellan's circumnavigation of the world in 1519–1522 (including Richard Eden's shortened English version, as part of his *History of Travel*,

of an Italian narrative by Antonio Pigafetta), Francis Fletcher's journal of Sir Francis Drake's circumnavigation in 1577–1580, Richard Rich's *News from Virginia* (1610), and still other potential sources of information. Shakespeare's fascination with the Western Hemisphere gave him, not the actual location of his story, which remains Mediterranean, but a state of mind associated with newness and the unfamiliar. From this strange and unknown place, we gain a radical perspective on the old world of European culture. Miranda sees on the island a "new world" in which humankind appears "brave" (5.1.185), and, although her wonder must be tempered by Prospero's rejoinder that "'Tis new to thee" (line 186) and by Aldous Huxley's still more ironic use of her phrase in the title of his satirical novel *Brave New World*, the island endures as a restorative vision. Even though we experience it fleetingly, as in a dream, this nonexistent realm assumes a permanence enjoyed by all great works of art.

Prospero rules autocratically as artist-king and patriarch over this imaginary world, conjuring up trials and visions to test people's intentions and awaken their consciences. To the island come an assortment of persons who, because they require varied ordeals, are separated by Prospero and Ariel into three groups: King Alonso and those accompanying him; Alonso's son, Ferdinand; and Stephano and Trinculo. Prospero's authority over them, though strong, has limits. As Duke of Milan, he was bookishly inattentive to political matters and thus vulnerable to the Machiavellian conniving of his younger brother, Antonio. Only in this world apart, the artist's world, do his powers derived from learning find their proper sphere. Because he cannot control the world beyond his isle, he must wait for "strange, bountiful Fortune, / Now my dear lady" (1.2.179–80) to bring his enemies near his shore. He eschews, moreover, the black arts of diabolism. His is a white magic, devoted ultimately to what he considers moral ends: rescuing Ariel from the spell of the witch Sycorax, curbing the appetite of Cal-

iban, spying on Antonio and Sebastian in the role of Conscience. He thus comes to see Fortune's gift of delivering his enemies into his hands as an opportunity for him to forgive and restore them, not be revenged.

Such an assumption of godlike power is close to arrogance, even blasphemy, for Prospero is no god. His chief power, learned from books and exercised through Ariel, is to control the elements so as to create illusion—of separation, of death, of the gods' blessing. Yet, since he is human, even this power is an immense burden and temptation. Prospero has much to learn, like those whom he controls. He must subdue his anger, his self-pity, his readiness to blame others, and his domineering over Miranda. He must overcome the vengeful impulse he experiences toward those who have wronged him, and he must conquer the longing many a father feels to hold on to his daughter when she is desired by another man. He struggles with these problems through his art, devising games and shows in which his angry self-pity and jealousy are transmuted into playacting scenes of divine warning and forgiveness toward his enemies and watchful parental austerity toward Miranda and Ferdinand. Prospero's responsibilities cause him to behave magisterially and to be resented by the spirits of the isle. His authority is problematic to us because he seems so patriarchal, colonialist, even sexist and racist in his arrogating to himself the right and responsibility to control others in the name of values they may not share. Ariel longs to be free of this authority. Perhaps our sympathy for Prospero is greatest when we perceive that he, too, with mixed feelings of genuine relief and melancholy, is ready to lay aside his demanding and self-important role as creative moral intelligence.

Alonso and his court party variously illustrate the unregenerate world left behind in Naples and Milan. We first see them on shipboard, panicky and desperate, their titles and finery mocked by roaring waves. Futile ambition seems destined for a watery demise. Yet death by water in this play is a transfiguration rather than an end, a mystical rebirth, as in the regenerative cycle of the seasons from winter to summer. Ariel suggests as much in his song about a drowned father: "Those are pearls that were his eyes. / Nothing of him that doth fade / But doth suffer a sea change / Into something rich and strange" (1.2.402–5). Still, this miracle is not apparent at first to those who are caught in the illusion of death. As in T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, which repeatedly alludes to *The Tempest*, self-blinded human beings fear a disaster that is ironically the prelude to reawakening.

The illusions created on the island serve to test these imperfect men and to make them reveal their true selves. Only Gonzalo, who long ago aided Prospero and Miranda when they were banished from Milan, responds affirmatively to illusion. In his eyes, their having been saved from drowning is a miracle: they breathe fresh air, the grass is green on the island, and their very garments

appear not to have been stained by the salt water. His ideal commonwealth (2.1.150–71), which Shakespeare drew in part from an essay by Montaigne, postulates a natural goodness in humanity and makes no allowance for the darker propensities of human behavior, but at least Gonzalo's cheerfulness is in refreshing contrast to the jaded sneers of some of his companions. Sebastian and Antonio react to the magic isle, as to Gonzalo's commonwealth, by cynically refusing to believe in miracles. They scoff at Gonzalo for insistently looking on the bright side; if he were to examine his supposedly unstained clothes more carefully, they jest, he would discover that his pockets are filled with mud. Confident that they are unobserved, they seize the opportunity afforded by Alonso's being asleep to plot a murder and political coup. This attempt is not only despicable but also madly ludicrous, for they are all shipwrecked and no longer have kingdoms over which to quarrel. Even more ironically, Sebastian and Antonio, despite their insolent belief in their self-sufficiency, are being observed. The villains must be taught that an unseen power keeps track of their misdeeds. However presumptuous Prospero may be to assume through Ariel's means the role of godlike observer, he does awaken conscience and prevent murder. The villains may revert to type when returned to their usual habitat, but even they are at least briefly moved to an awareness of the unseen (3.3.21–7). Alonso, more worthy than they, though burdened, too, with sin, responds to his situation with guilt and despair, for he assumes that his son Ferdinand's death is the just punishment of the gods for Alonso's part in the earlier overthrow of Prospero. Alonso must be led, by means of curative illusions, through the purgative experience of contrition to the reward he thinks impossible and undeserved: reunion with his lost son.

Alonso is thus, like Posthumus in *Cymbeline* or Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, a tragicomic figure—sinful, contrite, forgiven. Alonso's son Ferdinand must also undergo ordeals and visions devised by Prospero to test his worth, but more on the level of romantic comedy. Ferdinand is young, innocent, and hopeful, well matched to Miranda. From the start, Prospero obviously approves of his prospective son-in-law. Yet even Prospero, needing to prepare himself for a life in which Miranda will no longer be solely his, is not ready to lay aside at least the comic fiction of parental opposition. He invents difficulties, imposes tasks of logbearing (like those assigned Caliban), and issues stern warnings against premarital sex. In the comic mode, parents are expected to cross their children in matters of the heart. Prospero is so convincing in his role of overbearing parent, insisting on absolute unthinking obedience from his daughter, that we remain unsure whether he is truly like that or whether we are meant to sense in his performance a grappling with his own deepest feelings of possessiveness and autocratic authority,

tempered finally by his awareness of the arbitrariness of such a role and his readiness to let Miranda decide for herself. As a teacher of youth, moreover, Prospero is convinced by long experience that prizes too easily won are too lightly esteemed. Manifold are the temptations urging Ferdinand to surrender to the natural rhythms of the isle as Caliban would. In place of ceremonies conducted in civilized societies by the church, Prospero must create the illusion of ceremony by his art. The betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda accordingly unites the best of both worlds: the natural innocence of the island, which teaches them to avoid the corruptions of civilization at its worst, and the higher law of nature achieved through moral wisdom at its best. To this marriage, the goddesses Iris, Ceres, and Juno bring promises of bounteous harvest, "refreshing showers," celestial harmony, and a springtime brought back to the earth by Proserpina's return from Hades (4.1.76–117). In Ferdinand and Miranda, "nurture" is wedded to "nature." This bond unites spirit and flesh, legitimizing erotic pleasure by incorporating it within Prospero's vision of a cosmic moral order.

At the lowest level of this traditional cosmic and moral framework, in Prospero's view, are Stephano and Trinculo. Their comic scenes juxtapose them with Caliban, for he represents untutored Nature, whereas they represent the unnatural depths to which human beings brought up in civilized society can fall. In this they resemble Sebastian and Antonio, who have learned in supposedly civilized Italy arts of intrigue and political murder. The antics of Stephano and Trinculo burlesque the conduct of their presumed betters, thereby exposing to ridicule the self-deceptions of ambitious men. The clowns desire to exploit the natural wonders of the isle by taking Caliban back to civilization to be shown in carnivals or by plying him with strong drink and whetting his resentment against authority. These plottings are in vain, however, for, like Sebastian and Antonio, the clowns are being watched. The clowns teach Caliban to cry out for "freedom" (2.2.184), by which they mean license to do as one pleases, but are foiled by Ariel as comic nemesis. Because they are degenerate buffoons, Prospero as satirist devises for them an exposure that is appropriately humiliating and satirical.

In contrast with them, Caliban is in many ways a sympathetic character. His sensitivity to natural beauty, as in his descriptions of the "nimble marmoset" or the dreaming music he so often hears (2.2.168; 3.2.137–45), is entirely appropriate to this child of nature. He is, to be sure, the child of a witch and is called many harsh names by Miranda and Prospero, such as "Abhorred slave" and "a born devil, on whose nature / Nurture can never stick" (1.2.354; 4.1.188–9). Yet he protests with some justification that the island was his in the first place and that Prospero and Miranda are interlopers. His very existence calls radically into question the value of civilization, which has shown itself capable of limitless depravity. What profit has

Caliban derived from learning Prospero's language other than, as he puts it, to "know how to curse" (1.2.367)? With instinctive cunning, he senses that books are his chief enemy and plots to destroy them first in his attempt at rebellion. The unspoiled natural world does indeed offer civilization a unique perspective on itself. In this it resembles Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth, which, no matter how laughably implausible from the cynic's point of view, does at least question some assumptions—economic, political, and social—common in western societies.

Radical perspectives of this kind invite consideration of many unsettling questions about exploration, colonialist empire building, and sexual imperialism. The fleeting comparison of Caliban to an indigenous native (2.2.33), although ignored in stage productions of the play until the late nineteenth century, suggests a discourse on colonialism in *The Tempest* that anticipates to a remarkable degree a doleful history of exploitation, of providing rum and guns to the natives, and of taking away land through violent expropriation in the name of bringing civilization and God to the New World. Stephano and Trinculo, pouring wine down Caliban's throat and thus reducing him to a worshiping slave, show exploitation at its worst, but surely the play allows us to wonder also if Prospero's enslavement of Caliban, however high-minded in its claims of preventing disorder and rape, is not tainted by the same imperatives of possession and control. The issue is wonderfully complex. Caliban is a projection of both the naturally depraved savage described in many explorers' accounts and the nobly innocent savage described by Montaigne. By dramatizing the conflict without taking sides, Shakespeare leaves open a debate about the worth of Prospero's endeavor to contain Caliban's otherness and produces an ambivalent result in which the apparent victory of colonialism and censorship does not entirely conceal the contradictory struggle through which those values are imposed. The play's many open-ended questions apply not only to the New World but also, nearer at hand, to Ireland—an island on the margins of Britain that was regarded as both savage and threatening.

The play's discourse also raises issues of class and political justice. The battle between Prospero and Caliban is one of "master" and "man" (2.2.183); even if Caliban's cry of "freedom" leads him only into further enslavement by Stephano and Trinculo (who are themselves masterless men), the play does not resolve the conflict by simply reimposing social hierarchy. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are all taught a lesson and are satirically punished for their rebellious behavior, but Caliban at least is pardoned and is left behind on the island at the play's end where presumably he will no longer be a slave. In political terms, Prospero resolves the long-standing hostilities between Milan and Naples by his astute arranging of the betrothal of Miranda to Ferdinand. However much it is idealized as a romantic match presided over harmo-

niously by the gods, it is also a political union aimed at bringing together the ruling families of those two city-states. Prospero's masque, his ultimate vision of the triumph of civilization, transforms the myth of the rape of a daughter (Proserpina) in such a way as to preserve the daughter's chaste honor in a union that will repair the political and social damage done by the ouster of Prospero from his dukedom of Milan. For these reasons, the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda must have seemed politically relevant to Shakespeare's audience when *The Tempest* was performed before King James at Whitehall in November of 1611 and then again at court in 1613 in celebration of the marriage of James's daughter Elizabeth to Frederick, the Elector Palatine.

The play's ending is far from perfectly stable. Antonio never repents, and we cannot be sure what the island will be like once Prospero has disappeared from the scene. Since Prospero's occupation of the island replicates in a sense the process by which he himself was overthrown, we cannot know when the cycle of revolution will ever cease. We cannot even be sure of the extent to which Shakespeare is master of his own colonial debate in *The Tempest* or, conversely, the extent to which today we should feel ourselves free to relativize, ironize, or in other ways criticize this play for apparent or probable prejudices. Not even a great author like Shakespeare can escape the limits of his own time, any more than we can escape the limits of our own. Perhaps we can nonetheless project ourselves, as spectators and readers, into Shakespeare's attempt to celebrate humanity's highest achievement in the union of the island with the civilized world. Miranda and Ferdinand have bright hopes for the future, even if those hopes must be qualified by Prospero's melancholic observation that the "brave new world" with "such people in't" is only "new to thee," to those who are young and not yet experienced in the world's vexations. Even Caliban may be at last reconciled to Prospero's insistent idea of a harmony between will and reason, no matter how perilously and delicately achieved. Prospero speaks of Caliban as a "thing of darkness I / Acknowledge mine," and Caliban vows to "be wise hereafter / And seek for grace" (5.1.278–9, 298–9). Prospero's view is that the natural human within is more contented, better understood, and more truly free when harmonized with reason.

