

William Shakespeare

The Tempest

the complete play — original text and a plain modern English translation, side by side

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Act 1, Scene 1

ON A SHIP AT SEA; A TEMPESTUOUS NOISE OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

A ship carrying Alonso, King of Naples, his son Ferdinand, his brother Sebastian, Antonio the Duke of Milan, and the old counsellor Gonzalo is torn apart by a violent storm at sea. The Boatswain, fighting to save the vessel, orders the noble passengers below and tells them their rank means nothing to the waves; Sebastian and Antonio abuse him for it while Gonzalo jokes that a man with such a hanging-face can't possibly drown. The ship splits and everyone goes overboard, setting up the shipwreck that strands them on Prospero's island.

Original

Translation

heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain severally.

MASTER

Boatswain!

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master

Here, sir

what cheer?

What's the situation?

MASTER

Good!

Good, you're here.

Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or
we run ourselves
aground

Get the crew moving — quickly, or we'll run
aground.

bestir, bestir.

Move, move.

Exit.

Enter Mariners.

BOATSWAIN

Heigh, my hearts!

All right, lads!

cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!

Lively now, lively!

Quick, quick!

yare, yare!

Bring in the topsail.

Take in the
topsail.

Tend to th' master's whistle.

Listen for the master's whistle.

Blow till
thou burst thy wind,
if room enough.

— Blow yourself out, wind, as long as we have
sea room.

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

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care.

Take care, boatswain.

Where's the master?

Where's the master?

Play the men.

Show some courage, men.

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

Please, stay below deck.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boson?

Boatswain, where's the master?

BOATSWAIN

Do you not hear him?

Can't you hear him?

You mar our labour

You're getting in the way of our work.

keep

Get to your cabins — you're helping the storm.

your cabins: you do
assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

Come now, my good man, be patient.

BOATSWAIN

When the sea is.

I will when the sea is.

Hence!

Get out of here!

What cares these
roarers for the name of king?

What do these waves care about the word
"king"?

To cabin!

Below deck!

silence!

Quiet!

Trouble us not.

Stop bothering us.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Fair enough — but remember who you have on
board.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself.

No one I love better than myself.

You are a
counsellor: if you can
command these elements to silence, and work
the peace of the present,
we will not hand a rope more.

You're a counsellor: if you can order these
elements to be quiet and negotiate peace here
and now, we'll never touch another rope.

Use your

Go on, use your authority.

authority

if you cannot, give
thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself
ready in your cabin
for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.

Cheerly, good hearts!

—Out
of our way, I say.

Exit.

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow.

Methinks
he hath no drowning
mark upon him.

His complexion is perfect
gallows.

Stand fast, good
Fate, to his hanging!

Make the rope of his
destiny our cable, for our
own doth little advantage!

If he be not born to
be hang'd, our case is
miserable.

If you can't, be grateful you've lived this long,
and go get ready in your cabin for whatever
happens next.

— Look sharp, lads!

— Get out of my way, I said.

This fellow is a great comfort to me.

He doesn't look like a man marked for drowning
—

that's a face made for the gallows if I ever saw
one.

Hold firm, Fate, and see him hanged.

Let the rope destined for his neck be our anchor
cable, because our own is doing us no good.

If he isn't born to hang, we're in trouble.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast!

Lower the topmast!

yare!

Quick!

lower, lower!

Lower, lower!

Bring her to try wi' th'
maincourse.

Bring her round to ride out the storm under the
mainsail alone.

A cry within.

BOATSWAIN

A plague upon this howling!

Curse that screaming!

They are louder
than the weather or our
office.

They're drowning out the weather and our own
orders.

Enter Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo.

BOATSWAIN

Yet again!

You again!

What do you here?

What are you doing up here?

Shall we give o'er,
and drown?

Shall we just quit and drown?

Have you a
mind to sink?

Are you in a hurry to sink?

SEBASTIAN

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

BOATSWAIN

Work you, then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent
noisemaker!

We are less afraid
to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO

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

BOATSWAIN

Lay her a-hold, a-hold!

Set her two courses: off
to sea again: lay her
off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

MARINERS

All lost!

to prayers, to prayers!

all lost!

Exeunt.

BOATSWAIN

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

To hell with your throat, you loud, blaspheming,
heartless dog!

Then you do the work.

Hang, you mongrel, hang, you insolent, foul-
mouthed noise-maker!

We're less afraid of drowning than you are.

I'll guarantee he doesn't drown, even if this ship
were no sounder than a nutshell and leaking like
a sieve.

Hold her close to the wind, close!

Set the two lower sails: back out to sea, get her
clear.

All lost!

Start praying, start praying!

All lost!

What, are we done for already?

The King and Prince at prayers!

Let's assist

them,

For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I am out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou might'st
lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO

He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within: _

"Mercy on us!"—

"We split, we split!"—

"Farewell, my wife and
children!"—

"Farewell, brother!"—

"We split, we split, we
split!"

ANTONIO

Let's all sink wi' th' King.

Exit.

SEBASTIAN

The King and the Prince are praying.

Let's join them — we're in the same position.

I've run out of patience.

We're being robbed of our lives by drunks.

This slack-jawed thug — I hope you drown and
lie under ten tides' worth of water.

He'll be hanged yet, even if every drop in the sea
swears otherwise and opens wide to swallow
him.

A confused noise within:

"Mercy on us!" —

"We're splitting apart, we're splitting apart!" —

"Goodbye, wife and children!" —

"Goodbye, brother!" —

"We're splitting, we're splitting, we're splitting!"

Let's go down with the King.

Let's take leave of him.

Let's say goodbye to him.

Exit.

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
an acre of barren
ground.

Right now I'd trade a thousand miles of ocean
for one acre of dry, useless land.

Long heath, brown furze, anything.

Scrub grass, brown gorse, anything at all.

The

Let heaven's will be done —

wills above be done!

but I would very much rather die on dry ground.

but

I would fain die a dry death.

Exit.

Act 1, Scene 2

THE ISLAND. BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO

Outside his cell, Prospero finally tells Miranda their history: twelve years ago he was Duke of Milan until his brother Antonio, backed by Alonso of Naples, seized the dukedom and set them adrift, with only Gonzalo's secret kindness keeping them alive. He reveals the storm was his own doing and everyone aboard is safe, puts off Ariel's plea for early freedom, and is defied by Caliban, who insists the island is his by inheritance. Ariel then lures Ferdinand to Miranda; they fall in love at once, and Prospero pretends to accuse him of spying so the match won't come too cheaply.

Original

Translation

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

Father, if you raised this storm with your magic,
please calm it.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's
cheek,

Dashes the fire out.

O! I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer!

A brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

Dash'd all to pieces.

O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart.

Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected:

No more amazement:

tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.

The sky looks as though it would pour down
burning tar, except that the sea rises up to
heaven's face and puts the fire out.

I suffered watching those people suffer!

A fine ship, surely carrying some noble soul,
smashed to splinters.

Their cries struck me straight in the heart.

The poor men are dead.

If I had any power as a god, I would have

swallowed the sea into the earth before I let it

swallow that good ship and everyone aboard

her.

Calm down.

Stop being frightened.

Tell that pitying heart of yours that nobody was
hurt.

Oh, what a terrible day!

No harm done.

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

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

'Tis time
I should inform thee farther.
Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.
—So:

Lays down his mantle.

PROSPERO

Lie there my art.

Wipe thou thine eyes;
have

comfort.

Everything I've done has been out of care for
you — for you, my dear one, you, my daughter,
who don't know who you really are, or where I
come from, or that I am anything more than
Prospero, the owner of a very poor hut and your
quite ordinary father.

It never once occurred to me to want to know
more.

It's time I told you the rest.

Give me your hand and help me take off my
magic robe.
— There.

Lie there, my magic.

Dry your eyes,
don't be upset.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which
touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding "Stay; not yet."

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

By what?

By any other house, or person?

That dreadful shipwreck, which stirred every
drop of pity in you, I arranged so carefully with
my art that not a single soul aboard was lost —
not so much as a hair harmed on anyone in that
ship you heard crying out and saw go down.

Sit down.

Now you need to know more.

You've often begun to tell me who I am and then
stopped, leaving me asking questions with no
answer, always saying "Wait, not yet."

The moment has come.

This very minute tells you to open your ears.
Do as I say and listen carefully.
Can you remember a time before we came to live
here?
I doubt you can — you weren't quite three years
old.

I can, though, sir. I'm certain of it.

How?

Some other house, or some person?

Of anything the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA

'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants.

Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

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

Any picture at all that's stayed in your memory
— tell me.

It's very distant, more like a dream than
anything my memory can vouch for.

Weren't there four or five women once who
looked after me?

There were, and more than that, Miranda.
But how is it still in your mind?

What else can you see in the dark gulf of the
past?
If you remember anything from before you came
here, you might remember how you came.

But I don't.

Twelve years ago, Miranda, twelve years ago,
your father was the Duke of Milan and a
powerful prince.

Sir, aren't you my father?

Your mother was a model of virtue, and she said
you were my daughter.
And your father was the Duke of Milan — which
makes you his only heir, a princess of no lower
birth than that.

MIRANDA

O, the heavens!

What foul play had we that we came from
thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence;

But blessedly holp hither.

MIRANDA

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance.

farther.
Please you,

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious!

—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state;
as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel:

Good heavens!

What crime drove us out of there?

Or was it a blessing that we left?

Both, my girl, both.

It was a crime, as you say, that threw us out —
but heaven's blessing brought us safely here.

My heart aches to think of the trouble I must
have been to you, though I can't remember any
of it.

Please, go on.

My brother — your uncle — named Antonio.

Listen to this: that a brother could be so
treacherous.

He was the person I loved most in the world
after you, and I handed him the running of my
state.

At that time Milan was the first among all the
Italian states, and I was reckoned the leading
duke, unmatched in standing and in learning.

those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being
transported
And rapt in secret studies.

Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
'em,

Or else new form'd 'em:

having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear:

that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.

Thou attend'st
not.

MIRANDA

O, good sir! I do.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.

Since study was all I cared about, I gave the
government to my brother and became a
stranger to my own dukedom, carried away and
absorbed in secret research.

Your treacherous uncle — are you listening?

Very closely, sir.

Once he had mastered how to grant a request
and how to refuse one, whom to promote and
whom to cut down for growing too tall, he
remade the men who had been mine — replaced
them, or reshaped them.

Holding both the appointments and the offices,
he tuned every heart in the state to whatever
note suited him.

He became the ivy that hid my princely trunk
and drained the life out of it.

You're not listening.

I am, sir, truly.

Please pay attention.

and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound.

out o' the
substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition
growing—
Dost thou hear?

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.

My trust in him, like an over-indulgent parent, produced in him a deceit as huge as the trust was — and my trust had no limits at all, complete and boundless confidence.

Standing in for me and performing all the outward business of rule with full authority, his ambition grew.

Are you following?

Your story would cure a deaf man, sir.

So that nothing stood between the part he was playing and the man he was playing it for, he decided he had to be Duke of Milan outright.

Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough:

of temporal
royalties
He thinks me now incapable;
confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO

Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours on my brother:

As for me — poor fellow — my library was
kingdom enough.

He decided I was unfit to govern,

and, so parched was he for power, he made a
deal with the King of Naples: he would pay an
annual tribute and swear allegiance, put his
coronet under Naples' crown, and bow Milan —
which had never bowed to anyone, poor Milan!
— into the most shameful submission.

Good heavens!

Consider the bargain he made and what came of
it, then tell me whether that is how a brother
behaves.

It would be a sin for me to think anything but
well of my grandmother —
but good mothers have borne bad sons.

Now, the bargain.

The King of Naples, a lifelong enemy of mine,
agreed to my brother's proposal: in exchange for
that allegiance and however much tribute, he
would immediately root out me and mine from
the dukedom and hand over Milan, titles and all,
to my brother.

A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again:

it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROSPERO

Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business

Which now's upon us;

without the which this

story

Were most impertinent.

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench:

My tale provokes that question.

Dear, they durst

not,

So dear the love my people bore me,

So a traitor's army was raised, and one midnight chosen for the purpose Antonio opened the gates of Milan, and in the dead of night his agents carried me and you — you were crying — away.

How pitiful!

I don't remember how I cried then, so I'll cry over it again now.

It's a story that wrings tears out of me.

Listen a little longer, and then I'll come to the business at hand —

without which this whole story would be beside the point.

Why didn't they kill us right then?

Good question, girl.

My story invites it.

They didn't dare, my dear, because my people loved me so much.

nor set

A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they
prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.

There they hoist us,

To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us;

to sigh

To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me.

Thou didst

smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd:

which rais'd in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

They didn't want to stain the business with open
blood, so they painted their foul purpose in
prettier colours.

In short: they hurried us onto a boat, took us a
few miles out to sea, and there had ready a
rotting hulk of a vessel — no rigging, no tackle,
no sail, no mast; even the rats had abandoned it
by instinct.

They put us aboard, to cry out to a sea that
roared back at us,
and to sigh at winds that sighed sympathetically
in return and did us harm by their kindness.

What a burden I must have been to you then!

No — you were a little angel who kept me alive.

You smiled, filled with a courage that must have
come from heaven, while I was salting the sea
with my tears and groaning under the weight of
it.

That gave me the stomach to endure whatever
came next.

How did we get ashore?

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much:

so, of his
gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Now I arise.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for 't!

And now, I pray you,
sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

By divine providence.

We had some food and fresh water, given to us
out of pure kindness by a Neapolitan nobleman,
Gonzalo, who had been put in charge of the
operation. He gave us fine clothes, linen, cloth
and supplies too, which have served us well
since.

And knowing how I loved my books, he
generously brought me volumes from my own
library that I value more than my dukedom.

How I wish I could meet that man someday!

Now let me stand.

Stay seated and hear the end of our misfortunes
at sea.

We arrived here on this island, and here I, as
your teacher, have taught you more than
princesses usually learn, since they have more
time to waste and less attentive tutors.

