

---

# 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 noontide 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.

## The Tempest

### Names of the Actors

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

BOATSWAIN  
 MARINERS  
 MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero*  
 ARIEL, *an airy spirit*  
 IRIS, }  
 CERES, } *[presented by] spirits*  
 JUNO, }  
 NYMPHS, }  
 REAPERS, }

[Other Spirits attending on Prospero]

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, 3  
or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir! *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my 6  
hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room 7  
enough! 8

*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. 14  
Keep your cabins! You do assist the storm.

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these 15  
roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not. 17

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are 23  
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, 24  
give thanks you have lived so long and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it 27  
so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *Exit.*

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow. Me- 30  
thinks 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 31  
our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be 33

*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].* 34

*Enter Boatswain.*

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, 36  
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. 38

*Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.*

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and 39  
drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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

BOATSWAIN Work you, then.

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

GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning, though the 47  
ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench. 49

BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses. 50  
Off to sea again! Lay her off!

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost! 17  
[*The Mariners run about in confusion, exiting at random.*]

BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold? 53

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

I am out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. 56

This wide-chapped rascal! Would thou mightst lie

drowning 57

The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO

He'll be hanged yet, 58

Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

(*A confused noise within:*) "Mercy on us!"— 60

"We split, we split!"—"Farewell my wife and 61

children!"—

"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"

[*Exit Boatswain.*]

ANTONIO Let's all sink wi'th' King.

SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.

*Exit [with Antonio].*

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** unstanched 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,  
anything. The wills above be done! But I would fain  
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. piteous 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."

PROSPERO The hour's now come;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

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

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

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

MIRANDA But that I do not.

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

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

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

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

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

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

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,

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 help 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

- And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?
- MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.
- PROSPERO  
Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who t'advance and who  
To trash for overtopping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new formed 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state  
To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk  
And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.
- MIRANDA Oh, good sir, I do.
- PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded  
Not only with what my revenue yielded  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
Who, having into truth by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' substitution  
And executing th'outward face of royalty  
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—  
Dost thou hear?
- MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
- 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  
76 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  
79 The dukedom yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.
- 81 MIRANDA O the heavens!
- 82 PROSPERO  
Mark his condition and th'event, then tell me  
83 If this might be a brother.
- 84 MIRANDA I should sin  
85 To think but nobly of my grandmother.  
87 Good wombs have borne bad sons.
- PROSPERO Now the condition.  
This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,  
Which was that he, in lieu o'th' premises  
90 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
91 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
92 Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honors, on my brother. Whereon,  
94 A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and, i'th' dead of darkness,  
97 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.
- 99 MIRANDA Alack, for pity!  
100 I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
101 Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint  
102 That wrings mine eyes to 't.
- 103 PROSPERO Hear a little further,  
104 And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
105 Which now 's upon 's, without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.
- MIRANDA Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?
- PROSPERO Well demanded, wench.  
7 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst  
2 not,  
0 So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
7 A mark so bloody on the business, but  
0

72 **prime** first in rank and importance 76 to . . . **stranger** i.e., withdrew from my responsibilities as duke. **transported** carried away 79 **perfected** grown skillful 81 **trash** check a hound by tying a cord or weight to its neck. **overtopping** running too far ahead of the pack; surmounting, exceeding one's authority 81–3 **new . . . formed 'em** won the loyalty of my officers by appointing them to new posts, or replaced them with others who would be loyal to Antonio, or else redefined the positions and their occupants 83–5 **having . . . ear** having now under his control both the officers and the positions, he set a tone for his rule according to his own inclination. (Key is also a metaphor for tuning stringed instruments.) 87 **verdure** vitality. **on't** of it. 90 **closeness** retirement, seclusion 91–2 **but . . . rate** i.e., were it not that its private nature caused me to neglect my public responsibilities, had a value far beyond what public opinion could appreciate, or, simply because it was done in such seclusion, had a value not appreciated by popular opinion 94 **good parent** (Alludes to the proverb that good parents often bear bad children; see also line 120.) **of** in 97 **sans** without. **lorded** raised to lordship, with power and wealth 99 **else** otherwise, additionally 100–2 **Who . . . lie** i.e., who, by repeatedly telling the lie (that he was indeed Duke of Milan), made his memory such a confirmed sinner against truth that he began to believe his own lie 103–5 **out . . . prerogative** as a result of his making himself my substitute and carrying out all the visible functions of royalty with all its rights and privileges.