Caliban is a part of humanity; Ariel is not. Ariel can comprehend what compassion and forgiveness would be like, "were I human" (5.1.20), and can take good-natured part in Prospero's designs to castigate or reform his fellow mortals, but Ariel longs to be free in quite another sense from that meant by Caliban. Ariel takes no part in the final integration of human society. This spirit belongs to a magic world of song, music, and illusion that the artist borrows for his use but that exists eternally outside of him. Like the elements of air, earth, fire, and water in

which it mysteriously dwells, this spirit is morally neutral but incredibly vital. From it the artist achieves powers of imagination, enabling him to bedim the noon tide sun or call forth the dead from their graves. These visions are illusory in the profound sense that all life is illusory, an "insubstantial pageant" melted into thin air (4.1.150–5). Prospero the artist cherishes his own humanity, as a promise of surcease from his labors. Yet the artifact created by the artist endures, existing apart from time and place, as does Ariel: "Then to the elements / Be free, and fare thou well!" (5.1.321–2). No doubt it is a romantic fiction to associate the dramatist Shakespeare with Prospero's farewell to his art, but it is an almost irresistible idea, because we are so moved by the sense of completion and yet humility, the exultation and yet the calm contained in this leave-taking.

As though to demonstrate the summation of his artistry as magician-poet in what he may indeed have designed as his farewell to the stage, Shakespeare puts on a dazzling display of the verbal artistry for which he had already become famous. His command of blank verse is, by this time, more flexible and protean than ever before, with a marked increase in run-on lines, caesuras in mid line, the sharing of blank verse lines between two or more speakers, feminine endings, and other features of the late Shakespearean style. (See General Introduction, pp. lxxxiii–lxxxiv). The play is notable for its bravura passages, such as those that begin "Our revels now are ended" (4.1.148–58) and "Ye elves of hills" (5.1.33–57). With its opening storm scene and its solemn shows and masques—the "several strange shapes" bringing in a banquet and the appearance of Ariel "like a harpy" in 3.3, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno in 4.1, and Prospero's confining the Neapolitans to a charmed circle in 5.1—*The Tempest* presents itself as a tour de force of spectacle and grandeur in which all of these dazzling events are also astutely interrupted by the resurgence of human appetite and by satiric correction. At every turn the drama manifests a deft compression of time and event. The tone is masterfully assured, in prose as in verse. Images of a dreamlike world come together in a remarkable amalgam whereby the characters participate in a fluid world that moves through them even as they move through it, becoming one with the tempest of time.

In performance, *The Tempest* reveals an extraordinary range of interpretive possibilities. Caliban, in nineteenth-century stage versions, was apt to be a grotesque specimen of Darwinian evolution, outfitted with gills, fishy scales, and long fingernails for prying shellfish out of rocks (the long fingernails are in fact mentioned, at 2.2.166). Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in 1904, saw Caliban as hairy from head to foot, with unkempt beard, pointed ears, sinister eyes, and long fingernails. To Frank Benson, at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1891, Caliban (played by Benson himself) was the missing link in an evolutionary chain

of monkeys, baboons, and other presumably human ancestors; the Caliban of this production climbed a tree on stage, hung upside down, and gibbered. More recently, in accord with critical interest in the play as a potential critique of colonialism, Caliban has often been seen as a Caribbean native, physically imposing and even handsome, restive under his slavery, a man of immense human dignity. An example is that of David Suchet in Clifford Williams's 1987 production for the Royal Shakespeare Company; Suchet's Caliban, a sympathetic victim of imperialism, evoked unmistakable echoes of third-world exploited populations from the West Indies and sub-Saharan Africa. Prospero has undergone no less of a sea change, from the benign authorial stand-in of traditional nineteenth-century productions to a man who can be tyrannical, arbitrary, menacing, close to violence, deeply angry, as in Derek Jarman's 1980 film. Interpretations of Ariel have varied from saccharine sweetness to the punk-haired and drug-inebriated, as in Mark Rylance's Ariel in

Ron Daniels's 1982 RSC production. Underlying sexual tensions are evident on all sides in recent productions. Some of the most remarkable versions of the play have abandoned Shakespeare's script to varying degrees, as in Peter Brook's Round House production of 1968 featuring an enormous Sycorax giving birth to Caliban, a takeover of the island and capture of Prospero by Caliban, and a wild orgy. Derek Jarman's film version of 1980 saw the play as dominantly gay, with Caliban as an aging "queen." Giorgio Strehler's *La Tempesta*, Milan, 1977, pictured Ariel as a commedia dell'arte Pierrot attached to a wire, soaring through the air and landing as though on Prospero's raised finger. Peter Greenaway's 1991 film called *Prospero's Books* presented the entire play through Prospero's eyes; John Gielgud, as Prospero, spoke virtually all the lines. The extraordinary range of theatrical innovations that has been brought to this play testifies to the script's own remarkable theatrical self-consciousness and its delight in magic and illusion.

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The Tempest  
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Names of the Actors  
2

ALONSO, *King of Naples*  
SEBASTIAN, *his brother*  
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan*  
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*  
FERNANDO, *son to the King of Naples*  
GONZALO, *an honest old counselor*  
ADRIAN and } lords  
FRANCISCO, } lords  
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave*  
TRINCULO, *a jester*  
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler*  
MASTER of a ship

0  
BOATSWAIN  
7  
MARNERS  
B  
MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero*  
U  
ARIEL, *an airy spirit*  
IRIS,  
CERES,  
JUNO,  
NYMPHS,  
REAPERS,

} [presented by] spirits

[Other Spirits attending on Prospero]

THE SCENE: *An uninhabited island*

## 1.1

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.*

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, Master. What cheer?

MASTER Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir! Exit.

*Enter Mariners.*

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.*

ALONSO Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the Master, Boatswain?

BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. 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 councillor; 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.

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

**Names of the Actors** This list appears at the end of the play in the First Folio, in this order, with Miranda's name below that of the men, as was conventional in lists of the period. **PROSPERO**, *the right* the rightful **CALIBAN** . . . *slave* The Folio reads "saluage," a common alternative spelling of *savage* but perhaps also with a resonance of being salvaged from shipwreck. *Slave* has a range of meanings: wretch, rascal, servile creature, one who is owned by another person, one who is divested of freedom and personal rights.

**1.1. Location: On board ship, off the island's coast.**

**3 Good** i.e., It's good you've come, or, my good fellow. **yarely** nimbly **6 Tend** Attend **7 Blow** (Addressed to the wind.) **7-8 if room enough** as long as we have sea room enough. **10 Play the men** Act like men, with spirit. **14 Keep** Remain in **15 good** good fellow **17 roarers** waves or winds, or both; spoken to as though they were "bullies" or "blusterers" **23 work . . . present** bring calm to our present circumstances **24 hand** handle **27 hap** happens. **30-1 complexion . . . gallows** appearance shows he was born to be hanged (and therefore, according to the proverb, in no danger of drowning). **33 our . . . advantage** our own cable is of little benefit.

hanged, our case is miserable.

*Exeunt [courtiers].*

*Enter Boatswain.*

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try wi'th' main course. (*A cry within.*) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

*Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.*

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

**6 M** SEBASTIAN A pox o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

**7 E** BOATSWAIN Work you, then.

**8 L** ANTONIO Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

**9 H** GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

**10 O** BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! Lay her off!

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

**11 R**, MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost! [*The Mariners run about in confusion, exiting at random.*]

**12 N** BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold?

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

**14 I** SEBASTIAN I am out of patience.

**15 C** ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chapped rascal! Would thou mightst lie drowning

**16 H** GONZALO The washing of ten tides!

**17 A** BOATSWAIN He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it

**18 L** And gape at wid'st to glut him. (*A confused noise within.*) "Mercy on us!"—

**19 B** "We split, we split!"—Farewell my wife and children!"—

**20 U** "Farewell, brother!"—We split, we split, we split!" [*Exit Boatswain.*]

**21 O** ANTONIO Let's all sink wi'th' King.

**22 S** SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.

*Exit [with Antonio].*

**23 B** GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea

**34 case is miserable** circumstances are desperate. **36 Bring . . . course** Sail her close to the wind by means of the mainsail. **38 our office** i.e., the noise we make at our work. **39 give o'er** give up **47 warrant him for drowning** guarantee that he will never be drowned **49 unstanch'd** insatiable, loose, unrestrained. (Suggesting also "incontinent" and "menstrual.") **50 ahold** ahull, close to the wind. **courses** sails, i.e., foresail as well as mainsail, set in an attempt to get the ship back out into open water. **53 must . . . cold?** i.e., must we drown in the cold sea? **56 merely** utterly **57 wide-chapped** big-mouthed **57-8 Would . . . tides!** (Pirates were hanged on the shore and left until three tides had come in.) **60 at wid'st** wide open. **glut** swallow **61 split** break apart.

for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze,<sup>66</sup>  
anything. The wills above be done! But I would fain<sup>67</sup>  
die a dry death.

*Exit.*



## 1.2

*Enter Prospero [in his magic cloak] and Miranda.*

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,  
Dashed all to pieces. Oh, 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 freighting souls within her.

PROSPERO Be collected.

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA Oh, 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,  
[laying down his magic cloak and staff]  
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have  
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, 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,

66 heath heather. furze gorse, a weed growing on wasteland  
67 fain rather

1.2. Location: The island, near Prospero's cell. On the Elizabethan stage, this cell is implicitly at hand throughout the play, although in some scenes the convention of flexible distance allows us to imagine characters in other parts of the island.

1 art magic 2 allay pacify 4 welkin's cheek sky's face 6 brave  
gallant, splendid 11 or ere before 13 freighting souls cargo of  
souls. collected calm, composed. 14 amazement consternation.  
pitiful pitying 16 but except 19 more better of higher rank  
20 full very 22 meddle mingle 26 wreck shipwreck 27 virtue  
essence 30 perdition loss 31 Betid happened 32 Which whom

For thou must now know farther.

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

35

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?

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

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

41

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

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

45

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

50

MIRANDA But that I do not.

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

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

55

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

MIRANDA Oh, the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

59

PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.  
26 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,  
27 But blessedly holp hither.

63

MIRANDA Oh, my heart bleeds  
To think o'th' teen that I have turned you to,  
30 Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

64

PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, called 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 seigniories it was the first,

70

71

35 bootless inquisition profitless inquiry 41 Out fully 45–6 assurance . . . warrants certainty that my memory guarantees. 50 backward . . . time abyss of the past. 51 aught anything 56 piece masterpiece, exemplar 59 no worse issued no less nobly born, descended. 63 holp helped 64 teen . . . to trouble I've caused you to remember, or put you to 65 from out of 68 next next to 70 manage management, administration 71 seigniories i.e., city-states of northern Italy

72	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.	107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115
76	MIRANDA	O the heavens!	
79	PROSPERO	Mark his condition and th' event, then tell me If this might be a brother.	117
81	MIRANDA	I should sin	
82	PROSPERO	To think but nobly of my grandmother.	119
83	MIRANDA	Good wombs have borne bad sons.	
84	PROSPERO	Now the condition.	
85	MIRANDA	This King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,	122
86	PROSPERO	Which was that he, in lieu o' th' premises	123
87	MIRANDA	Of homage and I know not how much tribute,	
88	PROSPERO	Should presently extirpate me and mine	125
89	MIRANDA	Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan,	
90	PROSPERO	With all the honors, on my brother. Whereon,	
91	MIRANDA	A treacherous army levied, one midnight	
92	PROSPERO	Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open	
93	MIRANDA	The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,	
94	PROSPERO	The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence	131
95	MIRANDA	Me and thy crying self.	
96	PROSPERO	Alack, for pity!	
97	MIRANDA	I, not remembering how I cried out then,	
98	PROSPERO	Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint	134
99	MIRANDA	That wrings mine eyes to 't.	
100	PROSPERO	Hear a little further,	135
101	MIRANDA	And then I'll bring thee to the present business	
102	PROSPERO	Which now 's upon 's, without the which this story	
103	MIRANDA	Were most impertinent.	
104	PROSPERO	Wherefore did they not	138
105	MIRANDA	That hour destroy us?	
106	PROSPERO	Well demanded, wench.	139
107	MIRANDA	My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,	
108	PROSPERO	So dear the love my people bore me, nor set	141
109	MIRANDA	A mark so bloody on the business, but	142
110	PROSPERO		
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448	PROSPERO		
449	MIRANDA</td		