Heaven bless you for it.

And now, please, sir — it keeps nagging at me —
what was your reason for raising this storm?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore;

and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop.

Here cease more

questions;

Thou art inclin'd to sleep;

'tis a good dulness,

And give it way.

I know thou canst not choose.

Miranda sleeps.

PROSPERO

Come away, servant, come!

I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel.

Come!

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL

All hail, great master!

grave sir, hail!

I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds,

This much I'll tell you.

By an extraordinary chance, generous Fortune,

who is finally on my side, has brought my

enemies to this shore.

And I can foresee that everything I might rise to

depends on one favourable star, whose

influence I must take hold of now or see my luck

decline forever.

No more questions.

You're growing sleepy —

it's a good drowsiness, let it come.

I know you can't resist it.

Come here, servant, come!

I'm ready now.

Come to me, Ariel.

Come!

Greetings, great master!

Hail, honoured sir!

I've come to do whatever you wish — fly, swim,

plunge into fire, ride on the curling clouds.

to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL

To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flam'd amazement;

sometime I'd divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame

distinctly,

Then meet and join.

Jove's lightning, the

precursors

O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not:

the fire and

cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves

tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil

Would not infect his reason?

Give Ariel and all his powers your orders.

Spirit, did you carry out the storm exactly as I instructed you?

Down to the last detail.

I boarded the King's ship, and at the prow, then amidships, on the deck, in every cabin, I burned like a terrifying flame.

Sometimes I split myself up and burned in several places at once — on the topmast, the yardarms, the bowsprit I'd flare separately, then come together again.

Jove's lightning, the herald of his thunderclaps, was not faster or more dazzling:

the fire and the sulphurous cracking seemed to lay siege to mighty Neptune himself, made his bold waves shudder, and shook even his dreaded trident.

My brave spirit!

Who was steady enough to keep his reason through that chaos?

ARIEL

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

Some tricks of desperation.

All but mariners

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the
vessel,

Then all afire with me:

the King's son,

Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—

Was the first man that leapt;

cried "Hell is

empty,

And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO

Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before:

and, as thou bad'st me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

Not one of them.

They all felt a madman's fever and did desperate
things.

Everyone but the sailors leapt into the boiling
sea and abandoned the ship, which by then was
blazing with me.

The King's son, Ferdinand, with his hair standing
on end like reeds rather than hair, was the first
to jump.

He shouted, "Hell is empty and every devil in it is
here."

That's my spirit!

But wasn't this close to shore?

Very close, master.

And they're safe, Ariel?

Not a hair lost.

Their clothes, which kept them afloat, are not
marked at all — cleaner than before, in fact.

And as you ordered, I've scattered them around
the island in separate groups.

The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO

Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARIEL

Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes; there she's
hid:

The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring
labour,
I have left asleep:

and for the rest o' th' fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship
wrack'd,
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

The King's son I landed on his own; I left him
cooling the air with his sighs, sitting in a remote
corner of the island with his arms folded like
this, in a knot of grief.

And the sailors from the King's ship — tell me
what you did with them, and with the rest of the
fleet.

The King's ship is safe in harbour, hidden in the
deep cove where you once called me up at
midnight to fetch dew from the storm-battered
Bermudas.

The sailors are all stowed below decks, where
I've left them asleep, worn out from their labour
and helped along by a spell.

As for the rest of the fleet, which I'd scattered,
they've all found each other again and are sailing
sadly home across the Mediterranean to Naples,
believing they saw the King's ship wrecked and
His Majesty drowned.

Ariel, you've done exactly what I asked.

But there's more to do.
What time of day is it?

Past the mid season.

PROSPERO

At least two glasses.

The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciousy.

ARIEL

Is there more toil?

Since thou dost give me

pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO

How now! moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out?

No more!

ARIEL

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings:

thou didst

promise

To bate me a full year.

Past midday.

At least two o'clock.

Between now and six we must both use every
minute carefully.

More work?

Since you keep piling labour on me, let me
remind you of what you promised and haven't
given me yet.

What's this — sulking?

What is it you think you can demand?

My freedom.

Before your term is up?

Enough!

Please.

Remember I've served you well: told you no lies,
made no mistakes, worked without resentment
or complaint.

You promised to cut a whole year off my service.

PROSPERO

Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

Thou dost,

and think'st it much to tread the

ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

ARIEL

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou liest, malignant thing!

Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop?

Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou hast.

Where was she born?

Speak; tell me.

ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.

Have you forgotten what torment I rescued you
from?

No.

You have —

and now you think it's such a hardship to walk

the mud at the bottom of the sea, to run along

the north wind's edge, to do my errands in the

earth's veins when the ground is frozen solid.

I don't, sir.

You're lying, you spiteful thing.

Have you forgotten the foul witch Sycorax, bent

double with age and malice?

Have you forgotten her?

No, sir.

You have.

Where was she born?

Speak up, tell me.

In Algiers, sir.

PROSPERO

O, was she so?

I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st.

This damn'd witch

Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd:

for one thing she

did

They would not take her life.

Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by th' sailors.

Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine;

Was she now?

It seems I have to recite what you used to be
once a month, since you keep forgetting.

That damned witch Sycorax was banished from
Algiers, as you well know, for countless crimes
and sorceries too horrible for human ears.

They spared her life for one particular reason.

Isn't that true?

Yes, sir.

This blue-lidded hag was brought here pregnant
and abandoned by the sailors.

You, my slave — as you tell it yourself — were her
servant then.

And because you were too refined a spirit to
carry out her coarse and disgusting orders, you
refused her great commands, and she, with the
help of stronger spirits and in an absolutely
merciless rage, shut you inside a split pine tree.

within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years;
within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy
groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

Then was this
island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service.
Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in;
thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
breasts
Of ever-angry bears:
it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo;
it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL

Trapped in that crack, you stayed in agony for
twelve years.

During that time she died, leaving you there,
where your groans came as fast as a mill wheel's
blows.

Back then this island — apart from the son she
whelped here, a freckled brat born of a witch —
had no human shape on it at all.

Yes, Caliban, her son.

Exactly what I said, you slow thing — that same
Caliban I now keep as a servant.
You know better than anyone what torment I
found you in.
Your groans made wolves howl and pierced the
hearts of perpetually furious bears.

It was a punishment fit for the damned, and
Sycorax could not undo it.

It was my art, when I arrived and heard you, that
forced the pine open and let you out.

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO

Do so;
and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARIEL

That's my noble master!
What shall I do?
Say what?
What shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea.

Be
subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.
Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't.
Go, hence with diligence!

Exit Ariel.

PROSPERO

Thank you, master.

If you grumble any more, I'll split open an oak
and wedge you inside its gnarled trunk until
you've howled away twelve winters.

Forgive me, master.
I'll do as I'm told, and I'll perform my spirit's
work willingly.

See that you do —
and in two days I'll set you free.

That's my noble master!
What shall I do?
Tell me.
What shall I do?

Go and take the shape of a sea nymph.

Be visible to nobody but you and me, invisible to
every other eye.
Go, put on that form, and come back here in it.
Go on, and be quick about it.

Awake, dear heart, awake!

thou hast slept well;

Awake!

Waking.

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put

Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off.

Come on;

We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never

Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO

But as 'tis,

We cannot miss him:

he does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices

That profit us.

What ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou!

Speak.

Within.

CALIBAN

There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say;

Wake up, my dear, wake up.

You've slept well.

Wake up!

Your strange story weighed me down with sleep.

Shake it off.

Come on —

we'll go and see my slave Caliban, who never

gives us a civil answer.

He's a brute, sir. I don't like looking at him.

But as things are, we can't do without him.

He makes our fire, fetches our wood, and does

other jobs that are useful to us.

— Hello there! Slave! Caliban!

You lump of earth, you!

Answer me.

There's plenty of wood inside already.

Come out here, I said.

there's other business for

thee.

Come, thou tortoise!

when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

PROSPERO

Fine apparition!

My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

ARIEL

My lord, it shall be done.

Exit.

PROSPERO

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen

Drop on you both!

A south-west blow on ye,

And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have

cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;

I have other work for you.

Come on, you tortoise —

how long?

Beautifully done!

My clever Ariel — come here, let me whisper in

your ear.

It'll be done, my lord.

You poisonous slave, fathered by the devil

himself on your wicked mother — come out

here!

May the most poisonous dew my mother ever

brushed off a filthy marsh with a raven's feather

fall on you both!

May the sickly south-west wind blow on you and

cover you in blisters!

For that, I promise you'll have cramps tonight,

and stitches in your side that stop your breath.

urchins

Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee.

Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more
stinging
Than bees that made them.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me.

When thou cam'st
first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me;
wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night:

and then I lov'd
thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and
fertile.

Curs'd be I that did so!

All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own King;

Goblins will be let loose in the long dead of night
to work on you.

You'll be pinched all over, thick as a honeycomb,
and every pinch will sting worse than the bees
that built it.

Let me eat my dinner.

This island belongs to me — I inherited it from
my mother Sycorax — and you took it from me.

When you first arrived you stroked my head and
made a fuss of me, gave me water flavoured with
berries and taught me the names of the great
light and the small one that burn by day and
night.

And I loved you for it, and I showed you
everything on the island: the fresh springs, the
salt pits, the barren ground and the good.

Curse me for doing it!

May every spell Sycorax knew, and toads and
beetles and bats, come down on you!
I'm the only subject you have, and I was my own
king before.

and here you stay

me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness!

I have

us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd
thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

Oh ho! Oh ho!

Would 't had been done!

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

PROSPERO

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill!

I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour
One thing or other:

Now you put me up in this hard rock and keep
the rest of the island to yourself.

You lying slave — beatings are the only thing
that reaches you, not kindness.

Filthy as you are, I treated you like a human
being and let you live in my own house, until you
tried to rape my daughter.

Ha! Ha!

I wish I'd managed it!

You stopped me, or I'd have filled this island
with little Calibans.

Disgusting creature, incapable of taking any
impression of goodness and capable of every
kind of evil.

I pitied you.

I took the trouble to teach you to speak, taught
you something new every hour.

when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

But thy vile
race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with;
therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel;
and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business.

Shrug'st thou,
malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

When you couldn't even express what you
meant, savage, and only babbled like an animal,
I gave your thoughts words so they could be
understood.

But your vile nature, even once you'd learned,
contained something decent people could not
live alongside.

That is why you were rightly shut up in this rock
— and you deserved worse than prison.

You taught me language, and all I've gained from
it is knowing how to curse.
May the red plague kill you for teaching me your
language!

Get out, witch's spawn.
Fetch us firewood —
and be quick about it, you'd be wise, because
there's other work to do.

Shrugging at me, are you, you spiteful thing?
If you neglect what I order, or do it grudgingly,
I'll torture you with cramping pains, fill your
bones with aches and make you roar until the
animals shake at the noise.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.

Aside.

CALIBAN

I must obey.

His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO

So, slave, hence!

Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

PROSPERO

ARIEL'S SONG.

_Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.
Foot it feately here and there,
And sweet sprites bear
The burden.

Hark, hark!_

Burden dispersedly. _Bow-wow.
The watch dogs bark._

Burden dispersedly.

PROSPERO

_Bow-wow.

Hark, hark!

No, please don't.

I have to obey.

His magic is so powerful it could overrule
Setebos, my mother's god, and make a servant
of him.

Then get moving, slave.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come onto these yellow sands,
and then join hands.
Bow and kiss to hush
the wild waves quiet.
Dance lightly here and there,
and sweet spirits will carry
the refrain.
Listen, listen!
Refrain, from all sides: Bow-wow.
The watchdogs are barking.

Bow-wow.

Listen, listen!

I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry cock-a-diddle-dow._

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?

It sounds no more;

and sure it waits upon

Some god o' th' island.

Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the King my father's wrack,

This music crept by me upon the waters,

Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air:

thence I have follow'd it,

Or it hath drawn me rather,

—but 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

Sings.

ARIEL

_Full fathom five thy father lies.

Of his bones are coral made.

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:_

Burden: _Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them: ding-dong, bell._

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

I can hear the strutting rooster crowing cock-a-doodle-doo.

Where is this music coming from — the air or the ground?

It's stopped now.

It must belong to some god of this island.

I was sitting on a bank, weeping again over my father's shipwreck, when this music crept across the water to me and soothed both the sea's fury and my grief with its sweetness.

I followed it from there — or rather it pulled me along.

But it's gone.

No, here it comes again.

Your father lies five fathoms down.

His bones have turned to coral now.

Those are pearls where his eyes were.

Nothing of him has decayed —

the sea has changed him instead

into something rich and strange.

Sea nymphs ring his funeral bell each hour:

Refrain: Ding-dong.

Listen! I can hear them now: ding-dong, bell.

The song is about my drowned father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:
—I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA

What is't?
a spirit?

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

This is no human business, and no sound the
earth could produce.
Now I hear it above me.

Lift the fringed curtains of your eyes and tell me
what you see over there.

What is it?
A spirit?
Lord, how it looks around!
Believe me, sir, it has a fine shape.
But it must be a spirit.

No, girl.

It eats and sleeps and has the same senses we
do.
This handsome young man you're looking at was
in the shipwreck.
If he weren't a little worn down by grief — which
spoils beauty — you'd call him good-looking.
He's lost his companions and he's wandering
about trying to find them.

I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Aside.

PROSPERO

It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.

I'd call him something divine, because I've never
seen anything in nature so noble.

It's going the way my heart hoped it would.

Spirit, fine spirit!

Spirit, fine spirit!

I'll free

I'll free you within two days for this.

thee

Within two days for this.

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!

This must be the goddess these songs attend on.

Vouchsafe, my

prayer

May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here:

my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Please grant my prayer and tell me whether you
live on this island, and give me some good
instruction on how I should behave here.

My most important question, though I ask it
last, is this: you marvel — are you a mortal girl or
not?

No marvel, sir.

But certainly a girl.

FERDINAND

My language!

Heavens!

My own language!

Good heavens!

I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO

How! the best?

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

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples.