107–9 **To have . . . Milan** In order to eliminate all separation between his role and himself, he insisted on becoming the Duke of Milan in name as well as in fact. 110 **temporal royalties** practical prerogatives and responsibilities of a sovereign 111 **confederates** conspires, allies himself 112 **dry** thirsty. **sway** power 113 **him** i.e., the King of Naples 114 **his . . . his Antonio's . . . the King of Naples's**. **bend** make bow down 115 **yet** hitherto 117 **condition** pact. **th'event** the outcome 119 **but** other than 122 **hearkens** listens to 123 **he** the King of Naples. **in . . . premises** in return for the stipulation 125 **presently extirpate** at once remove 131 **ministers . . . purpose** agents employed to do this. **thence** from there 134 **hint** prompting 135 **wrings** (1) constrains (2) wrings tears from 138 **impertinent** irrelevant. **Wherefore** Why 139 **demanded** asked. **wench** (Here a term of endearment.) 141–2 **set . . . bloody** i.e., make obvious their murderous intent. (From the practice of marking with the blood of the prey those who have participated in a successful hunt.)



With colors fairer painted their foul ends.  
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
 Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared  
 A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,  
 To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh  
 To th' winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA Alack, what trouble  
 Was I then to you!

PROSPERO Oh, a cherubin  
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
 When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,  
 Under my burden groaned, which raised in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA How came we ashore?

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

MIRANDA Would I might  
 But ever see that man!

PROSPERO Now I arise.  
*[He puts on his magic cloak.]*  
 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.

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

PROSPERO Know thus far forth:  
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon

143 fairer apparently more attractive 144 few few words. bark  
 ship 146 butt cask, tub 147 Nor tackle neither rigging 148 quit  
 abandoned 151 Did . . . wrong i.e., pitied us even as they drove us  
 on. 154 Infused 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 steadied 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.)

143 A most auspicious star, whose influence 183  
 144 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes 184  
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.  
 146 Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness, 186  
 147 And give it way. I know thou canst not choose. 187  
 148 *[Miranda sleeps.]*  
 Come away, servant, come! I am ready now. 188  
 Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter Ariel.*

151 ARIEL  
 All hail, great master, grave sir, hail! I come  
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
 154 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
 155 On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task 193  
 156 Ariel and all his quality.

157 PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit, 194  
 Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee? 195

ARIEL To every article.  
 I boarded the King's ship. Now on the beak, 197  
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, 198  
 I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide 199  
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
 The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly, 201  
 165 Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors  
 O'th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary  
 166 And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks 204  
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune 205  
 Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

169 PROSPERO My brave spirit! 207  
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil 208  
 Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul 210  
 But felt a fever of the mad and played  
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
 Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,  
 173 With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair— 214  
 174 Was the first man that leapt; cried, "Hell is empty,  
 175 And all the devils are here!"

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

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished. 219  
 182 On their sustaining garments not a blemish, 220  
 But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,

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. <i>[He folds his arms.]</i>	221	When it is baked with frost.	
PROSPERO	Of the King's ship, The mariners, say how thou hast disposed, And all the rest o'th' fleet.	222	ARIEL I do not, sir.	257
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.	223 224 225	PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?	258 259 260
ARIEL		226	ARIEL No, sir.	
PROSPERO		227	PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.	
ARIEL		228	ARIEL Sir, in Argier.	
PROSPERO		229	PROSPERO Oh, was she so? I must	263
ARIEL		230	Once in a month recount what thou hast been, Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax, For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier, Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did They would not take her life. Is not this true?	264 265 266
PROSPERO	Ariel, thy charge Exactly is performed. But there's more work. What is the time o'th' day?	231	ARIEL Ay, sir.	
ARIEL	Past the mid season.	232	PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave, As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant; And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhorred commands, Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, By help of her more potent ministers And in her most unmitigable rage, Into a cloven pine, within which rift Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans	267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287
PROSPERO	How now? Moody? What is't thou canst demand?	233	ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son.	286
ARIEL	My liberty.	234	PROSPERO Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax Could not again undo. It was mine art, When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape The pine and let thee out.	287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

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 concur-  
 ring with Prospero's comment about a "freckled whelp," not contra-  
 dicting 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,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins  
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work  
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.

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

Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night. And then I 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  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o'th' island.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used  
thee,

Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honor of my child.

CALIBAN

Oho, oho! Would't had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA

Abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good  
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN

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

**329 Urchins** Hedgehogs; here, suggesting goblins in the guise of hedgehogs **330 vast** lengthy, desolate time. (Malignant spirits were thought to be restricted to the hours of darkness.) **332 as honeycomb** i.e., as a honeycomb full of bees **333 'em** i.e., the honeycomb. **338 the bigger . . . less** i.e., the sun and the moon. (See Genesis 1:16: "God then made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the less light to rule the night.") **342 charms** spells **345 sty** confine as in a sty **348 stripes** lashes **349 humane** (Not distinguished as a word from *human*.) **353 peopled else** otherwise populated **354–65 Abhorred . . . prison** (Sometimes assigned by editors to Prospero.) **355 print** imprint, impression **360 purposes** meanings, desires **361 race** natural disposition; species, nature **367 red plague** plague characterized by red sores and evacuation of blood. **rid** destroy

