

The TEMPEST

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
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Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

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I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

A story of shipwreck and magic, *The Tempest* begins on a ship caught in a violent storm with Alonso, the king of Naples, on board. On a nearby island, the exiled Duke of Milan, Prospero, tells his daughter, Miranda, that he has caused the storm with his magical powers. Prospero had been banished twelve years earlier when Prospero's brother, Antonio—also on the doomed ship—conspired with Alonso to become the duke instead. Prospero and Miranda are served by a spirit named Ariel and by Caliban, son of the island's previous inhabitant, the witch Sycorax.

On the island, castaways from the wreck begin to appear. First is Alonso's son Ferdinand, who immediately falls in love with Miranda. Prospero secretly approves of their love, but tests the pair by enslaving Ferdinand. After secretly watching Miranda and Ferdinand exchange vows, Prospero releases Ferdinand and consents to their marriage.

Other castaways who appear are Trinculo and Stephano, Alonso's jester and butler, who join forces with Caliban to kill Prospero and take over the island. The nobles from the ship search for Ferdinand and are confronted with a spectacle including a Harpy, who convinces Alonso that Ferdinand's death is retribution for Prospero's exile.

Having all his enemies under his control, Prospero decides to forgive them. Alonso, joyously reunited with his son, restores Prospero to the dukedom of Milan and welcomes Miranda as Ferdinand's wife. As all except Caliban and Ariel prepare to leave the island, Prospero, who has given up his magic, bids farewell to the island and the audience.

Characters in the Play

PROSPERO, the former duke of Milan, now a magician on
a Mediterranean island

MIRANDA, Prospero's daughter

ARIEL, a spirit, servant to Prospero

CALIBAN, an inhabitant of the island, servant to Prospero

FERDINAND, prince of Naples

ALONSO, king of Naples

ANTONIO, duke of Milan and Prospero's brother

SEBASTIAN, Alonso's brother

GONZALO, councillor to Alonso and friend to Prospero

ADRIAN }
FRANCISCO } *courtiers in attendance on Alonso*

TRINCULO, servant to Alonso

STEPHANO, Alonso's butler

SHIPMASTER

BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

Players who, as spirits, take the roles of Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs,
and Reapers in Prospero's masque, and who, in other scenes, take the
roles of "islanders" and of hunting dogs

ACT 1

Scene 1

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

FTLN 0001 MASTER Boatswain!

FTLN 0002 BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?

FTLN 0003 MASTER Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely,

FTLN 0004 or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

He exits.

Enter Mariners.

FTLN 0005 BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my 5

FTLN 0006 hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th'

FTLN 0007 Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if

FTLN 0008 room enough!

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

FTLN 0009 ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the Master?

FTLN 0010 Play the men. 10

FTLN 0011 BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

FTLN 0012 ANTONIO Where is the Master, boatswain?

FTLN 0013 BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labor.

FTLN 0014 Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm.

FTLN 0015 GONZALO Nay, good, be patient. 15

FTLN 0016 BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these

FTLN 0047 GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning, though the
 FTLN 0048 ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky
 FTLN 0049 as an unstanch'd wench.
 FTLN 0050 BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses. 50
 FTLN 0051 Off to sea again! Lay her off!

Enter 「more」 *Mariners, wet.*

FTLN 0052 MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!
 「*Mariners exit.*」
 FTLN 0053 BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold?
 FTLN 0054 GONZALO The King and Prince at prayers. Let's assist
 FTLN 0055 them, for our case is as theirs. 55
 FTLN 0056 SEBASTIAN I am out of patience.
 FTLN 0057 ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
 FTLN 0058 This wide-chopped rascal—would thou
 FTLN 0059 mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!
 「*Boatswain exits.*」

FTLN 0060 GONZALO He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of 60
 FTLN 0061 water swear against it and gape at wid'st to glut him.

FTLN 0062 *A confused noise within:* “Mercy on us!”—“We split, we
 FTLN 0063 split!”—“Farewell, my wife and children!”—
 FTLN 0064 “Farewell, brother!”—“We split, we split, we
 FTLN 0065 split!” 65

FTLN 0066 ANTONIO Let's all sink wi' th' King.

FTLN 0067 SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.

He exits 「with Antonio.」

FTLN 0068 GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
 FTLN 0069 for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown
 FTLN 0070 furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I 70
 FTLN 0071 would fain die a dry death.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

MIRANDA

FTLN 0072 If by your art, my dearest father, you have
 FTLN 0073 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
 FTLN 0074 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 FTLN 0075 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
 FTLN 0076 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered 5
 FTLN 0077 With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
 FTLN 0078 Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
 FTLN 0079 Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 FTLN 0080 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
 FTLN 0081 Had I been any god of power, I would 10
 FTLN 0082 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 FTLN 0083 It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
 FTLN 0084 The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO Be collected.

FTLN 0086 No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart 15
 FTLN 0087 There's no harm done.

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

PROSPERO No harm.

FTLN 0090 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 FTLN 0091 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who 20
 FTLN 0092 Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
 FTLN 0093 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
 FTLN 0094 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
 FTLN 0095 And thy no greater father.

FTLN 0096 MIRANDA More to know 25
 FTLN 0097 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO 'Tis time

FTLN 0099 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
 FTLN 0100 And pluck my magic garment from me.

〔Putting aside his cloak.〕

FTLN 0101 So, 30

FTLN 0102 Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have
 FTLN 0103 comfort.

FTLN 0104	The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched	
FTLN 0105	The very virtue of compassion in thee,	
FTLN 0106	I have with such provision in mine art	35
FTLN 0107	So safely ordered that there is no soul—	
FTLN 0108	No, not so much perdition as an hair,	
FTLN 0109	Betid to any creature in the vessel	
FTLN 0110	Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit	
FTLN 0111	down,	40
FTLN 0112	For thou must now know farther.	<i>〔They sit.〕</i>
FTLN 0113	MIRANDA	You have often
FTLN 0114	Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped	
FTLN 0115	And left me to a bootless inquisition,	
FTLN 0116	Concluding “Stay. Not yet.”	45
FTLN 0117	PROSPERO	The hour's now come.
FTLN 0118	The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.	
FTLN 0119	Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember	
FTLN 0120	A time before we came unto this cell?	
FTLN 0121	I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not	50
FTLN 0122	Out three years old.	
FTLN 0123	MIRANDA	Certainly, sir, I can.
FTLN 0124	PROSPERO	By what? By any other house or person?
FTLN 0125	Of anything the image tell me that	
FTLN 0126	Hath kept with thy remembrance.	55
FTLN 0127	MIRANDA	'Tis far off
FTLN 0128	And rather like a dream than an assurance	
FTLN 0129	That my remembrance warrants. Had I not	
FTLN 0130	Four or five women once that tended me?	
FTLN 0131	PROSPERO	Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
FTLN 0132	That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else	60
FTLN 0133	In the dark backward and abysm of time?	
FTLN 0134	If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,	
FTLN 0135	How thou cam'st here thou mayst.	
FTLN 0136	MIRANDA	But that I do not.

PROSPERO

FTLN 0137 Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
 FTLN 0138 Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
 FTLN 0139 A prince of power.

FTLN 0140 MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

FTLN 0141 Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and 70
 FTLN 0142 She said thou wast my daughter. And thy father
 FTLN 0143 Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
 FTLN 0144 And princess no worse issued.

FTLN 0145 MIRANDA O, the heavens!
 FTLN 0146 What foul play had we that we came from thence? 75
 FTLN 0147 Or blessèd was 't we did?

FTLN 0148 PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.
 FTLN 0149 By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,
 FTLN 0150 But blessedly help hither.

FTLN 0151 MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds 80
 FTLN 0152 To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,
 FTLN 0153 Which is from my remembrance. Please you,
 FTLN 0154 farther.

PROSPERO

FTLN 0155 My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
 FTLN 0156 I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should 85
 FTLN 0157 Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
 FTLN 0158 Of all the world I loved, and to him put
 FTLN 0159 The manage of my state, as at that time
 FTLN 0160 Through all the signories it was the first,

FTLN 0161 And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed 90
 FTLN 0162 In dignity, and for the liberal arts

FTLN 0163 Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
 FTLN 0164 The government I cast upon my brother
 FTLN 0165 And to my state grew stranger, being transported
 FTLN 0166 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle— 95
 FTLN 0167 Dost thou attend me?

FTLN 0168 MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.

FTLN 0201	Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library	130
FTLN 0202	Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties	
FTLN 0203	He thinks me now incapable; confederates,	
FTLN 0204	So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples	
FTLN 0205	To give him annual tribute, do him homage,	
FTLN 0206	Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend	135
FTLN 0207	The dukedom, yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—	
FTLN 0208	To most ignoble stooping.	
FTLN 0209	MIRANDA	O, the heavens!
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 0210	Mark his condition and th' event. Then tell me	
FTLN 0211	If this might be a brother.	140
FTLN 0212	MIRANDA	I should sin
FTLN 0213	To think but nobly of my grandmother.	
FTLN 0214	Good wombs have borne bad sons.	
FTLN 0215	PROSPERO	Now the condition.
FTLN 0216	This King of Naples, being an enemy	145
FTLN 0217	To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,	
FTLN 0218	Which was that he, in lieu o' th' premises	
FTLN 0219	Of homage and I know not how much tribute,	
FTLN 0220	Should presently extirpate me and mine	
FTLN 0221	Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,	150
FTLN 0222	With all the honors, on my brother; whereon,	
FTLN 0223	A treacherous army levied, one midnight	
FTLN 0224	Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open	
FTLN 0225	The gates of Milan, and i' th' dead of darkness	
FTLN 0226	The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence	155
FTLN 0227	Me and thy crying self.	
FTLN 0228	MIRANDA	Alack, for pity!
FTLN 0229	I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,	
FTLN 0230	Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint	
FTLN 0231	That wrings mine eyes to 't.	160
FTLN 0232	PROSPERO	Hear a little further,
FTLN 0233	And then I'll bring thee to the present business	
FTLN 0234	Which now 's upon 's, without the which this story	
FTLN 0235	Were most impertinent.	

FTLN 0236	MIRANDA	Wherefore did they not	165
FTLN 0237		That hour destroy us?	
FTLN 0238	PROSPERO	Well demanded, wench.	
FTLN 0239		My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,	
FTLN 0240		So dear the love my people bore me, nor set	
FTLN 0241		A mark so bloody on the business, but	170
FTLN 0242		With colors fairer painted their foul ends.	
FTLN 0243		In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,	
FTLN 0244		Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared	
FTLN 0245		A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,	
FTLN 0246		Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats	175
FTLN 0247		Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us	
FTLN 0248		To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh	
FTLN 0249		To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,	
FTLN 0250		Did us but loving wrong.	
FTLN 0251	MIRANDA	Alack, what trouble	180
FTLN 0252		Was I then to you!	
FTLN 0253	PROSPERO	O, a cherubin	
FTLN 0254		Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,	
FTLN 0255		Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,	
FTLN 0256		When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,	185
FTLN 0257		Under my burden groaned, which raised in me	
FTLN 0258		An undergoing stomach to bear up	
FTLN 0259		Against what should ensue.	
FTLN 0260	MIRANDA	How came we ashore?	
FTLN 0261	PROSPERO	By providence divine.	190
FTLN 0262		Some food we had, and some fresh water, that	
FTLN 0263		A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,	
FTLN 0264		Out of his charity, who being then appointed	
FTLN 0265		Master of this design, did give us, with	
FTLN 0266		Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,	195
FTLN 0267		Which since have steaded much. So, of his	
FTLN 0268		gentleness,	
FTLN 0269		Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me	
FTLN 0270		From mine own library with volumes that	
FTLN 0271		I prize above my dukedom.	200

FTLN 0272 MIRANDA Would I might
 FTLN 0273 But ever see that man.
 FTLN 0274 PROSPERO, 「*standing*」 Now I arise.
 FTLN 0275 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 FTLN 0276 Here in this island we arrived, and here 205
 FTLN 0277 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 FTLN 0278 Than other princes can, that have more time
 FTLN 0279 For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA
 FTLN 0280 Heavens thank you for 't. And now I pray you, sir—
 FTLN 0281 For still 'tis beating in my mind—your reason 210
 FTLN 0282 For raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO Know thus far forth:
 FTLN 0284 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 FTLN 0285 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 FTLN 0286 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 215
 FTLN 0287 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 FTLN 0288 A most auspicious star, whose influence
 FTLN 0289 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 FTLN 0290 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
 FTLN 0291 Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness, 220
 FTLN 0292 And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

「*Miranda falls asleep.*
Prospero puts on his cloak.」

FTLN 0293 Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
 FTLN 0294 Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL
 FTLN 0295 All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
 FTLN 0296 To answer thy best pleasure. Be 't to fly, 225
 FTLN 0297 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 FTLN 0298 On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
 FTLN 0299 Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
 FTLN 0301 Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee? 230

