

# The Tempest

## 1.1

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter [severally] a Shipmaster and a Boatswain*

**MASTER** Boatswain!

**BOATSWAIN** Here, Master. What cheer?

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

*Exit*

*Enter Mariners*

**BOATSWAIN** Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! 5

Yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to th' Master's  
whistle!±±Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

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

**ALONSO** Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master?  
*(To the Mariners)* Play the men!

**BOATSWAIN** I pray now, keep below. 10

**ANTONIO** Where is the Master, Boatswain?

**BOATSWAIN** Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.  
Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

**GONZALO** Nay, good, be patient.

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

**GONZALO** Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**BOATSWAIN** None that I more love than myself. You are  
a councillor; if you can command these elements to 20  
silence and work peace of the present, we will not hand  
a rope more. Use your authority. If you cannot, give  
thanks you have lived so long and make yourself ready  
in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so  
hap. *(To the Mariners)* Cheerly, good hearts! *(To Gonzalo)* 25  
Out of our way, I say!

*Exit*

**GONZALO** I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks  
he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion  
is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging.

Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own 30  
doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged,  
our case is miserable.

*Exeunt [Courtiers]*

*Enter Boatswain*

**BOATSWAIN** Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!  
Bring her to try wi'th' main-course!

*A cry within*

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the 35  
weather, or our office.

*Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo*

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

**SEBASTIAN** A pox o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,  
incharitable dog! 40

**BOATSWAIN** Work you, then.

**ANTONIO** Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson insolent noise-  
maker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*[Exeunt Mariners]*

**GONZALO** I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship  
were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an 45  
unstanch'd wench.

**BOATSWAIN** Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses!  
Off to sea again! Lay her off!

*Enter Mariners, wet*

**MARINERS** All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

*[Exeunt Mariners]*

**BOATSWAIN** What, must our mouths be cold? 50

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN** I'm out of patience.

**ANTONIO**

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.  
This wide-chopped rascal±±would thou mightst lie  
drowning

The washing of ten tides.

**GONZALO** He'll be hanged yet, 55  
Though every drop of water swear against it  
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

*A confused noise within*

**MARINERS** *(within)* Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and 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.

60

*Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian*

**GONZALO** Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea  
for an acre of barren ground: long heath, broom, furze,  
anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain  
die a dry death.

*Exit*