**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

	For learning me your language!		Those are pearls that were his eyes.	
PROSPERO	Hagseed, hence!	368	Nothing of him that doth fade	
	Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou'rt best,	369	But doth suffer a sea change	
	To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?	370	Into something rich and strange.	
	If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly		Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.	406
	What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,	372	<i>Burden [within].</i> Ding dong.	
	Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar	373	Hark, now I hear them, ding dong bell.	
	That beasts shall tremble at thy din.			
CALIBAN	No, pray thee.		FERDINAND	
	[ <i>Aside</i> ] I must obey. His art is of such power		The ditty does remember my drowned father.	409
	It would control my dam's god, Setebos,	376	This is no mortal business, nor no sound	
	And make a vassal of him.		That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.	411
PROSPERO	So, slave, hence!	377	PROSPERO [ <i>to Miranda</i> ]	
	<i>Exit Caliban.</i>		<b>M</b> The fringed curtains of thine eye advance	412
			And say what thou see'st yond.	
	<i>Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing. [Ferdinand does not see Prospero and Miranda.]</i>		MIRANDA	
			What is 't? A spirit?	
			Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,	
			It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.	415
	<i>Ariel's Song.</i>		PROSPERO	
ARIEL			No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such senses	
	Come unto these yellow sands,		As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st	
	And then take hands;		Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stained	418
	Curtisied when you have, and kissed	380	With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st	
	The wild waves whist;	381	call him	419
	Foot it featly here and there,	382	A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows	
	And, sweet sprites, bear	383	And strays about to find 'em.	
	The burden. Hark, hark!	384	MIRANDA	
	<i>Burden, dispersedly [within].</i> Bow-wow.	385	I might call him	
	The watchdogs bark.		A thing divine, for nothing natural	
	[ <i>Burden, dispersedly within.</i> ] Bow-wow.		I ever saw so noble.	
	Hark, hark! I hear		PROSPERO [ <i>aside</i> ]	
	The strain of strutting chanticleer		It goes on, I see,	
	Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.		As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee	
FERDINAND			Within two days for this.	
	Where should this music be? I'th'air or th'earth?		FERDINAND [ <i>seeing Miranda</i> ]	
	It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon		Most sure, the goddess	
	Some god o'th'island. Sitting on a bank,	392	On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer	426
	Weeping again the King my father's wreck,	393	May know if you remain upon this island,	427
	This music crept by me upon the waters,		And that you will some good instruction give	
	Allaying both their fury and my passion		How I may bear me here. My prime request,	429
	With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,		Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!—	430
	Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.		If you be maid or no?	
	No, it begins again.		MIRANDA	
	<i>Ariel's Song.</i>		No wonder, sir,	431
ARIEL			But certainly a maid.	
	Full fathom five thy father lies.		FERDINAND	
	Of his bones are coral made.		My language? Heavens!	
			I am the best of them that speak this speech,	433
			Were I but where 'tis spoken.	
			PROSPERO [ <i>coming forward</i> ]	
			How? The best?	
			What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?	
			FERDINAND	
			A single thing, as I am now, that wonders	436
			To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,	437

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 Patago-  
 nians, named in Richard Eden's *History of Travel*, 1577.) 377.2 **Ariel**,  
*invisible* (Ariel wears a garment that by convention indicates he is invis-  
 ible to Ferdinand and Miranda.) 380 **Curtisied** . . . **have** when you have  
 curtisied 380–1 **kissed** . . . **whist** kissed the waves into silence, or, kissed  
 while the waves are being hushed 382 **Foot it featly** dance nimbly  
 383 **sprites** spirits 384 **burden** refrain, undersong. 385 **s.d.** *dispers-*  
*edly* 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  
 Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
 And make thy weapon drop. [*He brandishes his staff.*]

442 MIRANDA [*trying to hinder him*] Beseech you, father!

443 PROSPERO  
 Hence! Hang not on my garments.

445 MIRANDA Sir, have pity!  
 I'll be his surety.

447 PROSPERO Silence! One word more  
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
 An advocate for an impostor? Hush!  
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
 Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,  
 To th' most of men this is a Caliban,  
 And they to him are angels.

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

PROSPERO [*to Ferdinand*] Come on, obey.  
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
 And have no vigor in them.

488 FERDINAND So they are.  
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats  
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
 Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid. All corners else o'th'earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

495 PROSPERO [*aside*] It works. [*To Ferdinand*] Come on.—  
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Ferdinand*] Follow  
 me.  
 [*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA [*to Ferdinand*] Be of comfort.  
 My father's of a better nature, sir,  
 Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted  
 Which now came from him.

501 PROSPERO [*to Ariel*] Thou shalt be as free  
 As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
 All points of my command.