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.	143	A most auspicious star, whose influence	183
MIRANDA Alack, what trouble Was I then to you!	144	If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes	184
PROSPERO Oh, a cherubin Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile, Infusèd 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.	145	Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.	186
MIRANDA How came we ashore?	146	Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,	187
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.	147	And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.	187
MIRANDA Would I might But ever see that man!	148	[Miranda sleeps.]	
PROSPERO Now I arise. [He puts on his magic cloak.]	151	Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.	188
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 princes can, that have more time For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.	152	Approach, my Ariel, come.	
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?	153	Enter Ariel.	
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	154	ARIEL	
143 fairer apparently more attractive 144 few few words. bark ship 145 butt cask, tub 146 Nor tackle neither rigging 147 quit abandoned 151 Did . . . wrong i.e., pitied us even as they drove us on. 154 Infusèd filled, suffused 155 decked covered (with salt tears); adorned 156 which i.e., the smile 157 undergoing stomach courage to go on 165 stuffs supplies 166 steaded much been of much use. So, of Similarly, out of 169 Would I wish 170 But ever i.e., someday 171 sea sorrow sorrowful adventure at sea. 173–4 made . . . can provided a more valuable education than other royal children (of either sex) can enjoy 175 vainer more foolishly spent 180 my dear lady (Refers to Fortune, not Miranda.) 182 zenith height of fortune. (Astrological term.)	155	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	193
	156	On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task Ariel and all his quality.	
	157	PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit, Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?	194
	158	ARIEL To every article. I boarded the King's ship. Now on the beak,	195
	159	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,	197
	160	Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors O'th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary	198
	161	And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks	199
	162	Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,	201
	163	Yea, his dread trident shake.	204
	164	PROSPERO My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil	205
	165	Would not infect his reason?	207
	166	ARIEL Not a soul	208
	167	But felt a fever of the mad and played	210
	168	Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners	
	169	Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,	
	170	With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—	214
	171	Was the first man that leapt; cried, "Hell is empty, And all the devils are here!"	
	172	PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?	
	173	ARIEL Close by, my master.	
	174	PROSPERO	
	175	ARIEL But are they, Ariel, safe?	
	176	PROSPERO Not a hair perished.	
	177	ARIEL On their sustaining garments not a blemish,	219
	178	But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,	220

183 influence astrological power 184 but omit but ignore instead  
186 dullness drowsiness 187 give it way let it happen (i.e., don't  
fight it). 188 Come away Come 193 task make demands upon  
194 quality (1) fellow spirits (2) abilities. 195 to point to the smallest  
detail 197 beak prow 198 waist midships. deck poop deck at the  
stern 199 flamed amazement struck terror in the guise of fire, i.e.,  
Saint Elmo's fire. 201 distinctly in different places 204 sight-out-  
running swifter than sight. were not could not have been.  
205 Neptune Roman god of the sea 207 trident three-pronged  
weapon 208 coil tumult 210 of the mad such as madmen feel  
214 up-staring standing on end 219 sustaining protecting  
220 bad'st ordered

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.	[He folds his arms.]
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 called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vexed Bermudas, there she's hid; The mariners all under hatches stowed, Who, with a charm joined to their suffered 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 float Bound sadly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrecked 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 thee 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

221	When it is baked with frost.		
222	ARIEL	I do not, sir.	
223	PROSPERO		
224	Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot		
225	The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy	259	
	Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?	260	
	ARIEL	No, sir.	
	PROSPERO		
228	Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.		
229	ARIEL		
230	Sir, in Argier.		
231	PROSPERO	Oh, was she so? I must	
232	M	Once in a month recount what thou hast been,	
	E	Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,	
	L	For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible	
233	H	To enter human hearing, from Argier,	
234	G	Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did	
235	R	They would not take her life. Is not this true?	
	N	ARIEL	
	,	Ay, sir.	
240	PROSPERO		
241	M	This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child	
	I	And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,	
	C	As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;	
242	H	And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate	
243	A	To act her earthy and abhorred commands,	
244	E	Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,	
	M	By help of her more potent ministers	
	I	And in her most unmitigable rage,	
	C	Into a cloven pine, within which rift	
245	H	Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain	
246	A	A dozen years; within which space she died	
247	E	And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy	
	M	groans	
	A	H	As fast as mill wheels strike. Then was this island—
	C	Save for the son that she did litter here,	
	H	A	A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honored with
	E	E	A human shape.
	ARIEL	Yes, Caliban her son.	
	PROSPERO		
251	7	Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban	
	2	Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st	
	0	What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans	
	7	Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts	
	2	Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment	
	0	To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax	
	7	Could not again undo. It was mine art,	
	ARIEL	When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape	
	PROSPERO	The pine and let thee out.	
	I	I thank thee, master.	

221 troops groups 223 cooling of cooling 224 angle corner  
225 sad knot (Folded arms are indicative of melancholy.) 228 nook  
bay 229 dew (Collected at midnight for magical purposes; compare  
with line 324.) 230 still-vexed **BERMUDAS** ever stormy Bermudas.  
(Perhaps refers to the then recent Bermuda shipwreck; see play Intro-  
duction. The Folio text reads "*Bermoothes*.") 232 with . . . labor by  
means of a spell added to all the labor they have undergone  
235 float sea 240 mid season noon. 241 glasses hourglasses.  
243 pains labors 244 remember remind 251 bate remit, deduct  
256 do me do for me. veins veins of minerals, or, underground  
streams, thought to be analogous to the veins of the human body

257 baked hardened 259 envy malice 260 grown into a hoop i.e., so bent over with age as to resemble a hoop. 263 Argier Algiers. 268 one . . . did (Perhaps a reference to her pregnancy, for which her life would be spared.) 271 blue-eyed with dark circles under the eyes or with blue eyelids, implying pregnancy. with child pregnant 274 for because 276 hests commands 283 as mill wheels strike as the blades of a mill wheel strike the water. 284 Save except. litter give birth to 285 whelp offspring. (Used of animals.) hag-born born of a female demon 286 Yes . . . son (Ariel is probably concurring with Prospero's comment about a "freckled whelp," not contradicting the point about "A human shape.") 287 Dull . . . so i.e., Exactly, that's what I said, you dullard 294 gape open wide

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

Exit [Ariel].

[To Miranda] 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?

*Enter Ariel like a water nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear. [He whispers.]

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 brushed  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,

297 his its 299 correspondent responsive, submissive 300 spriting gently duties as a spirit willingly. 310 Heaviness drowsiness 314 miss do without 315 offices functions, duties 319 When (An exclamation of impatience.) 320 quaint ingenious 322 got begotten, sired 323 dam mother. (Used of animals.) 324 wicked mischievous, harmful 325 fen marsh, bog 326 southwest i.e., wind thought to bring disease

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins	329
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work	330
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched	331
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging	332
Than bees that made 'em.	
<b>CALIBAN</b>	I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,	333
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,	
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give	
me	
Water with berries in't, and teach me how	
To name the bigger light, and how the less,	338
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee	
And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,	
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile.	
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms	342
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!	
For I am all the subjects that you have,	
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me	345
In this hard rock, whilsts you do keep from me	
The rest o' th' island.	
<b>PROSPERO</b>	Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used	
thee,	348
Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged thee	
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate	349
The honor of my child.	
<b>CALIBAN</b>	Oho, oho! Would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else	353
This isle with Calibans.	
<b>MIRANDA</b>	Abhorrèd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,	354
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,	355
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour	
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,	
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like	
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes	360
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,	361
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.	365
<b>CALIBAN</b>	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!	368	
	Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou'rt best,	369	
	To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?	370	
	If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly		
	What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,	372	
	Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar	373	
	That beasts shall tremble at thy din.		
CALIBAN	No, pray thee.		
	[Aside] I must obey. His art is of such power		
	It would control my dam's god, Setebos,	376	
	And make a vassal of him.		
PROSPERO	So, slave, hence!	377	
	Exit Caliban.		
	Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and		
	singing. [Ferdinand does not see Prospero and		
	Miranda.]		
	Ariel's Song.		
ARIEL	Come unto these yellow sands,		
	And then take hands;		
	Curtsied when you have, and kissed	380	
	The wild waves whist;	381	
	Foot it feathly here and there,	382	
	And, sweet sprites, bear	383	
	The burden. Hark, hark!	384	
	Burden, dispersedly [within]. Bow-wow.	385	
	The watchdogs bark.		
	[Burden, dispersedly within.] Bow-wow.		
	Hark, hark! I hear		
	The strain of strutting chanticleer		
	Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.		
FERDINAND	Where should this music be? I'th'air or th'earth?		
	It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon		
	Some god o'th'island. Sitting on a bank,		
	Weeping again the King my father's wreck,		
	This music crept by me upon the waters,	392	
	Allaying both their fury and my passion	393	
	With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,		
	Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.		
	No, it begins again.		
	Ariel's Song.		
ARIEL	Full fathom five thy father lies.		
	Of his bones are coral made.		
	368 learning teaching. Hagseed Offspring of a female demon		
	369 thou'rt best you'd be well advised 370 answer other business		
	perform other tasks. 372 old such as old people suffer, or, plenty of		
	373 aches (Pronounced "aitches.") 376 Setebos (A god of the Patagonians, named in Richard Eden's <i>History of Travel</i> , 1577.) 377.2 Ariel, invisible (Ariel wears a garment that by convention indicates he is invisible to Ferdinand and Miranda.) 380 Curtsied... have when you have		
	curtsied 380-1 kissed... whilst kissed the waves into silence, or, kissed		
	while the waves are being hushed 382 Foot it feathly dance nimbly		
	383 sprites spirits 384 burden refrain, undersong. 385 s.d. dispersedly i.e., from all directions, not in unison 392 waits upon serves, attends 393 bank sandbank 396 passion grief 397 Thence i.e.,		
	From the bank on which I sat		
	406 knell announcement of a death by the tolling of a bell.		
	409 remember commemorate 411 owes owns. 412 advance raise		
	415 brave excellent 418 but... stained were it not that his luster is		
	somewhat darkened 419 canker cankerworm (feeding on buds and leaves) 426 airs songs. Vouchsafe Grant 427 remain dwell		
	429 bear me conduct myself. prime chief 430 wonder (Miranda's name means "to be wondered at.") 431 maid (1) a human maiden as opposed to a goddess (2) unmarried (3) a virgin 433 best i.e., in birth 436 A single... now (1) A single figure who combines into one person both self and King of Naples (since Ferdinand believes he has inherited the kingship) (2) A lonely shipwrecked figure		
	437 Naples the King of Naples. He... me I who hear my own words am the King of Naples		

And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The King my father wrecked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

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

PROSPERO [aside] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight  
They have changed eyes.—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this. [To Ferdinand] A word, good  
sir.

I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word!

MIRANDA [aside] Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first  
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father  
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND [to Miranda] Oh, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO Soft, sir! One word more.  
[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but this swift  
business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. [To Ferdinand] One word more: I  
charge thee  
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND No, as I am a man.

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

PROSPERO Follow me.—  
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.  
Seawater 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.  
*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

MIRANDA O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for

438 He's gentle, and not fearful.  
439 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  
440 Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
441 And make thy weapon drop. [He brandishes his staff.]  
442 MIRANDA [trying to hinder him] Beseech you, father!  
PROSPERO  
443 Hence! Hang not on my garments.  
MIRANDA Sir, have pity!  
I'll be his surety.  
444 PROSPERO Silence! One word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
An advocate for an impostor? Hush!  
445 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.  
446 MIRANDA My affections  
Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.  
PROSPERO [to Ferdinand] Come on, obey.  
447 Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigor in them.  
448 FERDINAND So they are.  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
449 MIRANDA My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid. All corners else o'th'earth  
450 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.  
PROSPERO [aside] It works. [To Ferdinand] Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Ferdinand] Follow  
me.  
[To Ariel] Hark what thou else shalt do me.  
7 MIRANDA [to Ferdinand] Be of comfort.  
2 My father's of a better nature, sir,  
7 Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted  
2 Which now came from him.  
PROSPERO [to Ariel] Thou shalt be as free  
460 2 As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
7 All points of my command.  
2 ARIEL To th' syllable.  
PROSPERO [to Ferdinand] Come, follow. [To Miranda] Speak not for him.  
461 2 Exeunt.

438 *And . . . weep* i.e., and I weep at this reminder that my father is seemingly dead, leaving me heir. 439 *never . . . ebb* never dry, continually weeping. 440 *son* (The only reference in the play to a son of Antonio.) 441 *more braver* more splendid. *control* refute 442 *changed eyes* exchanged amorous glances. 443 *done . . . wrong* i.e., spoken falsely. 444 *both in either's* each in the other's 445 *uneasy* difficult 446 *light* cheap. (Playing on *light*, "easy," in 455.) 457 *attend* follow, obey 458 *ow'st* ownest 460 *on't* of it. 463 *strive . . . with't* i.e., expel the evil and occupy the *temple*, the body. 469 *entertainment* treatment 470 *s.d. charmed* magically prevented 471 *rash* harsh

472 *gentle* (1) wellborn (2) easily managed. *fearful* frightening, dangerous. 473 *My . . . tutor?* i.e., Do you, as my daughter and thus bound to me by obedience, dare presume to teach me what to do? 475 *ward* defensive posture (in fencing) 479 *surety* guarantee. 484 *To* compared with 488 *nerves* sinews 490 *spirits* vital powers 493 *light* unimportant 495 *corners else* other corners, regions 499 *me* for me. 501 *unwonted* unusual 503 *then* if so, then

## 2.1

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

GONZALO [to Alonso]

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

GONZALO [to Alonso] Sir—

SEBASTIAN [aside to Antonio] One. Tell.

GONZALO When every grief is entertained That's offered, comes to th'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 [to Alonso] Therefore, my lord—

ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO [to Gonzalo] I prithee, spare.

GONZALO Well, I have done. But yet—

SEBASTIAN [aside to Antonio] He will be talking.

ANTONIO [aside to Sebastian] Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN The old cock.

ANTONIO The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?

ANTONIO A laughter.