FTLN 0302	ARIEL	To every article.	
FTLN 0303		I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,	
FTLN 0304		Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,	
FTLN 0305		I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide	
FTLN 0306		And burn in many places. On the topmast,	235
FTLN 0307		The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,	
FTLN 0308		Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors	
FTLN 0309		O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary	
FTLN 0310		And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks	
FTLN 0311		Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune	240
FTLN 0312		Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,	
FTLN 0313		Yea, his dread trident shake.	
FTLN 0314	PROSPERO	My brave spirit!	
FTLN 0315		Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil	
FTLN 0316		Would not infect his reason?	245
FTLN 0317	ARIEL	Not a soul	
FTLN 0318		But felt a fever of the mad, and played	
FTLN 0319		Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners	
FTLN 0320		Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,	
FTLN 0321		Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,	250
FTLN 0322		With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—	
FTLN 0323		Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,	
FTLN 0324		And all the devils are here."	
FTLN 0325	PROSPERO	Why, that's my spirit!	
FTLN 0326		But was not this nigh shore?	255
FTLN 0327	ARIEL	Close by, my master.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0328		But are they, Ariel, safe?	
FTLN 0329	ARIEL	Not a hair perished.	
FTLN 0330		On their sustaining garments not a blemish,	
FTLN 0331		But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,	260
FTLN 0332		In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.	
FTLN 0333		The King's son have I landed by himself,	
FTLN 0334		Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs	
FTLN 0335		In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,	
FTLN 0336		His arms in this sad knot. <i>〔He folds his arms.〕</i>	265

FTLN 0337	PROSPERO	Of the King's ship,	
FTLN 0338		The mariners say how thou hast disposed,	
FTLN 0339		And all the rest o' th' fleet.	
FTLN 0340	ARIEL	Safely in harbor	
FTLN 0341		Is the King's ship. In the deep nook, where once	270
FTLN 0342		Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew	
FTLN 0343		From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;	
FTLN 0344		The mariners all under hatches stowed,	
FTLN 0345		Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,	
FTLN 0346		I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet,	275
FTLN 0347		Which I dispersed, they all have met again	
FTLN 0348		And are upon the Mediterranean float,	
FTLN 0349		Bound sadly home for Naples,	
FTLN 0350		Supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked	
FTLN 0351		And his great person perish.	280
FTLN 0352	PROSPERO	Ariel, thy charge	
FTLN 0353		Exactly is performed. But there's more work.	
FTLN 0354		What is the time o' th' day?	
FTLN 0355	ARIEL	Past the mid season.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0356		At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now	285
FTLN 0357		Must by us both be spent most preciously.	
	ARIEL		
FTLN 0358		Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,	
FTLN 0359		Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,	
FTLN 0360		Which is not yet performed me.	
FTLN 0361	PROSPERO	How now? Moody?	290
FTLN 0362		What is 't thou canst demand?	
FTLN 0363	ARIEL	My liberty.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0364		Before the time be out? No more.	
FTLN 0365	ARIEL	I prithee,	
FTLN 0366		Remember I have done thee worthy service,	295
FTLN 0367		Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served	
FTLN 0368		Without or grudge or grumbings. Thou did promise	
FTLN 0369		To bate me a full year.	

FTLN 0370	PROSPERO	Dost thou forget	
FTLN 0371		From what a torment I did free thee?	300
FTLN 0372	ARIEL	No.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0373		Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze	
FTLN 0374		Of the salt deep,	
FTLN 0375		To run upon the sharp wind of the North,	
FTLN 0376		To do me business in the veins o' th' Earth	305
FTLN 0377		When it is baked with frost.	
FTLN 0378	ARIEL	I do not, sir.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0379		Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot	
FTLN 0380		The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy	
FTLN 0381		Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?	310
FTLN 0382	ARIEL	No, sir.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0383		Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.	
	ARIEL		
FTLN 0384		Sir, in Argier.	
FTLN 0385	PROSPERO	O, was she so? I must	
FTLN 0386		Once in a month recount what thou hast been,	315
FTLN 0387		Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,	
FTLN 0388		For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible	
FTLN 0389		To enter human hearing, from Argier,	
FTLN 0390		Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did	
FTLN 0391		They would not take her life. Is not this true?	320
FTLN 0392	ARIEL	Ay, sir.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 0393		This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child	
FTLN 0394		And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,	
FTLN 0395		As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant,	
FTLN 0396		And for thou wast a spirit too delicate	325
FTLN 0397		To act her earthy and abhorred commands,	
FTLN 0398		Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,	
FTLN 0399		By help of her more potent ministers	
FTLN 0400		And in her most unmitigable rage,	

FTLN 0401	Into a cloven pine, within which rift	330
FTLN 0402	Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain	
FTLN 0403	A dozen years; within which space she died	
FTLN 0404	And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans	
FTLN 0405	As fast as mill wheels strike. Then was this island	
FTLN 0406	(Save for the son that 「she」 did litter here,	335
FTLN 0407	A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honored with	
FTLN 0408	A human shape.	
FTLN 0409	ARIEL Yes, Caliban, her son.	
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 0410	Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban	
FTLN 0411	Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st	340
FTLN 0412	What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans	
FTLN 0413	Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts	
FTLN 0414	Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment	
FTLN 0415	To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax	
FTLN 0416	Could not again undo. It was mine art,	345
FTLN 0417	When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape	
FTLN 0418	The pine and let thee out.	
FTLN 0419	ARIEL I thank thee, master.	
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 0420	If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak	
FTLN 0421	And peg thee in his knotty entrails till	350
FTLN 0422	Thou hast howled away twelve winters.	
FTLN 0423	ARIEL Pardon, master.	
FTLN 0424	I will be correspondent to command	
FTLN 0425	And do my spriting gently.	
FTLN 0426	PROSPERO Do so, and after two days	355
FTLN 0427	I will discharge thee.	
FTLN 0428	ARIEL That's my noble master.	
FTLN 0429	What shall I do? Say, what? What shall I do?	
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 0430	Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject	
FTLN 0431	To no sight but thine and mine, invisible	360
FTLN 0432	To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,	

FTLN 0433 And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence!
「Ariel」 exits.

FTLN 0434 Awake, dear heart, awake. Thou hast slept well.
 FTLN 0435 Awake. 「Miranda wakes.」

FTLN 0436 MIRANDA The strangeness of your story put 365
 FTLN 0437 Heaviness in me.

FTLN 0438 PROSPERO Shake it off. Come on,
 FTLN 0439 We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
 FTLN 0440 Yields us kind answer.

FTLN 0441 MIRANDA, 「rising」 'Tis a villain, sir, 370
 FTLN 0442 I do not love to look on.

FTLN 0443 PROSPERO But, as 'tis,
 FTLN 0444 We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
 FTLN 0445 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
 FTLN 0446 That profit us.—What ho, slave, Caliban! 375
 FTLN 0447 Thou earth, thou, speak!

FTLN 0448 CALIBAN, *within* There's wood enough within.
 PROSPERO

FTLN 0449 Come forth, I say. There's other business for thee.
 FTLN 0450 Come, thou tortoise. When?

Enter Ariel like a water nymph.

FTLN 0451 Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, 380
 FTLN 0452 Hark in thine ear. 「He whispers to Ariel.」

FTLN 0453 ARIEL My lord, it shall be done. *He exits.*

PROSPERO, 「to Caliban」
 FTLN 0454 Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
 FTLN 0455 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

CALIBAN

FTLN 0456 As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed 385
 FTLN 0457 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 FTLN 0458 Drop on you both. A southwest blow on you
 FTLN 0459 And blister you all o'er.

PROSPERO

FTLN 0460 For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
 FTLN 0461 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins 390
 FTLN 0462 Shall 「forth at」 vast of night that they may work
 FTLN 0463 All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
 FTLN 0464 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 FTLN 0465 Than bees that made 'em.

FTLN 0466 CALIBAN I must eat my dinner. 395

FTLN 0467 This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
 FTLN 0468 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 FTLN 0469 Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst
 FTLN 0470 give me
 FTLN 0471 Water with berries in 't, and teach me how 400
 FTLN 0472 To name the bigger light and how the less,
 FTLN 0473 That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
 FTLN 0474 And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
 FTLN 0475 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and
 FTLN 0476 fertile. 405

FTLN 0477 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 FTLN 0478 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you,
 FTLN 0479 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 FTLN 0480 Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
 FTLN 0481 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me 410
 FTLN 0482 The rest o' th' island.

FTLN 0483 PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
 FTLN 0484 Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used
 FTLN 0485 thee,
 FTLN 0486 Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged 415
 FTLN 0487 thee

FTLN 0488 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 FTLN 0489 The honor of my child.

CALIBAN

FTLN 0490 O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done!
 FTLN 0491 Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else 420
 FTLN 0492 This isle with Calibans.

FTLN 0493	MIRANDA	Abhorrèd slave,	
FTLN 0494		Which any print of goodness wilt not take,	
FTLN 0495		Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,	
FTLN 0496		Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each	425
FTLN 0497		hour	
FTLN 0498		One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,	
FTLN 0499		Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like	
FTLN 0500		A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes	
FTLN 0501		With words that made them known. But thy vile	430
FTLN 0502		race,	
FTLN 0503		Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good	
FTLN 0504		natures	
FTLN 0505		Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou	
FTLN 0506		Deservedly confined into this rock,	435
FTLN 0507		Who hadst deserved more than a prison.	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 0508		You taught me language, and my profit on 't	
FTLN 0509		Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you	
FTLN 0510		For learning me your language!	
FTLN 0511	PROSPERO	Hagseed, hence!	440
FTLN 0512		Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,	
FTLN 0513		To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?	
FTLN 0514		If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly	
FTLN 0515		What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,	
FTLN 0516		Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar	445
FTLN 0517		That beasts shall tremble at thy din.	
FTLN 0518	CALIBAN	No, pray thee.	
FTLN 0519		「 <i>Aside.</i> 」 I must obey. His art is of such power	
FTLN 0520		It would control my dam's god, Setebos,	
FTLN 0521		And make a vassal of him.	450
FTLN 0522	PROSPERO	So, slave, hence.	

Caliban exits.

*Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible,
playing and singing.*

Song.

ARIEL

FTLN 0523 *Come unto these yellow sands,*
 FTLN 0524 *And then take hands.*
 FTLN 0525 *Curtsied when you have, and kissed*
 FTLN 0526 *The wild waves whist. 455*
 FTLN 0527 *Foot it featly here and there,*
 FTLN 0528 *And sweet sprites bear*
 FTLN 0529 *The burden. Hark, hark!*
 FTLN 0530 *Burden dispersedly, 「within:」 Bow-wow.*
 FTLN 0531 *The watchdogs bark. 460*
 FTLN 0532 *「Burden dispersedly, within:」 Bow-wow.*
 FTLN 0533 *Hark, hark! I hear*
 FTLN 0534 *The strain of strutting chanticleer*
 FTLN 0535 *Cry cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FERDINAND

FTLN 0536 *Where should this music be? I' th' air, or th' earth? 465*
 FTLN 0537 *It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon*
 FTLN 0538 *Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,*
 FTLN 0539 *Weeping again the King my father's wrack,*
 FTLN 0540 *This music crept by me upon the waters,*
 FTLN 0541 *Allaying both their fury and my passion 470*
 FTLN 0542 *With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,*
 FTLN 0543 *Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.*
 FTLN 0544 *No, it begins again.*

Song.

ARIEL

FTLN 0545 *Full fathom five thy father lies.*
 FTLN 0546 *Of his bones are coral made. 475*
 FTLN 0547 *Those are pearls that were his eyes.*
 FTLN 0548 *Nothing of him that doth fade*
 FTLN 0549 *But doth suffer a sea change*
 FTLN 0550 *Into something rich and strange.*
 FTLN 0551 *Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell. 480*
 FTLN 0552 *Burden, 「within:」 Ding dong.*
 FTLN 0553 *Hark, now I hear them: ding dong bell.*

FERDINAND

FTLN 0554 The ditty does remember my drowned father.
 FTLN 0555 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 FTLN 0556 That the Earth owes. I hear it now above me. 485

PROSPERO, 「*to Miranda*」

FTLN 0557 The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
 FTLN 0558 And say what thou seest yond.

FTLN 0559 MIRANDA What is 't? A spirit?

FTLN 0560 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 FTLN 0561 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit. 490

PROSPERO

FTLN 0562 No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
 FTLN 0563 As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
 FTLN 0564 Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stained
 FTLN 0565 With grief—that's beauty's canker—thou might'st
 FTLN 0566 call him 495
 FTLN 0567 A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
 FTLN 0568 And strays about to find 'em.

FTLN 0569 MIRANDA I might call him

FTLN 0570 A thing divine, for nothing natural
 FTLN 0571 I ever saw so noble. 500

FTLN 0572 PROSPERO, 「*aside*」 It goes on, I see,
 FTLN 0573 As my soul prompts it. 「*To Ariel.*」 Spirit, fine spirit,
 FTLN 0574 I'll free thee
 FTLN 0575 Within two days for this.

FTLN 0576 FERDINAND, 「*seeing Miranda*」 Most sure, the goddess 505
 FTLN 0577 On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
 FTLN 0578 May know if you remain upon this island,
 FTLN 0579 And that you will some good instruction give
 FTLN 0580 How I may bear me here. My prime request,
 FTLN 0581 Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!— 510
 FTLN 0582 If you be maid or no.

FTLN 0583 MIRANDA No wonder, sir,

FTLN 0584 But certainly a maid.

FTLN 0585 FERDINAND My language! Heavens!