503 ARIEL To th' syllable.

PROSPERO [*to Ferdinand*]  
 Come, follow. [*To Miranda*] Speak not for him.

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 442 son (The only reference in the play to a son of Antonio.) 443 more braver more splendid. control refute 445 changed eyes exchanged amorous glances. 447 done . . . wrong i.e., spoken falsely. 454 both in either's each in the other's 455 uneasy difficult 456 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 spo-  
ken 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!  
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.  
SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.  
ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen. 51  
GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.  
ANTONIO True, save means to live. 53  
SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.  
GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How 55  
green!  
ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny. 57  
SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in't. 58  
ANTONIO He misses not much.  
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 vouch'd rarities are. 63  
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.  
ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would 68  
it not say he lies? 69  
SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report. 70  
GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as  
when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of  
the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.  
SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper 71  
well in our return.  
ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a 72  
paragon to their queen. 77

**2** 36 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.” Antonio is evidently suggesting that *tender*, and *delicate temperance* sounds like a Puritan phrase, which Antonio then mocks by applying the words to a woman rather than an island. He began this bawdy comparison with a double entendre on *inaccessible*, line 40.) **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. 78
- ANTONIO [*aside to Sebastian*] 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! 82
- ADRIAN [*to Gonzalo*] "Widow Dido" said you? You make  
me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis. 84
- GONZALO This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
- ADRIAN Carthage?
- GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.
- ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous harp. 88
- SEBASTIAN He hath raised the wall, and houses too. 127
- ANTONIO What impossible matter will he make easy  
next? 128
- 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. 94
- GONZALO Ay. 96
- ANTONIO Why, in good time. 97
- GONZALO [*to Alonso*] Sir, we were talking that our gar-  
ments 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. 101
- SEBASTIAN Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 102
- 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. 104
- ANTONIO That "sort" was well fished for. 106
- GONZALO When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.
- ALONSO
- You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,  
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?
- FRANCISCO Sir, he may live.  
I saw him beat the surges under him  
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
- Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared 120  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke 121  
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed, 122  
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt 123  
He came alive to land.
- 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 130  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself 131  
Weighed between loathness and obedience at 132  
Which end o'th' beam should bow. We have lost your  
son, 133  
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making 135  
Than we bring men to comfort them.  
The fault's your own.
- ALONSO So is the dear'st o'th' loss. 138
- GONZALO My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore 141  
When you should bring the plaster.
- 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?

**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

**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** 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 settlement. (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  
such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use  
to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

149 continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter Ariel [invisible] playing solemn music.*

150

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 Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find

They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN

Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

195

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

164

ANTONIO We two, my lord,

166

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

SEBASTIAN

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO

Nor I. My spirits are nimble.

174

They fell together all, as by consent; 204

They dropped, as by a thunderstroke. What might,

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

And yet methinks I see it in thy face

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

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

I do, and surely

212 It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st

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

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open—standing, speaking, moving—

And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,

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

**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 *mettle*, 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.)

**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; 218  
 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 221  
 Trebles thee o'er.  
 SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water. 222  
 ANTONIO  
 I'll teach you how to flow.  
 SEBASTIAN Do so. To ebb 223  
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.  
 ANTONIO Oh, 224  
 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. 230  
 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: 232  
 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 236  
 That he's undrowned.  
 ANTONIO Oh, out of that "no hope" 241  
 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. 244  
 ANTONIO Then tell me,  
 Who's the next heir of Naples?  
 SEBASTIAN Claribel.

218 distinctly articulately 221 if heed if you heed 222 Trebles thee 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 Antonio'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 248  
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post— 249  
 The Man i'th' Moon's too slow—till newborn chins  
 Be rough and razorable; she that from whom 251  
 We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again, 252  
 And by that destiny to perform an act  
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
 In yours and my discharge. 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.  
 ANTONIO A space whose ev'ry cubit 259  
 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 264  
 As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate  
 As amply and unnecessarily 265  
 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?  
 SEBASTIAN  
 Methinks I do.  
 ANTONIO And how does your content 271  
 Tender your own good fortune?  
 SEBASTIAN I remember 272  
 You did supplant your brother Prospero.  
 ANTONIO True.  
 And look how well my garments sit upon me,  
 Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
 Were then my fellows. Now they are my men.  
 SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience? 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,

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 disgorged, 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; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.
- SEBASTIAN Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,  
And I the king shall love thee.
- ANTONIO Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on Gonzalo. [They draw.]
- SEBASTIAN Oh, but one word. 298  
[They talk apart.]
- Enter Ariel [invisible], with music and song.*
- ARIEL [to Gonzalo]  
My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth—  
For else his project dies—to keep them living.  
*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*
- While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware.  
Awake, awake!
- ANTONIO Then let us both be sudden.
- GONZALO [waking] Now, good angels preserve the King!  
[The others wake.]
- ALONSO Why, how now, ho, awake? Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
- GONZALO What's the matter?
- SEBASTIAN Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.
- ALONSO I heard nothing.
- ANTONIO 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 shook you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,  
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
- 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
- 289 Lead off this ground, and let's make further search  
290 For my poor son.
- 291 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.  
295 So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.
- Exeunt [separately].*
- M 2.2**
- 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.]
- TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I hear  
it sing i'th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge  
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his  
liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head. Yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailfuls. [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!  
Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but  
this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would

286 thus similarly. (The actor makes a stabbing gesture.) 287 wink sleep, closing of eyes. 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.