**2.1. Location: Another part of the island.**

3 hint occasion 5 The masters . . . the merchant the officers or owners of some merchant vessel and the merchant who owns the cargo 6 for as for 8-9 weigh . . . comfort balance our sorrow against our comfort. 11 porridge (Punningly suggested by *peace*, i.e., "peas" or "pease," a common ingredient of porridge.) 12 visitor one bringing nourishment and comfort to the sick, as Gonzalo is doing 12-13 give him o'er abandon him 17 Tell Keep count. 18-19 When . . . entertainer When every sorrow that presents itself is accepted without resistance, there comes to the recipient 20 dollar widely circulated coin, the German thaler and the Spanish piece of eight. (Sebastian puns on *entertainer* in the sense of paid performer or innkeeper; to Gonzalo, *dollar* suggests "dolor," grief.) 27 spare forbear, cease. 30-1 Which . . . crow? Which of the two, Gonzalo or Adrian, do you bet will speak (crow) first? 32 The old cock Gonzalo. 33 The cockerel Adrian. 35 laughter (1) burst of laughter (2) sitting of eggs. (When Adrian, the *cockerel*, begins to speak two lines later, Sebastian loses the bet. The Folio speech prefixes in lines 38-9 are here reversed so that Antonio enjoys his laugh as the prize for winning, as in the proverb "He who laughs last laughs best" or "He laughs that wins." The Folio assignment can work in the theater, however, if Sebastian pays for losing with a sardonic laugh of concession.)

SEBASTIAN A match! 36  
 ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert— 37  
 ANTONIO Ha, ha, ha! 38  
 SEBASTIAN So, you're paid. 39  
 ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—  
 SEBASTIAN Yet—  
 ADRIAN Yet—  
 ANTONIO He could not miss't. 43  
 ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate 44  
 temperance. 45  
 ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench. 46  
 SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly 47  
 delivered. 48  
 ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. 49  
 SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. 50  
 ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen. 51  
 GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life. 52  
 ANTONIO True, save means to live. 53  
 SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little. 54  
 GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How 55  
 green! 56  
 ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny. 57  
 SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in't. 58  
 ANTONIO He misses not much. 59  
 SEBASTIAN No. He doth but mistake the truth totally. 60  
 GONZALO But the rarity of it is—which is indeed  
 almost beyond credit—  
 SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are. 61  
 GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were,  
 drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their fresh-  
 ness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained  
 with salt water. 62  
 ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would 63  
 it not say he lies? 64  
 SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report. 65  
 GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as 66  
 when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of 67  
 the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 68  
 SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper 69  
 well in our return.  
 ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a 70  
 paragon to their queen. 71

**2.2. A match! A bargain; agreed!** 37 **desert** uninhabited 39 **you're paid** i.e., you've had your laugh. 43 **miss't** (1) avoid saying "Yet" (2) miss the island. 44 **must needs be** has to be 45 **temperance** mildness of climate. 46 **Temperance** a girl's name. **delicate** (Here it means "given to pleasure, voluptuous"; in line 44, "pleasant.") 47 **subtle** (Here it means "tricky, sexually crafty"; in line 44, "delicate.") 48 **delivered** uttered. (Sebastian joins Antonio in baiting the Puritans with his use of the pious cant phrase *learnedly delivered*.) 51 **fen** evil-smelling marshland. 53 **save** except 55 **lusty** healthy 57 **tawny** dull brown, yellowish. 58 **eye tinge**, or spot. (Sebastian is mocking Gonzalo's optimism by saying there's precious little green to see anywhere. Antonio echoes him in line 59 with similar sarcasm.) 60 **He . . . totally** i.e., He's only a tiny 100% wrong. (Sarcastic.) 63 **As . . . are** (More sarcasm: Just as many alleged strange sights are doubtful, including this one.) 68-70 **If . . . report** (More wisecracking: Gonzalo's mud-filled pockets would surely give the lie to his talk of clean fresh garments, thereby *pocketing up* or tabling the *report*.) 77 **to** for

GONZALO	Not since widow Dido's time.
ANTONIO	<i>[aside to Sebastian]</i> Widow? A pox o' that! How came that "widow" in? Widow Dido!
SEBASTIAN	What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!
ADRIAN	<i>[to Gonzalo]</i> "Widow Dido" said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
GONZALO	This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
ADRIAN	Carthage?
GONZALO	I assure you, Carthage.
ANTONIO	His word is more than the miraculous harp.
SEBASTIAN	He hath raised the wall, and houses too.
ANTONIO	What impossible matter will he make easy next?
SEBASTIAN	I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.
ANTONIO	And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
GONZALO	Ay.
ANTONIO	Why, in good time.
GONZALO	<i>[to Alonso]</i> Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
ANTONIO	And the rarest that e'er came there.
SEBASTIAN	Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
ANTONIO	Oh, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.
GONZALO	Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
ANTONIO	That "sort" was well fished for.
GONZALO	When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.
ALONSO	You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?
FRANCISCO	Sir, he may live. I saw him beat the surges under him And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,

**78 widow Dido's** Queen of Carthage, deserted by Aeneas. (She was, in fact, a widow when Aeneas, a widower, met her, but Antonio may be amused at Gonzalo's prudish use of the term "widow" to describe a woman deserted by her lover.) **82 take** understand, respond to, interpret **84 study of** think about **88 miraculous harp** (Alludes to Amphion's harp, with which he raised the walls of Thebes; Gonzalo has exceeded that deed by recreating ancient Carthage—*wall and houses*—mistakenly on the site of modern-day Tunis. Some Renaissance commentators believed, like Gonzalo, that the two sites were near each other.) **94 kernels** seeds **96 Ay** (Gonzalo may be reasserting his point about Carthage, or he may be responding ironically to Antonio, who, in turn, answers sarcastically.) **97 in good time** (An expression of ironical acquiescence or amazement, i.e., "sure, right away.") **101 rarest** most remarkable, beautiful **102 Bate Abate**, except, leave out. (Sebastian says sardonically, surely you should allow widow Dido to be an exception.) **104 doublet** close-fitting jacket **105 in a sort** in a way. **106 sort** (Antonio plays on the idea of drawing lots and on "fishing" for something to say.) **109 The stomach** . . . sense my appetite for hearing them. **110 Married** given in marriage **111 rate** estimation, opinion **116 surges waves**

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swell'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.	123	
ALONSO	No, no, he's gone.	
SEBASTIAN [to Alonso]	Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,	126
	But rather loose her to an African,	127
	Where she at least is banished from your eye,	128
	Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.	
ALONSO	Prithee, peace.	129
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,	130
	I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making	131
	Than we bring men to comfort them.	132
	The fault's your own.	133
ALONSO	So is the dear'st o'th' loss.	138
GONZALO	My lord Sebastian,	138
	The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness And time to speak it in. You rub the sore When you should bring the plaster.	141
SEBASTIAN	Very well.	142
ANTONIO	And most chirurgeonly.	143
GONZALO [to Alonso]	It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.	
SEBASTIAN [to Antonio]	Fowl weather?	
ANTONIO [to Sebastian]	Very foul.	145
GONZALO	Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—	146
ANTONIO [to Sebastian]	He'd sow 't with nettle seed.	
SEBASTIAN	Or docks, or mallows.	147
GONZALO	And were the king on't, what would I do?	

120 oared propelled as by an oar 121 lusty vigorous 122 that . . .  
bowed that projected out over its (*his*) surf-eroded base, bending  
down toward the sea 123 As as if 126 That you who 127 But . . .  
her but would rather turn her loose (or, "lose her") 128-9 Where . . .  
on't where at least she is not a constant reproach in your eye, which  
has good reason to weep sorrowfully for this unhappy development.  
130 importuned urged, implored 131-3 the fair . . . bow Claribel  
herself was poised uncertainly, as in a balancing scale, between being  
unwilling to marry and yet wishing to obey her father. 135 of . . .  
making on account of this marriage and subsequent shipwreck  
138 dear'st heaviest, most costly 141 time appropriate time  
142 plaster (A medical application.) 143 chirurgeonly like a skilled  
surgeon. (Antonio mocks Gonzalo's medical analogy of a *plaster*  
applied curatively to a wound.) 145 Fowl (With a pun on *foul*,  
returning to the imagery of lines 30-5.) 146 plantation colonial set-  
tlement. (With subsequent wordplay on the literal meaning, "plant-  
ing.") 147 docks . . . mallows (Weeds; the first was used as an  
antidote for nettle stings.)

SEBASTIAN Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO

I'th' commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation; all men idle, all,  
And women too, but innocent and pure;  
No sovereignty—

SEBASTIAN Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.

GONZALO

All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO None, man, all idle—whores and knaves.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN 'Save His Majesty!

ANTONIO

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And—do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO

Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO I do well believe Your Highness, and did it  
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of 175  
such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use 176  
to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you 183  
would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would 184

149 **Scape** Escape. **want** lack. (Sebastian jokes sarcastically that this hypothetical ruler would be saved from dissipation only by the barrenness of the island.) 150 **by contraries** by what is directly opposite to usual custom 151 **traffic** trade 153 **Letters** learning 154 **use of service** custom of employing servants. **succession** holding of property by right of inheritance 155 **Bourn** . . . **tilth** boundaries, property limits, tillage of soil 156 **corn** grain 164 **pike** lance. **engine** instrument of warfare 166 **it its**. **foison** plenty 171 **the Golden Age** an age of prelapsarian abundance and peace; the first of four "ages" of human history, followed by silver, bronze, and lead. **'Save God save** 175 **minister occasion** furnish opportunity (for laughter) 176 **sensible** sensitive. **use** are accustomed 182 **An If.** **flat-long** with the flat of the sword, i.e., ineffectually. 183 **mettle** temperament, courage. (The sense of *metal*, indistinguishable as a form from *mettle*, continues the metaphor of the sword. F reads "mettal.") 184 **sphere** orbit. (Literally, one of the concentric zones occupied by planets in Ptolemaic astronomy.)

149 continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel [invisible] playing solemn music.

150 151 SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-batfowling. 186

ANTONIO Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

153 GONZALO No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my 188

154 discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? For I 189  
155 am very heavy. 190

156 ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us. 191

[All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.]

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes  
193 M Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find  
E They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,

195 L Do not omit the heavy offer of it.  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

H It is a comforter.

164 ANTONIO We two, my lord,

166 R Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

SEBASTIAN What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o'th' climate.

171 M SEBASTIAN Why  
I Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

175 I Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO Nor I. My spirits are nimble.

176 C They fell together all, as by consent; 204  
They dropped, as by a thunderstroke. What might,

177 M Worthy Sebastian, oh, what might?—? No more.

178 H And yet methinks I see it in thy face

179 A What thou shouldst be. Th'occasion speaks thee, and 208

180 E My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

181 L SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

182 SEBASTIAN I do, and surely  
183 7 It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st 212

184 2 Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

185 0 This is a strange repose, to be asleep

186 7 With eyes wide open—standing, speaking, moving—

187 B And yet so fast asleep.

188 7 ANTONIO Noble Sebastian,

189 B Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st 217

190 U 186 **a-batfowling** hunting birds at night with lantern and *bat*, or

"stick"; also, gulling a simpleton. (Gonzalo is the simpleton, or fowl, and Sebastian will use the moon as his lantern.) 188-9 **adventure . . .**

**weakly** risk my reputation for discretion for so trivial a cause (by getting angry). 190 **heavy** sleepy. 191 **Go . . . us** i.e., Get ready for sleep, and we'll do our part by laughing. 193 **Would . . . thoughts**

would shut off my melancholy brooding when they (my eyes) close themselves in sleep. 195 **Do . . . it** do not decline the invitation to drowsiness. 204 **They . . . consent** The others all fell asleep simultaneously, as if by common agreement 208 **Th' occasion . . . thee** The opportunity of the moment calls upon you 212 **sleepy** dreamlike, fantastic 217 **wink'st** (you) shut your eyes

Whiles thou art waking.	
SEBASTIAN	Thou dost snore distinctly; There's meaning in thy snores.
ANTONIO	I am more serious than my custom. You Must be so too if heed me, which to do Trebles thee o'er.
SEBASTIAN	Well, I am standing water.
ANTONIO	I'll teach you how to flow.
SEBASTIAN	Do so. To ebb Hereditary sloth instructs me.
ANTONIO	Oh, If you but knew how you the purpose cherish Whiles thus you mock it! How, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth.
SEBASTIAN	Prithee, say on. The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth indeed Which throes thee much to yield.
ANTONIO	Thus, sir: Although this lord of weak remembrance, this Who shall be of as little memory When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded— For he's a spirit of persuasion, only Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive, 'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned As he that sleeps here swims.
SEBASTIAN	I have no hope That he's undrowned.
ANTONIO	Oh, out of that "no hope" What great hope have you! No hope that way is Another way so high a hope that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me That Ferdinand is drowned?
SEBASTIAN	He's gone.
ANTONIO	Then tell me Who's the next heir of Naples?
SEBASTIAN	Claribel.

218 distinctly articulately 221 if heed if you heed 222 Trebles the  
o'er makes you three times as great and rich. standing water water  
that neither ebbs nor flows, at a standstill. 223 ebb recede, decline  
224 Hereditary sloth i.e., natural laziness and the position of younger  
brother, one who cannot inherit 225-6 If . . . mock it! If you only  
knew how much you secretly cherish ambition even while your words  
mock it! 226-7 How . . . invest it! How the more you speak flippantly  
of ambition, the more you, in effect, affirm it, clothing what you have  
stripped! 228 the bottom i.e., on which unadventurous men may go  
aground and miss the tide of fortune 230 setting set expression (of  
earnestness) 231 matter matter of importance 232 throes causes  
pain, as in giving birth. yield give forth, speak about. 233-7  
Although . . . alive although this owner of weak memory, he who will  
be only weakly remembered when he is dead, has nearly persuaded—  
since he's a mind or soul devoted solely to persuade—King Alonso  
that Ferdinand lives 241 that way i.e., in regard to Ferdinand's being  
saved 242-4 that . . . there that even ambition for high status cannot  
see anything higher, and even there it doubts the reality of what it sees  
(because the place is so supremely high). (What then follows is Anto-  
nio's analysis of why although they can proceed without fear.)