FTLN 0586	I am the best of them that speak this speech,	515
FTLN 0587	Were I but where 'tis spoken.	
FTLN 0588	PROSPERO	How? The best?
FTLN 0589	What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?	
	FERDINAND	
FTLN 0590	A single thing, as I am now, that wonders	
FTLN 0591	To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,	520
FTLN 0592	And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,	
FTLN 0593	Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld	
FTLN 0594	The King my father wracked.	
FTLN 0595	MIRANDA	Alack, for mercy!
	FERDINAND	
FTLN 0596	Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan	525
FTLN 0597	And his brave son being twain.	
FTLN 0598	PROSPERO, <i>「aside」</i>	The Duke of Milan
FTLN 0599	And his more braver daughter could control thee,	
FTLN 0600	If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight	
FTLN 0601	They have changed eyes.—Delicate Ariel,	530
FTLN 0602	I'll set thee free for this. <i>「To Ferdinand.」</i> A word,	
FTLN 0603	good sir.	
FTLN 0604	I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.	
	MIRANDA	
FTLN 0605	Why speaks my father so ungently? This	
FTLN 0606	Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first	535
FTLN 0607	That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father	
FTLN 0608	To be inclined my way.	
FTLN 0609	FERDINAND	O, if a virgin,
FTLN 0610	And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you	
FTLN 0611	The Queen of Naples.	540
FTLN 0612	PROSPERO	Soft, sir, one word more.
FTLN 0613	<i>「Aside.」</i> They are both in either's powers. But this	
FTLN 0614	swift business	
FTLN 0615	I must uneasy make, lest too light winning	
FTLN 0616	Make the prize light. <i>「To Ferdinand.」</i> One word	545
FTLN 0617	more. I charge thee	
FTLN 0618	That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp	

FTLN 0619	The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself	
FTLN 0620	Upon this island as a spy, to win it	
FTLN 0621	From me, the lord on 't.	550
FTLN 0622	FERDINAND	No, as I am a man!
	MIRANDA	
FTLN 0623	There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.	
FTLN 0624	If the ill spirit have so fair a house,	
FTLN 0625	Good things will strive to dwell with 't.	
FTLN 0626	PROSPERO, <i>['to Ferdinand']</i>	Follow me. 555
FTLN 0627	<i>['To Miranda.']</i> Speak not you for him. He's a traitor.	
FTLN 0628	<i>['To Ferdinand.']</i> Come,	
FTLN 0629	I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.	
FTLN 0630	Sea water shalt thou drink. Thy food shall be	
FTLN 0631	The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks	560
FTLN 0632	Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.	
FTLN 0633	FERDINAND	No,
FTLN 0634	I will resist such entertainment till	
FTLN 0635	Mine enemy has more power.	
	<i>He draws, and is charmed from moving.</i>	
FTLN 0636	MIRANDA	O dear father, 565
FTLN 0637	Make not too rash a trial of him, for	
FTLN 0638	He's gentle and not fearful.	
FTLN 0639	PROSPERO	What, I say,
FTLN 0640	My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,	
FTLN 0641	Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy	570
FTLN 0642	conscience	
FTLN 0643	Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,	
FTLN 0644	For I can here disarm thee with this stick	
FTLN 0645	And make thy weapon drop.	
FTLN 0646	MIRANDA	Beseech you, father— 575
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 0647	Hence! Hang not on my garments.	
FTLN 0648	MIRANDA	Sir, have pity.
FTLN 0649	I'll be his surety.	
FTLN 0650	PROSPERO	Silence! One word more
FTLN 0651	Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,	580

FTLN 0652	An advocate for an impostor? Hush.	
FTLN 0653	Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,	
FTLN 0654	Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,	
FTLN 0655	To th' most of men this is a Caliban,	
FTLN 0656	And they to him are angels.	585
FTLN 0657	MIRANDA	My affections
FTLN 0658	Are then most humble. I have no ambition	
FTLN 0659	To see a goodlier man.	
FTLN 0660	PROSPERO, <i>['to Ferdinand']</i>	Come on, obey.
FTLN 0661	Thy nerves are in their infancy again	590
FTLN 0662	And have no vigor in them.	
FTLN 0663	FERDINAND	So they are.
FTLN 0664	My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.	
FTLN 0665	My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,	
FTLN 0666	The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats	595
FTLN 0667	To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,	
FTLN 0668	Might I but through my prison once a day	
FTLN 0669	Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' Earth	
FTLN 0670	Let liberty make use of. Space enough	
FTLN 0671	Have I in such a prison.	600
FTLN 0672	PROSPERO, <i>['aside']</i>	It works.—Come on.—
FTLN 0673	Thou hast done well, fine Ariel.—Follow me.	
FTLN 0674	<i>['To Ariel.']</i> Hark what thou else shalt do me.	
FTLN 0675	MIRANDA, <i>['to Ferdinand']</i>	Be of
FTLN 0676	comfort.	605
FTLN 0677	My father's of a better nature, sir,	
FTLN 0678	Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted	
FTLN 0679	Which now came from him.	
FTLN 0680	PROSPERO, <i>['to Ariel']</i>	Thou shalt be as free
FTLN 0681	As mountain winds; but then exactly do	610
FTLN 0682	All points of my command.	
FTLN 0683	ARIEL	To th' syllable.
FTLN 0684	PROSPERO, <i>['to Ferdinand']</i>	Come follow. <i>['To Miranda.']</i> Speak not for him.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

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

GONZALO, 「*to Alonso*」

FTLN 0685 Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause—
FTLN 0686 So have we all—of joy, for our escape
FTLN 0687 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
FTLN 0688 Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
FTLN 0689 The masters of some merchant, and the merchant 5
FTLN 0690 Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle—
FTLN 0691 I mean our preservation—few in millions
FTLN 0692 Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
FTLN 0693 Our sorrow with our comfort.

FTLN 0694 ALONSO Prithee, peace. 10

FTLN 0695 SEBASTIAN, 「*aside to Antonio*」 He receives comfort like
FTLN 0696 cold porridge.

FTLN 0697 ANTONIO The visitor will not give him o'er so.

FTLN 0698 SEBASTIAN Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit.
FTLN 0699 By and by it will strike. 15

FTLN 0700 GONZALO, 「*to Alonso*」 Sir—

FTLN 0701 SEBASTIAN One. Tell.

FTLN 0702 GONZALO When every grief is entertained that's offered,
FTLN 0703 comes to th' entertainer—

FTLN 0704 SEBASTIAN A dollar. 20

FTLN 0705 GONZALO Dolor comes to him indeed. You have spoken
FTLN 0706 truer than you purposed.

FTLN 0707 SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
 FTLN 0708 should. 25

FTLN 0709 GONZALO, 「*to Alonso*」 Therefore, my lord—

FTLN 0710 ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

FTLN 0711 ALONSO, 「*to Gonzalo*」 I prithee, spare.

FTLN 0712 GONZALO Well, I have done. But yet—

FTLN 0713 SEBASTIAN, 「*aside to Antonio*」 He will be talking.

FTLN 0714 ANTONIO, 「*aside to Sebastian*」 Which, of he or Adrian, 30
 FTLN 0715 for a good wager, first begins to crow?

FTLN 0716 SEBASTIAN The old cock.

FTLN 0717 ANTONIO The cockerel.

FTLN 0718 SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?

FTLN 0719 ANTONIO A laughter. 35

FTLN 0720 SEBASTIAN A match!

FTLN 0721 ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert—

FTLN 0722 「ANTONIO」 Ha, ha, ha.

FTLN 0723 「SEBASTIAN」 So. You're paid.

FTLN 0724 ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible— 40

FTLN 0725 SEBASTIAN Yet—

FTLN 0726 ADRIAN Yet—

FTLN 0727 ANTONIO He could not miss 't.

FTLN 0728 ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
 FTLN 0729 temperance. 45

FTLN 0730 ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.

FTLN 0731 SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly
 FTLN 0732 delivered.

FTLN 0733 ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

FTLN 0734 SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. 50

FTLN 0735 ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

FTLN 0736 GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.

FTLN 0737 ANTONIO True, save means to live.

FTLN 0738 SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

FTLN 0739 GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How 55
 FTLN 0740 green!

FTLN 0741 ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.

FTLN 0742 SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in 't.

FTLN 0743 ANTONIO He misses not much.

FTLN 0744 SEBASTIAN No, he doth but mistake the truth totally. 60

FTLN 0745 GONZALO But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost

FTLN 0746 beyond credit—

FTLN 0747 SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are.

FTLN 0748 GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were,

FTLN 0749 drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their 65

FTLN 0750 freshness and 「gloss,」 being rather new-dyed than

FTLN 0751 stained with salt water.

FTLN 0752 ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would

FTLN 0753 it not say he lies?

FTLN 0754 SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report. 70

FTLN 0755 GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as

FTLN 0756 when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage

FTLN 0757 of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of

FTLN 0758 Tunis.

FTLN 0759 SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper 75

FTLN 0760 well in our return.

FTLN 0761 ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a

FTLN 0762 paragon to their queen.

FTLN 0763 GONZALO Not since widow Dido's time.

FTLN 0764 ANTONIO Widow? A pox o' that! How came that "widow" 80

FTLN 0765 in? Widow Dido!

FTLN 0766 SEBASTIAN What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too?

FTLN 0767 Good Lord, how you take it!

FTLN 0768 ADRIAN, 「to Gonzalo」 "Widow Dido," said you? You

FTLN 0769 make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of 85

FTLN 0770 Tunis.

FTLN 0771 GONZALO This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

FTLN 0772 ADRIAN Carthage?

FTLN 0773 GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.

FTLN 0774 ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous harp. 90

FTLN 0775 SEBASTIAN He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

FTLN 0776 ANTONIO What impossible matter will he make easy

FTLN 0777 next?

FTLN 0778 SEBASTIAN I think he will carry this island home in his
 FTLN 0779 pocket and give it his son for an apple. 95

FTLN 0780 ANTONIO And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring
 FTLN 0781 forth more islands.

FTLN 0782 GONZALO Ay.

FTLN 0783 ANTONIO Why, in good time.

FTLN 0784 GONZALO, *['to Alonso']* Sir, we were talking that our 100
 FTLN 0785 garments seem now as fresh as when we were at
 FTLN 0786 Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now
 FTLN 0787 queen.

FTLN 0788 ANTONIO And the rarest that e'er came there.

FTLN 0789 SEBASTIAN Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 105

FTLN 0790 ANTONIO O, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

FTLN 0791 GONZALO, *['to Alonso']* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as
 FTLN 0792 the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

FTLN 0793 ANTONIO That "sort" was well fished for.

FTLN 0794 GONZALO, *['to Alonso']* When I wore it at your daughter's 110
 FTLN 0795 marriage.

ALONSO

FTLN 0796 You cram these words into mine ears against
 FTLN 0797 The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
 FTLN 0798 Married my daughter there, for coming thence
 FTLN 0799 My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, 115
 FTLN 0800 Who is so far from Italy removed
 FTLN 0801 I ne'er again shall see her.—O, thou mine heir
 FTLN 0802 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
 FTLN 0803 Hath made his meal on thee?

FTLN 0804 FRANCISCO Sir, he may live. 120

FTLN 0805 I saw him beat the surges under him
 FTLN 0806 And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
 FTLN 0807 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 FTLN 0808 The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head
 FTLN 0809 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared 125
 FTLN 0810 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 FTLN 0811 To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,

FTLN 0812 As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
 FTLN 0813 He came alive to land.

FTLN 0814 ALONSO No, no, he's gone. 130

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 0815 Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
 FTLN 0816 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
 FTLN 0817 But rather lose her to an African,
 FTLN 0818 Where she at least is banished from your eye,
 FTLN 0819 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't. 135

FTLN 0820 ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 0821 You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
 FTLN 0822 By all of us; and the fair soul herself
 FTLN 0823 Weighed between loathness and obedience at
 FTLN 0824 Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost 140
 FTLN 0825 your son,
 FTLN 0826 I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have
 FTLN 0827 More widows in them of this business' making
 FTLN 0828 Than we bring men to comfort them.
 FTLN 0829 The fault's your own. 145

FTLN 0830 ALONSO So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

FTLN 0831 GONZALO My lord Sebastian,
 FTLN 0832 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
 FTLN 0833 And time to speak it in. You rub the sore
 FTLN 0834 When you should bring the plaster. 150

FTLN 0835 SEBASTIAN Very well.

FTLN 0836 ANTONIO And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALO, *['to Alonso']*

FTLN 0837 It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
 FTLN 0838 When you are cloudy.

FTLN 0839 SEBASTIAN Foul weather? 155

FTLN 0840 ANTONIO Very foul.

GONZALO

FTLN 0841 Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO

FTLN 0842 He'd sow 't with nettle seed.

FTLN 0843	SEBASTIAN	Or docks, or mallows.	
	GONZALO		
FTLN 0844		And were the king on 't, what would I do?	160
FTLN 0845	SEBASTIAN	Scape being drunk, for want of wine.	
	GONZALO		
FTLN 0846		I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries	
FTLN 0847		Execute all things, for no kind of traffic	
FTLN 0848		Would I admit; no name of magistrate;	
FTLN 0849		Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,	165
FTLN 0850		And use of service, none; contract, succession,	
FTLN 0851		Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;	
FTLN 0852		No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;	
FTLN 0853		No occupation; all men idle, all,	
FTLN 0854		And women too, but innocent and pure;	170
FTLN 0855		No sovereignty—	
FTLN 0856	SEBASTIAN	Yet he would be king on 't.	
FTLN 0857	ANTONIO	The latter end of his commonwealth forgets	
FTLN 0858		the beginning.	
	GONZALO		
FTLN 0859		All things in common nature should produce	175
FTLN 0860		Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,	
FTLN 0861		Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine	
FTLN 0862		Would I not have; but nature should bring forth	
FTLN 0863		Of its own kind all foison, all abundance,	
FTLN 0864		To feed my innocent people.	180
FTLN 0865	SEBASTIAN	No marrying 'mong his subjects?	
FTLN 0866	ANTONIO	None, man, all idle: whores and knaves.	
	GONZALO		
FTLN 0867		I would with such perfection govern, sir,	
FTLN 0868		T' excel the Golden Age.	
FTLN 0869	SEBASTIAN	'Save his Majesty!	185
	ANTONIO		
FTLN 0870		Long live Gonzalo!	
FTLN 0871	GONZALO	And do you mark me, sir?	
	ALONSO		
FTLN 0872		Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me.	