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  
a man. Any strange beast there makes a man. When  
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they  
will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a  
man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do  
now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no  
fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a  
thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again!  
My best way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is  
no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man  
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the  
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 afeard now of  
your four legs. For it hath been said, "As proper a man  
as ever went on four legs cannot make him give  
ground"; and it shall be said so again while Stephano  
breathes at' nostrils.

CALIBAN 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRINCULO Stephano!

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

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

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

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

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 effemi-  
nacy 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.)

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 **back-**  
**ward 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. 116  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. 117  
I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou  
hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I  
escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved 121  
o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of 122  
a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

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

STEPHANO Here. Swear then how thou escaped'st.

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

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst 129  
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

[*Giving him a drink.*]

TRINCULO Oh, Stephano, hast any more of this?

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

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the  
man i'th' moon when time was. 137

CALIBAN  
I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.  
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy  
bush. 139

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

[*Giving him a drink.*]

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow  
monster! I afear'd of him? A very weak monster! The  
man i'th' moon? A most poor credulous monster!  
Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 145

CALIBAN [*to Stephano*]  
I'll show thee every fertile inch o'th' island,  
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious and drunken  
monster! When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. 149

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

STEPHANO Come on then. Down, and swear.

[*Caliban kneels.*]

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

STEPHANO Come, kiss.

115 **constant** steady. 116 **an 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!

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

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

CALIBAN  
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow, 165  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts, 166  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee 168  
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me? 170

STEPHANO I prithee now, lead the way without any  
more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our com- 172  
pany else being drowned, we will inherit here.— 173  
Here, bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him  
by and by again.

CALIBAN (*sings drunkenly*)  
Farewell, master, farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CALIBAN  
No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing 179  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish. 181  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban  
Has a new master. Get a new man! 183  
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, 184  
high-day, freedom!

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



### 3.1

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

FERDINAND  
There be some sports are painful, and their labor 1  
Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness 2  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters 3  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task 4  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 5

156 **But that** were it not that. **in drink** drunk. 165 **crabs** crab apples,  
or crabs 166 **pignuts** earthnuts, edible tuberous roots 168 **mar-**  
**moset** 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 **firing**  
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.		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
<i>Enter Miranda; and Prospero [at a distance, unseen].</i>				
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.	15	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 skillless of; but, by my modesty, The jewel in my dower, I would not wish Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.	48
FERDINAND	O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.	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
MIRANDA	If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that. I'll carry it to the pile.	22	MIRANDA Do you love me?	61
FERDINAND	No, precious creature, I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonor undergo While I sit lazy by.	62	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.	63
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.	69	MIRANDA [weeping] I am a fool To weep at what I am glad of.	70
PROSPERO [aside]	Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.	71	PROSPERO [aside] Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between 'em!	72
MIRANDA	You look wearily.	72	FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?	
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?	32	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,	79
MIRANDA	Miranda.—O my father, I have broke your hest to say so.	34		81
FERDINAND	Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration, worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard, and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage	37		

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 37 hest command. Admired Miranda (Her name means  
"to be admired or wondered at.") 39 dearest most treasured  
40 best regard thoughtful and approving attention

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 skillless ignorant.  
modesty virginity 57 like of be pleased with, be fond of. 58 Some-  
thing 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

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

FERDINAND My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband, then?

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

MIRANDA [*clasping his hand*]  
And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!  
*Exeunt [Ferdinand and Miranda, separately].*

PROSPERO  
So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supertime must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

*Exit.*



### 3.2

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

STEPHANO Tell not me. When the butt is out, we will  
drink water, not a drop before. Therefore bear up and  
board 'em. Servant monster, drink to me.

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

STEPHANO Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee.  
Thy eyes are almost set in thy head. [*Giving a drink.*]

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

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

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

84 **maid** handmaiden, servant. **fellow** mate 86 **will** desire it. **My mistress** i.e., The woman I adore and serve (not an illicit sexual partner) 89 **willing** desirous 92 **A thousand thousand!** A thousand thousand farewells! 94 **with all** by everything that has happened, or, *withal*, "by it" 97 **appertaining** related to this.

