

The Tempest

1.2

*Enter Prospero [in his magic cloak, with a staff],
and Miranda*

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
5 With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected.

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

MIRANDA

O woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.

15

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 20
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.

*Miranda removes Prospero's cloak, [and he lays it
on the ground]*

So.

Lie there, my art.±±Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. 25
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 30
Betid to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down,
For thou must now know farther.

Miranda sits

MIRANDA You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition, 35
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 40
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 45
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abyss of time? 50
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? 55

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA O the heavens!
 What foul play had we that we came from thence? 60
 Or blesseÁd was't we did?

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

MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds
 To think o'th' teen that I have turned you to,
 Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther. 65

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 70
 Through all the signories it was the first,
 And Prospero the prime duke±±being so reputed
 In dignity, and for the liberal arts
 Without a parallel±±those being all my study,
 The government I cast upon my brother, 75
 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 80
 To trash for over-topping, new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say±±or changed 'em
 Or else new formed 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
 To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was 85
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk

And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not!

MIRANDA

O good sir, I do.

PROSPERO I pray thee mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90

With that which but by being so retired
O'er-priced 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 95

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 oft, 100

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±± 105
Dost thou hear ?

MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man±±my library
Was dukedom large enough±±of temporal royalties 110
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi'th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed±±alas, poor Milan±± 115
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA O the heavens!

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO

Now the condition. 120

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was that he, in lieu o'th' premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine 125
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'th' dead of darkness, 130
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!

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

PROSPERO *[sitting]*

Hear a little further, 135

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

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench;

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, 140
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a barque,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared 145
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, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
InfuseÁd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt, 155
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. 160
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 165
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO Now I arise. 170
[He stands and puts on his 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. 175

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 180
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions. 185
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

Miranda sleeps

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel, come!

Enter Ariel

ARIEL

All hail, great master, grave sir, hail. I come 190
To answer thy best pleasure. Be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee? 195

ARIEL To every article.

I boarded the King's ship. Now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast, 200
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
O'th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune 205
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and played 210
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son Ferdinand,
With hair upstaring±±then like reeds, not hair±±
Was the first man that leaped; cried `Hell is empty, 215
And all the devils are here'.

PROSPERO

Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before. And, as thou bad'st me, 220
 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
 The King's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO Of the King's ship, 225
 The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
 And all the rest o'th' fleet.

ARIEL Safely in harbour
 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; 230
 The mariners all under hatches stowed,
 Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
 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 235
 Bound sadly home for Naples,
 Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrecked,
 And his great person perish.

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

ARIEL Past the mid season. 240

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

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

PROSPERO How now? Moody? 245
 What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

PROSPERO
 Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise 250
To bate me a full year.

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

ARIEL No.

PROSPERO
Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north, 255
To do me business in the veins o'th' earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL I do not, sir.

PROSPERO
Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her? 260

ARIEL
No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak, tell me!

ARIEL
Sir, in Algiers.

PROSPERO O, was she so! I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible 265
To enter human hearing, from Algiers
Thou know'st was banished. For one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO
This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child, 270
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 275
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 280
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island±±
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born±±not honoured with
A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son. 285

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 290
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak, 295
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 300
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 to a nymph o'th' sea. Be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape, 305
And hither come in't. Go; hence with diligence!

Exit Ariel

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

MIRANDA (*awaking*) 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. 310

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! 315
 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. 320
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, 325
 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 330
 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 335
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±± 340
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 345
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 human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child. 350

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

MIRANDA AbhorreÁd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, 355
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race, 360
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 365
Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

PROSPERO Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business.±±Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly 370
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.

(*Aside*) I must obey. His art is of such power
It would control my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

375

PROSPERO

So, slave, hence!

Exit Caliban

*Enter Ariel [like a water-nymph], playing and
singing, invisible to Ferdinand, who follows.
[Prospero and Miranda stand aside]*

Song

ARIEL

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Curtsied when you have and kissed±±
The wild waves whist±± 380
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden. Hark, hark.

[SPIRITS] (*dispersedly within*)

Bow-wow!

[ARIEL]

The watch-dogs bark.

385

[SPIRITS] (*within*)

Bow-wow!

ARIEL

Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry `cock-a-diddle-dow'.

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? I'th' air or th'earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god o'th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion

390

395

With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it±±
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Song

ARIEL

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made; 400
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: 405

[SPIRITS] (*within*) Ding dong.

ARIEL

Hark, now I hear them.

[SPIRITS] (*within*) Ding-dong bell. [*etc.*]

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.

[*Music*]

I hear it now above me.

410

PROSPERO (*to Miranda*)

The fringeÁd curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yon.

MIRANDA

What is't? A spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO

No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses 415
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck, and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call him 420

A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO (*aside*) It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it. (*To Ariel*) Spirit, fine spirit, I'll
free thee

Within two days for this.

FERDINAND [*aside*] Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend. (*To Miranda*) Vouchsafe
my prayer 425

May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is±±O you wonder±±
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA No wonder, sir, 430
But certainly a maid.

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

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

FERDINAND
A single thing, as I am now that wonders 435
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wrecked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND
Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan 440
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. 445
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 O, if a virgin, 450

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 455
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. 460
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO (*to Ferdinand*) Follow me.
(*To Miranda*) Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.
(*To Ferdinand*) Come!
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be 465
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 power.
He draws, and is charmed from moving

MIRANDA O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for 470
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROSPERO What, I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience
Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick 475
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA Beseech you, father!

PROSPERO

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity.

I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence! One word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,

An advocate for an impostor? Hush!

480

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!

To th' most of men this is a Caliban,

And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections

Are then most humble. I have no ambition

485

To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO *(to Ferdinand)* Come on; obey.

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND

So they are.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

490

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

495

Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO *(aside)* It works. *(To Ferdinand)* Come on.±±

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel. *(To Ferdinand)* Follow
me.

(To Ariel) Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA *(to Ferdinand)*

Be of comfort.

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted

500

Which now came from him.

PROSPERO *(to Ariel)* Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

ARIEL To th' syllable.

PROSPERO *(to Ferdinand)*

Come, follow. *(To Miranda)* Speak not for him. 505

Exeunt