FTLN 0873 GONZALO I do well believe your Highness, and did it to
 FTLN 0874 minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of 190
 FTLN 0875 such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use
 FTLN 0876 to laugh at nothing.
 FTLN 0877 ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.
 FTLN 0878 GONZALO Who in this kind of merry fooling am
 FTLN 0879 nothing to you. So you may continue, and laugh at 195
 FTLN 0880 nothing still.
 FTLN 0881 ANTONIO What a blow was there given!
 FTLN 0882 SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flatlong.
 FTLN 0883 GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave mettle. You
 FTLN 0884 would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would 200
 FTLN 0885 continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel [invisible,] *playing solemn music.*

FTLN 0886 SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-batfowling.
 FTLN 0887 ANTONIO, [to Gonzalo] Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
 FTLN 0888 GONZALO No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my
 FTLN 0889 discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? 205
 FTLN 0890 For I am very heavy.
 FTLN 0891 ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

*[All sink down asleep except Alonso,
 Antonio, and Sebastian.]*

ALONSO
 FTLN 0892 What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
 FTLN 0893 Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find
 FTLN 0894 They are inclined to do so. 210

FTLN 0895 SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,
 FTLN 0896 Do not omit the heavy offer of it.
 FTLN 0897 It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
 FTLN 0898 It is a comforter.

FTLN 0899 ANTONIO We two, my lord, 215
 FTLN 0900 Will guard your person while you take your rest,
 FTLN 0901 And watch your safety.

FTLN 0902 ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[Alonso sleeps. Ariel exits.]

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 0903 What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

FTLN 0904 It is the quality o' th' climate. 220

FTLN 0905 SEBASTIAN Why

FTLN 0906 Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find

FTLN 0907 Not myself disposed to sleep.

FTLN 0908 ANTONIO Nor I. My spirits are nimble.

FTLN 0909 They fell together all, as by consent. 225

FTLN 0910 They dropped as by a thunderstroke. What might,

FTLN 0911 Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more.

FTLN 0912 And yet methinks I see it in thy face

FTLN 0913 What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and

FTLN 0914 My strong imagination sees a crown 230

FTLN 0915 Dropping upon thy head.

FTLN 0916 SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

FTLN 0917 Do you not hear me speak?

FTLN 0918 SEBASTIAN I do, and surely

FTLN 0919 It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st 235

FTLN 0920 Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

FTLN 0921 This is a strange repose, to be asleep

FTLN 0922 With eyes wide open—standing, speaking, moving—

FTLN 0923 And yet so fast asleep.

FTLN 0924 ANTONIO Noble Sebastian, 240

FTLN 0925 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather, wink'st

FTLN 0926 Whiles thou art waking.

FTLN 0927 SEBASTIAN Thou dost snore distinctly.

FTLN 0928 There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO

FTLN 0929 I am more serious than my custom. You 245

FTLN 0930 Must be so too, if heed me; which to do

FTLN 0931 Trebles thee o'er.

FTLN 0932 SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

FTLN 0933 I'll teach you how to flow.

FTLN 0934	SEBASTIAN	Do so. To ebb	250
FTLN 0935		Hereditary sloth instructs me.	
FTLN 0936	ANTONIO	O,	
FTLN 0937		If you but knew how you the purpose cherish	
FTLN 0938		Whiles thus you mock it, how in stripping it	
FTLN 0939		You more invest it. Ebbing men indeed	255
FTLN 0940		Most often do so near the bottom run	
FTLN 0941		By their own fear or sloth.	
FTLN 0942	SEBASTIAN	Prithee, say on.	
FTLN 0943		The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim	
FTLN 0944		A matter from thee, and a birth indeed	260
FTLN 0945		Which throes thee much to yield.	
FTLN 0946	ANTONIO	Thus, sir:	
FTLN 0947		Although this lord of weak remembrance—this,	
FTLN 0948		Who shall be of as little memory	
FTLN 0949		When he is earthed—hath here almost persuaded—	265
FTLN 0950		For he's a spirit of persuasion, only	
FTLN 0951		Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,	
FTLN 0952		'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned	
FTLN 0953		As he that sleeps here swims.	
FTLN 0954	SEBASTIAN	I have no hope	270
FTLN 0955		That he's undrowned.	
FTLN 0956	ANTONIO	O, out of that no hope	
FTLN 0957		What great hope have you! No hope that way is	
FTLN 0958		Another way so high a hope that even	
FTLN 0959		Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,	275
FTLN 0960		But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me	
FTLN 0961		That Ferdinand is drowned?	
FTLN 0962	SEBASTIAN	He's gone.	
FTLN 0963	ANTONIO	Then tell me,	
FTLN 0964		Who's the next heir of Naples?	280
FTLN 0965	SEBASTIAN	Claribel.	
FTLN 0966	ANTONIO	She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells	
FTLN 0967		Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples	
FTLN 0968		Can have no note, unless the sun were post—	

FTLN 0969	The man i' th' moon's too slow—till newborn chins	285
FTLN 0970	Be rough and razorable; she that from whom	
FTLN 0971	We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,	
FTLN 0972	And by that destiny to perform an act	
FTLN 0973	Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come	
FTLN 0974	In yours and my discharge.	290
FTLN 0975	SEBASTIAN What stuff is this? How say you?	
FTLN 0976	'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,	
FTLN 0977	So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions	
FTLN 0978	There is some space.	
FTLN 0979	ANTONIO A space whose ev'ry cubit	295
FTLN 0980	Seems to cry out "How shall that Claribel	
FTLN 0981	Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis	
FTLN 0982	And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death	
FTLN 0983	That now hath seized them, why, they were no worse	
FTLN 0984	Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples	300
FTLN 0985	As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate	
FTLN 0986	As amply and unnecessarily	
FTLN 0987	As this Gonzalo. I myself could make	
FTLN 0988	A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore	
FTLN 0989	The mind that I do, what a sleep were this	305
FTLN 0990	For your advancement! Do you understand me?	
	SEBASTIAN	
FTLN 0991	Methinks I do.	
FTLN 0992	ANTONIO And how does your content	
FTLN 0993	Tender your own good fortune?	
FTLN 0994	SEBASTIAN I remember	310
FTLN 0995	You did supplant your brother Prospero.	
FTLN 0996	ANTONIO True,	
FTLN 0997	And look how well my garments sit upon me,	
FTLN 0998	Much feater than before. My brother's servants	
FTLN 0999	Were then my fellows; now they are my men.	315
FTLN 1000	SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?	
	ANTONIO	
FTLN 1001	Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,	
FTLN 1002	'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not	

FTLN 1003	This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences	
FTLN 1004	That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they	320
FTLN 1005	And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,	
FTLN 1006	No better than the earth he lies upon.	
FTLN 1007	If he were that which now he's like—that's dead—	
FTLN 1008	Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,	
FTLN 1009	Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,	325
FTLN 1010	To the perpetual wink for aye might put	
FTLN 1011	This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who	
FTLN 1012	Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,	
FTLN 1013	They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.	
FTLN 1014	They'll tell the clock to any business that	330
FTLN 1015	We say befits the hour.	
FTLN 1016	SEBASTIAN	Thy case, dear friend,
FTLN 1017	Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,	
FTLN 1018	I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke	
FTLN 1019	Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,	335
FTLN 1020	And I the King shall love thee.	
FTLN 1021	ANTONIO	Draw together,
FTLN 1022	And when I rear my hand, do you the like	
FTLN 1023	To fall it on Gonzalo.	「 <i>They draw their swords.</i> 」
FTLN 1024	SEBASTIAN	O, but one word.
		「 <i>They talk apart.</i> 」

Enter Ariel, 「invisible,」 with music and song.

ARIEL, 「*to the sleeping Gonzalo*」

FTLN 1025	My master through his art foresees the danger	
FTLN 1026	That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth—	
FTLN 1027	For else his project dies—to keep them living.	
	<i>Sings in Gonzalo's ear:</i>	
FTLN 1028	<i>While you here do snoring lie,</i>	
FTLN 1029	<i>Open-eyed conspiracy</i>	345
FTLN 1030	<i>His time doth take.</i>	
FTLN 1031	<i>If of life you keep a care,</i>	
FTLN 1032	<i>Shake off slumber and beware.</i>	
FTLN 1033	<i>Awake, awake!</i>	

FTLN 1034 ANTONIO, 「*to Sebastian*」 Then let us both be sudden. 350
 FTLN 1035 GONZALO, 「*waking*」 Now, good angels preserve the
 FTLN 1036 King! 「*He wakes Alonso.*」
 ALONSO, 「*to Sebastian*」
 FTLN 1037 Why, how now, ho! Awake? Why are you drawn?
 FTLN 1038 Wherefore this ghastly looking?
 FTLN 1039 GONZALO, 「*to Sebastian*」 What's the matter? 355
 SEBASTIAN
 FTLN 1040 Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
 FTLN 1041 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 FTLN 1042 Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you?
 FTLN 1043 It struck mine ear most terribly.
 FTLN 1044 ALONSO I heard nothing. 360
 ANTONIO
 FTLN 1045 O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
 FTLN 1046 To make an earthquake. Sure, it was the roar
 FTLN 1047 Of a whole herd of lions.
 FTLN 1048 ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?
 GONZALO
 FTLN 1049 Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming, 365
 FTLN 1050 And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
 FTLN 1051 I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,
 FTLN 1052 I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
 FTLN 1053 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
 FTLN 1054 Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons. 370
 ALONSO
 FTLN 1055 Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
 FTLN 1056 For my poor son.
 FTLN 1057 GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts,
 FTLN 1058 For he is, sure, i' th' island.
 FTLN 1059 ALONSO Lead away. 375
 ARIEL, 「*aside*」
 FTLN 1060 Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
 FTLN 1061 So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

CALIBAN

FTLN 1062 All the infections that the sun sucks up
 FTLN 1063 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
 FTLN 1064 By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
 FTLN 1065 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 FTLN 1066 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire, 5
 FTLN 1067 Nor lead me like a firebrand in the dark
 FTLN 1068 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
 FTLN 1069 For every trifle are they set upon me,
 FTLN 1070 Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me
 FTLN 1071 And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which 10
 FTLN 1072 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
 FTLN 1073 Their pricks at my footfall. Sometime am I
 FTLN 1074 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 FTLN 1075 Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!
 FTLN 1076 Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me 15
 FTLN 1077 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.
 FTLN 1078 Perchance he will not mind me.

〔He lies down and covers himself with a cloak.〕

Enter Trinculo.

FTLN 1079 TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
 FTLN 1080 any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I
 FTLN 1081 hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond 20
 FTLN 1082 huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed
 FTLN 1083 his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
 FTLN 1084 know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud
 FTLN 1085 cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. *〔Noticing Caliban.〕*
 FTLN 1086 What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or 25
 FTLN 1087 alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient
 FTLN 1088 and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.
 FTLN 1089 A strange fish. Were I in England now, as once

FTLN 1119 STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
 FTLN 1120 you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind?
 FTLN 1121 Ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now 60
 FTLN 1122 of your four legs, for it hath been said "As proper a
 FTLN 1123 man as ever went on four legs cannot make him
 FTLN 1124 give ground," and it shall be said so again while
 FTLN 1125 Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

FTLN 1126 CALIBAN The spirit torments me. O! 65

FTLN 1127 STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four
 FTLN 1128 legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the
 FTLN 1129 devil should he learn our language? I will give him
 FTLN 1130 some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him
 FTLN 1131 and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, 70
 FTLN 1132 he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on
 FTLN 1133 neat's leather.

FTLN 1134 CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee. I'll bring my
 FTLN 1135 wood home faster.

FTLN 1136 STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after 75
 FTLN 1137 the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have
 FTLN 1138 never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove
 FTLN 1139 his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will
 FTLN 1140 not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that
 FTLN 1141 hath him, and that soundly. 80

FTLN 1142 CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt
 FTLN 1143 anon; I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper
 FTLN 1144 works upon thee.

FTLN 1145 STEPHANO Come on your ways. Open your mouth.
 FTLN 1146 Here is that which will give language to you, cat. 85
 FTLN 1147 Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I
 FTLN 1148 can tell you, and that soundly. *Caliban drinks.* You
 FTLN 1149 cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps
 FTLN 1150 again.

FTLN 1151 TRINCULO I should know that voice. It should be—but 90
 FTLN 1152 he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

FTLN 1153 STEPHANO Four legs and two voices—a most delicate
 FTLN 1154 monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of
 FTLN 1155 his friend. His backward voice is to utter foul

FTLN 1156	speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle	95
FTLN 1157	will recover him, I will help his ague. Come.	
FTLN 1158	「 <i>Caliban drinks.</i> 」 Amen! I will pour some in thy	
FTLN 1159	other mouth.	
FTLN 1160	TRINCULO Stephano!	
FTLN 1161	STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy,	100
FTLN 1162	this is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I	
FTLN 1163	have no long spoon.	
FTLN 1164	TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me	
FTLN 1165	and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not	
FTLN 1166	afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.	105
FTLN 1167	STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull	
FTLN 1168	thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs,	
FTLN 1169	these are they. 「 <i>He pulls him out from under Caliban's</i>	
FTLN 1170	<i>cloak.</i> 」 Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How	
FTLN 1171	cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can	110
FTLN 1172	he vent Trinculos?	
FTLN 1173	TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke.	
FTLN 1174	But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I	
FTLN 1175	hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm	
FTLN 1176	overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's	115
FTLN 1177	gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living,	
FTLN 1178	Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!	
FTLN 1179	STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach	
FTLN 1180	is not constant.	
FTLN 1181	CALIBAN, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 These be fine things, an if they be not	120
FTLN 1182	sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.	
FTLN 1183	I will kneel to him.	
	「 <i>He crawls out from under the cloak.</i> 」	
FTLN 1184	STEPHANO, 「 <i>to Trinculo</i> 」 How didst thou scape? How	
FTLN 1185	cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou	
FTLN 1186	cam'st hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which	125
FTLN 1187	the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which	
FTLN 1188	I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands,	
FTLN 1189	since I was cast ashore.	