3.2. Location: Another part of the island.

1 **out empty** 2–3 **bear . . . 'em** (Stephano uses the terminology of maneuvering at sea and boarding a vessel under attack as a way of urging an assault on the liquor supply.) 4 **folly** of i.e., stupidity found on 6 **be brained** are endowed with intelligence 9 **set . . . head** fixed in a drunken stare. (But Trinculo answers in a literal sense.) 10 **set** placed 11 **brave** fine, splendid 13 **sack** a Spanish white wine. (Also in line 28.) 14 **recover** gain, reach 14–15 **five . . . on** i.e., a little over a hundred miles, give or take, or, off and on, intermittently. (A drunken hyperbole.) 15 **By this light** (An oath: By the light of the sun.) 16 **standard** standard-bearer, ensign. (But Trinculo answers in the literal sense: Caliban is *no standard*, not able to stand up because he's so drunk.) 17 **list** prefer

STEPHANO We'll not run, Monsieur Monster. 18

TRINCULO Nor go neither, but you'll lie like dogs and 19  
yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou  
be'st a good mooncalf.

86 CALIBAN  
How does Thy Honor? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him. He is not valiant.

89 TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in 25  
case to jostle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, 26  
thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so 27  
much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie,  
being but half a fish and half a monster?

92 CALIBAN  
Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO "Lord," quoth he? That a monster should be 32  
such a natural!

94 CALIBAN  
Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. 35  
If you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor mon-  
ster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

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

STEPHANO Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will 39  
stand, and so shall Trinculo. [*Caliban kneels.*] 40

1 **Enter Ariel, invisible.**

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

6 ARIEL [*mimicking Trinculo*]  
Thou liest.

9 CALIBAN Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!  
10 I would my valiant master would destroy thee.  
11 I do not lie.

13 LSTEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's  
14 tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 48

14 TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.  
15 STEPHANO Mum, then, and no more.—Proceed.

16 CALIBAN  
17 2 I say by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it. If Thy Greatness will  
Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st,  
But this thing dare not— 54

7 STEPHANO That's most certain.

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

U  
18 **run** run away, retreat (as a standard-bearer should not do)  
19 **Nor . . . dogs** i.e., You won't even walk, much less run; you'll lie  
down in the field like the proverbial cowardly dog. (With a play on  
*lie*, tell falsehoods.) 25–6 **in case** ready, valiant enough  
26 **deboshed** debauched, drunken 27 **ever . . . coward** ever a cow-  
ard. (Trinculo appeals to his gargantuan drinking as refutation of the  
charge that he is *not valiant*, line 24. 32 **natural** fool, idiot. 35 **the**  
**next tree** i.e., you'll hang. 39 **Marry** i.e., Indeed. (Originally an oath,  
"by the Virgin Mary.") 40.1 **invisible** i.e., wearing a garment to con-  
note invisibility, as at 1.2.377.2. 48 **supplant** uproot, displace  
54 **this thing** i.e., Trinculo

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.

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass? 103

CALIBAN

Ay, lord. She will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood. 104

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

TRINCULO Excellent.

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL [*aside*] This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.  
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but whilere? 118

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason,  
any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. 119

Flout 'em and scout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em!  
Thought is free. 120

CALIBAN That's not the tune. 121

*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. 122

STEPHANO If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy  
likeness. If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list. 123

TRINCULO Oh, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. 124

Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
I cried to dream again. 144

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

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

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 uten-  
sils fine furnishings 97 deck withal furnish it with.

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 pic-  
ture 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 148  
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. 153  
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.  
My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed  
Through forthrights and meanders! By your patience,  
I needs must rest me.  
ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attached with weariness,  
To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.  
*[Alonso and Gonzalo sit.]*  
ANTONIO *[aside to Sebastian]*  
I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolved t' effect.  
SEBASTIAN *[to Antonio]* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.  
ANTONIO *[to Sebastian]* Let it be tonight,  
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.  
SEBASTIAN *[to Antonio]* I say tonight. No more.  
*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on  
the top, invisible.*  
ALONSO  
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!  
GONZALO Marvelous sweet music!  
*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a ban-  
quet, and dance about it with gentle actions of  
salutations; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat,  
they depart.*

148 **by and by** very soon. 153 **lays it on** i.e., plays the drum vigor-  
ously.