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.	248 249 251 252 255
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.	255
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. Oh, that you bore The mind that I do! What a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?	259 261 262 264 265 265 265 266 267 268
SEBASTIAN	Methinks I do.	271
ANTONIO	And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?	271
SEBASTIAN	I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero.	272
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.	275
SEBASTIAN	But, for your conscience?	277
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,	278 279 280 281 282

248 **Ten** . . . **life** i.e., further than the journey of a lifetime 249 **note**  
news, intimation. **post messenger** 251 **razorable** ready for shaving.  
from on our voyage from 252 **cast** were disengaged, cast ashore. (With  
a pun on *casting* of parts for a play.) 255 **discharge** part to play. 259  
**cubit** ancient measure of length of about twenty inches 261 **Measure**  
us retrace our journey. **Keep You**, Claribel, stay 262 **wake** i.e., to  
his good fortune. 264 **There be** There are those 265 **prate** speak  
foolishly 267-8 **I . . . chat** I could teach a jackdaw to talk as wisely,  
or, be such a garrulous talker myself. 271-2 **And . . . fortune?** And  
how does your contentment with what I've just said further your  
good fortune? 275 **feater** more becomingly, fittingly 277 **for** as for  
278 **kibe** chilblain, here a sore on the heel 279 **put me** to oblige me  
to wear 280-2 **Twenty . . . molest!** Even if there were twenty  
consciences between me and the dukedom of Milan, may they be  
lumped together or crystallized like candy and then melted down  
before I'd let them interfere!

Can lay to bed forever; whilst you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN                    Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,  
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO                    Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on Gonzalo.                    [They draw]

SEBASTIAN                    Oh, but one word.                    [They talk apart]

ALONSO	Why, how now, ho, awake? Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?
GONZALO	What's the matter?
SEBASTIAN	Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.
ALONSO	I heard nothing.
ANTONIO	Oh, '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 honor, 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,

286 thus similarly. (The actor makes a stabbing gesture.) 287 wink  
sleep, closing of eyes. 288 aye ever 289 Should not must not be  
allowed to 290 take suggestion respond to prompting 291 tell the  
clock i.e., agree, answer appropriately, chime 295 tribute (See  
1.2.113-24.) 298 fall it let it fall 304 time opportunity 312 secur-  
ing standing guard over 321 cried called out.

286 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, 323  
287 Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO Lead off this ground, and let's make further search  
For my poor son.  
GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i'th'island.

ALONSO Lead away.  
ARIEL [aside] Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.  
Exeunt [separately].

*Exeunt [separately].*

M  
E<sub>2,2</sub>

*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,  
Sometimes 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. [He lies down.] 17  
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 18  
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. [Seeing Caliban] 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  
kind of not-of-the-newest Poor John. A strange fish! 21  
Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but  
this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would 27  
29

323 verily true.

## 2.2. Location: Another part of the island.

2 flats swamps 3 By inchmeal inch by inch 4 needs must have to.  
nor neither 5 urchin shows elvish apparitions shaped like hedge-  
hogs 6 like a firebrand they in the guise of a will-o'-the-wisp  
9 mow make faces 13 wound with entwined by 17 mind notice  
18 bear off keep off 21 foul bombard dirty leather jug. his its  
27 Poor John salted fish, type of poor fare. 29 painted i.e., painted  
on a sign set up outside a booth or tent at a fair

give a piece of silver. There would this monster make 30  
a man. Any strange beast there makes a man. When 31  
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they 32  
will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a 33  
man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do 34  
now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no 35  
fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a 36  
thunderbolt. [Thunder.] Alas, the storm is come again! 37  
My best way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is 38  
no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man 39  
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the 40  
dregs of the storm be past.

[He creeps under Caliban's garment.]

Enter Stephano, singing, [a bottle in his hand].

STEPHANO

I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore—

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

(Sings.)

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

This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

CALIBAN Do not torment me! Oh!

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

CALIBAN This spirit torments me! Oh!

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

30–1 make a man (1) make a man's fortune (2) pass for a human being. 32 doit small coin 34 o' my troth by my faith. 35 hold it hold it in 38 gaberdine cloak, loose upper garment. 40 shroud take shelter 41 dregs i.e., last remains (as in a *bombard* or jug, line 21) 46 swabber crew member whose job is to wash the decks 50 tang sting 53 tailor...itch (A dig at tailors for their supposed effeminity and a bawdy suggestion of satisfying a sexual craving.) 56 Do...me! (Caliban assumes that one of Prospero's spirits has come to punish him.) 57 What's the matter? What's going on here? 58 put tricks upon 's trick us with conjuring shows. Ind India 60 proper handsome 61 four legs (The conventional phrase would supply *two legs*, but the creature Stephano thinks he sees has four.) 63 at' at the 66 ague fever. (Probably both Caliban and Trinculo are quaking; see lines 56 and 81.) 67 should he learn could he have learned 68 for that i.e., for knowing our language. recover revive. (Also in line 77.)

a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's 70  
leather. 71

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

STEPHANO He's in his fit now and does not talk after 74  
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never 75  
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I 76  
can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too 77  
much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and 78  
that soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt 79  
anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works 80  
upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways. Open your mouth. Here 81  
is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your 82  
mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, 83  
and that soundly. [Giving Caliban a drink.] You cannot 84  
tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again. 85

TRINCULO I should know that voice. It should be—but 86  
he is drowned, and these are devils. Oh, defend me!

STEPHANO Four legs and two voices—a most delicate 87  
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his 88  
friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and 89  
to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, 90  
I will help his ague. Come. [Giving a drink.] Amen! I 91  
will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, 92  
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will leave 93  
him. I have no long spoon.

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me 94  
and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not afraid— 95  
thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull 96  
thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these 97  
are they. [Pulling him out.] Thou art very Trinculo 98  
indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this 99  
mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos? 100

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. 101  
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou 102  
art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me 103  
under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the 104  
storm. And art thou living, Stephano? Oh, Stephano, 105  
two Neapolitans scaped! [He capers with Stephano.]

70–1 neat's leather cowhide. 74–5 after the wisest in the wisest fashion. 76 afore before. go near to be in a fair way to 77 recover restore 77–8 I will...much i.e., no sum can be too much 78 He shall...hath him Anyone who wants him will have to pay dearly for him 84–5 cat...mouth (Allusion to the proverb "Good liquor will make a cat speak.") 85 shake shake off 86–7 You...friend i.e., You can't tell who's your friend until someone like me provides you with a drink. 87 chaps jaws 90 delicate ingenious 92 backward voice (Trinculo and Caliban are facing in opposite directions. Stephano supposes the monster to have a rear end that can emit foul speeches or foul-smelling wind at the monster's *other mouth*, line 95.) 93 If...him Even if it takes all the wine in my bottle to cure him 99 long spoon (Allusion to the proverb "He that sups with the devil has need of a long spoon.") 106 siege excrement 107 mooncalf monstrous or misshapen creature (whose deformity is caused by the malignant influence of the moon). vent excrete, defecate 110 overblown blown over.

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach  
is not constant. 115

CALIBAN

These be fine things, an if they be not spirits.  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.  
I will kneel to him. 116

STEPHANO How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou  
hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I  
escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved  
o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of  
a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore. 121

CALIBAN [kneeling] I'll swear upon that bottle to be  
thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. 122

STEPHANO Here. Swear then how thou escaped'st. 123

TRINCULO Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim  
like a duck, I'll be sworn. 124

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst  
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. 125

[Giving him a drink.]

TRINCULO Oh, Stephano, hast any more of this? 126

STEPHANO The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock  
by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now,  
mooncalf? How does thine ague? 127

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven? 128

STEPHANO Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the  
man i' th' moon when time was. 129

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.  
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy  
bush. 130

STEPHANO Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will  
furnish it anon with new contents. Swear. 131

[Giving him a drink.]

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow  
monster! I afeard of him? A very weak monster! The  
man i' th' moon? A most poor credulous monster!  
Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 132

CALIBAN [to Stephano]

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,  
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god. 133

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious and drunken  
monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. 134

CALIBAN

I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject. 135

STEPHANO Come on then. Down, and swear.  
[Caliban kneels.] 136

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-  
headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find  
in my heart to beat him— 137

STEPHANO Come, kiss. 138

115 constant steady. 116 an if if 117 brave fine, magnificent  
121 butt of sack barrel of Canary wine 122 by this bottle i.e., I swear  
by this bottle 129 book i.e., bottle. (But with ironic reference to the  
practice of kissing the Bible in swearing an oath; see *I'll be sworn* in line  
128.) 137 when time was once upon a time. 139 dog . . . bush (The  
man in the moon was popularly imagined to have with him a dog and  
a bush of thorn.) 142 By . . . light By God's light, by this good light  
from heaven 145 Well . . . sooth! Well pulled on the bottle, truly!  
149 When . . . bottle i.e., Caliban wouldn't even stop at robbing his  
god (i.e., Stephano) of his bottle if he could catch him asleep.

TRINCULO But that the poor monster's in drink. An 156  
abominable monster! 157

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. 158

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a  
wonder of a poor drunkard! 159

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts, 160  
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? 161

STEPHANO I prithee now, lead the way without any  
more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our com-  
pany else being drowned, we will inherit here.— 162

Here, bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him  
by and by again. 163

CALIBAN (sings drunkenly)

Farewell, master, farewell, farewell! 164

TRINCULO A howling monster; a drunken monster! 165

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing 166  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish. 167

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban 168  
Has a new master. Get a new man! 169

Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, 170  
high-day, freedom! 171

STEPHANO O brave monster! Lead the way. 172 *Exeunt.*

◆

3.1

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor  
Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness 1  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters 2  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task 3  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 4

156 But that were it not that. in drink drunk. 165 crabs crab apples,  
or crabs 166 pignuts earthnuts, edible tuberous roots 168 mar-  
muset small monkey. 170 scamels (Possibly *seamews*, mentioned in  
Strachey's letter, or shellfish, or perhaps from *squamelle*, "furnished  
with little scales." Contemporary French and Italian travel accounts  
report that the natives of Patagonia in South America ate small fish  
described as *fort scameux* and *squame*.) 172–3 all . . . else all the rest  
of our shipboard companions. 173 inherit take possession 179 fir-  
ing firewood 181 trenchering trenchers, wooden plates 183 Get a  
new man (Addressed to Prospero.) 184 high-day holiday.  
3.1. Location: Before Prospero's cell.

1–2 There . . . sets off Some pastimes are laborious, but the pleasure  
we get from them compensates for the effort. (Pleasure is *set off* by  
labor as a jewel is set off by its foil.) 2 baseness menial activity  
3 undergone undertaken. most poor poorest 4 mean lowly 5 but  
were it not that

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labors pleasures. Oh, 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 busy lest when I do it.

*Enter Miranda; and Prospero [at a distance, unseen].*

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 dishonor undergo  
While I sit lazy by.

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

PROSPERO [aside] Poor worm, thou art infected!  
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

## FERDINAND

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

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

6 quickens gives life to 11 sore injunction severe command.  
13 Had . . . executor was never before undertaken by so noble a  
being. I forget i.e., I forget that I'm supposed to be working  
15 Most . . . do it (Ferdinand seems to say that the busier he is, the  
less likely he is to forget the sweet thoughts that make his labors  
pleasant. The line may be in need of emendation.) 17 enjoined com-  
manded 18 this i.e., the log 19 weep i.e., exude resin 21 these the  
next 22 discharge complete 32 visitation (1) Miranda's visit to  
Ferdinand (2) visitation of the plague, i.e., infection of love 34 by  
nearby 37hest command. Admired Miranda (Her name means  
to be admired or wondered at.) 39 dearest most treasured  
40 best regard thoughtful and approving attention

6	Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues Have I liked several women, never any With so full soul but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed And put it to the foil. But you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!	42 45 46
11		
13	MIRANDA I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father. How features are abroad I am skilless of; but, by my modesty, The jewel in my dower, I would not wish Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.	48 52 53
15		
17		
18		
19		
21	FERDINAND I am in my condition A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king— I would, not so!—and would no more endure This wooden slavery than to suffer The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak: The very instant that I saw you did My heart fly to your service, there resides To make me slave to it, and for your sake Am I this patient log-man.	59 61 62 63
22		
24	MIRANDA Do you love me?	
25		
27	FERDINAND O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event If I speak true! If hollowly, invert What best is boded me to mischief! I Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world Do love, prize, honor you.	69 70 71 72
29		
32	MIRANDA [weeping] I am a fool To weep at what I am glad of.	
34	PROSPERO [aside] Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between 'em!	
37	FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?	
39	MIRANDA At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer What I desire to give, and much less take What I shall die to want. But this is trifling, And all the more it seeks to hide itself The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,	
40		

42 diligent attentive. several various. (Also in line 43.) 45 owed owned 46 put . . . foil (1) overthrew it (as in fencing or wrestling) (2) served as a foil, or "contrast," to set it off. 48 Of out of 52 How . . . abroad What people look like in other places 53 skilless ignorant modesty virginity 57 like of be pleased with, be fond of. 58 Something somewhat 59 condition rank 61 I would I wish it were 62 wooden slavery being compelled to carry wood 62-3 than . . . mouth than I would allow flying insects to deposit their eggs in my mouth as if in decaying flesh. 69 kind event favorable outcome 70 hollowly insincerely, falsely. invert turn 71 boded in store for. mischief harm. 72 what whatever 79 die (Probably with an unconscious sexual meaning that underlies all of lines 77-81.) to want through lacking. 81 bashful cunning coyness



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

CALIBAN

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

ARIEL [mimicking 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 naught but brine, for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one word further and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stockfish of thee.