He does hear me;

And that he does I weep:

myself am Naples,

Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wrack'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son being twain.

Aside.

PROSPERO

The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't.

At the first sight

They have changed eyes.

Delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this.

I'm the highest-ranking speaker of it — if only I
were where it's spoken.

What? The highest?

What would you be if the King of Naples heard
you say that?

Just one lonely man, as I am now, amazed to
hear you mention Naples.

He does hear me — and that he can is exactly
why I'm weeping.

I am the King of Naples now, and with these
eyes, which have wept ever since, I saw my
father the King go down.

Oh, have mercy!

Yes, truly, and all his lords with him — the Duke
of Milan and his fine son among them.

The Duke of Milan and his even finer daughter
could contradict you, if this were the moment
for it.

They fell in love the instant they saw each other.

Delicate Ariel, I'll set you free for this.

[_To Ferdinand._] A

word, good sir.

I fear you have done yourself some wrong:

a

word.

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently?

This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for.

Pity move my father

To be inclin'd my way!

FERDINAND

O! if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you

The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Soft, sir;

one word more.

Aside.

PROSPERO

They are both in either's powers.

But this swift

business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light.

[_To Ferdinand._] One

word more.

[To Ferdinand.] A word, good sir.

I'm afraid you've misrepresented yourself.

A word with you.

Why is my father speaking so harshly?

This is only the third man I've ever seen, and the first I've ever sighed over.

I hope pity makes my father take my side.

If you're unmarried and your heart isn't already given away, I'll make you Queen of Naples.

Steady, sir.

One more word.

They're each in the other's power.

But I have to make this go roughly, in case winning too easily makes the prize seem cheap.

[To Ferdinand.] One more word.

I charge thee

That thou attend me.

Thou dost here usurp

The name thou ow'st not;

and hast put thyself

Upon this island as a spy, to win it

From me, the lord on 't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

To Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

Follow me.—

To Miranda.

PROSPERO

Speak not you for him;

he's a traitor.

To Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

Come;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and

husks

Wherein the acorn cradled.

Follow.

I order you to listen to me.

You're claiming a title here that isn't yours,

and you've landed on this island as a spy, to take
it from me, its lord.

No, I swear on my honour as a man.

Nothing evil could live in such a beautiful body.

If a wicked spirit had a house that fine, good
things would fight to live there too.

Follow me. —

Don't speak up for him;

he's a traitor.

Come along.

I'll chain your neck and feet together.

You'll drink seawater; your food will be

freshwater mussels, shrivelled roots, and the

husks acorns grow in.

Follow me.

FERDINAND

No;

I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

MIRANDA

O dear father!

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROSPERO

What! I say,

My foot my tutor?

Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy

conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt:

come from thy ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick

And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father!

PROSPERO

Hence!

Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence!

No.

I'll refuse that kind of treatment until my enemy

proves stronger than me.

Oh, father, don't test him so harshly. He's

gentle, not a coward.

What? My own foot presuming to teach me?

Put your sword away, traitor.

You make a show of drawing, but you don't dare

strike — your conscience is too weighed down

with guilt.

Drop your guard, because I can disarm you here

with this stick and make your weapon fall.

I beg you, father!

Away with you.

Don't cling to my clothes.

Sir, have pity.

I'll stand as his guarantor.

Quiet!

One word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What!

An advocate for an impostor?

hush!

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

Having seen but him and Caliban:

foolish

wench!

To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections

Are then most humble;

I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

To Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND

So they are:

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

One more word and I'll be scolding you —
perhaps even hating you.

What?

Defending an impostor?

Hush.

You think there are no other men like him,
having seen only him and Caliban.

Foolish girl!

Compared with most men, this one is a Caliban,
and they are angels next to him.

Then my feelings are very modest.

I have no wish to see a finer man.

Come on, obey.

Your muscles have gone back to infancy and
have no strength left in them.

So they have.

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

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid:

all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of;

space enough

Have I in such a prison.

Aside.

PROSPERO

It works.

[_To Ferdinand._] Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

[_To

Ferdinand._] Follow me.

To Ariel.

PROSPERO

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech:

this is unwonted

Which now came from him.

PROSPERO

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds;

My father's death, the weakness in my body, the
loss of all my friends, and the threats of this
man who has overpowered me — all of it would
feel light if I could see this girl just once a day
through my prison window.

Let liberty have every other corner of the earth;

I have room enough in a prison like that.

It's working.

[To Ferdinand.] Come along.

You've done well, fine Ariel!

[To Ferdinand.] Follow me.

Listen to what else I need from you.

Take comfort.

My father is much kinder than his speech
suggests, sir.

This outburst isn't like him.

You shall be as free as the mountain winds —

but then exactly do

but first carry out every detail of my orders.

All points of my command.

ARIEL

To th' syllable.

To the letter.

To Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

Come, follow.

Come, follow.

Speak not for him.

Don't speak up for him.

Exeunt.

Act 2, Scene 1

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Washed up elsewhere on the island, Alonso grieves for Ferdinand while Gonzalo tries to cheer him and Sebastian and Antonio mock everything he says, including his sketch of an ideal commonwealth with no laws, work or property. Ariel plays music that puts everyone but Sebastian and Antonio to sleep, and Antonio talks Sebastian into murdering his sleeping brother and taking the crown of Naples, exactly as he once stole Milan from Prospero. Ariel wakes Gonzalo just as the swords are raised, and the plotters cover themselves with a story about hearing lions.

Original

Translation

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

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry;

Please, sir, cheer up.

you have cause,

You have reason to be glad, and so do we all —

So have we all, of joy;

for our escape

what we escaped far outweighs what we lost.

Is much beyond our loss.

Our hint of woe

Our kind of misfortune is common;

Is common;

every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the
merchant,
Have just our theme of woe;
but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us:
then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;

by

and by it will strike.

GONZALO

Sir,—

SEBASTIAN

One:

tell.

GONZALO

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

every day some sailor's wife, some shipowner
and merchant, has the same story of grief.

But the miracle — I mean our survival — is
something hardly anyone in millions can claim.

So weigh our sorrow against our comfort
sensibly, sir.

Please, be quiet.

He takes comfort the way you'd take cold
porridge.

The sick-visitor won't give up on him that easily.

Look, he's winding up his wits like a clock.

Any moment now it'll strike.

Sir —

One.

Start counting.

When a man welcomes every grief that's offered
to him, what he gets is —

SEBASTIAN

A dollar.

A dollar.

GONZALO

Dolour comes to him, indeed:

Dolour is exactly what he gets.

you have spoken
truer than you purposed.

You spoke truer than you intended.

SEBASTIAN

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

And you took it more cleverly than I intended.

GONZALO

Therefore, my lord,—

So, my lord —

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Good grief, how he squanders his tongue!

ALONSO

I prithee, spare.

Please, spare me.

GONZALO

Well, I have done:

but yet—

All right, I've finished.

But still —

SEBASTIAN

He will be talking.

He can't help talking.

ANTONIO

Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first
begins to crow?

Care to bet on which of them, him or Adrian,
crows first?

SEBASTIAN

The old cock.

The old rooster.

ANTONIO

The cockerel.

The young one.

SEBASTIAN

Done.

The wager?

ANTONIO

A laughter.

SEBASTIAN

A match!

ADRIAN

Though this island seem to be desert,—

ANTONIO

Ha, ha, ha!

SEBASTIAN

So.

You're paid.

ADRIAN

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

SEBASTIAN

Yet—

ADRIAN

Yet—

ANTONIO

He could not miss 't.

ADRIAN

It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

ANTONIO

Agreed.

What's the stake?

A laugh.

Done!

Though this island seems to be a desert —

Ha, ha, ha!

There.

Paid in full.

Uninhabitable, and almost impossible to land on
—

And yet —

And yet —

He couldn't have missed that one.

It must have a subtle, mild and delicate climate.

Temperance was a delicate wench.

Temperance — I knew a delicate girl by that name.

SEBASTIAN

Ay, and a subtle;
as he most learnedly delivered.

Yes, and a subtle one,
just as he so learnedly put it.

ADRIAN

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

The air here is very sweet on the skin.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

As though it had lungs — rotten ones.

ANTONIO

Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Or as if a swamp had perfumed it.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

Everything here is favourable to life.

ANTONIO

True;
save means to live.

True —
apart from anything to live on.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there's none, or little.

Of that there's none, or almost none.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks!
how green!

Look how lush and healthy the grass is!
How green!

ANTONIO

The ground indeed is tawny.

The ground is actually brown.

SEBASTIAN

With an eye of green in't.

With a hint of green in it.

ANTONIO

He misses not much.

He doesn't miss much.

SEBASTIAN

No;

he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO

But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost
beyond credit,—

SEBASTIAN

As many vouch'd rarities are.

GONZALO

That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold
notwithstanding their freshness and glosses,

being rather new-dyed than
stained with salt water.

ANTONIO

If but one of his pockets could speak, would it
not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO

Methinks our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in
Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter
Claribel to the King
of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

'Twas a sweet marriage,

No —

he just gets the truth completely wrong.

But the remarkable thing about it, which is really
almost unbelievable —

As many certified marvels are.

— is that our clothes, soaked through in the sea
as they were, have kept their freshness and their
shine.

They look freshly dyed rather than salt-stained.

If just one of his pockets could talk, wouldn't it
call him a liar?

Yes, or dishonestly pocket the compliment.

It seems to me our clothes are as fresh as when
we first put them on in Africa, at the wedding of
the King's beautiful daughter Claribel to the
King of Tunis.

A lovely wedding,

and we prosper well in
our return.

ADRIAN

Tunis was never graced before with such a
paragon to their Queen.

GONZALO

Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO

Widow!

a pox o' that!

How came that widow in?

Widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN

What if he had said, widower Aeneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN

Widow Dido said you?

You make me study of

that;

she was of Carthage,
not of Tunis.

GONZALO

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

and our journey home is going splendidly.

Tunis has never had such a jewel for a queen
before.

Not since the widow Dido's day.

Widow!

Damn that word.

How did a widow get in?

Widow Dido, indeed!

What if he'd said widower Aeneas as well?

Good Lord, the fuss you're making.

Widow Dido, did you say?

That makes me think.

She was from Carthage, not Tunis.

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN

Carthage?

Carthage?

GONZALO

I assure you, Carthage.

I assure you — Carthage.

ANTONIO

His word is more than the miraculous harp.

His word does more than that magical harp of
Amphion's.

SEBASTIAN

He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

He's raised the city wall, and the houses too.

ANTONIO

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

What impossible thing will he manage next?

SEBASTIAN

I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his
son for an apple.

I think he'll carry this island home in his pocket
and give it to his son as an apple.

ANTONIO

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring
forth more islands.

And plant its pips in the sea to grow more
islands.

ALONSO

Ay.

Yes.

ANTONIO

Why, in good time.

Well, in good time.

To Alonso.

GONZALO

Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now
as fresh
as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your
daughter, who is now
Queen.

ANTONIO

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO

O! widow Dido;

ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I
wore it?

I mean, in

a sort.

ANTONIO

That sort was well fish'd for.

GONZALO

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.

Would I had never

Married my daughter there!

Sir, we were saying that our clothes look as fresh
now as they did in Tunis at the wedding of your
daughter, who is a queen now.

And the finest bride that ever came there.

Excluding the widow Dido, please.

Oh yes — widow Dido.

Widow Dido indeed.

Isn't my jacket, sir, as good as new?

In a manner of speaking, I mean.

That "manner of speaking" was well angled for.

When I wore it at your daughter's wedding?

You keep forcing these words into my ears when
my mind has no stomach for them.

I wish I had never married my daughter off
there.

for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her.

O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs.

He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him.

His bold
head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore,

that o'er his wave-worn basis
bowed,
As stooping to relieve him.

I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no,
he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Because of that journey my son is lost — and so,
as far as I'm concerned, is she, so far removed
from Italy that I'll never see her again.

Oh, my heir to Naples and Milan, what strange
fish has made a meal of you?

Sir, he may be alive.

I saw him beat the waves down under him and
ride on their backs.

He trod the water, shoved its hostility aside, and
swam chest-first into the biggest breaker that
came at him.

He kept his bold head above the fighting waves
and rowed himself with strong strokes towards
the shore,

which leaned down over its wave-worn base as if
bending to help him.

I have no doubt he reached land alive.

No, no.

He's gone.

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us;

and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience at

Which end o' th' beam should bow.

We have lost

your son,

I fear, for ever:

Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them.

The fault's your own.

ALONSO

So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in.

You rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Sir, you have yourself to thank for this great loss.

You wouldn't bless Europe with your daughter but chose to lose her to an African instead,

where at least she's out of your sight — though you have every reason now to weep over it.

Please, be quiet.

We all knelt to you and begged you otherwise,

and the poor girl herself was torn between

disgust and obedience, unsure which way to tip.

We've lost your son, I'm afraid, for good.

Milan and Naples have more widows made by

this expedition than we're bringing back men to comfort them.

The fault is yours.

And so is the heaviest part of the loss.

My lord Sebastian, the truth you're telling lacks any kindness, and this is the wrong moment for it.

You're rubbing the wound when you should be dressing it.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

Very good.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgeonly.

Quite the surgeon.

GONZALO

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

It's bad weather for all of us, sir, when you're
clouded over.

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather?

Bad weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

Very bad.

GONZALO

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

If I had a colony on this island, my lord —

ANTONIO

He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

He'd sow it with nettle seed.

SEBASTIAN

Or docks, or mallows.

Or weeds and mallow.

GONZALO

And were the King on't, what would I do?

And if I were king of it, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Avoid getting drunk, for lack of wine.

GONZALO

I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things;
for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known;

In my commonwealth I would do everything
backwards.
I'd allow no trade at all, no such thing as a
magistrate.
Writing would be unknown;

riches, poverty,
And use of service, none;
contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—

SEBASTIAN

Yet he would be King on't.

ANTONIO

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

GONZALO

All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour;
treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have;
but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN

No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO

None, man;
all idle;
whores and knaves.

