

The Tempest

4.1

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda

PROSPERO (to Ferdinand)

If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
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 5
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 of her,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
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 15
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 20
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, 25
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust to take away
The edge of that day's celebration;
When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered 30
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 35
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
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 40
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL
Before you can say 'Come' and 'Go',
And breathe twice, and cry 'So, so', 45
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. 50

Exit

PROSPERO *(to Ferdinand)*
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 55
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO Well.±±
Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary
Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly.

Soft music

(To Ferdinand and Miranda) No tongue, all eyes! Be silent.

Enter Iris

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
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 peonied and twilleÁd brims
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms 65
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-
groves,
Whose shadow the dismisseeÁd bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipped vineyard,
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the Queen o'th' Sky, 70
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace

Juno [appears in the air]

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport.±±Her peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 75

Enter [Ariel as] Ceres

CERES

Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate 85
On the blest lovers.

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen. Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandalled company 90
I have forsworn.

IRIS Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, 95
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, 100
And be a boy right out.
[Music. Juno descends to the stage]

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

JUNO
How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honoured in their issue. 105
[Ceres joins Juno, and] they sing

JUNO
Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[CERES]
Earth's increase, and foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest. 115
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND
This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold

To think these spirits?

PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

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

*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on
employment*

PROSPERO Sweet now, silence.
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously. 125
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS
You nymphs called naiads of the wind'ring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 130
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love. Be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs

You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry; 135
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*

PROSPERO (aside)
I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come. (To the spirits) Well done! Avoid; no
more!

*To a strange, hollow, and confused noise, the spirits
in the pageant heavily vanish.*

[Ferdinand and Miranda rise]

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. 145

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; 150
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, 155
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. 160
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND AND 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,¹⁶⁵

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL
Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres
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? 170

ARIEL
I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which like unbacked colts they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and
 thorns,
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
I'th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

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

ARIEL I go, I go.

Exit

PROSPERO

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

Enter Ariel, laden with glistening apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this lime.

Ariel hangs up the apparel. [Exeunt Prospero and Ariel.]

Enter Caliban, Stefano, and Trinculo, all wet

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
Not hear a foot fall. We now are near his cell. 195

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

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my
nose is in great indignation. 200

STEFANO 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 favour still.
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to 205
 Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak softly.
 All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEFANO There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
 monster, but an infinite loss. 210

TRINCULO That's more to me than my wetting. Yet this is
 your harmless fairy, monster.

STEFANO I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
 for my labour.

CALIBAN
 Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here; 215
 This is the mouth o'th' cell. No noise, and enter.
 Do that good mischief which may make this island
 Thine own for ever, and I thy Caliban
 For aye thy foot-licker.

STEFANO Give me thy hand.
 I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

TRINCULO (*seeing the apparel*) O King Stefano, O peer! O
 worthy Stefano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

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

TRINCULO (*putting on a gown*) O ho, monster, we know
 what belongs to a frippery! O King Stefano! 225

STEFANO 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, 230
 And do the murder first. If he awake,
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
 Make us strange stuff.

STEFANO Be you quiet, monster.±±Mistress lime, is not
 this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line. Now, 235
 jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald

jerkin.

Stefano and Trinculo take garments

TRINCULO Do, do! We steal by line and level, an't like
your grace.

STEFANO I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment for't. 240
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. 245

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.

STEFANO Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you 250
out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO And this.

STEFANO Ay, and this.

They load Caliban with apparel.

*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! 255

*Exeunt Stefano, Trinculo, and Caliban, pursued
by spirits*

(To Ariel) Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With age-Ad cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them

Than pard or cat o'mountain.

Cries within

ARIEL

Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour 260

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,
Follow, and do me service.

Exeunt