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

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL [mimicking Trinculo] Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? Take thou that. [He beats Trinculo.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

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

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO Now, forward with your tale.

[To Trinculo] Prithee, stand further off.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weasand 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.

57 compassed achieved. 62 pied ninny fool in motley. patch fool. 66 quick freshes running springs 69 turn . . . o' doors banish all merciful feelings. stockfish dried cod beaten before cooking. 76 give me the lie call me a liar to my face 78 A pox i.e., A plague. (A curse.) 79 murrain plague. (Literally, a cattle disease.) 90 paunch stab in the belly 91 weasand windpipe 93 sot fool 96 brave utensils fine furnishings 97 deck withal furnish it with.

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass? 103  
CALIBAN

Ay, lord. She will become thy bed, I warrant, 104  
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. 66  
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL [aside] This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure. 67  
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch

You taught me but whilere? 119

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason, 120  
any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. Sings. 121  
Flout 'em and scout 'em 122  
And scout 'em and flout 'em!

Thought is free.

CALIBAN That's not the tune. 125  
Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

STEPHANO What is this same?

TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody. 128

STEPHANO If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list. 130

TRINCULO Oh, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. 132  
Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN Art thou afraid?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afraid. The isle is full of noises, 90  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments

93 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,

2 Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,

96 The clouds methought would open and show riches

97 Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked

I cried to dream again. 144

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

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

103 brave splendid, attractive 104 become suit (sexually) 118 jocund jovial, merry. troll the catch sing the round 119 but whilere only a short time ago. 120–1 reason, any reason anything reasonable.

122 Flout Scoff at. scout deride 125.1 tabor small drum 128 picture of Nobody (Refers to a familiar figure with head, arms, and legs but no trunk.) 130 take't . . . list (A proverbial formula of bravado and defiance, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1.1.40–1.)

132 He . . . debts (Another proverbial swagger: Death settles all scores, I'm not afraid to fight.) 144 to dream desirous of dreaming

STEPHANO That shall be by and by. I remember the <sup>148</sup> 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. <sup>153</sup>  
 TRINCULO Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.  
*Exeunt [following Ariel's music].*



### 3.3

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, etc.*

GONZALO By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir. <sup>1</sup>  
 My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed <sup>3</sup>  
 Through forthrights and meanders! By your patience, I needs must rest me.  
 ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee, <sup>5</sup>  
 Who am myself attached with weariness, <sup>6</sup>  
 To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest. <sup>7</sup>  
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it <sup>9</sup>  
 No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned <sup>10</sup>  
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks <sup>11</sup>  
 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. <sup>12</sup>  
*[Alonso and Gonzalo sit.]*

ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]*  
 I am right glad that he's so out of hope. <sup>13</sup>  
 Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose <sup>14</sup>  
 That you resolved t'effect.  
 SEBASTIAN *[to Antonio]* The next advantage <sup>15</sup>  
 Will we take throughly.  
 ANTONIO *[to Sebastian]* Let it be tonight, <sup>16</sup>  
 For, now they are oppressed with travel, they <sup>17</sup>  
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance <sup>18</sup>  
 As when they are fresh.  
 SEBASTIAN *[to Antonio]* I say tonight. No more. <sup>19</sup>  
*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top, invisible.*

ALONSO What harmony is this? My good friends, hark! <sup>20</sup>  
 GONZALO Marvelous sweet music!  
*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet, and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

<sup>148</sup> by and by very soon. <sup>153</sup> lays it on i.e., plays the drum vigorously.

#### 3.3. Location: Another part of the island.

<sup>1</sup> By'r lakin By our Ladykin, by our Lady <sup>3</sup> forthrights and meanders paths straight and crooked. <sup>5</sup> attached with seized by <sup>6</sup> To . . . spirits to the point of being dull-spirited. <sup>10</sup> frustrate frustrated <sup>12</sup> for because of <sup>14</sup> throughly thoroughly. <sup>15</sup> now now that travel (Spelled "trauale" in the Folio and carrying the sense of labor as well as traveling.) <sup>16</sup> use such vigilance be as vigilant <sup>17.1–2</sup> on the top at some high point of the tiring-house or the theater, on a third level above the gallery

ALONSO Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these? <sup>20</sup>  
 SEBASTIAN A living drollery. Now I will believe <sup>21</sup>  
 That there are unicorns; that in Arabia <sup>23</sup>  
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix <sup>23</sup>  
 At this hour reigning there.  
 ANTONIO I'll believe both; <sup>25</sup>  
 And what does else want credit, come to me  
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,  
 Though fools at home condemn 'em.  
 GONZALO If in Naples <sup>30</sup>  
 I should report this now, would they believe me  
 If I should say I saw such islanders?  
 For, certes, these are people of the island,  
 Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,  
 Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of <sup>30</sup>  
 Our human generation you shall find  
 Many, nay, almost any.  
 PROSPERO *[aside]* Honest lord, <sup>31</sup>  
 Thou hast said well, for some of you there present <sup>32</sup>  
 Are worse than devils.  
 ALONSO I cannot too much muse <sup>36</sup>  
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,  
 expressing—  
 Although they want the use of tongue—a kind <sup>38</sup>  
 Of excellent dumb discourse.  
 PROSPERO *[aside]* Praise in departing. <sup>39</sup>  
 FRANCISCO They vanished strangely.  
 SEBASTIAN No matter, since <sup>41</sup>  
 They have left their viands behind, for we have  
 stomachs.  
 Will 't please you taste of what is here?  
 ALONSO Not I.  
 GONZALO  
 E Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, <sup>44</sup>  
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
 Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at <sup>45</sup>  
 'em  
 Wallets of flesh? Or that there were such men <sup>46</sup>  
 Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we <sup>47</sup>  
 find  
 2 Each putter-out of five for one will bring us <sup>48</sup>  
 Good warrant of.  
 ALONSO I will stand to and feed, <sup>49</sup>  
 E  
 20 kind keepers guardian angels 21 living drollery comic entertainment, caricature, or puppet show put on by live actors. 23 phoenix' The phoenix was a mythical bird consumed to ashes every five hundred to six hundred years, only to be renewed into another cycle.  
 25 want credit lack credibility 30 certes certainly 36 muse wonder at 38 want lack 39 Praise in departing i.e., Save your praise until the end of the performance. (Proverbial.) 41 viands provisions. stomachs appetites. 44 mountaineers mountain dwellers 45 Dewlapped having a dewlap, or fold of skin hanging from the neck, like cattle 46 Wallets pendent folds of skin, wattles 47 in their breasts (i.e., like the Anthropophagi described in *Othello*, 1.3.146.) 48 putter-out . . . one one who invests money or gambles on the risks of travel on the condition that the traveler who returns safely is to receive five times the amount deposited; hence, any traveler 49 Good warrant assurance. stand to come forward, fall to. (Also in line 52.)

Although my last—no matter, since I feel  
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,  
Stand to, and do as we. [They approach the table.]

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

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't—the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
And even with suchlike valor men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. [Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio  
draw their swords.]

You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate. The elements  
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me  
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you  
from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

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

50 **Although my last** even if this were to be my last meal 51 **best**  
best part of life 52.1 **harpy** a fabulous monster with a woman's face  
and breasts and a vulture's body, supposed to be a minister of divine  
vengeance 52.2–3 **with . . . vanishes** by means of some ingenious  
stage contrivance, the food vanishes. (The table remains until line 82.)  
53–6 **whom . . . up** you whom Destiny, acting through this sublunar  
world as its instrument, has caused the ever-hungry sea to  
belch up 59 **suchlike valor** i.e., the reckless valor derived from mad-  
ness 60 **proper own** 62 **whom** which. **tempered** made hard  
63 **bemocked-at** scorned 64 **still-closing** always closing again when  
parted 65 **dowl** soft, fine feather 66 **like** likewise, similarly. If  
Even if 67 **massy heavy** 71 **requit** required, avenged 77 **perdi-**  
**tion** ruin, destruction 79 **whose . . . from** to guard you from which  
heavenly wrath 80 **else** otherwise 81 **is nothing** there is no way  
82 **clear unspotted, innocent** 82.2–3 **mocks and mows** mocking ges-  
tures and grimaces

PROSPERO

50 **Bravely** the figure of this harpy hast thou  
51 **Performed**, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring. 83  
52 **Of my instruction** hast thou nothing bated 84  
53 **In what thou hadst** to say. So, with good life 85  
54 **And observation** strange, my meeker ministers 86  
55 **Their several kinds** have done. My high charms work, 87  
56 **And these mine enemies** are all knit up 88  
57 **In their distractions**. They now are in my power; 90  
58 **And in these fits** I leave them, while I visit 91  
59 **Young Ferdinand**, whom they suppose is drowned, 92  
60 **And his and mine loved darling.** [Exit above.]

GONZALO

61 **I' th' name** of something holy, sir, why stand you 93  
62 **In this strange stare?**

ALONSO

63 **Oh, it is monstrous, monstrous!** 94  
64 **Methought** the billows spoke and told me of it; 95  
65 **The winds** did sing it to me, and the thunder, 96  
66 **That deep and dreadful organ pipe**, pronounced 97  
67 **The name of Prospero**; it did bass my trespass. 99

68 **Therefor** my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and 100  
69 **I'll seek him deeper than e'er** plummet sounded, 101  
70 **And with him there lie muddled.** Exit.

SEBASTIAN

71 **But one fiend** at a time, 102  
72 **I'll fight their legions o'er.**

ANTONIO

73 **I'll be thy second.** 103  
74 **Exeunt** [Sebastian and Antonio].

GONZALO

75 **All three of them** are desperate. Their great guilt, 105  
76 **Like poison** given to work a great time after, 106  
77 **Now 'gins** to bite the spirits. I do beseech you, 107  
78 **That are of suppler joints**, follow them swiftly 108  
79 **And hinder them from what this ecstasy** 109  
80 **May now provoke them to.**

ADRIAN

81 **Follow, I pray you.**  
82 **Exeunt omnes.**



## 4.1

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

PROSPERO

71 **If I have too** **austerely** punished you,  
72 **Your compensation** makes amends, for I

83 **Bravely** Finely, dashingly 84 **a grace . . . devouring** your im-  
personation displayed a ravishing grace. (With a punning suggestion of  
having caused the banquet to disappear as if by consuming it.)

85 **bated** abated, omitted 86–8 **So . . . done** Similarly, my lesser spir-  
its assisting you have done their various tasks with observant care  
and assistance to detail. 90 **distractions** trancelike state. 94–5 **why . . .**

**stare?** (Gonzalo was not addressed in Ariel's speech to the *three men of sin*, line 53, and is not, as they are, in a maddened state; see lines  
105–7.) 95 **it** i.e., my sin. (Also in line 96.) 96 **billows** waves

99 **bass my trespass** proclaim my trespass like a bass note in the  
music. 101 **than . . . sounded** than ever a lead weight attached to a  
line tested the depth 103–4 **But . . . o'er** If the demons come at me  
one at a time, I'll fight them all. 105 **desperate** despairing and reck-  
less. 106 **Like . . .** after like poison, starting to work long after it has

been administered 107 **bite the spirits** sap their vital powers  
through anguish. 107–8 **you . . . joints** Adrian, Francisco, and others  
not under Ariel's numbing spell 109 **ecstasy** mad frenzy

4.1. Location: Before Prospero's cell.

	Have given you here a third of mine own life, Or that for which I live; who once again I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven, I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me that I boast her off, For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise And make it halt behind her.	3	O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place. Incite them to quick motion, for I must 5 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise, 7 And they expect it from me.	41
FERDINAND	I do believe it Against an oracle.	9	ARIEL Presently? PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.	42 43
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 ministered, 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.	11	ARIEL Before you can say "Come" and "Go," And breathe twice, and cry "So, so," 12 Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mow.	47
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 founded Or Night kept chained below.	16	M PROSPERO Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach L ARIEL Till thou dost hear me call.	50
PROSPERO	Fairly spoke. Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own. [Ferdinand and Miranda sit and talk together.]	18	H PROSPERO Look thou be true; do not give dalliance O 21 To th' fire i'th' blood. Be more abstemious, R Do you love me, master? No?	51
	What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!	23	N FERDINAND I warrant you, sir, N The white cold virgin snow upon my heart	54 55
	Enter Ariel.	24	PROSPERO Abates the ardor of my liver.	56
ARIEL	What would my potent master? Here I am.	26	M PROSPERO Well.	57
PROSPERO	Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service Did worthily perform, and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,	27	27 Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly!—	58
		28	28 No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.	59
			Enter Iris.	
IRIS	Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;	33	MICHAEL	60
	Thy turf-y mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;	33	33	61
	Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrims	33	33	63
	To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy	33	33	64
	broom groves,	33	33	65
	Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,	35	35	66
	Being lass-lorn; thy poll-clipped vineyard;	35	35	67
	And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky hard,	35	35	68
	Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o'th' sky,	37	37	69
		37	37	70
	41 vanity (1) illusion (2) trifle (3) desire for admiration, conceit			
	42 Presently? Immediately? 43 with a twink in the twinkling of an eye. 47 mop and mow grimaces. 50 conceive understand.			
	51 true to your promise 54 good night i.e., say good-bye to. warrant guarantee 55 The white . . . heart i.e., the chaste ideal to which my heart is devoted 56 liver (The presumed seat of the passions.) 57 corollary surplus, extra supply 58 want lack. pertly briskly. 59 No tongue! Quiet, everyone! 59.1 Iris goddess of the rainbow and Juno's messenger. 60 Ceres goddess of the generative power of nature. leas meadows 61 vetches plants for forage, fodder 63 meads meadows. stover winter fodder for cattle 64 pionèd and twillèd undercut by the swift current and protected by roots and branches that tangle to form a barricade 65 spongy wet. hest command 66 broom groves clumps of broom, gorse, yellow-flowered shrub 67 dismissed bachelor rejected male lover 68 poll-clipped pruned, lopped at the top, or pole-clipped, "hedged in with poles" 69 sea marge shore 70 thou . . . air you take the air, go for walks. queen o'th' sky i.e., Juno			