GONZALO

there'd be no wealth, no poverty, no servants;
no contracts, no inheritance, no boundaries or
property lines, no ploughed fields or vineyards.
No use of metal, grain, wine or oil.
No jobs — everyone idle, all of them. Women
too, but innocent and pure.
No monarchy —

And yet he'd be king of it.

The end of his commonwealth has forgotten
how it began.

Everything would be held in common and
produced by nature without sweat or effort.
I'd have no treason, no felony, no swords, pikes,
knives, guns or any machinery of war.

Nature would bring forth all her plenty of her
own accord, to feed my innocent people.

No marriage among his subjects?

None at all —
everyone idle.
Whores and rogues.

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN

Save his Majesty!

ANTONIO

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO

And,—do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO

Prithee, no more:

thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO

I do well believe your highness;

and did it to
minister occasion to
these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and
nimble lungs that they
always use to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to
you.

So you may
continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANTONIO

What a blow was there given!

I would govern so perfectly, sir, that I'd outdo
the Golden Age.

God save His Majesty!

Long live Gonzalo!

And — are you following me, sir?

Please, no more.

You're talking nothing to me.

I quite believe you, Your Highness.

I was only giving these gentlemen an opening —
they have such quick and sensitive lungs that
they laugh at nothing as a matter of habit.

It was you we were laughing at.

And in this line of clowning I'm nothing
compared to you.

So carry on, and go on laughing at nothing.

What a blow that was!

SEBASTIAN

An it had not fallen flat-long.

If only it hadn't landed flat.

GONZALO

You are gentlemen of brave mettle.

You are gentlemen of remarkable spirit.

You would
lift the moon out of her
sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks
without changing.

You'd lift the moon out of its orbit, if it would
just stay put there for five weeks without
changing.

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN

We would so,
and then go a-bat-fowling.

We would,
and then go hunting birds by moonlight.

ANTONIO

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Come, my good lord, don't be angry.

GONZALO

No, I warrant you;

I'm not, I assure you.

I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly.

I wouldn't risk my good sense so cheaply.

Will
you laugh me asleep,
for I am very heavy?

Will you laugh me to sleep?

I'm very heavy-eyed.

ANTONIO

Go sleep,
and hear us.

Go to sleep —
and listen to us while you do.

All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio.

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep!

What, all asleep already?

I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:

find
They are inclin'd to do so.

SEBASTIAN

Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIO

We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thank you.
Wondrous heavy!

Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN

Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink?
I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANTONIO

I wish my eyes would shut my thoughts up along
with themselves.

I I feel them wanting to.

Then don't refuse the offer, sir.

Sleep rarely comes to a grieving man, and when
it does it's a comfort.

The two of us will guard you while you rest, my
lord, and keep you safe.

Thank you.
My eyes are terribly heavy.

What a strange sleepiness has come over them!

It's something in the climate here.

Then why aren't our own eyelids drooping?

I don't feel like sleeping at all.

Nor I.

My spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.

What

might,

Worthy Sebastian?

O, what might?

—No more.

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be.

Th' occasion speaks

thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

I do; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep.

What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,

moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Nor do I.

My mind is wide awake.

They all went down together, as if by agreement

—

dropped as though struck by lightning.

What might happen, worthy Sebastian?

Oh, what might?

— I'll say no more.

And yet I think I can see in your face what you

ought to be.

This moment is calling to you, and my

imagination sees a crown coming down onto

your head.

What, are you awake?

Can't you hear me speaking?

I can — but it sounds like sleep-talk, and you're

speaking out of a dream.

What was it you said?

This is a strange kind of rest, to be asleep with

your eyes wide open, standing, talking, moving,

and still fast asleep.

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather;
wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN

Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO

I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me;
which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so:
to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it!
how, in stripping it,
You more invest it!
Ebbing men indeed,
Most often, do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Noble Sebastian, you're letting your fortune
sleep — die, rather.
You're keeping your eyes shut while you're
awake.

You snore very clearly.
There's meaning in your snoring.

I'm more serious than usual, and you'll have to
be too, if you listen to me.
Doing so would make you three times the man
you are.

Well, I'm standing water — going nowhere.

I'll teach you how to rise.

Go ahead.
As for sinking, I inherited enough laziness to
manage that on my own.

If you only knew how much you're feeding this
idea while you mock it —
how stripping it down only dresses it up more.

Men who let themselves ebb really do run
themselves aground through their own fear or
idleness.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,
—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO

O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you!
No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there.

Will you grant with
me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

Please, go on.

The set of your eye and cheek says you have
something to deliver, and a difficult birth it
seems to be.

It's this, sir.

Although this forgetful old lord — who'll be just
as forgotten himself once he's buried — has
nearly convinced the King his son is alive, since
persuading is the one thing he's good at and all
he really does, it's as impossible that Ferdinand
didn't drown as that this sleeping man can
swim.

I have no hope at all that he survived.

Ah, but out of that "no hope" what a great hope
you have!

No hope in that direction means so high a hope
in another that even ambition can't see past it
without doubting what it finds.

Will you agree with me that Ferdinand is
drowned?

He's gone.

Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Claribel.

She that is Queen of Tunis;
she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;

she that from
Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow—till newborn
chins
Be rough and razorable;
she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

What stuff is this!

How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of
Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples;

'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANTONIO

Then tell me: who's next in line for the throne of Naples?

Claribel.

The one who is Queen of Tunis.
Who lives further away than a man's whole life
could carry him.

Who can't get news from Naples unless the sun
were the messenger — the Man in the Moon is
too slow — before newborn babies grow beards.

On the way back from her wedding the sea swallowed us all, though it spat some of us out again — destined, that is, to perform an act in which everything so far has only been the opening scene, and everything that comes next is for you and me to bring off.

What are you talking about?

What do you mean?

It's true my brother's daughter is Queen of Tunis, and she is heir to Naples.

And yes, there's a certain distance between those two places.

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent:

as thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples.

Draw thy sword:

one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payest,

And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together,

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

They converse apart.

SEBASTIAN

Music.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

ARIEL

My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth

—

For else his project dies—to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

ARIEL

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Your case, dear friend, will be my model.

As you took Milan, I'll take Naples.

Draw your sword.

One stroke frees you from the tribute you pay
him, and I'll be a king who loves you for it.

Let's draw together, and when I raise my hand,

you do the same and bring yours down on

Gonzalo.

Just one more word.

Music.

Ariel comes back, invisible.

Through his magic my master foresees the

danger you, his friend, are in, and sends me out

to keep them alive — because otherwise his

whole plan dies with them.

While you lie here snoring,

wide-eyed conspiracy

is taking its chance.

If you value your life,

Shake off slumber, and beware.

Awake! awake!_

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good angels

Preserve the King!

They wake.

ALONSO

Why, how now!

Ho, awake!

Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions;

did 't not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,

To make an earthquake.

Sure, it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO

throw off sleep and beware.

Wake up! Wake up!

Then let's both strike now.

Good angels, protect the King!

What's this?

Wake up, everyone!

Why are your swords drawn?

Why do you look so ghastly?

What's going on?

While we were standing guard over your sleep,

just now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

like bulls — no, more like lions.

Didn't it wake you?

It was terrifying to hear.

I heard nothing.

It was a noise to frighten a monster, loud

enough to start an earthquake.

It must have been a whole pride of lions roaring.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:

—there was a noise,

That's verily.

'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place:

let's draw our
weapons.

ALONSO

Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search
For my poor son.

GONZALO

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

Exit with the others.

ARIEL

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exit.

Did you hear this, Gonzalo?

On my honour, sir, I heard a humming — a
strange one at that — and it woke me.

I shook you, sir, and shouted, and as my eyes
opened I saw their weapons drawn.

There was a noise, that's certain.

We should either stay on our guard or leave this
place.

Let's draw our swords.

Lead us away from here, and let's search further
for my poor son.

Heaven keep him safe from these beasts!

He is on the island somewhere, I'm sure of it.

Lead on.

My lord Prospero shall hear what I've done.

So, King, go safely on and look for your son.

Act 2, Scene 2

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Caliban, cursing Prospero as he hauls firewood, mistakes the jester Trinculo for a tormenting spirit and hides under his cloak; Trinculo, caught in a second storm, crawls under the same cloak, so the drunken butler Stephano finds what looks like a four-legged, two-voiced monster. Stephano pours wine down Caliban's throat, and Caliban, convinced he has met a god who fell from the moon, swears to serve him and abandons Prospero. The comedy repeats the colonisation in miniature: another newcomer with a bottle takes the island from its inhabitant.

Original

Translation

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

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease!

His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse.

But they'll nor

pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em;

but

For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me;

then like hedgehogs which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall;

sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

May every disease the sun draws up out of bogs
and marshes and mudflats fall on Prospero and
rot him inch by inch.

His spirits can hear me, and still I have to curse.

But they won't pinch me, or terrify me with
goblin shapes, or shove me into the mud, or lead
me astray in the dark like a will-o'-the-wisp,
unless he orders it.

He sets them on me over every trivial thing —
sometimes as apes that pull faces and chatter at
me and then bite;

sometimes as hedgehogs that roll into my bare-
footed path and raise their spines just as I step;

sometimes I'm wrapped all over in adders whose
forked tongues hiss me out of my mind.

Enter Trinculo.

CALIBAN

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly.

I'll fall flat;

Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and
another storm brewing;

I hear it sing i' th' wind.

Yond same black
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard
that would shed his
liquor.

If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide
my head:

yond same cloud cannot choose but
fall by pailfuls.

What have
we here?

a man or a fish?

There, look at that!

Here comes one of his spirits now, to punish me
for bringing the wood in slowly.

I'll lie flat — maybe he won't notice me.

There isn't a bush or a shrub here to give any
shelter at all, and another storm's coming —

I can hear it whining in the wind.

That black cloud over there, that huge one, looks
like a filthy leather beer-jug about to empty
itself.

If it thunders like it did before, I've nowhere to
hide my head:

that cloud can't help but come down in
bucketloads.

What have we here?

A man or a fish?

dead or alive?

Dead or alive?

A fish:

A fish — it smells like one, an ancient, fishy
stink, like stale dried cod.

he smells like a fish;

a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not
of the newest

Poor-John.

A strange fish!

What a strange fish!

Were I in England

now, as once I was, and

had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool

there but would give a

piece of silver:

If I were back in England, as I once was, and had
this fish on a sideshow banner, every idiot on
holiday would pay a silver coin to see it.

there would this monster make a

man;

This monster would set a man up for life;

over there any freakish animal makes your
fortune.

any strange beast

there makes a man.

When they will not give a

doit to relieve a lame

beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

They won't hand a penny to a crippled beggar,
but they'll spend ten to gawk at a dead Indian.

Legg'd like a man,

and his fins like arms!

It has legs like a man, and its fins are like arms!

Warm, o' my troth!

And it's warm, I swear!

I do

I'll change my mind and say it outright:

now let loose my
opinion, hold it no longer:

this is no fish, but an
islander, that hath
lately suffered by thunderbolt.

this is no fish, but an islander who's just been
struck by lightning.

[_Thunder._]

[Thunder.]

Damn, the storm's back.

Alas, the storm is come
again!

My best way is to creep under his
gaberdine;

My best move is to crawl under his cloak —

there's no other shelter around here.

there is no other
shelter hereabout:

misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows.

Misery introduces a man to some very strange
bedfellows.

I'll shelter here until the last of the storm blows
over.

I
will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be
past.

Enter Stephano singing; a bottle in his hand.

STEPHANO

_I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral.

I'll go to sea no more, no more,
here on land I'll die —
That's a wretched tune to sing at a man's
funeral.

Well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

STEPHANO

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang._
This is a scurvy tune too:
but here's my comfort.

Drinks.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me:
O!

STEPHANO

What's the matter?

Have we devils here?

Do you

put tricks upon 's with
savages and men of Ind?

Ha?

Well, here's my comfort.

The master, the deck-swabber, the boatswain
and me, the gunner and his mate, loved Mall and
Meg and Marian and Margery, but none of us
cared for Kate:
she had a sharp-edged tongue and would tell
any sailor to go hang.
She couldn't stand the smell of tar and pitch,
but a tailor could scratch her wherever she
itched.
So off to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
That's a wretched tune too.
But here's my comfort.

Don't torture me!
Oh!

What's this?

Do we have devils here?

Are you playing tricks on us with savages and
men from the Indies?

Eh?

I have not scap'd
drowning, to be afeard
now of your four legs;

for it hath been said, As
proper a man as ever
went on four legs cannot make him give ground;
and it shall be said so
again, while Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me:

O!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the isle with four legs,
who hath got, as I
take it, an ague.

Where the devil should he learn
our language?

I will
give him some relief, if it be but for that.

If I can
recover him and
keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's
a present for any
emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me, prithee;

I didn't survive drowning to be scared now by
your four legs.

As they say, no man alive on two legs will make
him give ground — and it'll be said again, as long
as Stephano still breathes.

The spirit is torturing me!

Oh!

This must be some four-legged monster of the
island, and it's caught a fever, by the look of it.

Where the devil did he learn to speak our
language?

I'll give him something for the sake of that
alone.

If I can nurse him back to health and keep him
tame and get him to Naples, he'd be a gift fit for
any emperor who ever wore shoe leather.

Please don't torture me.

I'll bring my wood

home faster.

I'll carry my wood home faster.

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest.

He's having a fit and isn't talking sense.

He shall taste
of my bottle:

He'll have a taste from my bottle.

if he have never drunk wine afore,
it will go near to
remove his fit.

If he's never drunk wine before, it may well cure him.

If I can recover him, and keep
him tame, I will not
take too much for him.

If I can get him well and keep him tame, no price will be too high.

He shall pay for him that
hath him, and that
soundly.

Whoever takes him off me will pay handsomely for him.

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt;
thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling:

You've hurt me very little so far —
but you will soon. I can tell by your shaking.

now Prosper works
upon thee.

Now Prospero's working on you.