FTLN 1190	CALIBAN	I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true	
FTLN 1191		subject, for the liquor is not earthly.	130
FTLN 1192	STEPHANO, 「 <i>to Trinculo</i> 」	Here. Swear then how thou	
FTLN 1193		escapedst.	
FTLN 1194	TRINCULO	Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim	
FTLN 1195		like a duck, I'll be sworn.	
FTLN 1196	STEPHANO	Here, kiss the book. 「 <i>Trinculo drinks.</i> 」	135
FTLN 1197		Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made	
FTLN 1198		like a goose.	
FTLN 1199	TRINCULO	O Stephano, hast any more of this?	
FTLN 1200	STEPHANO	The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock	
FTLN 1201		by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now,	140
FTLN 1202		mooncalf, how does thine ague?	
FTLN 1203	CALIBAN	Hast thou not dropped from heaven?	
FTLN 1204	STEPHANO	Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the	
FTLN 1205		man i' th' moon when time was.	
FTLN 1206	CALIBAN	I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.	145
FTLN 1207		My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy	
FTLN 1208		bush.	
FTLN 1209	STEPHANO	Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will	
FTLN 1210		furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.	
		「 <i>Caliban drinks.</i> 」	
FTLN 1211	TRINCULO	By this good light, this is a very shallow	150
FTLN 1212		monster. I afeard of him? A very weak monster. The	
FTLN 1213		man i' th' moon? A most poor, credulous monster!	
FTLN 1214		—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!	
FTLN 1215	CALIBAN	I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,	
FTLN 1216		and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.	155
FTLN 1217	TRINCULO	By this light, a most perfidious and drunken	
FTLN 1218		monster. When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.	
FTLN 1219	CALIBAN	I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.	
FTLN 1220	STEPHANO	Come on, then. Down, and swear.	
		「 <i>Caliban kneels.</i> 」	
FTLN 1221	TRINCULO	I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed	160
FTLN 1222		monster. A most scurvy monster. I could	
FTLN 1223		find in my heart to beat him—	

FTLN 1224	STEPHANO	Come, kiss.	
FTLN 1225	TRINCULO	—but that the poor monster’s in drink. An	
FTLN 1226		abominable monster.	165
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1227		I’ll show thee the best springs. I’ll pluck thee berries.	
FTLN 1228		I’ll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.	
FTLN 1229		A plague upon the tyrant that I serve.	
FTLN 1230		I’ll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,	
FTLN 1231		Thou wondrous man.	170
FTLN 1232	TRINCULO	A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder	
FTLN 1233		of a poor drunkard.	
	CALIBAN, <i>standing</i>		
FTLN 1234		I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,	
FTLN 1235		And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,	
FTLN 1236		Show thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how	175
FTLN 1237		To snare the nimble marmoset. I’ll bring thee	
FTLN 1238		To clustering filberts, and sometimes I’ll get thee	
FTLN 1239		Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?	
FTLN 1240	STEPHANO	I prithee now, lead the way without any	
FTLN 1241		more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our	180
FTLN 1242		company else being drowned, we will inherit here.	
FTLN 1243		—Here, bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we’ll	
FTLN 1244		fill him by and by again.	
	CALIBAN <i>sings drunkenly</i>		
FTLN 1245		<i>Farewell, master, farewell, farewell.</i>	
FTLN 1246	TRINCULO	A howling monster, a drunken monster.	185
	CALIBAN <i>sings</i>		
FTLN 1247		<i>No more dams I’ll make for fish,</i>	
FTLN 1248		<i>Nor fetch in firing</i>	
FTLN 1249		<i>At requiring,</i>	
FTLN 1250		<i>Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.</i>	
FTLN 1251		<i>’Ban, ’ban, Ca-caliban</i>	190
FTLN 1252		<i>Has a new master. Get a new man.</i>	
FTLN 1253		Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,	
FTLN 1254		high-day, freedom!	
FTLN 1255	STEPHANO	O brave monster! Lead the way.	

They exit.

FTLN 1276	'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father	
FTLN 1277	Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.	
FTLN 1278	He's safe for these three hours.	
FTLN 1279	FERDINAND	O most dear mistress,
FTLN 1280	The sun will set before I shall discharge	25
FTLN 1281	What I must strive to do.	
FTLN 1282	MIRANDA	If you'll sit down,
FTLN 1283	I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that.	
FTLN 1284	I'll carry it to the pile.	
FTLN 1285	FERDINAND	No, precious creature,
FTLN 1286	I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,	30
FTLN 1287	Than you should such dishonor undergo	
FTLN 1288	While I sit lazy by.	
FTLN 1289	MIRANDA	It would become me
FTLN 1290	As well as it does you, and I should do it	35
FTLN 1291	With much more ease, for my good will is to it,	
FTLN 1292	And yours it is against.	
FTLN 1293	PROSPERO, <i>「aside」</i>	Poor worm, thou art infected.
FTLN 1294	This visitation shows it.	
FTLN 1295	MIRANDA	You look wearily.
	FERDINAND	
FTLN 1296	No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me	
FTLN 1297	When you are by at night. I do beseech you,	
FTLN 1298	Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,	
FTLN 1299	What is your name?	
FTLN 1300	MIRANDA	Miranda.—O my father,
FTLN 1301	I have broke your hest to say so!	45
FTLN 1302	FERDINAND	Admired Miranda!
FTLN 1303	Indeed the top of admiration, worth	
FTLN 1304	What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady	
FTLN 1305	I have eyed with best regard, and many a time	50
FTLN 1306	Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage	
FTLN 1307	Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues	
FTLN 1308	Have I liked several women, never any	
FTLN 1309	With so full soul but some defect in her	
FTLN 1310	Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,	55

FTLN 1311	And put it to the foil. But you, O you,	
FTLN 1312	So perfect and so peerless, are created	
FTLN 1313	Of every creature's best.	
FTLN 1314	MIRANDA	I do not know
FTLN 1315	One of my sex, no woman's face remember,	60
FTLN 1316	Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen	
FTLN 1317	More that I may call men than you, good friend,	
FTLN 1318	And my dear father. How features are abroad	
FTLN 1319	I am skillless of, but by my modesty,	
FTLN 1320	The jewel in my dower, I would not wish	65
FTLN 1321	Any companion in the world but you,	
FTLN 1322	Nor can imagination form a shape	
FTLN 1323	Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle	
FTLN 1324	Something too wildly, and my father's precepts	
FTLN 1325	I therein do forget.	70
FTLN 1326	FERDINAND	I am in my condition
FTLN 1327	A prince, Miranda; I do think a king—	
FTLN 1328	I would, not so!—and would no more endure	
FTLN 1329	This wooden slavery than to suffer	
FTLN 1330	The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:	75
FTLN 1331	The very instant that I saw you did	
FTLN 1332	My heart fly to your service, there resides	
FTLN 1333	To make me slave to it, and for your sake	
FTLN 1334	Am I this patient log-man.	
FTLN 1335	MIRANDA	Do you love me?
	FERDINAND	
FTLN 1336	O heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,	
FTLN 1337	And crown what I profess with kind event	
FTLN 1338	If I speak true; if hollowly, invert	
FTLN 1339	What best is boded me to mischief. I,	
FTLN 1340	Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,	85
FTLN 1341	Do love, prize, honor you.	
FTLN 1342	MIRANDA	I am a fool
FTLN 1343	To weep at what I am glad of.	
FTLN 1344	PROSPERO, <i>「aside」</i>	Fair encounter

FTLN 1345	Of two most rare affections. Heavens rain grace	90
FTLN 1346	On that which breeds between 'em!	
FTLN 1347	FERDINAND	Wherefore
FTLN 1348	weep you?	
	MIRANDA	
FTLN 1349	At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer	
FTLN 1350	What I desire to give, and much less take	95
FTLN 1351	What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,	
FTLN 1352	And all the more it seeks to hide itself,	
FTLN 1353	The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,	
FTLN 1354	And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.	
FTLN 1355	I am your wife if you will marry me.	100
FTLN 1356	If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow	
FTLN 1357	You may deny me, but I'll be your servant	
FTLN 1358	Whether you will or no.	
	FERDINAND	
FTLN 1359	My mistress, dearest, and I thus humble ever.	
	MIRANDA	
FTLN 1360	My husband, then?	105
FTLN 1361	FERDINAND	Ay, with a heart as willing
FTLN 1362	As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.	
	MIRANDA, <i>['clasping his hand']</i>	
FTLN 1363	And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewell	
FTLN 1364	Till half an hour hence.	
FTLN 1365	FERDINAND	A thousand thousand.
		110
		<i>They exit.</i>
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 1366	So glad of this as they I cannot be,	
FTLN 1367	Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing	
FTLN 1368	At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,	
FTLN 1369	For yet ere supertime must I perform	
FTLN 1370	Much business appertaining.	115
		<i>He exits.</i>

Scene 2

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

FTLN 1371	STEPHANO, <i>['to Trinculo']</i>	Tell not me. When the butt is	
FTLN 1372		out, we will drink water; not a drop before. Therefore	
FTLN 1373		bear up and board 'em.—Servant monster,	
FTLN 1374		drink to me.	
FTLN 1375	TRINCULO	Servant monster? The folly of this island!	5
FTLN 1376		They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three	
FTLN 1377		of them. If th' other two be brained like us, the state	
FTLN 1378		totters.	
FTLN 1379	STEPHANO	Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee.	
FTLN 1380		Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.	10
		<i>['Caliban drinks.']</i>	
FTLN 1381	TRINCULO	Where should they be set else? He were a	
FTLN 1382		brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail.	
FTLN 1383	STEPHANO	My man-monster hath drowned his tongue	
FTLN 1384		in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I	
FTLN 1385		swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty	15
FTLN 1386		leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my	
FTLN 1387		lieutenant, monster, or my standard.	
FTLN 1388	TRINCULO	Your lieutenant, if you list. He's no	
FTLN 1389		standard.	
FTLN 1390	STEPHANO	We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.	20
FTLN 1391	TRINCULO	Nor go neither. But you'll lie like dogs, and	
FTLN 1392		yet say nothing neither.	
FTLN 1393	STEPHANO	Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou	
FTLN 1394		be'st a good mooncalf.	
FTLN 1395	CALIBAN	How does thy Honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll	25
FTLN 1396		not serve him; he is not valiant.	
FTLN 1397	TRINCULO	Thou liest, most ignorant monster. I am in	
FTLN 1398		case to juggle a constable. Why, thou debauched	
FTLN 1399		fish, thou! Was there ever man a coward that hath	
FTLN 1400		drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a	30
FTLN 1401		monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a	
FTLN 1402		monster?	

FTLN 1403 CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my
 FTLN 1404 lord?
 FTLN 1405 TRINCULO “Lord,” quoth he? That a monster should be 35
 FTLN 1406 such a natural!
 FTLN 1407 CALIBAN Lo, lo again! Bite him to death, I prithee.
 FTLN 1408 STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head.
 FTLN 1409 If you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor
 FTLN 1410 monster’s my subject, and he shall not suffer 40
 FTLN 1411 indignity.
 FTLN 1412 CALIBAN I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased
 FTLN 1413 to harken once again to the suit I made to thee?
 FTLN 1414 STEPHANO Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will
 FTLN 1415 stand, and so shall Trinculo. 45

Enter Ariel, invisible.

FTLN 1416 CALIBAN, *〔kneeling〕* As I told thee before, I am subject
 FTLN 1417 to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
 FTLN 1418 cheated me of the island.
 FTLN 1419 ARIEL, *〔in Trinculo’s voice〕* Thou liest.
 FTLN 1420 CALIBAN, *〔to Trinculo〕* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, 50
 FTLN 1421 thou. *〔He stands.〕* I would my valiant master would
 FTLN 1422 destroy thee. I do not lie.
 FTLN 1423 STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in ’s
 FTLN 1424 tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your
 FTLN 1425 teeth. 55
 FTLN 1426 TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.
 FTLN 1427 STEPHANO Mum then, and no more. *〔Trinculo stands*
 FTLN 1428 *aside.〕* Proceed.
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1429 I say by sorcery he got this isle;
 FTLN 1430 From me he got it. If thy Greatness will, 60
 FTLN 1431 Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar’st,
 FTLN 1432 But this thing dare not.
 FTLN 1433 STEPHANO That’s most certain.
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1434 Thou shalt be lord of it, and I’ll serve thee.