3 a third i.e., Miranda, into whose education I have put a third of my life, or (less precisely) who represents a large part of what I have cared about, along with my dukedom and my magical art 5 tender offer 7 strangely exceptionally 9 boast her off i.e., praise her so, or, perhaps an error for "boast of her"; the Folio reads "boast her of" 11 halt limp 12 Against an oracle even if an oracle should declare otherwise. 16 sanctimonious sacred 18 aspersion dew, shower 21 weeds (In place of the flowers customarily strewn on the marriage bed.) 23 As . . . you i.e., as you long for happiness and concord in your marriage. (Hymen was the Greek and Roman god of marriage; his symbolic torches, the wedding torches, were supposed to burn brightly for a happy marriage and smokily for a troubled one.) 24 issue offspring 26–7 the strong'st . . . can the strongest temptation that the evil spirit within us can propose 28 to so as to 29 edge keen enjoyment, sexual ardor 30 or . . . founded either that the horses of the sun's chariot have gone lame (thus delaying the night for which I will be so eager) 33 What Now then 35 meaner fellows subordinates 37 trick device. rabble band, i.e., the meaner fellows of line 35

Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,  
*Juno descends [slowly in her car].*  
Here on this grass plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter Ceres.*

CERES

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter,  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honeydrops, refreshing showers,  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen  
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

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

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandalized company  
I have forsworn.

IRIS

Of her society  
Be not afraid. I met Her Deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have  
done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.  
Mars's hot minion is returned again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with  
sparrows  
And be a boy right out.

*[Juno alights.]*

CERES

Highest Queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

71 *wat'ry arch* rainbow 72.1 *Juno descends* i.e., starts her descent from the "heavens" above the stage 74 *peacocks* birds sacred to Juno and used to pull her chariot. *ainain* with full speed. 75 *enter-tain* receive. 78 *saffron yellow* 80 *bow* rainbow 81 *bosky* wooded. *unshrubbed down* open upland 82 *scarf* (The rainbow is like a colored silk band adorning the earth.) 85 *estate bestow* 87 *son* i.e., Cupid. *as far as* 88-91 *Since . . . forsworn* Since Venus and her blind son Cupid plotted the means by which Dis (Pluto) carried off my daughter Proserpina to be his bride in Hades, I have forsworn their scandalous company. 92 *Her Deity* i.e., Her Highness 93 *Paphos* place on the island of Cyprus, sacred to Venus 94 *Dove-drawn* (Venus's chariot was drawn by doves.) 94-5 *done . . . charm* inflicted some lustful spell 96 *that . . . paid* that their union will not be sexually consummated 98 *Mars's hot minion* i.e., Venus, the beloved of Mars. *returned* i.e., returned to Paphos 99 *waspish-headed* hotheaded, peevish 100 *sparrows* (Supposed lustful, and sacred to Venus.) 101 *right out* outright. *Highest . . . state* Most majestic Queen 102 *gait* i.e., majestic bearing.

71 JUNO  
72 How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honored in their issue. *They sing:* 105

74 JUNO  
75 Honor, riches, marriage blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you. 108

CERES  
78 Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty,  
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,  
Plants with goodly burden bowing; 110  
80 111

81  
82 Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you. 115

85 FERDINAND  
This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits? 119

87 PROSPERO  
I have from their confines called to enact  
My present fancies. 120

88 FERDINAND  
Let me live here ever!  
So rare a wondered father and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise. 121

93 PROSPERO  
*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send  
Iris on employment.*  
Sweet now, silence! 122

94 PROSPERO  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do. Hush and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marred. 123

95 IRIS [calling offstage]  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command.  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love. Be not too late. 124

96 101 Enter certain nymphs.  
102 You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,  
103 Come hither from the furrow and be merry. 125

103 *sister* i.e., fellow goddess. 105 *issue* offspring. 108 *still always*  
110 *foison* plenty plentiful harvest 111 *garners* granaries 115 *In . . .*  
*harvest* i.e., with no winter in between. 119 *charmingly* enchantingly.  
123 *wondered* wonder-performing, wondrous. *wise* (The Folio appears to read "wise" here, but with a tall "s" that resembles an "f," leading to much dispute over this reading. In some copies of the Folio the "s" looks like an "f," perhaps damaged, but evidently as the result of an inkblot, so that the true reading is "s." Even so, an error in transmission would be easy, so that the author's intention is uncertain. The matter bears importantly on whether or not Ferdinand includes Miranda in his vision of paradise.) 128 *namaids* nymphs of springs, rivers, or lakes. *windring* wandering, winding (?) 129 *sedged* made of reeds. *ever-harmless* ever innocent 130 *crisp* curled, rippled 132 *temperate* chaste 134 *sicklemen* harvesters, field workers who cut down grain and grass. *of August weary* i.e., weary of the hard work of the harvest 135 *furrow* i.e., plowed fields

Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited. They join with the nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks, after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

PROSPERO [aside]

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

FERDINAND [to Miranda]

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

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-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. Sir, I am vexed.  
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk  
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

*Exeunt [Ferdinand and Miranda].*

PROSPERO

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

*Enter Ariel.*

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

137 encounter join 138 country footing country dancing.  
138.1 properly suitably 138.5 heavily slowly, dejectedly 142 Avoid  
Withdraw 144 works affects, agitates 146 moved sort troubled  
state, condition 148 revels entertainment, pageant 151 baseless  
fabric unsubstantial theatrical edifice or contrivance 153 great  
globe (With a glance at the Globe Theatre.) 154 which it inherit  
who subsequently occupy it 156 rack wisp of cloud 157 on of  
158 rounded surrounded (before birth and after death), or crowned,  
rounded off 160 with by 161 retire withdraw, go 163 beating  
agitated 164 with a thought i.e., on the instant, or, summoned by  
my thought, no sooner thought of than here. 165 cleave cling,  
adhere

ARIEL

137 Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared  
Lest I might anger thee.

167

PROSPERO

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

174

For breathing in their faces, beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,

176

At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
177

178

As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears  
That calflike they my lowing followed through  
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and  
thorns,

180

Which entered 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.

182

PROSPERO This was well done, my bird.  
184 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

186

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.

188

ARIEL

I go, I go. *Exit.* 187

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

190

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

192

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!

194

And as with age his body uglier grows,

196

So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

198

Even to roaring.

*Enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line. 193

[Ariel hangs up the showy finery; Prospero and  
Ariel remain, invisible.] *Enter Caliban, Stephano,*  
*and Trinculo, all wet.*

CALIBAN

7 Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may  
2 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. 198

TRINCULO

167 presented acted the part of, or, introduced 174 bending aiming  
176 unbacked unbroken, unriden 177 Advanced lifted up 178 As  
as if 179 lowing moaning 180 furzes . . . gorse prickly shrubs  
182 filthy-mantled covered with a slimy coating 184 O'erstunk  
smelled worse than, or, caused to stink terribly 186 trumpery cheap  
goods, the *glistering apparel* mentioned in the following stage direc-  
tion 187 stale (1) decoy (2) out-of-fashion garments. (With possible  
further suggestions of "horse piss," as in line 199, and "steal," pro-  
nounced like *stale*. *For stale* could also mean "fit for a prostitute.")  
192 cankers festers, grows malignant. 193 line lime tree or linden.  
193.1–2 Prospero and Ariel remain (The staging is uncertain. They  
may instead exit here and return with the spirits at line 256.)  
198 jack (1) knave (2) will-o'-the-wisp

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 dishonor 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. See'st thou here,  
This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own forever, and I thy Caliban  
For aye thy footlicker.

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

TRINCULO [seeing the finery] O King Stephano! O peer! 222  
O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is  
for thee!

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO Oho, monster! We know what belongs to a  
frippery. O King Stephano! [He puts on a gown.] 227

STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand,  
I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is 236  
not this my jerkin? [He takes it down.] Now is the jerkin 237  
under the line. Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your  
hair and prove a bald jerkin.

206 **hoodwink this mischance** cover up (literally, blindfold) this mischance. 213-14 **o'er ears** over my ears in the filthy horse pond (line 182). 222 **King . . . peer** (Alludes to the old ballad beginning, "King Stephen was a worthy peer.") 227 **frippery** second-hand-clothing shop. (Trinculo knows that what they have just found is much finer.)

231 **The dropsy drown** (An oath. *Dropsy* is a disease characterized by the accumulation of fluid in the connective tissue of the body.)

232 **luggage** cumbersome trash. 234 **crown head** 236 **Mistress line** (Addressed to the linden or lime tree upon which, at line 193, Ariel hung the *glistening apparel*.) 237 **jerkin** jacket made of leather

238 **under the line** under the lime tree. (With punning sense of being south of the equinoctial line or equator; sailors on long voyages to the southern regions were popularly supposed to lose their hair from scurvy or other diseases. Stephano also quibbles bawdily on losing hair through syphilis, and puns in *Mistress* and *jerkin*.) **like** likely

239 **bald** (1) hairless, napless (2) meager

TRINCULO Do, do! We steal by line and level, an't like<sup>240</sup>  
Your Grace.

STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment  
for't. [He gives a garment.] 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<sup>245</sup>  
garment for't.

TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your<sup>247</sup>  
fingers, and away with the rest.

206

CALIBAN

I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,  
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes 250  
With foreheads villainous low. 251

STEPHANO Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear<sup>252</sup>  
this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn<sup>253</sup>  
you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this. 254

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

[They load Caliban with more and more garments.]

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits, in  
shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about,  
Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark! Hark!  
[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints 261  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make  
them 262  
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL Hark, they roar! 263

PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour 264  
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.  
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little  
Follow, and do me service. 267  
Exeunt.



## 5.1

*Enter Prospero in his magic robes, [with his staff,] and Ariel.*

240 **Do, do!** i.e., Bravo! (Said in response to the jesting or to the taking of the jerkin, or both.) **steal . . . level** i.e., steal by means of plumb line and carpenter's level, methodically. (With pun on *line*, "lime tree," line 238, and *steal*, pronounced like *stale*, i.e., prostitute, continuing Stephano's bawdy quibble.) **an't like** if it please 245 **pass of pate** sally of wit. (The metaphor is from fencing.) 247 **lime** birdlime, sticky substance (to give Caliban sticky fingers) 250 **barnacles** barnacle geese, formerly supposed to be hatched from barnacles attached to trees or to rotting timber; here, evidently used, like *apes*, as types of simpletons 251 **villainous viley** 252 **lay to start using** 253 this i.e., the *glistening apparel*. **hogshead** large cask 254 **Go to** (An expression of exhortation or remonstrance.) 261 **dry convulsions** racking cramps 262 **aged** characteristic of old age 263 **pard** panther or leopard. **cat o' mountain** wildcat. 264 **soundly** severely. 267 **little** little while longer  
5.1. Location: Before Prospero's cell.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

I did say so,  
When first I 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,  
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell.  
They cannot budge till your release. The King,  
His brother, and yours abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that 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.*

*[Prospero traces a charmed circle with his staff.]*

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

**2** crack collapse, fail. (The metaphor is probably alchemical, as in project and gather to a head, line 1.) **3** his carriage its burden. (Time is no longer heavily burdened and so can go upright, standing straight and unimpeded.) **4** On Approaching **10** line grove grove of lime trees. **weather-fends** protects from the weather **11** your release you release them. **12** distracted out of their wits **17** eaves of reeds thatched roofs. **18** affections disposition, feelings **21** touch sense, apprehension **23-4** that . . . they I who experience human passions as acutely as they **24** kindlier (1) more sympathetically (2) more naturally, humanly **27** rarer nobler **33** Ye . . . groves (This passage, down through line 50, is an embellished paraphrase of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 7.197-219.)

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that **36**  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, **37**  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime **39**  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice **40**  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, **41**  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed **41**  
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds, **43**  
And twixt the green sea and the azured vault **44**  
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder **45**  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak **46**  
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory **47**  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up **47**  
The pine and cedar; graves at my command **48**  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth **49**  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic **50**  
I here abjure, and when I have required **51**  
Some heavenly music—which even now I do— **53**  
To work mine end upon their senses that **53**  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, **53**  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, **53**  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound **53**  
I'll drown my book.