STEPHANO

Come on your ways.

Come here.

Open your mouth;

Open your mouth.

that which will give
language to you, cat.

here is

Here's something that will give you the power of
speech, cat.

Open your mouth.

Open up.

shake your shaking, I
can tell you, and that soundly.

This will

This will shake the shakes out of you, I promise,
and thoroughly.

[_gives Caliban a
drink_]

[gives Caliban a drink]

You cannot
tell who's your friend:

You've no idea who your friend is.

open your chaps again.

Open your jaws again.

TRINCULO

I should know that voice:

I know that voice.

it should be—but he is
drowned; and these are
devils.

It must be — but he's drowned, and these are
devils.

O, defend me!

Oh, protect me!

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices; a most delicate
monster!

Four legs and two voices — a most exquisite
monster!

His forward voice
now is to speak well of his friend;

The front voice is for speaking well of his friend;

	his backward	the back voice is for foul language and slander.
voice is to utter foul		
speeches and to detract.		
	If all the wine in my	If every drop of wine in my bottle will cure him,
bottle will recover him,		I'll cure his fever.
I will help his ague.		
	Come.	Come on.
	Amen!	There!
	I will pour	I'll pour some into your other mouth.
some in thy other mouth.		
TRINCULO		
Stephano!		Stephano!
STEPHANO		
Doth thy other mouth call me?		Is your other mouth calling me?
	Mercy! mercy!	Mercy, mercy!
This is a devil, and no monster:		This is a devil, not a monster.
	I will leave him; I	I'm leaving him — my spoon isn't long enough
have no long spoon.		to sup with the likes of that.
TRINCULO		
Stephano!		Stephano!
	If thou beest Stephano, touch me,	If you really are Stephano, touch me and speak
and speak to me;		to me.
	for I am	It's Trinculo — don't be afraid — your good
Trinculo—be not afeared—thy good friend		friend Trinculo.
Trinculo.		

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth.

I'll pull thee
by the lesser legs:
if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.

Thou art
very Trinculo
indeed!

How cam'st thou to be the siege of this
moon-calf?

Can he vent
Trinculos?

TRINCULO

I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke.

But
art thou not drown'd,
Stephano?

I hope now thou are not drown'd.

Is
the storm overblown?

I
hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine
for fear of the storm.

If you're Trinculo, come out.

I'll pull you by the smaller legs — if any of these
are Trinculo's legs, these are the ones.

You really are Trinculo!

How did you end up as this idiot creature's
backside?

Can he excrete Trinculos?

I thought he'd been killed by lightning.

But aren't you drowned, Stephano?

I do hope you're not drowned.

Is the storm over?

I hid under this dead lump's cloak because of it.

And you're alive, Stephano?

And
art thou living, Stephano?

O Stephano, two
Neapolitans scap'd!

STEPHANO

Prithee, do not turn me about.

Oh Stephano, two Neapolitans got away!

Please stop spinning me round.

My stomach is
not constant.

My stomach isn't steady.

Aside.

CALIBAN

These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

These are wonderful creatures, if they're not
spirits.

That's a fine god, and he carries heavenly liquor.
I'll kneel to him.

STEPHANO

How didst thou scape?

How did you escape?

How cam'st thou hither?

How did you get here?

Swear by this bottle how
thou cam'st hither—

Swear on this bottle how you got here.

I escaped upon a butt of
sack, which the sailors
heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made
of the bark of a tree
with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

I escaped on a barrel of wine that the sailors
threw overboard — I swear it on this bottle,
which I made out of tree bark with my own
hands after I was washed ashore.

CALIBAN

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

I'll swear on that bottle to be your loyal subject,
because that drink isn't of this world.

STEPHANO

Here.

Swear then how thou escapedst.

Here.

Swear, then — tell me how you escaped.

TRINCULO

Swum ashore, man, like a duck:

Swam ashore, man, like a duck.

I can swim like a
duck, I'll be sworn.

I can swim like a duck, I swear it.

STEPHANO

Here, kiss the book.

Here, kiss the holy book.

Though thou canst swim
like a duck, thou art made
like a goose.

You may swim like a duck, but you're shaped like
a goose.

TRINCULO

O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Oh Stephano, have you got any more of this?

STEPHANO

The whole butt, man:

A whole barrel, man.

my cellar is in a rock by th'
seaside, where my
wine is hid.

My cellar is a rock down by the shore, and that's
where my wine is hidden.

How now, moon-calf!

Well then, you halfwit!

How does
thine ague?

How's your fever?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Didn't you fall from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee:

Out of the moon, I assure you.

I was the
Man in the Moon, when time
was.

I was the Man in the Moon once upon a time.

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.

I've seen you up there, and I worship you.

My
mistress showed me
thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

My mistress showed you to me, and your dog,
and your bundle of thorns.

STEPHANO

Come, swear to that.

Then swear to it.

Kiss the book.

Kiss the book.

I will furnish
it anon with new
contents.

I'll refill it shortly.

Swear.

Swear.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.

By this good daylight, this is a very stupid
monster.

Me, afraid of him?

I afeard of him?

A very feeble monster.

A

very weak monster.

The Man i' the Moon!

The Man in the Moon!

A most

What a pathetic, gullible monster.

poor credulous monster!

Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Good drinking though, monster, honestly.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and

I will kiss thy

foot.

I'll show you every fertile inch of this island, and

I'll kiss your foot.

I prithee, be my god.

Please, be my god.

TRINCULO

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
monster.

By this light, a treacherous drunk of a monster.

When 's god's
asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

As soon as his god falls asleep he'll steal his
bottle.

CALIBAN

I'll kiss thy foot.

I'll swear myself thy subject.

I'll kiss your foot.

I'll swear to be your subject.

STEPHANO

Come on, then;

down, and swear.

Come on then.

Down you go, and swear.

TRINCULO

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
headed monster.

I'll laugh myself to death at this puppy-faced
monster.

What a disgusting monster!

A most

scurvy monster!

I could find in my heart to beat

him,—

I've half a mind to beat him —

STEPHANO

Come, kiss.

Come on, kiss it.

TRINCULO

But that the poor monster's in drink.

— except the poor monster's drunk.

An

abominable monster!

Revolting creature!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs;

I'll show you the best springs;

I'll pluck thee

berries;

I'll pick berries for you;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

I'll catch you fish and fetch you plenty of
firewood.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

A plague on the tyrant I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

I'll carry no more sticks for him — I'll follow you,
you marvellous man.

TRINCULO

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

What a ridiculous monster, making a marvel out
of a sad drunk!

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

Please, let me take you where the crab apples
grow.

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset;
I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock.

Wilt thou go with
me?

STEPHANO

I prithee now, lead the way without any more
talking.

Trinculo, the
King and all our company else being drowned,
we will inherit here.
Here, bear my bottle.

Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill
him by and by again.

Sings drunkenly.

CALIBAN

_Farewell, master;
farewell, farewell!_

TRINCULO

A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN

_No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

I'll dig up earth-nuts for you with my long nails,
show you a jay's nest, teach you how to trap the
quick little marmoset.
I'll bring you to thick clusters of hazelnuts, and
sometimes I'll get you young seabirds off the
rocks.

Will you come with me?

Please, just lead the way and stop talking.

Trinculo — with the King and everyone else
drowned, this place is ours to inherit.

Here, carry my bottle.

Trinculo, old friend, we'll fill it again shortly.

Goodbye, master.
Goodbye, goodbye!

A howling monster, a drunken monster.

No more dams for catching fish;
no more fetching firewood
whenever I'm ordered,
no more scrubbing plates or washing dishes.

'Ban 'Ban, Cacaliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man._
Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom,
high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster!
lead the way.

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
has a new master — find yourself a new man.
Freedom, hurrah! Hurrah, freedom! Freedom,
hurrah, freedom!

What a splendid monster!
Lead the way.

Exeunt.

Act 3, Scene 1

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL

Ferdinand carries logs as the punishment Prospero has set him, finding the work light because he is doing it for Miranda. Miranda disobeys her father and comes to help, they confess their love, and she proposes marriage herself. Prospero, watching unseen, is delighted: the match he engineered has taken, and he goes back to his books to prepare the rest of the day's business.

Original

Translation

Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their
labour
Delight in them sets off:
some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone;
and most poor matters
Point to rich ends.
This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's
dead,
And makes my labours pleasures:

Some games are hard work, but the pleasure of
them makes the effort worthwhile.
Some kinds of humiliation can be borne with
dignity,
and the poorest tasks often lead somewhere
rich.
This menial job of mine would feel as heavy as it
is degrading, except that the woman I'm serving
brings dead things to life and turns my work
into pleasure.

O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness.

I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction:

my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness
Had never like executor.

I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours,
Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero behind.

MIRANDA

Alas now, pray you,
Work not so hard:

I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you.

When this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you.

My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

She is ten times as gentle as her father is bad-tempered, and he is made of nothing but harshness.

I have to shift some thousands of these logs and stack them up, under a brutal order.

My sweet mistress cries when she sees me working and says such lowly labour never had a workman like me.

I'm losing track of what I'm doing — but these sweet thoughts refresh me even as I work: I'm busiest in my mind exactly when my hands are occupied.

Oh, please don't work so hard.

I wish lightning had burned up those logs you've been ordered to stack.

Please put that down and rest.

When this one burns, it will weep with regret for having tired you.

My father is deep in his studies — please, rest now.

He's safely occupied for three hours.

Dearest mistress, the sun will go down before I finish what I have to get done.

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while.

Pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

It would become me
As well as it does you:
and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Aside.

PROSPERO

Poor worm! thou art infected.
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress;
'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night.
I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda—O my father!

If you'll sit down, I'll carry your logs meanwhile.

Please, give me that one — I'll take it to the pile.

No, precious creature.

I'd rather tear my muscles and break my back
than have you demean yourself while I sat idle
beside you.

It would suit me as well as it suits you —

and I'd find it much easier, because I'd be doing
it willingly and you're doing it against your will.

Poor creature, you've caught it.

This visit proves it.

You look tired.

No, noble mistress.

It's fresh morning to me even at night, as long as
you're nearby.

I beg you — mainly so I can put it in my prayers
— what is your name?

Miranda. — Oh, father!

I have broke your hest to say so.

FERDINAND

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world!

Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard,

and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear:

for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any

With so full soul but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil:

but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA

I do not know

One of my sex;

no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own;

nor have I seen

More that I may call men than you, good friend,

And my dear father:

how features are abroad,

I am skillless of;

I've broken your order by telling him.

Miranda — to be admired!

Truly, the height of everything admirable, worth
as much as anything the world holds dear.

I have looked at plenty of women with real
appreciation,

and often the music of their voices has taken my
too-willing ear prisoner.

I've liked different women for different qualities,
but never one so wholeheartedly that some flaw
in her didn't undercut her best grace and spoil
it.

But you — you are so perfect and so unmatched,
you seem made from the best of every living
thing.

I don't know a single other woman.

I can't remember any woman's face except my
own in the mirror.

And I've seen no more people I could call men
than you, good friend, and my dear father.

I have no idea what people look like elsewhere.

but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.

But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a King;
I would not so!—

and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.

Hear my soul
speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it;
and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true;
if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief!

But by my modesty, which is the one jewel in my
dowry, I would not want any companion in the
world except you, and my imagination can't
invent anyone but you to prefer.

But I'm chattering rather wildly, and forgetting
my father's instructions while I do it.

By birth I'm a prince, Miranda — and I think
now a king, though I wish I weren't.

I would put up with this log-carrying slavery no
more willingly than I'd let a fly lay eggs in my
mouth.

Hear what my soul is saying: the instant I saw
you my heart flew into your service and stayed
there, making a slave of me.

It's for your sake that I'm this patient woodman.

Do you love me?

Heaven and earth, be witness to what I'm
saying, and reward it with a happy outcome if
I'm telling the truth.

If I'm speaking falsely, turn whatever good is
destined for me into disaster.

I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Aside.

PROSPERO

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections!

Heavens rain grace

On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take

What I shall die to want.

But this is trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows.

Hence, bashful

cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife if you will marry me;

If not, I'll die your maid:

to be your fellow

You may deny me;

but I'll be your servant,

Whether you will or no.

Beyond every limit of anything else in the world,

I love and treasure and honour you.

I'm a fool to cry about something that makes me
happy.

A beautiful meeting of two rare affections!

Heaven pour down grace on whatever grows
between them!

Why are you crying?

Because I'm not worthy — I don't dare offer

what I want to give, and even less dare take what
I'll die without.

But this is nonsense: the harder a feeling tries to
hide, the more obvious it becomes.

Away with shy scheming; let plain, honest
innocence speak for me.

I am your wife, if you will marry me.

If not, I'll die unmarried in your service.

You can refuse to have me as your partner,

but I'll be your servant whether you like it or
not.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

My dearest mistress — and I'll always kneel like
this.

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

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

Yes, as gladly as a prisoner ever accepted
freedom.
Here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in 't:
and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

And mine, with my heart in it.
And now goodbye — for half an hour.

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

A thousand thousand goodbyes!

Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal;
but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more.

I can't be as pleased about this as they are,
taken by surprise as they've been —
but nothing could make me happier.

I'll to my book;

Now, to my book.

For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

Before supper I still have a great deal of
business to see to.

Exit.

Act 3, Scene 2

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Drunk on Stephano's wine, Caliban proposes that Stephano murder Prospero in his afternoon sleep, seize his books first, and take Miranda as his queen. Ariel, invisible, repeatedly calls out "Thou liest" in Trinculo's voice until Stephano beats Trinculo, then plays a tune that terrifies the men — prompting Caliban's speech about the island being full of sounds that give delight and hurt not. Ariel leads the conspirators off to tell Prospero everything.

Original

Translation

Enter Caliban with a bottle, Stephano and Trinculo.

STEPHANO

Tell not me:—

Don't argue with me.

when the butt is out we will drink
water; not a drop
before:

When the barrel's empty we'll drink water — not
a drop before.

therefore bear up, and board 'em.