FTLN 1435	STEPHANO	How now shall this be compassed? Canst	65
FTLN 1436		thou bring me to the party?	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1437		Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him thee asleep,	
FTLN 1438		Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.	
FTLN 1439	ARIEL, <i>['in Trinculo's voice']</i>	Thou liest. Thou canst not.	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1440		What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—	70
FTLN 1441		I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows	
FTLN 1442		And take his bottle from him. When that's gone,	
FTLN 1443		He shall drink naught but brine, for I'll not show him	
FTLN 1444		Where the quick freshes are.	
FTLN 1445	STEPHANO	Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt	75
FTLN 1446		the monster one word further, and by this	
FTLN 1447		hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a	
FTLN 1448		stockfish of thee.	
FTLN 1449	TRINCULO	Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go	
FTLN 1450		farther off.	80
FTLN 1451	STEPHANO	Didst thou not say he lied?	
FTLN 1452	ARIEL, <i>['in Trinculo's voice']</i>	Thou liest.	
FTLN 1453	STEPHANO	Do I so? Take thou that. <i>['He beats Trinculo.']</i>	
FTLN 1454		As you like this, give me the lie another time.	
FTLN 1455	TRINCULO	I did not give the lie! Out o' your wits and	85
FTLN 1456		hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This can sack and	
FTLN 1457		drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the	
FTLN 1458		devil take your fingers!	
FTLN 1459	CALIBAN	Ha, ha, ha!	
FTLN 1460	STEPHANO	Now forward with your tale. <i>['To Trinculo.']</i>	90
FTLN 1461		Prithee, stand further off.	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1462		Beat him enough. After a little time	
FTLN 1463		I'll beat him too.	
FTLN 1464	STEPHANO	Stand farther. <i>['Trinculo moves farther</i>	
FTLN 1465		<i>away.']</i> Come, proceed.	95
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1466		Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him	

FTLN 1467 I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
 FTLN 1468 Having first seized his books, or with a log
 FTLN 1469 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 FTLN 1470 Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember 100
 FTLN 1471 First to possess his books, for without them
 FTLN 1472 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 FTLN 1473 One spirit to command. They all do hate him
 FTLN 1474 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
 FTLN 1475 He has brave utensils—for so he calls them— 105
 FTLN 1476 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
 FTLN 1477 And that most deeply to consider is
 FTLN 1478 The beauty of his daughter. He himself
 FTLN 1479 Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
 FTLN 1480 But only Sycorax my dam and she; 110
 FTLN 1481 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
 FTLN 1482 As great'st does least.
 FTLN 1483 STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1484 Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 FTLN 1485 And bring thee forth brave brood. 115
 FTLN 1486 STEPHANO Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter
 FTLN 1487 and I will be king and queen—save our Graces!—
 FTLN 1488 and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost
 FTLN 1489 thou like the plot, Trinculo?
 FTLN 1490 TRINCULO Excellent. 120
 FTLN 1491 STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee.
 FTLN 1492 But while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy
 FTLN 1493 head.
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1494 Within this half hour will he be asleep.
 FTLN 1495 Wilt thou destroy him then? 125
 FTLN 1496 STEPHANO Ay, on mine honor.
 FTLN 1497 ARIEL, *aside* This will I tell my master.
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1498 Thou mak'st me merry. I am full of pleasure.

FTLN 1499	Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch	
FTLN 1500	You taught me but whilere?	130
FTLN 1501	STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason,	
FTLN 1502	any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.	
	<i>Sings.</i>	
FTLN 1503	<i>Flout 'em and cout 'em</i>	
FTLN 1504	<i>And scout 'em and flout 'em!</i>	
FTLN 1505	<i>Thought is free.</i>	135
FTLN 1506	CALIBAN That's not the tune.	
	<i>Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.</i>	
FTLN 1507	STEPHANO What is this same?	
FTLN 1508	TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch played by the	
FTLN 1509	picture of Nobody.	
FTLN 1510	STEPHANO, <i>to the invisible musician</i> ¹ If thou be'st a	140
FTLN 1511	man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a	
FTLN 1512	devil, take 't as thou list.	
FTLN 1513	TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!	
FTLN 1514	STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts.—I defy thee!—	
FTLN 1515	Mercy upon us!	145
FTLN 1516	CALIBAN Art thou afeard?	
FTLN 1517	STEPHANO No, monster, not I.	
	CALIBAN	
FTLN 1518	Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,	
FTLN 1519	Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.	
FTLN 1520	Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments	150
FTLN 1521	Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices	
FTLN 1522	That, if I then had waked after long sleep,	
FTLN 1523	Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,	
FTLN 1524	The clouds methought would open, and show riches	
FTLN 1525	Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked	155
FTLN 1526	I cried to dream again.	
FTLN 1527	STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me,	
FTLN 1528	where I shall have my music for nothing.	
FTLN 1529	CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.	
FTLN 1530	STEPHANO That shall be by and by. I remember the	160
FTLN 1531	story.	

FTLN 1532 TRINCULO The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and
 FTLN 1533 after do our work.
 FTLN 1534 STEPHANO Lead, monster. We'll follow.—I would I
 FTLN 1535 could see this taborer. He lays it on. Wilt come? 165
 FTLN 1536 TRINCULO I'll follow, Stephano.
They exit.

Scene 3

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

GONZALO
 FTLN 1537 By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir.
 FTLN 1538 My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed
 FTLN 1539 Through forthrights and meanders. By your
 FTLN 1540 patience,
 FTLN 1541 I needs must rest me. 5
 FTLN 1542 ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee.
 FTLN 1543 Who am myself attached with weariness
 FTLN 1544 To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.
 FTLN 1545 Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
 FTLN 1546 No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned 10
 FTLN 1547 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 FTLN 1548 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
 ANTONIO, *['aside to Sebastian']*
 FTLN 1549 I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
 FTLN 1550 Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
 FTLN 1551 That you resolved t' effect. 15
 FTLN 1552 SEBASTIAN, *['aside to Antonio']* The next advantage
 FTLN 1553 Will we take throughly.
 FTLN 1554 ANTONIO, *['aside to Sebastian']* Let it be tonight;
 FTLN 1555 For now they are oppressed with travel, they
 FTLN 1556 Will not nor cannot use such vigilance 20
 FTLN 1557 As when they are fresh.
 FTLN 1558 SEBASTIAN, *['aside to Antonio']* I say tonight. No more.

FTLN 1586	PROSPERO, <i>['aside']</i>	Praise in departing.	50
		<i>Inviting the King, etc., to eat, ['the shapes'] depart.</i>	
FTLN 1587	FRANCISCO	They vanished strangely.	
FTLN 1588	SEBASTIAN	No matter, since	
FTLN 1589		They have left their viands behind, for we have	
FTLN 1590		stomachs.	
FTLN 1591		Will 't please you taste of what is here?	55
FTLN 1592	ALONSO	Not I.	
	GONZALO		
FTLN 1593		Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,	
FTLN 1594		Who would believe that there were mountaineers	
FTLN 1595		Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at	
FTLN 1596		'em	60
FTLN 1597		Wallets of flesh? Or that there were such men	
FTLN 1598		Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we	
FTLN 1599		find	
FTLN 1600		Each putter-out of five for one will bring us	
FTLN 1601		Good warrant of.	65
FTLN 1602	ALONSO	I will stand to and feed.	
FTLN 1603		Although my last, no matter, since I feel	
FTLN 1604		The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,	
FTLN 1605		Stand to, and do as we.	
		<i>['Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio move toward the table.']</i>	
		<i>Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a Harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.</i>	
	ARIEL <i>['as Harpy']</i>		
FTLN 1606		You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,	70
FTLN 1607		That hath to instrument this lower world	
FTLN 1608		And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea	
FTLN 1609		Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island,	
FTLN 1610		Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men	
FTLN 1611		Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;	75
FTLN 1612		And even with such-like valor, men hang and drown	

FTLN 1613 Their proper selves.
 〔Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio draw their swords.〕
 FTLN 1614 You fools, I and my fellows
 FTLN 1615 Are ministers of Fate. The elements
 FTLN 1616 Of whom your swords are tempered may as well 80
 FTLN 1617 Wound the loud winds or with bemocked-at stabs
 FTLN 1618 Kill the still-closing waters as diminish
 FTLN 1619 One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
 FTLN 1620 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 FTLN 1621 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths 85
 FTLN 1622 And will not be uplifted. But remember—
 FTLN 1623 For that's my business to you—that you three
 FTLN 1624 From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
 FTLN 1625 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 FTLN 1626 Him and his innocent child, for which foul deed, 90
 FTLN 1627 The powers—delaying, not forgetting—have
 FTLN 1628 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
 FTLN 1629 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 FTLN 1630 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
 FTLN 1631 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death 95
 FTLN 1632 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 FTLN 1633 You and your ways, whose wraths to guard you
 FTLN 1634 from—
 FTLN 1635 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 FTLN 1636 Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow 100
 FTLN 1637 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.*

PROSPERO, *〔aside〕*

FTLN 1638 Bravely the figure of this Harpy hast thou
 FTLN 1639 Performed, my Ariel. A grace it had, devouring.
 FTLN 1640 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 FTLN 1641 In what thou hadst to say. So, with good life 105
 FTLN 1642 And observation strange, my meaner ministers

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO, *['to Ferdinand']*

FTLN 1670 If I have too austerely punished you,
FTLN 1671 Your compensation makes amends, for I
FTLN 1672 Have given you here a third of mine own life,
FTLN 1673 Or that for which I live; who once again
FTLN 1674 I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations 5
FTLN 1675 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
FTLN 1676 Hast strangely stood the test. Here afore heaven
FTLN 1677 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
FTLN 1678 Do not smile at me that I boast *['of her,']*
FTLN 1679 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10
FTLN 1680 And make it halt behind her.

FTLN 1681 FERDINAND I do believe it
FTLN 1682 Against an oracle.

PROSPERO

FTLN 1683 Then, as my *['gift']* and thine own acquisition
FTLN 1684 Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But 15
FTLN 1685 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
FTLN 1686 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
FTLN 1687 With full and holy rite be ministered,
FTLN 1688 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
FTLN 1689 To make this contract grow; but barren hate, 20
FTLN 1690 Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew

FTLN 1691 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
 FTLN 1692 That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
 FTLN 1693 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FTLN 1694 FERDINAND As I hope 25
 FTLN 1695 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 FTLN 1696 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 FTLN 1697 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 FTLN 1698 Our worser genius can shall never melt
 FTLN 1699 Mine honor into lust to take away 30
 FTLN 1700 The edge of that day's celebration
 FTLN 1701 When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered
 FTLN 1702 Or night kept chained below.

FTLN 1703 PROSPERO Fairly spoke.
 FTLN 1704 Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own. 35
〔Ferdinand and Miranda move aside.〕

FTLN 1705 What, Ariel, my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL

FTLN 1706 What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO

FTLN 1707 Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 FTLN 1708 Did worthily perform, and I must use you
 FTLN 1709 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, 40
 FTLN 1710 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.
 FTLN 1711 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 FTLN 1712 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 FTLN 1713 Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
 FTLN 1714 And they expect it from me. 45

FTLN 1715 ARIEL Presently?

FTLN 1716 PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

FTLN 1717 Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"
 FTLN 1718 And breathe twice, and cry "So, so,"
 FTLN 1719 Each one, tripping on his toe, 50
 FTLN 1720 Will be here with mop and mow.
 FTLN 1721 Do you love me, master? No?

PROSPERO

FTLN 1722 Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 FTLN 1723 Till thou dost hear me call.

FTLN 1724 ARIEL Well; I conceive. 55

*He exits.*PROSPERO, *['to Ferdinand']*

FTLN 1725 Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 FTLN 1726 Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw
 FTLN 1727 To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
 FTLN 1728 Or else goodnight your vow.

FTLN 1729 FERDINAND I warrant you, sir, 60

FTLN 1730 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 FTLN 1731 Abates the ardor of my liver.

FTLN 1732 PROSPERO Well.—

FTLN 1733 Now come, my Ariel. Bring a corollary
 FTLN 1734 Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly. 65

Soft music.

FTLN 1735 No tongue. All eyes. Be silent.

Enter Iris.

IRIS

FTLN 1736 Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 FTLN 1737 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
 FTLN 1738 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 FTLN 1739 And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep; 70

FTLN 1740 Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,
 FTLN 1741 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms
 FTLN 1742 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 FTLN 1743 broom groves,

FTLN 1744 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, 75

FTLN 1745 Being lass-lorn; thy poll-clipped vineyard,
 FTLN 1746 And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky hard,
 FTLN 1747 Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' th' sky,
 FTLN 1748 Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
 FTLN 1749 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, 80
 FTLN 1750 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,

FTLN 1751 To come and sport. 「Her」 peacocks fly amain.
 FTLN 1752 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

CERES

FTLN 1753 Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
 FTLN 1754 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter; 85
 FTLN 1755 Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
 FTLN 1756 Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
 FTLN 1757 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 FTLN 1758 My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
 FTLN 1759 Rich scarf to my proud Earth. Why hath thy queen 90
 FTLN 1760 Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

FTLN 1761 A contract of true love to celebrate,
 FTLN 1762 And some donation freely to estate
 FTLN 1763 On the blest lovers.

FTLN 1764 CERES Tell me, heavenly bow, 95
 FTLN 1765 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
 FTLN 1766 Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
 FTLN 1767 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 FTLN 1768 Her and her blind boy's scandaled company
 FTLN 1769 I have forsworn. 100

IRIS

FTLN 1770 Of her society
 FTLN 1771 Be not afraid. I met her deity
 FTLN 1772 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
 FTLN 1773 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
 FTLN 1774 done 105
 FTLN 1775 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 FTLN 1776 Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
 FTLN 1777 Till Hymen's torch be lighted—but in vain.
 FTLN 1778 Mars's hot minion is returned again;
 FTLN 1779 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, 110
 FTLN 1780 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
 FTLN 1781 sparrows,
 FTLN 1782 And be a boy right out.

Juno descends.