*Solemn music.*

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:*

**17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **32** **33** **34** **35** **36** **37** **38** **39** **40** **41** **42** **43** **44** **45** **46** **47** **48** **49** **50** **51** **52** **53** **54** **55** **56** **57** **58** **59** **60** **61** **62** **63** **64** **65** **66** **67** **68** **69** **70** **71** **72** **73**

[To Alonso] A solemn air, and the best comforter **58**  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, **59**  
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! [To Sebastian **59**  
and Antonio] There stand, **60**  
For you are spell-stopped.—  
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,  
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine, **63**  
Fall fellowly drops. [Aside] The charm dissolves **64**  
apace,

**7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **32** **33** **34** **35** **36** **37** **38** **39** **40** **41** **42** **43** **44** **45** **46** **47** **48** **49** **50** **51** **52** **53** **54** **55** **56** **57** **58** **59** **60** **61** **62** **63** **64** **65** **66** **67** **68** **69** **70** **71** **72** **73**

And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses **67**  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle **68**  
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces **70**  
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly **71**  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—

**36** demi-puppets puppets of half size, i.e., elves and fairies **37** green sour ringlets fairy rings, circles in grass (actually produced by mushrooms) **39** midnight mushrooms mushrooms appearing overnight **40** curfew evening bell, usually rung at nine o'clock, ushering in the time when spirits are abroad **41** Weak masters i.e., subordinate spirits, as in 4.1.35 **43** the azured vault i.e., the sky **44-5** to . . . fire I have discharged the dread rattling thunderbolt **45** rifted riven, split. **oak** a tree that was sacred to Jove **46** bolt thunderbolt **47** spurs roots **50** rough violent **51** required demanded **53** their senses that the senses of those whom **58** air song. and i.e., which is **59** fancy imagination **60** boiled i.e., extremely agitated **63** sociable sympathetic. show appearance **64** Fall let fall **67** ignorant fumes fumes that render them incapable of comprehension. **mantle** envelop **68** clearer growing clearer **70** pay thy graces requite your favors and virtues **71** Home fully **73** furtherer accomplice

Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian. [To Antonio]	74	I fear a madness held me. This must crave—	116
Flesh and blood,		An if this be at all—a most strange story.	117
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,		Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat	118
Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,	76	Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should	
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,		Prospero	119
Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,		Be living, and be here?	
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding		PROSPERO [to Gonzalo] First, noble friend,	
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide		Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot	121
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore		Be measured or confined. [Embracing him.]	
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them		GONZALO Whether this be	
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,		Or be not, I'll not swear.	
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.		PROSPERO You do yet taste	
[Ariel goes to the cell and returns immediately.]		Some subtleties o'th'isle, that will not let you	124
I will disease me and myself present	85	Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!	
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit!	86	[Aside to Sebastian and Antonio] But you, my brace of	
Thou shalt ere long be free.		lords, were I so minded,	126
Ariel sings and helps to attire him.		I here could pluck His Highness' frown upon you	
ARIEL		And justify you traitors. At this time	128
Where the bee sucks, there suck I.		I will tell no tales.	
In a cowslip's bell I lie;		SEBASTIAN The devil speaks in him.	
There I couch when owls do cry.		PROSPERO No.	
On the bat's back I do fly		[To Antonio] For you, most wicked sir, whom to call	
After summer merrily.		brother	
Merrily, merrily shall I live now		Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive	
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.		Thy rankest fault—all of them; and require	
PROSPERO		My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know	
Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,		Thou must restore.	
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.		ALONSO If thou be'st Prospero,	
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art!		Give us particulars of thy preservation,	
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep		How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since	136
Under the hatches. The Master and the Boatswain		Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost—	
Being awake, enforce them to this place,		How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—	
And presently, I prithee.		My dear son Ferdinand.	
ARIEL		PROSPERO I am woe for't, sir.	139
I drink the air before me, and return		ALONSO	
Or ere your pulse twice beat.	103	Irreparable is the loss, and Patience	
GONZALO		Says it is past her cure.	
All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement		PROSPERO I rather think	
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us		You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace	
Out of this fearful country!		For the like loss I have her sovereign aid	143
PROSPERO		And rest myself content.	
Behold, sir King,		ALONSO You the like loss?	
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero.		PROSPERO	
For more assurance that a living prince		As great to me as late, and supportable	145
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;		To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker	146
And to thee and thy company I bid		Than you may call to comfort you; for I	147
A hearty welcome. [Embracing him.]		Have lost my daughter.	
ALONSO		ALONSO A daughter?	
Whe'er thou be'st he or no,		O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,	
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			

74 pinched punished, afflicted 76 remorse and nature pity and natural feeling. whom you who 81 reasonable shore shores of reason, i.e., minds. (Their reason returns, like the incoming tide.) 85 disease disrobe 86 As . . . Milan in my former appearance as Duke of Milan. 90 couch lie 92 After summer following summer as it moves to various parts of the world 96 So, so, so (Expresses approval of Ariel's help as valet.) 101 presently immediately 103 Or ere before 106 fearful frightening 112 trifle trick of magic abuse deceive 113 late lately

116 crave require 117 An . . . all if this is actually happening. story i.e., explanation. 118 Thy . . . resign (Alonso made arrangement with Antonio at the time of Prospero's banishment for Milan to pay tribute to Naples; see 1.2.113–27.) 119 wrongs wrongdoings. 121 thine age your venerable self 124 subtleties illusions, magical powers. (Playing on the idea of "pastries, concoctions.") 126 brace pair 128 justify you prove you to be 136 whom we who 139 woe sorry 143 sovereign efficacious 145 late recent 145–7 and supportable . . . you and I have much weaker means to make my loss supportable than you can call upon to comfort you

The king and queen there! That they were, I wish  
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter? 153

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath. But, howsoever you have  
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely 161  
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was  
landed  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this,  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir.  
This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing,  
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,  
playing at chess.*

MIRANDA Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

MIRANDA

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

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

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

FERDINAND *[approaching his father]*  
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;  
I have cursed them without cause. *[He kneels.]*ALONSO Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*[Ferdinand rises.]*  
MIRANDA Oh, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! Oh, brave new world

151–3 That . . . lies I would wish myself buried in that muddy bed  
where my son's body lies drowned if that would somehow make  
them alive and reigning in Naples. 155 admire wonder 156 devour  
their reason i.e., are openmouthed, dumbfounded 156–8 and scarce  
. . . breath and scarcely can believe their eyes or their own words.  
161 of from 164 of day by day requiring days to tell, or covering a  
long span of time 168 abroad anywhere else. 170 require repay  
172.1 discovers i.e., by opening a curtain, presumably rearstage  
173 play me false cheat. 176–7 Yes . . . play i.e., Yes, even if we were  
playing for twenty kingdoms, something less than the whole world,  
you would still press your advantage against me, and I would lovingly  
let you do it as though it were fair play. 178 vision illusion  
182 compass encompass, embrace 185 brave splendid, gorgeously  
appareled, handsome

151 That has such people in't!  
152 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?

188

157 FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal;  
158 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.

164 ALONSO I am hers.

168 M E L H O R N Q R N , But oh, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

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

172 GONZALO I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
For it is you that have chalked forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

205

173 ALONSO I say amen, Gonzalo!  
174 GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? Oh, 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.

207

175 E ALONSO *[to Ferdinand and Miranda]* Give me your hands. 215  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

214

176 GONZALO Be it so! Amen!

177 2 Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain  
178 2 amazedly following.

180 3 Oh, look, sir, look, sir! Here is more of us.  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore? 220  
185 3 B Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

186 4 BOATSWAIN The best news is that we have safely found

188 eld'st longest 202 heaviness sadness. inly inwardly  
205 chalked . . . way marked as with a piece of chalk the pathway  
207 Was Milan Was the Duke of Milan. issue offspring 214–15 all .  
. . own all of us have found ourselves and our sanity when we all had  
lost our senses. 216 still always. his that person's 220 blas-  
phemy i.e., blasphemer 221 That swear'st grace o'erboard i.e., you  
who expel heavenly grace from the ship by your blasphemies. not  
an oath aren't you going to swear an oath

Our 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.

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

PROSPERO [*aside to Ariel*] My tricksy spirit!

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

BOATSWAIN If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And—how we know not—all clapped under hatches,  
Where but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked; straightway at liberty;  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our Master  
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them  
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL [*aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?

PROSPERO [*aside to Ariel*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

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

PROSPERO Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business. At 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  
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ariel*] Come  
hither, spirit.

Set Caliban and his companions free.  
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*]

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

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and  
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

STEPHANO Every man shift for all the rest, and let no  
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. *Corag-*

<sup>225</sup>glasses hourglasses. <sup>226</sup>gave out split reported shipwrecked, gave up for lost <sup>226</sup>yare ready. <sup>226</sup>bravely splendidly <sup>228</sup>tricksy ingenious, sportive <sup>229</sup>strengthen increase <sup>232</sup>dead of sleep deep in sleep <sup>234</sup>several diverse <sup>240</sup>Cap'ring to eye dancing for joy to see. <sup>241</sup>On a trice In an instant <sup>241</sup>them i.e., the other crew members <sup>242</sup>moping in a daze <sup>246</sup>conduct director <sup>248</sup>infest harass, disturb. <sup>249</sup>beating on worrying about <sup>249</sup>picked chosen, convenient <sup>250</sup>single privately. <sup>251</sup>resolve satisfy, explain to <sup>251</sup>probable plausible <sup>251-2</sup>of every These about every one of these <sup>252</sup>accidents occurrences <sup>253</sup>well favorably. <sup>257</sup>odd unaccounted for <sup>258-9</sup>Every . . . himself (Stephano drunkenly inverts the saying "Every man for himself.")

<sup>225</sup>gio, bully monster, *coraggio!* <sup>260</sup>  
TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my <sup>261</sup>head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! <sup>263</sup>  
How fine my master is! I am afraid <sup>264</sup>  
He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!  
<sup>229</sup>What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO <sup>232</sup>Very like. One of them  
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

PROSPERO <sup>234</sup>Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave, <sup>271</sup>  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, <sup>274</sup>  
And deal in her command without her power.  
These three have robbed me, and this demidevil—  
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them <sup>276</sup>  
To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I <sup>278</sup>  
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN <sup>242</sup>I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO <sup>244</sup>And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they  
<sup>246</sup>Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? <sup>282</sup>  
[*To Trinculo*] How cam'st thou in this pickle? <sup>283</sup>

TRINCULO <sup>248</sup>I have been in such a pickle since I saw you  
last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. I shall <sup>284</sup>  
not fear flyblowing.

SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano?

STEPHANO <sup>250</sup>Oh, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a <sup>291</sup>  
<sup>252</sup>cramp.

PROSPERO You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah? <sup>291</sup>

STEPHANO <sup>253</sup>I should have been a sore one, then. <sup>292</sup>

ALONSO [*pointing to Caliban*]  
This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

PROSPERO <sup>255</sup>He is as disproportioned in his manners  
<sup>257</sup>As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell.  
Take with you your companions. As you look <sup>297</sup>  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

<sup>259-60</sup>Coraggio . . . monster Have courage, gallant monster <sup>261</sup>true spies accurate observers (i.e., sharp eyes) <sup>263</sup>brave handsome <sup>264</sup>fine splendidly attired <sup>270</sup>badges emblems worn by servants to indicate whom they serve <sup>271</sup>say . . . true say if they are worthy and loyal servants. <sup>274</sup>And . . . power and usurp the moon's command (over tides) without her authority. (Sycorax could control the moon and hence the tides.) <sup>276</sup>bastard counterfeit <sup>278</sup>own acknowledge. <sup>282</sup>reeling ripe staggeringly drunk. <sup>283</sup>gilded 'em flushed their complexion (from the drink), giving them a ruddy or gilded appearance. <sup>284</sup>pickle (1) fix, predicament (2) pickling brine (in this case, horse urine). <sup>287</sup>flyblowing i.e., being fouled by fly eggs (from which he is saved by being pickled). <sup>291</sup>sirrah (Standard form of address to an inferior, here expressing reprimand.) <sup>292</sup>sore (1) tyrannical (2) sorry, inept (3) wracked by pain <sup>297</sup>trim prepare, decorate

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!

299

PROSPERO

Go to. Away!

ALONSO

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it, rather.  
*[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.]*

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite Your Highness and your train  
 To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
 For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste  
 With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
 Go quick away: the story of my life,  
 And the particular accidents gone by  
 Since I came to this isle. And in the morn  
 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
 Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized;  
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

306

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;  
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
 Your royal fleet far off. *[Aside to Ariel]* My Ariel, chick,

309

317

319

320

299 grace pardon, favor. 306 waste spend 309 accidents occurrences 317 Take take effect upon, enchant. deliver declare, relate 319–20 catch . . . far off enable you to catch up with the main part of your royal fleet, now afar off en route to Naples. (See 1.2.235–6.)

That is thy charge. Then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thou well!

[*To the others*] Please you, draw near. 322  
*Exeunt omnes [except Prospero].*



## Epilogue *Spoken by PROSPERO.*

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have 's mine own,

Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true,

I must be here confined by you

Or sent to Naples. Let me not,

Since I have my dukedom got

And pardoned the deceiver, dwell

In this bare island by your spell,

But release me from my bands

9

With the help of your good hands. 10

Gentle breath of yours my sails

11

Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want

13

Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,

And my ending is despair,

Unless I be relieved by prayer,

16

Which pierces so that it assaults

17

Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

18

As you from crimes would pardoned be,

19

Let your indulgence set me free. 20

*Exit.*

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322 draw near i.e., enter my cell.

Epilogue.

9 bands bonds 10 hands i.e., applause (the noise of which could break a charm). 11 Gentle breath Favorable breeze (produced by hands clapping or favorable comment) 13 want lack 16 prayer i.e., Prospero's petition to the audience 17 assaults penetrates the heart of 18 frees obtains forgiveness for 19 crimes sins 20 indulgence (1) humorizing, lenient approval (2) remission of punishment for sin