3.3. Location: Another part of the island.

1 **By'r lakin** By our Ladykin, by our Lady 3 **forthrights and mean-  
ders** paths straight and crooked. 5 **attached with** seized by 6 **To . . .  
spirits** to the point of being dull-spirited. 10 **frustrate** frustrated  
12 **for** because of 14 **thoroughly** thoroughly. 15 **now** now that.  
**travel** (Spelled "trauaile" in the Folio and carrying the sense of labor  
as well as traveling.) 16 **use such vigilance** be as vigilant 17.1–2 **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? 20  
SEBASTIAN  
A living drollery. Now I will believe 21  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix 23  
At this hour reigning there.  
ANTONIO I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to me 25  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.  
GONZALO If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me  
If I should say I saw such islanders? 30  
For, certes, these are people of the island,  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,  
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.  
PROSPERO *[aside]* Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well, for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.  
ALONSO I cannot too much muse 36  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,  
expressing—  
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind 38  
Of excellent dumb discourse.  
PROSPERO *[aside]* Praise in departing. 39  
FRANCISCO  
They vanished strangely.  
SEBASTIAN No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind, for we have 41  
stomachs.  
H Will 't please you taste of what is here?  
ALONSO Not I.  
GONZALO  
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers 44  
Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at  
'em  
Wallets of flesh? Or that there were such men 46  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we  
find 47  
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us 48  
Good warrant of.  
ALONSO I will stand to and feed, 49

20 **kind keepers** guardian angels 21 **living drollery** comic entertain-  
ment, caricature, or puppet show put on by live actors. 23 **phoenix'**  
The phoenix was a mythical bird consumed to ashes every five hun-  
dred 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 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 trav-  
eler 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** you whom Destiny, acting through this subliminary world as its instrument, has caused the ever-hungry sea to belch up **59 suchlike valor** i.e., the reckless valor derived from madness **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** requited, avenged **77 perdition** 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 gestures and grimaces

50 PROSPERO

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

53 GONZALO

54 I'th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you 94  
55 In this strange stare? 95

56 ALONSO

Oh, it is monstrous, monstrous! 95  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it; 96  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass. 99  
Therefor my son i'th'ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded, 101  
And with him there lie mudded. *Exit.*

66 SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time, 103

67 ANTONIO

I'll be thy second. 104  
*Exeunt [Sebastian and Antonio].*

71 GONZALO

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

77 ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you. 104  
*Exeunt omnes.*

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

## 4.1

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punished you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I

**83 Bravely** Finely, dashingly **84 a grace . . . devouring** your impersonation 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 spirits assisting you have done their various tasks with observant care and attention 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 reckless. **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.

FERDINAND I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO  
Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be 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.

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 worse genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honor into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered  
Or Night kept chained below.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke.  
Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own.  
[*Ferdinand and Miranda sit and talk together.*]  
What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter Ariel.*

ARIEL  
What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO  
Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform, and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,

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 . . . **foundered** 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

O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.  
Incite them to quick motion, for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL Presently?

9 PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL  
Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"  
And breathe twice, and cry "So, so,"  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? No?

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

ARIEL Well; I conceive. *Exit.*

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

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

PROSPERO Well.  
Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly!—  
No tongue! All eyes! Be silent. *Soft music.*

*Enter Iris.*

IRIS  
Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrim  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy  
broom groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn; thy poll-clipped vineyard;  
And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o'th' sky,

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** 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. **perly** 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 **dismissèd 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

Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, <i>Juno descends [slowly in her car].</i> Here on this grass plot, in this very place, To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain. Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. <i>Enter Ceres.</i>	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. <i>They sing:</i>	103
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 unshrubb'd down, Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen Summoned me hither to this short-grass'd green?	74 JUNO 75 Honor, riches, marriage blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you.	108
IRIS A contract of true love to celebrate, And some donation freely to estate On the blest lovers.	CERES Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and garners never empty, Vines with clust'ring bunches growing, Plants with goodly burden bowing;	110 111
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 scandaled company I have forsworn.	78 80 81 82 85 FERDINAND This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits?	115 119
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. <i>[Juno alights.]</i>	87 88 PROSPERO 89 Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines called to enact 90 My present fancies. FERDINAND Let me live here ever! 91 So rare a wondered father and a wise 92 Makes this place Paradise. 93 <i>Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.</i>	123
CERES Highest Queen of state, Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.	94 PROSPERO 95 Sweet now, silence! 96 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; There's something else to do. Hush and be mute, Or else our spell is marred. 98 IRIS <i>[calling offstage]</i> 99 You nymphs, called naiads, of the windring brooks, 100 With your saged crowns and ever-harmless looks, Answer your summons; Juno does command. Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate A contract of true love. Be not too late. <i>Enter certain nymphs.</i>	128 129 130 132 134 135

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. amain with full speed. 75 entertain receive. 78 saffron yellow 80 bow rainbow 81 bosky wooded. unshrubb'd 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 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.

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 naiads nymphs of springs, rivers, or lakes. windring wandering, winding (?) 129 saged 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, 167  
138 I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared  
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valor that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending 174  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears, 176  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses 177  
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears 178  
That calflike they my lowing followed through 179  
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, 182  
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird. 184  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.  
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, 186  
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL

I go, I go. *Exit.* 187  
PROSPERO  
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, 192  
Even to roaring.