FTLN 1783 CERES Highest queen of state,
FTLN 1784 Great Juno, comes. I know her by her gait. 115

JUNO
FTLN 1785 How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
FTLN 1786 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
FTLN 1787 And honored in their issue.

They sing.

JUNO
FTLN 1788 *Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,*
FTLN 1789 *Long continuance and increasing,* 120
FTLN 1790 *Hourly joys be still upon you.*
FTLN 1791 *Juno sings her blessings on you.*

〔CERES〕
FTLN 1792 *Earth's increase, foison plenty,*
FTLN 1793 *Barns and garners never empty,*
FTLN 1794 *Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,* 125
FTLN 1795 *Plants with goodly burden bowing;*
FTLN 1796 *Spring come to you at the farthest*
FTLN 1797 *In the very end of harvest.*
FTLN 1798 *Scarcity and want shall shun you.*
FTLN 1799 *Ceres' blessing so is on you.* 130

FERDINAND
FTLN 1800 This is a most majestic vision, and
FTLN 1801 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
FTLN 1802 To think these spirits?

PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art
FTLN 1804 I have from their confines called to enact 135
FTLN 1805 My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever.
FTLN 1807 So rare a wondered father and a wise
FTLN 1808 Makes this place paradise.

*Juno and Ceres whisper,
and send Iris on employment.*
FTLN 1809 PROSPERO Sweet now, silence. 140

FTLN 1810 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
 FTLN 1811 There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
 FTLN 1812 Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS

FTLN 1813 You nymphs, called naiads of the windring brooks,
 FTLN 1814 With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks, 145
 FTLN 1815 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
 FTLN 1816 Answer your summons, Juno does command.
 FTLN 1817 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 FTLN 1818 A contract of true love. Be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

FTLN 1819 You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary, 150
 FTLN 1820 Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
 FTLN 1821 Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
 FTLN 1822 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 FTLN 1823 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

FTLN 1824 I had forgot that foul conspiracy 155
 FTLN 1825 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
 FTLN 1826 Against my life. The minute of their plot
 FTLN 1827 Is almost come.—Well done. Avoid. No more.

*To a strange, hollow, and confused noise,
 「the spirits」 heavily vanish.*

FERDINAND, 「to Miranda」

FTLN 1828 This is strange. Your father's in some passion
 FTLN 1829 That works him strongly. 160

MIRANDA Never till this day
 FTLN 1831 Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.

PROSPERO, 「to Ferdinand」

FTLN 1832 You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
 FTLN 1833 As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.

FTLN 1834 Our revels now are ended. These our actors, 165
 FTLN 1835 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
 FTLN 1836 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 FTLN 1837 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 FTLN 1838 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 FTLN 1839 The solemn temples, the great globe itself, 170
 FTLN 1840 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 FTLN 1841 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 FTLN 1842 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 FTLN 1843 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 FTLN 1844 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed. 175
 FTLN 1845 Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.
 FTLN 1846 Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
 FTLN 1847 If you be pleased, retire into my cell
 FTLN 1848 And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
 FTLN 1849 To still my beating mind. 180
 FTLN 1850 FERDINAND/MIRANDA We wish your peace.
「They」 exit.

Enter Ariel.

PROSPERO
 FTLN 1851 Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel. Come.
 ARIEL
 FTLN 1852 Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
 FTLN 1853 PROSPERO Spirit,
 FTLN 1854 We must prepare to meet with Caliban. 185
 ARIEL
 FTLN 1855 Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,
 FTLN 1856 I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
 FTLN 1857 Lest I might anger thee.
 PROSPERO
 FTLN 1858 Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
 ARIEL
 FTLN 1859 I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking, 190
 FTLN 1860 So full of valor that they smote the air
 FTLN 1861 For breathing in their faces, beat the ground

FTLN 1892	TRINCULO	Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which	
FTLN 1893		my nose is in great indignation.	
FTLN 1894	STEPHANO	So is mine.—Do you hear, monster. If I	225
FTLN 1895		should take a displeasure against you, look you—	
FTLN 1896	TRINCULO	Thou wert but a lost monster.	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1897		Good my lord, give me thy favor still.	
FTLN 1898		Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to	
FTLN 1899		Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak	230
FTLN 1900		softly.	
FTLN 1901		All's hushed as midnight yet.	
FTLN 1902	TRINCULO	Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!	
FTLN 1903	STEPHANO	There is not only disgrace and dishonor in	
FTLN 1904		that, monster, but an infinite loss.	235
FTLN 1905	TRINCULO	That's more to me than my wetting. Yet this	
FTLN 1906		is your harmless fairy, monster!	
FTLN 1907	STEPHANO	I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er	
FTLN 1908		ears for my labor.	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1909		Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,	240
FTLN 1910		This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.	
FTLN 1911		Do that good mischief which may make this island	
FTLN 1912		Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,	
FTLN 1913		For aye thy foot-licker.	
FTLN 1914	STEPHANO	Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody	245
FTLN 1915		thoughts.	
FTLN 1916	TRINCULO, <i>〔seeing the apparel〕</i>	O King Stephano, O	
FTLN 1917		peer, O worthy Stephano, look what a wardrobe	
FTLN 1918		here is for thee!	
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 1919		Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.	250
FTLN 1920	TRINCULO	Oho, monster, we know what belongs to a	
FTLN 1921		frillery. <i>〔He puts on one of the gowns.〕</i> O King	
FTLN 1922		Stephano!	
FTLN 1923	STEPHANO	Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand,	
FTLN 1924		I'll have that gown.	255

FTLN 1925 TRINCULO Thy Grace shall have it.
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1926 The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
 FTLN 1927 To dote thus on such luggage? 「Let 't」 alone,
 FTLN 1928 And do the murder first. If he awake,
 FTLN 1929 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, 260
 FTLN 1930 Make us strange stuff.
 FTLN 1931 STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress Line, is
 FTLN 1932 not this my jerkin? 「*He takes a jacket from the tree.*」
 FTLN 1933 Now is the jerkin under the line.—Now, jerkin, you
 FTLN 1934 are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin. 265
 FTLN 1935 TRINCULO Do, do. We steal by line and level, an 't like
 FTLN 1936 your Grace.
 FTLN 1937 STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment
 FTLN 1938 for 't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king
 FTLN 1939 of this country. “Steal by line and level” is an excellent 270
 FTLN 1940 pass of pate. There's another garment for 't.
 FTLN 1941 TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your
 FTLN 1942 fingers, and away with the rest.
 CALIBAN
 FTLN 1943 I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time
 FTLN 1944 And all be turned to barnacles or to apes 275
 FTLN 1945 With foreheads villainous low.
 FTLN 1946 STEPHANO Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear
 FTLN 1947 this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn
 FTLN 1948 you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.
 FTLN 1949 TRINCULO And this. 280
 FTLN 1950 STEPHANO Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard.

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

FTLN 1951 PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!
 FTLN 1952 ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!
 PROSPERO
 FTLN 1953 Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!
 「*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven off.*」

FTLN 1954	Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints	285
FTLN 1955	With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews	
FTLN 1956	With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make	
FTLN 1957	them	
FTLN 1958	Than pard or cat o' mountain.	
FTLN 1959	ARIEL	Hark, they roar. 290
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 1960	Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour	
FTLN 1961	Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.	
FTLN 1962	Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou	
FTLN 1963	Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little	
FTLN 1964	Follow and do me service.	295
		<i>They exit.</i>

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO

FTLN 1965 Now does my project gather to a head.
FTLN 1966 My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
FTLN 1967 Goes upright with his carriage.—How's the day?

ARIEL

FTLN 1968 On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
FTLN 1969 You said our work should cease. 5

PROSPERO I did say so

FTLN 1971 When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
FTLN 1972 How fares the King and 's followers?

ARIEL Confined

FTLN 1974 together 10

FTLN 1975 In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
FTLN 1976 Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
FTLN 1977 In the line grove which weather-fends your cell.
FTLN 1978 They cannot budge till your release. The King,
FTLN 1979 His brother, and yours abide all three distracted, 15

FTLN 1980 And the remainder mourning over them,
FTLN 1981 Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
FTLN 1982 Him that you termed, sir, the good old Lord
FTLN 1983 Gonzalo.

FTLN 1984 His tears runs down his beard like winter's drops 20
FTLN 1985 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
FTLN 1986 'em

FTLN 1987	That if you now beheld them, your affections	
FTLN 1988	Would become tender.	
FTLN 1989	PROSPERO	Dost thou think so, spirit? 25
	ARIEL	
FTLN 1990	Mine would, sir, were I human.	
FTLN 1991	PROSPERO	And mine shall.
FTLN 1992	Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling	
FTLN 1993	Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,	
FTLN 1994	One of their kind, that relish all as sharply	30
FTLN 1995	Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?	
FTLN 1996	Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'	
FTLN 1997	quick,	
FTLN 1998	Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury	
FTLN 1999	Do I take part. The rarer action is	35
FTLN 2000	In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,	
FTLN 2001	The sole drift of my purpose doth extend	
FTLN 2002	Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.	
FTLN 2003	My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,	
FTLN 2004	And they shall be themselves.	40
FTLN 2005	ARIEL	I'll fetch them, sir.
		<i>He exits.</i>

⌈*Prospero draws a large circle on the stage with his staff.*⌋

	PROSPERO	
FTLN 2006	You elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,	
FTLN 2007	And you that on the sands with printless foot	
FTLN 2008	Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him	
FTLN 2009	When he comes back; you demi-puppets that	45
FTLN 2010	By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,	
FTLN 2011	Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime	
FTLN 2012	Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice	
FTLN 2013	To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,	
FTLN 2014	Weak masters though you be, I have bedimmed	50
FTLN 2015	The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,	
FTLN 2016	And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault	

FTLN 2017 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 FTLN 2018 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 FTLN 2019 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory 55
 FTLN 2020 Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
 FTLN 2021 The pine and cedar; graves at my command
 FTLN 2022 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 FTLN 2023 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 FTLN 2024 I here abjure, and when I have required 60
 FTLN 2025 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 *Prospero gestures with his staff.*¹
 FTLN 2026 To work mine end upon their senses that
 FTLN 2027 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 FTLN 2028 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 FTLN 2029 And deeper than did ever plummet sound 65
 FTLN 2030 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.

FTLN 2031 A solemn air, and the best comforter
 FTLN 2032 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 FTLN 2033 Now useless, ¹boiled¹ within thy skull. There stand,
 FTLN 2034 For you are spell-stopped.— 70
 FTLN 2035 Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
 FTLN 2036 Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
 FTLN 2037 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace,
 FTLN 2038 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 FTLN 2039 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses 75
 FTLN 2040 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 FTLN 2041 Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
 FTLN 2042 My true preserver and a loyal sir
 FTLN 2043 To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
 FTLN 2044 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly 80

FTLN 2045	Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.	
FTLN 2046	Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—	
FTLN 2047	Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and	
FTLN 2048	blood,	
FTLN 2049	You, brother mine, that 「entertained」 ambition,	85
FTLN 2050	Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,	
FTLN 2051	Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,	
FTLN 2052	Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,	
FTLN 2053	Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding	
FTLN 2054	Begins to swell, and the approaching tide	90
FTLN 2055	Will shortly fill the reasonable shore	
FTLN 2056	That now 「lies」 foul and muddy. Not one of them	
FTLN 2057	That yet looks on me or would know me.—Ariel,	
FTLN 2058	Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.	
	「 <i>Ariel exits and at once returns</i> <i>with Prospero's ducal robes.</i> 」	
FTLN 2059	I will discase me and myself present	95
FTLN 2060	As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit,	
FTLN 2061	Thou shalt ere long be free.	
	<i>ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him.</i>	
FTLN 2062	<i>Where the bee sucks, there suck I.</i>	
FTLN 2063	<i>In a cowslip's bell I lie.</i>	
FTLN 2064	<i>There I couch when owls do cry.</i>	100
FTLN 2065	<i>On the bat's back I do fly</i>	
FTLN 2066	<i>After summer merrily.</i>	
FTLN 2067	<i>Merrily, merrily shall I live now</i>	
FTLN 2068	<i>Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.</i>	
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 2069	Why, that's my dainty Ariel. I shall miss	105
FTLN 2070	Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.	
FTLN 2071	To the King's ship, invisible as thou art.	
FTLN 2072	There shalt thou find the mariners asleep	
FTLN 2073	Under the hatches. The master and the boatswain	
FTLN 2074	Being awake, enforce them to this place,	110
FTLN 2075	And presently, I prithee.	

ARIEL

FTLN 2076 I drink the air before me, and return
 FTLN 2077 Or ere your pulse twice beat. *He exits.*

GONZALO

FTLN 2078 All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 FTLN 2079 Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us 115
 FTLN 2080 Out of this fearful country!

FTLN 2081 PROSPERO, *['to Alonso']* Behold, sir king,
 FTLN 2082 The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero.
 FTLN 2083 For more assurance that a living prince
 FTLN 2084 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body, 120
['He embraces Alonso.']

FTLN 2085 And to thee and thy company I bid
 FTLN 2086 A hearty welcome.

FTLN 2087 ALONSO Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
 FTLN 2088 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me
 FTLN 2089 (As late I have been) I not know. Thy pulse 125
 FTLN 2090 Beats as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
 FTLN 2091 Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
 FTLN 2092 I fear a madness held me. This must crave,
 FTLN 2093 An if this be at all, a most strange story.

FTLN 2094 Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat 130
 FTLN 2095 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
 FTLN 2096 Prospero
 FTLN 2097 Be living and be here?

FTLN 2098 PROSPERO, *['to Gonzalo']* First, noble friend,
 FTLN 2099 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot 135
 FTLN 2100 Be measured or confined.