So keep your spirits up and let's charge them.

Servant-monster, drink to me.

Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO

Servant-monster!

Servant-monster!

The folly of this island!

What an absurd island.

They
say there's but five
upon this isle; we are three of them;

They say there are only five people on it; we're
three of them.

if th' other
two be brained like
us, the state totters.

If the other two have brains as addled as ours,
this state is in trouble.

STEPHANO

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:

thy
eyes are almost set in thy
head.

TRINCULO

Where should they be set else?

He were a brave
monster indeed, if they
were set in his tail.

STEPHANO

My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack:

for my part, the sea
cannot drown me;

I swam, ere I could recover
the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues, off and on, by this light.

Thou shalt be
my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO

Your lieutenant, if you list;

he's no standard.

STEPHANO

We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

Drink, servant-monster, when I tell you to.

Your eyes are practically sunk into your skull.

Where else would they be set?

He'd be a remarkable monster if they were set in
his backside.

My man-monster has drowned his tongue in
wine.

As for me, the sea can't drown me:

I swam thirty-five miles before I reached the
shore, back and forth, I swear it.

You'll be my lieutenant, monster — or my
standard-bearer.

Lieutenant, if you like.

He can't stand up, let alone hold a standard.

We won't run away, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO

Nor go neither.

You won't walk, either.

But you'll lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither.

You'll lie there like dogs, and not say a word.

STEPHANO

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good moon-calf.

Halfwit, speak once in your life, if you're any
kind of decent halfwit.

CALIBAN

How does thy honour?

How is Your Honour?

Let me lick thy shoe.

Let me lick your shoe.

I'll

I won't serve him — he's no fighter.

not serve him, he is
not valiant.

TRINCULO

Thou liest, most ignorant monster:

You're lying, you ignorant monster.

I am in case
to justle a constable.

I'm in good enough shape to take on a
constable.

Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever
man a coward that hath
drunk so much sack as I today?

You debauched fish, was there ever a coward
who drank as much wine as I have today?

Wilt thou tell a
monstrous lie, being
but half a fish and half a monster?

How dare you tell a monstrous lie when you're
only half fish and half monster?

CALIBAN

Lo, how he mocks me!

Look how he's mocking me!

wilt thou let him, my
lord?

TRINCULO

"Lord" quoth he!

That a monster should be such
a natural!

CALIBAN

Lo, lo again!

bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head:

if you
prove a mutineer, the
next tree!

The poor monster's my subject, and he
shall not suffer
indignity.

CALIBAN

I thank my noble lord.

Wilt thou be pleas'd to
hearken once again to
the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO

Marry. will I.

Will you allow it, my lord?

"Lord," he says!

Imagine a monster being such a simpleton!

There, again!

Bite him to death, please.

Trinculo, keep a civil tongue in your head.

If you turn out to be a mutineer, it's the nearest
tree for you.

The poor monster is my subject, and he won't be
insulted.

Thank you, my noble lord.

Would you be willing to listen again to the
proposal I made you?

I certainly would.

Kneel and repeat it.

Kneel down and repeat it.

I will stand,

I'll stand, and so will Trinculo.

and so shall

Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

CALIBAN

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

As I told you before, I'm the subject of a tyrant, a
sorcerer, who cheated me out of this island by
trickery.

ARIEL

Thou liest.

You're lying.

CALIBAN

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee;
I do not lie.

You're the liar, you mocking monkey.
I wish my brave master would destroy you.
I am not lying.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale,
by this hand, I will
supplant some of your teeth.

Trinculo, if you interrupt his story once more, I
swear by this hand I'll knock some of your teeth
out.

TRINCULO

Why, I said nothing.

But I said nothing.

STEPHANO

Mum, then, and no more.

Quiet, then, and not another word.

Proceed.

Go on.

CALIBAN

I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it.

I say he got this island by sorcery — took it from
me.

If thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,—

STEPHANO

That's most certain.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

How now shall this be compassed?

Canst thou
bring me to the party?

CALIBAN

Yea, yea, my lord:

I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL

Thou liest.

Thou canst not.

CALIBAN

What a pied ninny's this!

Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him:
when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not
show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO

If Your Greatness would take revenge on him for
it — because I know you dare, and this creature
doesn't —

That's certainly true.

— you'll be lord of it, and I'll serve you.

How do we manage it, then?

Can you take me to him?

Yes, yes, my lord.

I'll hand him over to you asleep, and you can
hammer a nail into his head.

You're lying.

You can't.

What a motley-suited fool this is!

You scabby clown!

I beg you, Your Greatness, hit him, and take his
bottle away.

Once that's gone he'll have nothing to drink but
seawater, because I won't show him where the
fresh springs run.

Trinculo, run into no further danger:

interrupt
the monster one word
further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out
o' doors, and make a
stock-fish of thee.

TRINCULO

Why, what did I?

I did nothing.

I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so?

Take thou that.

Strikes Trinculo.

STEPHANO

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO

I did not give the lie.

Out o' your wits and
hearing too?

A pox o' your
bottle!

Trinculo, don't push your luck any further.

Interrupt the monster one more word and I
swear by this hand I'll throw my mercy out the
door and beat you flat as dried cod.

But what did I do?

I did nothing.

I'll move further off.

Didn't you say he was lying?

You're lying.

Do I?

Take that.

If you like that, call me a liar again some time.

I didn't call you a liar.

Have you lost your mind and your hearing?

Damn your bottle!

this can sack and drinking do.

This is what wine and drinking do.

on your monster, and
the devil take your fingers!

A murrain

A plague on your monster, and the devil take
your fingers!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

Now, forward with your tale.—

Now, get on with your story.

Prithee stand

further off.

— You, please stand further off.

CALIBAN

Beat him enough:

after a little time,

I'll beat him too.

Beat him properly.

Give it a while and I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO

Stand farther.—

Come, proceed.

Stand further off.

— Come on, go on.

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' th' afternoon to sleep:

As I was saying, he has a habit of sleeping in the
afternoon.

there thou mayst brain

him,

Having first seiz'd his books;

or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife.

That's when you can smash his head in — but
seize his books first.

Or batter his skull with a log, or gut him with a
stake, or cut his throat with your knife.

Remember

First to possess his books;

for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command:

they all do hate him

As rootedly as I.

Burn but his books.

He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider is

The beauty of his daughter;

he himself

Calls her a nonpareil:

I never saw a woman

But only Sycorax my dam and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax

As great'st does least.

STEPHANO

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN

Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO

Monster, I will kill this man.

His daughter and I

will be king and

queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and

thyselves shall be viceroys.

Remember: get hold of his books first,

because without them he's as much of a fool as

I am, and not a single spirit will obey him.

They all hate him as deeply as I do.

Just burn his books.

He has fine equipment — that's what he calls it

— which he'll furnish a house with when he has one.

And the thing most worth thinking about is how beautiful his daughter is.

He calls her one of a kind himself.

I've never seen a woman except my mother

Sycorax and her,

but she surpasses Sycorax as much as the greatest thing surpasses the smallest.

She's that fine a girl?

Yes, my lord. She'll suit your bed, I guarantee it, and give you fine children.

Monster, I'll kill this man.

His daughter and I will be king and queen —

God save our majesties! — and you and Trinculo will be viceroys.

Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand:

I am sorry I beat thee;

but

while thou liv'st, keep a
good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

Within this half hour will he be asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry.

I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund:

You taught me but while-ere?

will you troll the catch

STEPHANO

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason.

How do you like the plan, Trinculo?

Excellent.

Shake my hand.

I'm sorry I hit you —

but for as long as you live, keep a civil tongue in
your head.

He'll be asleep within the half hour.

Will you destroy him then?

Yes, on my honour.

I'll tell my master about this.

You've made me happy.

I'm full of joy.

Let's celebrate —

will you sing that round you taught me a while
back?

At your request, monster, I'll do anything
reasonable — anything at all.

Come on, Trinculo, let's sing.

Come on,

Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

STEPHANO

_Flout 'em and cout 'em,
and scout 'em and flout 'em:
Thought is free._

Mock them and jeer them, and jeer them and
mock them: thought is free.

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

STEPHANO

What is this same?

What's this now?

TRINCULO

This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody.

That's the tune of our song, being played by
Nobody himself.

STEPHANO

If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
likeness:

If you're a man, show yourself in your own
shape.

If you're a devil, do as you please.

if thou beest a
devil, take 't as thou list.

TRINCULO

O, forgive me my sins!

Oh, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO

He that dies pays all debts:

Death cancels every debt.

I defy thee.

I defy you.

Mercy

— Have mercy on us!

upon us!

CALIBAN

Art thou afeard?

Are you frightened?

STEPHANO

No, monster, not I.

No, monster, not me.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard.

Don't be afraid.

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and
hurt not.

This island is full of noises, sounds and sweet
melodies that give pleasure and do no harm.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears;

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
hum around my ears,

and sometimes
voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again:

and sometimes voices that would send me back
to sleep even if I'd only just woken from a long
one.

and then, in
dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show
riches
Ready to drop upon me;
that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

And then, dreaming, I'd see the clouds open and
show me riches about to fall on me —

STEPHANO

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

This will make a fine kingdom for me — I'll get
my music free.

CALIBAN

When Prospero is destroyed.

Once Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO

That shall be by and by:

I remember the story.

That'll happen soon enough.

I remember the plan.

TRINCULO

The sound is going away.

The sound is moving away.

Let's follow it, and
after do our work.

Let's follow it, and do our job afterwards.

STEPHANO

Lead, monster: we'll follow.

Lead on, monster — we'll follow.

I would I could see
this taborer! he lays
it on.

I'd like to get a look at this drummer; he really
lays into it.

Wilt come?

Are you coming?

TRINCULO

I'll follow, Stephano.

I'll follow you, Stephano.

Exeunt.

Act 3, Scene 3

ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Exhausted from searching the island for Ferdinand, Alonso gives up hope while Antonio and Sebastian quietly agree to murder him that night. Strange spirits set out a banquet and vanish; as the men move to eat, Ariel appears as a Harpy, makes the food disappear, and accuses Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian of the crime against Prospero, telling Alonso that the loss of Ferdinand is his punishment and that only genuine repentance can save them. Prospero, watching from above, is satisfied: his enemies are now helpless with guilt and madness.

Original

Translation

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

GONZALO

By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;

My old bones ache:

here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders!

By your

patience,

I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness

To th' dulling of my spirits:

sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer:

he is drown'd

Whom thus we stray to find;

and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land.

Well, let him go.

Aside to Sebastian.

ANTONIO

I am right glad that he's

so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose

That you resolv'd to effect.

Aside to Antonio.

SEBASTIAN

By our Lady, I can't go any further, sir.

My old bones ache.

This has been a proper maze, in straight lines

and winding ones.

With your permission, I have to rest.

Old friend, I can't blame you.

I'm so worn out myself that my mind has gone

dull.

Sit down and rest.

Right here I'm going to put down my hope and

stop letting it flatter me.

The man we're wandering about trying to find is

drowned,

and the sea is laughing at our pointless search

on land.

Well — let him go.

I'm very glad he's given up hope.

Don't abandon the plan you decided on just

because of one setback.

The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Aside to Sebastian.

ANTONIO

Let it be tonight;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Aside to Antonio.

SEBASTIAN

I say, tonight:
no more.
Solemn and strange music: and Prospero above,
invisible.

Enter several
strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet:

they
dance about it with gentle
actions of salutation; and inviting the King &c.,
to eat, they depart.

ALONSO

What harmony is this?
My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

ALONSO

Give us kind keepers, heavens!
What were these?

We'll take the next opportunity thoroughly.

Make it tonight.

Now that they're worn out with travelling, they
won't and can't stay as alert as they would if
they were fresh.

Tonight, I say.

No more talk.
Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above,
invisible.
Several strange Shapes enter carrying a banquet.

They dance around it with gentle gestures of
greeting, invite the King and the others to eat,
and leave.

What music is this?
Listen, my friends!

Marvellously sweet music!

Heaven send us good protectors!
What were those?

SEBASTIAN

A living drollery.

Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one
phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO

I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true:

travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

GONZALO

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,—

For, certes, these are people of the island,—

Who, though, they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Aside.

PROSPERO

Honest lord,

Thou hast said well;

for some of you there

present

Are worse than devils.

A living puppet-show.

Now I'll believe there really are unicorns, and
that in Arabia there's a single tree that serves as
the phoenix's throne, with one phoenix reigning
there this very hour.

I'll believe both.

And whatever else is hard to credit, bring it to
me and I'll swear it's true.

Travellers never lied — whatever fools at home
may say about them.

If I reported this in Naples, would anyone
believe me?

If I said I saw islanders like that — and these are
surely the island's people — who, though they're
monstrously shaped, still, notice, have gentler
and kinder manners than you'll find in many of
our own species, indeed almost any of them.

Honest lord, you're right —

because some of the men standing there are
worse than devils.

ALONSO

I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
expressing—

Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Aside.

PROSPERO

Praise in departing.

FRANCISCO

They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN

No matter, since

They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO

Not I.

GONZALO

Faith, sir, you need not fear.

When we were
boys,
Who would believe that there were
mountaineers
Dewlapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh?

I can't get over it: such shapes, such gestures,
such sounds, expressing a kind of excellent
silent conversation, even without the use of
speech.

Save your praise for the end.

They vanished very strangely.

No matter, since they've left their food behind
and we're hungry.

Would you care to taste what's here?

Not me.

Honestly, sir, there's nothing to fear.

When we were boys, who would have believed
there were mountain people with throats like
bulls, hung with pouches of flesh?

Or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?

which now
we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO

I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last, no matter, since I feel
The best is past.

Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.
Thunder and lightning.

the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet
vanishes.

Enter Ariel like a Harpy;
claps his wings upon

ARIEL

You are three men of sin,
whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live.

I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and
drown
Their proper selves.

Or men whose heads grew in their chests?

And now every traveller who insures his journey
at five-to-one comes back with proof of it.