ARIEL

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

ARIEL

Come, hang them on this line. 193

ARIEL

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

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

ARIEL

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 mooing 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 direction  
187 stale (1) decoy (2) out-of-fashion garments. (With possible  
further suggestions of "horse piss," as in line 199, and "steal," pronounced 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!  
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.]

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

TRINCULO Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? [He takes it down.] Now is the jerkin 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 mistake.

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 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 garment for't.

TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your 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  
With foreheads villainous low.

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

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

[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  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO

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

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 vilely 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 agèd 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

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

*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:*

M

[To Alonso] A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! [To Sebastian  
and Antonio] There stand,  
For you are spell-stopped.—  
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,  
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. [Aside] The charm dissolves  
apace,  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—

E

**36 demi-puppets** puppets of half size, i.e., elves and fairies **37 green  
sour ringlets** fairy rings, circles in grass (actually produced by mush-  
rooms) **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 dis-  
charged 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** imag-  
ination **60 boiled** i.e., extremely agitated **63 sociable** sympathetic.  
**show** appearance **64 Fall** let fall **67 ignorant fumes** fumes that ren-  
der 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

**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.)

	Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian. [ <i>To Antonio</i> ]		I fear a madness held me. This must crave—	116
	Flesh and blood,	74	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 [ <i>to Gonzalo</i> ] 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	81	Be measured or confined. [ <i>Embracing him.</i> ]	
	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	
	[ <i>Ariel goes to the cell and returns immediately.</i> ]		Some subtleties o'th'isle, that will not let you	124
	I will discase me and myself present	85	Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!	
	As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit!	86	[ <i>Aside to Sebastian and Antonio</i> ] But you, my brace of	
	Thou shalt ere long be free.		lords, were I so minded,	126
	<i>Ariel sings and helps to attire him.</i>		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.	90	PROSPERO No.	
	On the bat's back I do fly		[ <i>To Antonio</i> ] For you, most wicked sir, whom to call	
	After summer merrily.	92	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.	96	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.	101	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.	Exit. 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		106	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. [ <i>Embracing him.</i> ]		Have lost my daughter.	
ALONSO		112	ALONSO A daughter?	
	Where'er thou be'st he or no,	113	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 **discase** 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 mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
- PROSPERO  
In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath. But, 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  
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 requite 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 lov-  
ingly let you do it as though it were fair play. 178 vision illusion  
182 compass encompass, embrace 185 brave splendid, gorgeously  
appareled, handsome
- That has such people in't!  
'Tis new to thee.
- PROSPERO  
ALONSO  
What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.  
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,  
And brought us thus together?
- FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal;  
But by immortal Providence she's mine.  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Received a second life; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.
- ALONSO I am hers.  
But oh, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!
- PROSPERO There, sir, stop.  
Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.
- GONZALO I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
For it is you that have chalked forth the way  
Which brought us hither.
- ALONSO I say amen, Gonzalo!
- GONZALO  
Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? 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.
- ALONSO [*to Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give me your hands.  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!
- GONZALO Be it so! Amen!
- Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*
- 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?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
- 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 tricky 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-*
- gio, bully monster, coraggio!*
- TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my  
head, here's a goodly sight.
- CALIBAN  
O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.
- SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?
- ANTONIO Very like. One of them  
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.
- PROSPERO  
Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without her power.  
These three have robbed me, and this demidevil—  
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.
- CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.
- ALONSO  
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
- SEBASTIAN He is drunk now. Where had he wine?
- ALONSO  
And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?  
[*To Trinculo*] How cam'st thou in this pickle?
- TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I saw you  
last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. I shall  
not fear flyblowing.
- SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano?
- STEPHANO Oh, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp.
- PROSPERO You'd be king o'the isle, sirrah?
- STEPHANO I should have been a sore one, then.
- ALONSO [*pointing to Caliban*]  
This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.
- PROSPERO  
He is as disproportioned in his manners  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell.  
Take with you your companions. As you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

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

CALIBAN  
Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass 299  
Was I to take this drunkard for a god  
And worship this dull fool!  
PROSPERO Go to. Away!  
ALONSO  
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.  
SEBASTIAN Or stole it, rather.  
[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*]  
PROSPERO  
Sir, I invite Your Highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste 306  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away: the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by 309  
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.  
ALONSO I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.  
PROSPERO I'll deliver all; 317  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious that shall catch 319  
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel, chick, 320

299 **grace** pardon, favor. 306 **waste** spend 309 **accidents** occur-  
rences 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. *Exit.* 20

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) humoring, lenient approval (2) remission of punishment for sin

M  
E  
L  
H  
O  
R  
N  
,  
M  
I  
C  
H  
A  
E  
L  
  
7  
2  
0  
7  
B  
U