FTLN 2101 GONZALO Whether this be
 FTLN 2102 Or be not, I'll not swear.

FTLN 2103 PROSPERO You do yet taste
 FTLN 2104 Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will *['not']* let you 140
 FTLN 2105 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.
 FTLN 2106 *['Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.']* But you, my brace
 FTLN 2107 of lords, were I so minded,

FTLN 2108	I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you	
FTLN 2109	And justify you traitors. At this time	145
FTLN 2110	I will tell no tales.	
FTLN 2111	SEBASTIAN, <i>「aside」</i> The devil speaks in him.	
FTLN 2112	PROSPERO, <i>「aside to Sebastian」</i> No.	
FTLN 2113	<i>「To Antonio.」</i> For you, most wicked sir, whom to	
FTLN 2114	call brother	150
FTLN 2115	Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive	
FTLN 2116	Thy rankest fault, all of them, and require	
FTLN 2117	My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know	
FTLN 2118	Thou must restore.	
FTLN 2119	ALONSO If thou be'st Prospero,	155
FTLN 2120	Give us particulars of thy preservation,	
FTLN 2121	How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since	
FTLN 2122	Were wracked upon this shore, where I have lost—	
FTLN 2123	How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—	
FTLN 2124	My dear son Ferdinand.	160
FTLN 2125	PROSPERO I am woe for 't, sir.	
FTLN 2126	ALONSO Irreparable is the loss, and patience	
FTLN 2127	Says it is past her cure.	
FTLN 2128	PROSPERO I rather think	
FTLN 2129	You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace,	165
FTLN 2130	For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid	
FTLN 2131	And rest myself content.	
FTLN 2132	ALONSO You the like loss?	
FTLN 2133	PROSPERO As great to me as late, and supportable	
FTLN 2134	To make the dear loss have I means much weaker	170
FTLN 2135	Than you may call to comfort you, for I	
FTLN 2136	Have lost my daughter.	
FTLN 2137	ALONSO A daughter?	
FTLN 2138	O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,	
FTLN 2139	The King and Queen there! That they were, I wish	175
FTLN 2140	Myself were mudded in that oozy bed	

FTLN 2141	Where my son lies!—When did you lose your	
FTLN 2142	daughter?	
	PROSPERO	
FTLN 2143	In this last tempest. I perceive these lords	
FTLN 2144	At this encounter do so much admire	180
FTLN 2145	That they devour their reason, and scarce think	
FTLN 2146	Their eyes do offices of truth, their words	
FTLN 2147	Are natural breath.—But howsoe'er you have	
FTLN 2148	Been justled from your senses, know for certain	
FTLN 2149	That I am Prospero and that very duke	185
FTLN 2150	Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most	
FTLN 2151	strangely	
FTLN 2152	Upon this shore, where you were wracked, was	
FTLN 2153	landed	
FTLN 2154	To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this.	190
FTLN 2155	For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,	
FTLN 2156	Not a relation for a breakfast, nor	
FTLN 2157	Befitting this first meeting. <i>['To Alonso.']</i> Welcome, sir.	
FTLN 2158	This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,	
FTLN 2159	And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.	195
FTLN 2160	My dukedom since you have given me again,	
FTLN 2161	I will requite you with as good a thing,	
FTLN 2162	At least bring forth a wonder to content you	
FTLN 2163	As much as me my dukedom.	
	<i>Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,</i>	
	<i>playing at chess.</i>	
	MIRANDA, <i>['to Ferdinand']</i>	
FTLN 2164	Sweet lord, you play me false.	200
FTLN 2165	FERDINAND	No, my dearest love,
FTLN 2166	I would not for the world.	
	MIRANDA	
FTLN 2167	Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,	
FTLN 2168	And I would call it fair play.	
FTLN 2169	ALONSO	If this prove
FTLN 2170	A vision of the island, one dear son	205
FTLN 2171	Shall I twice lose.	

FTLN 2172	SEBASTIAN	A most high miracle!	
	FERDINAND,	<i>「seeing Alonso and coming forward」</i>	
FTLN 2173		Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.	
FTLN 2174		I have cursed them without cause.	<i>「He kneels.」</i> 210
FTLN 2175	ALONSO	Now, all the	
FTLN 2176		blessings	
FTLN 2177		Of a glad father compass thee about!	
FTLN 2178		Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.	
		<i>「Ferdinand stands.」</i>	
FTLN 2179	MIRANDA,	<i>「rising and coming forward」</i>	O wonder! 215
FTLN 2180		How many goodly creatures are there here!	
FTLN 2181		How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world	
FTLN 2182		That has such people in 't!	
FTLN 2183	PROSPERO	'Tis new to thee.	
	ALONSO,	<i>「to Ferdinand」</i>	
FTLN 2184		What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?	220
FTLN 2185		Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.	
FTLN 2186		Is she the goddess that hath severed us	
FTLN 2187		And brought us thus together?	
FTLN 2188	FERDINAND	Sir, she is mortal,	
FTLN 2189		But by immortal providence she's mine.	225
FTLN 2190		I chose her when I could not ask my father	
FTLN 2191		For his advice, nor thought I had one. She	
FTLN 2192		Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,	
FTLN 2193		Of whom so often I have heard renown,	
FTLN 2194		But never saw before, of whom I have	230
FTLN 2195		Received a second life; and second father	
FTLN 2196		This lady makes him to me.	
FTLN 2197	ALONSO	I am hers.	
FTLN 2198		But, O, how oddly will it sound that I	
FTLN 2199		Must ask my child forgiveness!	235
FTLN 2200	PROSPERO	There, sir, stop.	
FTLN 2201		Let us not burden our remembrances with	
FTLN 2202		A heaviness that's gone.	
FTLN 2203	GONZALO	I have inly wept	

FTLN 2204	Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you	240
FTLN 2205	gods,	
FTLN 2206	And on this couple drop a blessed crown,	
FTLN 2207	For it is you that have chalked forth the way	
FTLN 2208	Which brought us hither.	
FTLN 2209	ALONSO I say “Amen,” Gonzalo.	245
	GONZALO	
FTLN 2210	Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue	
FTLN 2211	Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice	
FTLN 2212	Beyond a common joy, and set it down	
FTLN 2213	With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage	
FTLN 2214	Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,	250
FTLN 2215	And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife	
FTLN 2216	Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom	
FTLN 2217	In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves	
FTLN 2218	When no man was his own.	
FTLN 2219	ALONSO, <i>['to Ferdinand and Miranda']</i> Give me your	255
FTLN 2220	hands.	
FTLN 2221	Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart	
FTLN 2222	That doth not wish you joy!	
FTLN 2223	GONZALO Be it so. Amen.	

*Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

FTLN 2224	O, look, sir, look, sir, here is more of us.	260
FTLN 2225	I prophesied if a gallows were on land,	
FTLN 2226	This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,	
FTLN 2227	That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on	
FTLN 2228	shore?	
FTLN 2229	Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?	265
	BOATSWAIN	
FTLN 2230	The best news is that we have safely found	
FTLN 2231	Our king and company. The next: our ship,	
FTLN 2232	Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,	
FTLN 2233	Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when	
FTLN 2234	We first put out to sea.	270

FTLN 2235	ARIEL, <i>「aside to Prospero」</i>	Sir, all this service	
FTLN 2236		Have I done since I went.	
FTLN 2237	PROSPERO, <i>「aside to Ariel」</i>	My tricksy spirit!	
	ALONSO		
FTLN 2238		These are not natural events. They strengthen	
FTLN 2239		From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you	275
FTLN 2240		hither?	
	BOATSWAIN		
FTLN 2241		If I did think, sir, I were well awake,	
FTLN 2242		I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep	
FTLN 2243		And—how, we know not—all clapped under	
FTLN 2244		hatches,	280
FTLN 2245		Where, but even now, with strange and several	
FTLN 2246		noises	
FTLN 2247		Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,	
FTLN 2248		And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,	
FTLN 2249		We were awaked, straightway at liberty,	285
FTLN 2250		Where we, in all <i>「her」</i> trim, freshly beheld	
FTLN 2251		Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master	
FTLN 2252		Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,	
FTLN 2253		Even in a dream were we divided from them	
FTLN 2254		And were brought moping hither.	290
FTLN 2255	ARIEL, <i>「aside to Prospero」</i>	Was 't well done?	
	PROSPERO, <i>「aside to Ariel」</i>		
FTLN 2256		Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.	
	ALONSO		
FTLN 2257		This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,	
FTLN 2258		And there is in this business more than nature	
FTLN 2259		Was ever conduct of. Some oracle	295
FTLN 2260		Must rectify our knowledge.	
FTLN 2261	PROSPERO	Sir, my liege,	
FTLN 2262		Do not infest your mind with beating on	
FTLN 2263		The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure,	
FTLN 2264		Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,	300
FTLN 2265		Which to you shall seem probable, of every	
FTLN 2266		These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful	

FTLN 2267 And think of each thing well. *〔Aside to Ariel.〕*
 FTLN 2268 Come hither, spirit;
 FTLN 2269 Set Caliban and his companions free. 305
 FTLN 2270 Untie the spell. *〔Ariel exits.〕* How fares my gracious
 FTLN 2271 sir?
 FTLN 2272 There are yet missing of your company
 FTLN 2273 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

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

FTLN 2274 STEPHANO Every man shift for all the rest, and let no 310
 FTLN 2275 man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.
 FTLN 2276 Coraggio, bully monster, coraggio.
 FTLN 2277 TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my
 FTLN 2278 head, here's a goodly sight.
 FTLN 2279 CALIBAN O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How 315
 FTLN 2280 fine my master is! I am afraid he will chastise me.
 FTLN 2281 SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!
 FTLN 2282 What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
 FTLN 2283 Will money buy 'em?
 FTLN 2284 ANTONIO Very like. One of them 320
 FTLN 2285 Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable.
 PROSPERO
 FTLN 2286 Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
 FTLN 2287 Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
 FTLN 2288 His mother was a witch, and one so strong
 FTLN 2289 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 325
 FTLN 2290 And deal in her command without her power.
 FTLN 2291 These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil,
 FTLN 2292 For he's a bastard one, had plotted with them
 FTLN 2293 To take my life. Two of these fellows you
 FTLN 2294 Must know and own. This thing of darkness I 330
 FTLN 2295 Acknowledge mine.
 FTLN 2296 CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.
 ALONSO
 FTLN 2297 Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

FTLN 2298	SEBASTIAN	He is drunk now. Where had he wine?	
	ALONSO		
FTLN 2299		And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they	335
FTLN 2300		Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?	
FTLN 2301		「 <i>To Trinculo.</i> 」 How cam'st thou in this pickle?	
FTLN 2302	TRINCULO	I have been in such a pickle since I saw you	
FTLN 2303		last that I fear me will never out of my bones. I	
FTLN 2304		shall not fear flyblowing.	340
FTLN 2305	SEBASTIAN	Why, how now, Stephano?	
FTLN 2306	STEPHANO	O, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a	
FTLN 2307		cramp.	
FTLN 2308	PROSPERO	You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?	
FTLN 2309	STEPHANO	I should have been a sore one, then.	345
	ALONSO,	「 <i>indicating Caliban</i> 」	
FTLN 2310		This is 「as」 strange 「a」 thing as e'er I looked on.	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 2311		He is as disproportioned in his manners	
FTLN 2312		As in his shape. 「 <i>To Caliban.</i> 」 Go, sirrah, to my cell.	
FTLN 2313		Take with you your companions. As you look	
FTLN 2314		To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.	350
	CALIBAN		
FTLN 2315		Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter	
FTLN 2316		And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass	
FTLN 2317		Was I to take this drunkard for a god,	
FTLN 2318		And worship this dull fool!	
FTLN 2319	PROSPERO	Go to, away!	355
	ALONSO,	「 <i>to Stephano and Trinculo</i> 」	
FTLN 2320		Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.	
FTLN 2321	SEBASTIAN	Or stole it, rather.	
		「 <i>Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo exit.</i> 」	
	PROSPERO		
FTLN 2322		Sir, I invite your Highness and your train	
FTLN 2323		To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest	
FTLN 2324		For this one night, which part of it I'll waste	360
FTLN 2325		With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it	
FTLN 2326		Go quick away: the story of my life	

FTLN 2327 And the particular accidents gone by
 FTLN 2328 Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
 FTLN 2329 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, 365
 FTLN 2330 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 FTLN 2331 Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized,
 FTLN 2332 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 FTLN 2333 Every third thought shall be my grave.
 FTLN 2334 ALONSO I long 370
 FTLN 2335 To hear the story of your life, which must
 FTLN 2336 Take the ear strangely.
 FTLN 2337 PROSPERO I'll deliver all,
 FTLN 2338 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 FTLN 2339 And sail so expeditious that shall catch 375
 FTLN 2340 Your royal fleet far off. *Aside to Ariel.* My Ariel,
 FTLN 2341 chick,
 FTLN 2342 That is thy charge. Then to the elements
 FTLN 2343 Be free, and fare thou well.—Please you, draw near.
They all exit.

EPILOGUE,

spoken by Prospero.

FTLN 2344 Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 FTLN 2345 And what strength I have 's mine own,
 FTLN 2346 Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
 FTLN 2347 I must be here confined by you,
 FTLN 2348 Or sent to Naples. Let me not, 5
 FTLN 2349 Since I have my dukedom got
 FTLN 2350 And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
 FTLN 2351 In this bare island by your spell,
 FTLN 2352 But release me from my bands
 FTLN 2353 With the help of your good hands. 10
 FTLN 2354 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 FTLN 2355 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 FTLN 2356 Which was to please. Now I want
 FTLN 2357 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,