I'll go up and eat, even if it's my last meal. It
hardly matters, since I feel the best of my life is
behind me.

Brother, my lord duke, come up and do as we
do.
Thunder and lightning.

Ariel enters as a Harpy, claps his wings over the
table, and by a clever device the banquet
vanishes.

You are three sinful men.

Destiny, which uses this lower world and
everything in it as its instrument, has made the
ever-hungry sea vomit you up onto this island,
where nobody lives — because you are the least
fit of all men to live among people.

I have driven you mad;
it is exactly this kind of courage that makes men
hang and drown themselves.

Seeing Alonso, Sebastian &c., draw their swords.

ARIEL

You fools!

I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate:

the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowe that's in my plume.

My fellow-

ministers

Are like invulnerable.

If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths,

And will not be uplifted.

But, remember—

For that's my business to you,—that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,

Him and his innocent child:

for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
creatures,

Against your peace.

Thee of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft;

You fools!

My companions and I are agents of Fate.

The elements your swords are forged from could
as easily wound the howling wind, or kill the
water that closes behind every ridiculous stab,
as damage a single strand of my feathers.

My fellow spirits are just as untouchable.

And even if you could do harm, your swords are
now too heavy for your strength and won't lift.

But remember this — that's my errand to you —
that the three of you drove good Prospero out of
Milan and abandoned him and his innocent
child to the sea, which has now paid you back
for it.

For that foul act the powers above, who delay
but never forget, have set the seas and shores
and every living creature against your peace.

They have taken your son from you, Alonso,

and do pronounce, by me
Ling'ring perdition,—worse than any death
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways;

whose wraths to guard you
from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

Aside.

PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this Harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel;

a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say:

so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done.

My high charms
work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions;

they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is
drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling.

and through me they declare that a slow ruin —
worse than any death that comes all at once —
will follow you and your affairs at every step.

Nothing can guard you from their anger, which
will otherwise fall on your heads here on this
desolate island, except heartfelt sorrow and a
blameless life from now on.

You played the Harpy magnificently, my Ariel.

It had real grace, even as it devoured.
You left out nothing of what I told you to say.

And my lesser spirits have played their parts too,
with vivid life and remarkable attention.

My great spells are working, and my enemies are
now all tangled up in their own confusion.

They're in my power.
I'll leave them in these fits while I go and see
young Ferdinand, whom they think is drowned,
and the girl he and I both love.

Exit above.

GONZALO

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand
you

In this strange stare?

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded;

and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,

And with him there lie mudded.

Exit.

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate:

their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

I do beseech you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

In the name of all that's holy, sir, why are you
standing there with that strange look?

Oh, it's monstrous, monstrous!

I thought the waves spoke and told me about it.

The winds sang it to me, and the thunder — that

deep, dreadful organ pipe — spoke Prospero's

name and boomed out my crime beneath it.

That is why my son is bedded in the mud.

I'll go looking for him deeper than any

sounding-line has ever reached, and lie buried in

the silt beside him.

Let them come one devil at a time and I'll fight

whole legions of them.

I'll be your second.

All three of them are desperate.

Their great guilt, like a poison designed to act

long after it's swallowed, is only now starting to

eat at their minds.

I beg you, those of you with younger joints,

follow them quickly and stop them doing

whatever this madness may drive them to.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

Come on, please — after them.

Exeunt.

Act 4, Scene 1

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL

Prospero gives Miranda to Ferdinand, warning him sternly not to sleep with her before the wedding, and stages a betrothal masque in which Iris, Ceres and Juno bless the couple. He breaks it off mid-dance on remembering Caliban's murder plot, telling the shaken Ferdinand that the vanished spirits are like the world itself — we are such stuff as dreams are made on. Ariel then leads the drunken conspirators through a stinking pond and distracts them with a rack of fine clothes, and Prospero sets spirit hounds on them.

Original

Translation

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda.

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends:
for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live;
who once again
I tender to thy hand:
all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test:

here, afore
Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift.
O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,

If I punished you too harshly, what you get in
return more than makes up for it —
because I've handed you a third of my own life
here, or rather the thing I live for,

and I'm giving her to you again now.

All the trouble I put you through was only my
way of testing your love, and you've passed that
test remarkably.

Here, before heaven, I confirm this rich gift.

Ferdinand, don't smile at me for praising her so
highly:

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND

I do believe it
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter:

but

If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow;

but barren hate,

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both:

therefore take heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND

As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now,
the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st
suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,

you'll find she outruns every compliment and
leaves it limping behind.

I'd believe that even if an oracle said otherwise.

Then take my daughter — my gift, and a prize
you've honestly earned.

But if you take her virginity before all the holy
ceremonies have been fully and properly
performed, heaven will send down no sweet
blessing to make this marriage grow.

Instead, sterile hatred, sour-eyed contempt and
constant quarrelling will strew your marriage
bed with weeds so vile that you'll both come to
hate it.

So take care, if you want the wedding torches to
burn for you.

As I hope for peaceful days, fine children and a
long life with love as strong as it is now —

no darkest hiding place, no perfect opportunity,
no temptation my worse instincts can produce
will ever melt my honour down into lust and
spoil the joy of the wedding day.

When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are
founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke:

Sit, then, and talk with her,
she is thine own.

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL

What would my potent master?
here I am.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

On that day I'll be certain the sun's horses have
gone lame, or Night is being kept chained up
below.

Well said.

Sit down, then, and talk with her.

She's yours.

— Ariel! My hard-working servant, Ariel!

What does my powerful master want?
Here I am.

You and your lesser companions performed your
last job admirably,
and I need you for another trick of that kind.

Go and bring the crowd of spirits I've given you
authority over here to this spot.
Get them moving quickly,
because I have to show this young couple a little
display of my art.

It's what I promised, and they're expecting it.

Right now?

Yes, in a blink.

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.

Exit.

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Well.
Now come, my Ariel!
bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit:
appear, and pertly.

Before you can say "come" and "go," take two
breaths and call out "there, there," every one of
them will be here on tiptoe, pulling faces.

Do you love me, master? No?

Dearly, my delicate Ariel.

Don't come near until you hear me call.

Understood.

See that you keep your word.

Don't give your flirting too much rope —

the strongest oaths are straw against the fire in
the blood.

Be more restrained, or your vow is finished.

I promise you, sir.

The cold white snow of purity on my heart cools
whatever heat is in me.

Good.

Now come, Ariel!

Bring an extra spirit or two rather than be short
of one.

Appear, and quickly.

No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

Soft music.

PROSPERO

A Masque.

Enter Iris.

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns;

and thy
broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;
thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air:

the Queen o' th'
sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport;
her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

— Not a word! Eyes only! Be silent.

A masque.

Iris enters.

Ceres, most generous lady, leave your rich fields
of wheat, rye, barley, vetch, oats and peas;
your grassy hills where the sheep graze;
your flat meadows thatched with hay to feed
them through winter;
your riverbanks with their trenched and ridged
edges, which soggy April trims at your command
to make chaste garlands for cold nymphs;

and your groves of broom, whose shade the
jilted bachelor loves when he's lost his girl;

your vineyards on their poles;
and your barren, rocky seashore where you take
the air.

The Queen of the sky, whose rainbow and whose
messenger I am, tells you to leave all these and
come here to this patch of grass to play, with her
royal blessing.

Her peacocks are flying at full speed.
Come, rich Ceres, and entertain her.

Enter Ceres.

CERES

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;

why hath thy
queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd
green?

IRIS

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

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen?

Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

IRIS

Of her society
Be not afraid.

Greetings, many-coloured messenger, who never
disobeys Jupiter's wife —
you who scatter honey drops and refreshing
showers from your saffron wings onto my
flowers,
and crown my wooded acres and open downs
with both ends of your blue arc, a rich scarf
across my proud earth.

Why has your queen called me here to this short-grassed green?

To celebrate a marriage contract, and to make the blessed couple a gift, freely given.

Tell me, heavenly rainbow, do you know whether
Venus or her son are attending the queen right
now?

Ever since they arranged the trick by which dark
Pluto stole my daughter, I've sworn off the
disgraceful company of her and her blind boy.

Don't worry about her company.

I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her.

Here thought they to have

done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.

Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

CERES

Highest queen of State,
Great Juno comes;

I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

JUNO

How does my bounteous sister?

Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

They sing.

JUNO

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

CERES

I met her godhead slicing through the clouds
towards Paphos, with her son drawn along
beside her by doves.

They meant to work some lustful spell on this
young man and this girl, who have sworn that
no marriage bed will be enjoyed until the
wedding torch is lit — but they've failed.

Mars's hot lover has gone back;
her wasp-tempered son has snapped his arrows
and swears he'll shoot no more, but play with
sparrows and be an ordinary boy from now on.

Highest queen of state, great Juno is coming.

I know her by her walk.

How is my generous sister?

Come with me and bless this pair, so they may
prosper and be honoured in their children.

Honour, riches, a blessed marriage,
long life together and a growing family,
and joy upon you every hour!

Juno sings her blessings on you.

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

FERDINAND

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.

May I be bold

To think these spirits?

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

Let me live here ever.

So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

PROSPERO

Sweet now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There's something else to do:

hush, and be

mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

Fruitful earth and plentiful harvests,
barns and storehouses never empty;
vines heavy with clustering grapes;
plants bowed down under a good crop;
and spring returning to you at the latest the
moment harvest ends!
Scarcity and want shall keep away from you.
That is Ceres' blessing on you.

This is a most majestic vision, and charmingly
harmonious.

May I dare to think these are spirits?

Spirits, which by my art I've summoned from
their own realm to act out what I have in mind.

Let me live here forever.

So wonderful and wise a father makes this place
paradise.

Quiet now, my dear.

Juno and Ceres are whispering seriously —
there's something more to come.

Hush and stay silent, or the spell will be ruined.

IRIS

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless
looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love.
Be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

IRIS

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday:
your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Aside.

PROSPERO

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life:
the minute of their plot
Is almost come.

You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering
brooks, with your reed crowns and your ever-
harmless faces: leave your rippling channels,
come out onto this green land and answer the
summons. Juno commands it.
Come, gentle nymphs, and help celebrate a
contract of true love.
Don't be slow about it.

You sunburnt harvesters, worn out with August,
come here from the furrows and enjoy
yourselves.
Take a holiday.
Put on your straw hats and meet these fresh
nymphs, each of you, in a country dance.

I'd forgotten that foul conspiracy the brute
Caliban and his accomplices have made against
my life.
The moment set for their plot has almost come.

[_To the Spirits._] Well done!

avoid; no
more!

FERDINAND

This is strange:

your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,

As if you were dismay'd:

be cheerful, sir:

Our revels now are ended.

These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind.

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

Sir, I am vex'd:

Bear with my weakness;

[To the spirits.] Well done — go now, no more.

This is odd.

Your father is in the grip of some strong feeling.

Never before today have I seen him disturbed by
such wild anger.

You look shaken, my son, as if something had
alarmed you.

Cheer up, sir.

Our entertainment is over now.

These actors of ours, as I told you beforehand,
were all spirits, and they've melted into the air,
into thin air.

And like the groundless fabric of this vision, the
cloud-topped towers, the magnificent palaces,
the solemn temples, the great globe itself — yes,
and everyone who inherits it — will all dissolve,
and like this weightless show that has just
faded, leave not so much as a wisp of cloud
behind.

We are made of the same substance as dreams,
and our brief life is closed round on both sides
by sleep.

Sir, I'm troubled; bear with my weakness.

my old brain is
troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.

If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell

And there repose:

a turn or two I'll walk,

To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA.

We wish your peace.

Exeunt.

PROSPERO

Come, with a thought.

I thank thee, Ariel.

Come!

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to.

What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

Ay, my commander.

When I presented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd

Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

My old head is unsettled.

Don't be alarmed by my frailty.

If you don't mind, go into my cell and rest there.

I'll walk a turn or two to quiet my racing mind.

FERDINAND and MIRANDA: We wish you peace.

Come, quick as thought.

Thank you, Ariel.

Come!

I stick close to your thoughts.

What do you want?

Spirit, we have to get ready to deal with Caliban.

Yes, commander.

When I was playing Ceres I meant to mention it
to you, but I was afraid of making you angry.

Tell me again — where did you leave those
scoundrels?

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project.

Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music:

so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins:
at last I left them
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I go, I go.

Exit.

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick;

As I said, sir, they were flushed with drink — so
full of bravado that they hit the air for blowing
in their faces and struck the ground for daring
to kiss their feet, but always heading for their
target.

Then I beat my drum, and at that, like unbroken
colts, they pricked their ears, opened their eyes
wide and lifted their noses as if they could smell
music.

I charmed their ears so thoroughly that they
followed my lowing like calves, through toothed
briars, sharp gorse, prickly furze and thorns that
tore into their tender shins.

In the end I left them up to their chins in the
scum-covered pond beyond your cell, dancing
there, with the filthy water stinking worse than
their own feet.

Well done, my bird.

Stay invisible a while longer.

Go and fetch the flashy junk in my house and
bring it here, as bait to trap these thieves.

I'm going, I'm going.

A devil, a born devil, whose nature no
upbringing can ever take hold of.

on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.
I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistening apparel, &c.

PROSPERO

Come, hang them on this line.
Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.

Enter

Caliban, Stephano and
Trinculo all wet.

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
not
Hear a foot fall:
we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

So is mine.

All my efforts with him, all humanely meant, are
wasted — completely wasted.
And as his body grows uglier with age, his mind
rots along with it.
I'll torment the lot of them until they roar.

Come, hang them on this line.
Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.

Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo enter, all
soaking wet.

Step quietly, please, so the blind mole can't hear
a footfall.

We're near his cell now.

Monster, that fairy of yours, the harmless one
you told us about, has done little better than
make fools of us.

Monster, all I can smell is horse piss, and my
nose is deeply offended by it.

So is mine.

Do you hear, monster?

Do you hear that, monster?

If I should

If I were to take a dislike to you, look you —

take a displeasure
against you, look you,—

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

You'd be a monster with no future.

CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance:

My good lord, keep your favour towards me.
Be patient — the prize I'm taking you to will blot
out this mishap.

therefore speak

So speak quietly.

softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Everything is still as silent as midnight.

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

Yes, but losing our bottles in that pond!

STEPHANO

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

That's not just a humiliation and a disgrace,
monster — it's an infinite loss.

TRINCULO

That's more to me than my wetting:

It matters more to me than the soaking.

yet this is

And this is your harmless fairy, monster.

your harmless fairy,
monster.

STEPHANO

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

I'm going back for my bottle, even if I go in over
my ears for it.

CALIBAN

Prithee, my King, be quiet.

Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' th' cell:

no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand.

I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

TRINCULO

O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!

Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

Let it alone, thou fool;

it is but trash.

TRINCULO

O, ho, monster!

we know what belongs to a
frippery.

O King Stephano!

STEPHANO

Put off that gown, Trinculo;

Please, my king, be quiet.

Look here — this is the mouth of the cell.

No noise, and in you go.

Do that fine bit of mischief that will make this
island yours forever, and I, your Caliban, will lick
your feet for the rest of my life.

Shake my hand.

I'm starting to have murderous thoughts.

Oh, King Stephano! Oh, noble lord! Oh, worthy
Stephano!

Look at the wardrobe waiting for you here!

Leave it alone, you fool.

It's only rubbish.

Oh ho, monster!

We know a second-hand clothes shop when we
see one.

Oh, King Stephano!

Take that gown off, Trinculo.

by this hand, I'll

have that gown.

TRINCULO

Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

The dropsy drown this fool!

What do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage?

Let't alone,

And do the murder first.

If he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO

Be you quiet, monster.

Mistress line, is not this

my jerkin?

Now is the

jerkin under the line:

now, jerkin, you are like to

lose your hair, and
prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO

Do, do:

we steal by line and level, an't like your
Grace.

By this hand, I'll have that gown.

Your Grace shall have it.

May dropsy drown this idiot!

What do you mean by drooling over such junk?

Leave it alone and do the murder first.

If he wakes up, he'll cover us in pinches from
head to foot and turn us into something
horrible.

Be quiet, monster.

Madam clothesline, isn't this my jacket?

Now the jacket's gone under the line —

now, jacket, you're likely to lose your hair and
end up a bald jacket.

Go on, go on.

We steal by rule and measure, if it please Your
Grace.

STEPHANO

I thank thee for that jest.

Thank you for that joke.

Here's a garment for

Here's a garment as payment for it —

't:

unrewarded while I am King of this country.

wit won't go unrewarded while I'm king of this country.

"Steal by rule and measure" is a first-rate stroke of the brain.

"Steal by line and level,"

is an excellent pass of pate.

There's another

Here's another garment for it.

garment for 't.

TRINCULO

Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Monster, come on, get some glue on your fingers and take the rest away.

CALIBAN

I will have none on't.

I want none of it.

We shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

We're wasting our time, and we'll all be turned into barnacle geese, or into apes with hideously low foreheads.

With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO

Monster, lay-to your fingers:

Monster, put your fingers to work.

help to bear this

away where my hogshead

Help carry this to where my barrel of wine is, or I'll throw you out of my kingdom.

of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom.

Go

Go on, carry this.

to, carry this.

TRINCULO

And this.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard.

Enter divers Spirits, in
shape of dogs and
hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero and
Ariel setting them on.

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL

Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo are driven out.

PROSPERO

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted
make them
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL

Hark, they roar.

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly.

And this.

Yes, and this.

The sound of hunters.

Various spirits enter in the shape of dogs and
hounds and chase them about, with Prospero
and Ariel urging them on.

Hey there, Mountain, hey!

Silver! There it goes, Silver!

Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Listen, listen!

Go and order my goblins to grind their joints
with dry spasms, shrink their tendons with the
cramps of old age, and cover them in more
pinch-marks than a leopard or a wildcat.

Listen — they're roaring.

Let them be hunted hard.

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

At this hour all my enemies are at my mercy.
Soon all my work will be over, and you'll have the
freedom of the air.
For a little longer, follow me and serve me.

Exeunt.

Act 5, Scene 1

BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO

Told by Ariel that his captives are suffering, Prospero decides that forgiveness is the greater act, renounces his magic in a farewell to the spirits, and promises to break his staff and drown his book. He releases Alonso and the others, reveals himself as the wronged Duke of Milan, and shows them Ferdinand alive and playing chess with Miranda; Alonso restores the dukedom and blesses the marriage. Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo are driven in and sent to tidy the cell, Ariel is freed, and Prospero closes the play with an epilogue asking the audience's applause to release him.

Original

Translation

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO

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

Now my plan is coming to a head.
My spells aren't failing, my spirits are obeying,
and time is carrying its load upright.
What time is it?

ARIEL

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Just gone six — the hour, my lord, when you said
our work would stop.

PROSPERO

I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest.
Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?

I did say that, when I first raised the storm.
Tell me, spirit — how are the King and his
followers doing?

ARIEL

Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release.

The King,

His brother, and yours, abide all three
distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, "the good old lord,
Gonzalo".
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds;

your charm so strongly
works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Shut up together exactly as you ordered, just as
you left them: all prisoners, sir, in the lime grove
that shelters your cell from the weather.

They can't move until you release them.

The King, his brother, and your brother are all
three out of their minds, and the rest are
grieving over them, brimming with sorrow and
dismay — above all the one you called the good
old lord, Gonzalo.

His tears run down his beard like winter rain off
a thatched eave.

Your spell is working on them so powerfully that
if you saw them now your feelings would soften.

Do you really think so, spirit?

Mine would, sir, if I were human.

And mine will be.

If you, who are only air, feel some touch of their
suffering, shouldn't I, one of their own kind,
who feels everything as sharply as they do, be
moved more kindly still?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury

Do I take part:

the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance:

they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further.

Go release them, Ariel.

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit.

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him

When he comes back;

you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites;

and you whose

pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew;

Their terrible wrongs cut me to the quick, but

I'm taking the side of my nobler reason against

my rage:

the rarer achievement is in mercy, not in

revenge.

They're penitent, so my whole purpose goes not

one frown further.

Go and release them, Ariel.

I'll break my spells, restore their senses, and let

them be themselves again.

I'll fetch them, sir.

You elves of the hills, brooks, still lakes and
groves;

and you who chase the retreating tide across the

sand on footprintless feet and run from it when

it comes back;

you half-sized sprites who make the sour green

fairy rings by moonlight that the ewe won't eat,

and you whose amusement is growing

mushrooms at midnight and who love to hear

the solemn curfew bell —

by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war:
to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt;
the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar:
graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em
forth
By my so potent art.
But this rough magic
I here abjure;
and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel: after him, 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.

PROSPERO

with your help, feeble powers though you are, I
have dimmed the noontide sun, called up
rebellious winds, and set a roaring war between
the green sea and the blue vault of the sky.

I have put fire into the dreadful crashing
thunder and split Jove's own sturdy oak with his
own bolt.
I have shaken the promontory on its deep
foundations and torn up pine and cedar by the
roots.
At my command graves have woken their
sleepers, opened, and let them walk out — that
is how powerful my art has been.

But this violent magic I renounce here and now.

When I have called for some heavenly music —
as I am doing this moment — to work on the
senses of the men this airy spell is meant for, I'll
break my staff, bury it fathoms deep in the
ground, and drown my book deeper than any
sounding line has ever reached.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!

There

stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

O good Gonzalo!

My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.

Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.

A solemn melody, the best cure there is for a
disordered mind — heal your brains, useless
now and boiling inside your skulls.

Stand there; you're held by the spell.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, my eyes,
keeping company with yours, are shedding tears
alongside them.

The charm is dissolving fast, and just as morning
creeps over the night and melts the darkness
away, so their returning senses are beginning to
drive off the ignorant fog that clouds their
clearer reason.

Oh, good Gonzalo — my true saviour, and a loyal
servant to the man you follow — I'll repay your
kindness in full, in words and in deeds.

Alonso, you treated me and my daughter with
terrible cruelty,
and your brother helped you do it.
You're being punished for it now, Sebastian.

Flesh and
blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with
Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive
thee,
Unnatural though thou art.

Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie foul and muddy.

Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.

Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.

Exit Ariel.

PROSPERO

I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan.

Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.
Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
Prospero.

ARIEL

_Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

And you, my own flesh and blood, my brother,
who indulged your ambition and drove out
remorse and natural feeling, and who with
Sebastian — whose inner torments are therefore
the sharpest — would have murdered your king
here: I forgive you, unnatural as you are.

Their understanding is beginning to rise, and the
incoming tide will soon flood the shores of
reason that now lie fouled with mud.

Not one of them can yet look at me or recognise
me.

Ariel, fetch me the hat and sword from my cell.

I'll take off this costume and present myself as I
once was, the Duke of Milan.

Quickly, spirit — you'll be free before long.

Ariel comes back, singing, and helps dress
Prospero.

ARIEL

Where the bee drinks, so do I;
I lie inside a cowslip's bell,
and curl up there when owls cry out.
I ride on a bat's back, flying cheerfully after the
summer.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough._

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel!
I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom;
so, so, so.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches;

the master and the
boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Exit.

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

Behold, sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Cheerfully, cheerfully I shall live from now on,
under the blossom hanging from the bough.

That's my delicate Ariel!
I'll miss you — but you'll have your freedom.

There, there, there.
Go to the King's ship, invisible as you are.
You'll find the sailors asleep below the hatches.

Wake the master and the boatswain and make
them come here — right away, please.

I'll swallow the air ahead of me and be back
before your pulse beats twice.

Nothing but torment, trouble, wonder and
bewilderment lives in this place.
Some heavenly power lead us out of this
terrifying country!

Look, King — here is the wronged Duke of
Milan, Prospero.
And to prove that it is a living prince speaking to
you, I embrace you.
A warm welcome to you and your company.

ALONSO

Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know:
thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood;
and, since I saw
thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me:
this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

But how should

Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour
cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

GONZALO

Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.

Welcome, my friends all.

Whether you're really him, or some enchanted
trick to fool me as I've been fooled lately, I can't
tell.

Your pulse beats like flesh and blood,

and since I saw you the sickness in my mind — a
madness, I think it was — has been easing.

If this is really happening, there must be a very
strange story behind it.

I give up your dukedom, and I beg you to forgive
me for what I did to you.

But how can Prospero be alive, and here?

First, noble friend, let me embrace your old age,
whose honour can't be measured or contained.

Whether this is real or not, I won't swear either
way.

You're still tasting some of the island's illusions,
which won't let you believe what's certain.

Welcome, all my friends.

Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.

PROSPERO

But you, my brace of lords, were I
so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon
you,
And justify you traitors:

at this time

I will tell no tales.

Aside.

SEBASTIAN

The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault, all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours
since
Were wrack'd upon this shore;

where I have lost,

—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

But as for you, my pair of lords — if I chose to, I
could bring His Highness's anger down on you
here and prove you traitors.

For now, I'll tell no tales.

The devil is speaking through him.

No, he isn't.

As for you, most wicked sir, whom it would
poison my mouth to call brother, I forgive your
foulest offence — all of them — and I demand
my dukedom back from you, which I know
you're forced to return.

If you are Prospero, tell us how you survived,
and how you came to meet us here, when three
hours ago we were wrecked on this shore —

and where I lost, oh, how the memory of it
stabs, my dear son Ferdinand.

I am woe for 't, sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO

I rather think
You have not sought her help,

of whose soft
grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALONSO

You the like loss!

PROSPERO

As great to me, as late;
and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker
Than you may call to comfort you,
for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there!

I'm sorry for it, sir.

The loss can't be repaired, and Patience tells me
she has no cure for it.

I rather think you haven't asked her for help.

For a loss just like it, I've had her gracious
support, and I've made my peace with it.

You, a loss like mine?

As great, and just as recent —
and to make the loss bearable I have far weaker
resources than you can call on.

I have lost my daughter.

A daughter?

Heaven, if only the two of them were alive in
Naples, king and queen there!

That they were, I
wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies.

When did you lose your
daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest.

I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath;

but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was
landed
To be the lord on't.

No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting.

Welcome, sir.
This cell's my court:
here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad:
pray you, look in.

If they were, I'd wish myself buried in the muddy
bed where my son lies.

When did you lose your daughter?

In this last storm.

I can see these lords are so astonished at this
meeting that their reason is being swallowed by
it; they scarcely believe their eyes are telling the
truth or their words are their own breath.

But however much you've been knocked out of
your senses, know this for certain: I am
Prospero, the same duke who was thrown out of
Milan, and who was strangely landed on this
shore, where you were wrecked, to be its lord.

No more of that for now — it's a day-by-day
chronicle, not a story for breakfast, and not
right for a first meeting.

Welcome, sir.
This cell is my court.
I have few attendants here and no subjects
anywhere else.
Please, look inside.

My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.

MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

ALONSO

If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have curs'd them without cause.

Kneels to Alonso.

ALONSO

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRANDA

Since you've given me back my dukedom, I'll
repay you with something just as good — at
least produce a wonder that will please you as
much as my dukedom pleases me.

Here Prospero reveals Ferdinand and Miranda
playing chess.

My love, you're cheating.

No, my dearest, I wouldn't for all the world.

Yes you would — you'd cheat for a score of
kingdoms, and I'd call it fair play.

If this turns out to be another of the island's
illusions, I'll lose one dear son twice over.

An absolute miracle!

The seas may threaten, but they're merciful.
I cursed them without reason.

Now may all the blessings of a happy father
surround you!

Get up, and tell me how you came to be here.

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is!

O brave new world

That has such people in 't!

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine.

I chose her when I could not ask my father

For his advice, nor thought I had one.

She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have

Receiv'd a second life;

and second father

This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO

I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

Oh, amazing!

How many fine-looking creatures there are here!

How beautiful humanity is!

What a wonderful new world, to have people like
these in it!

It's new to you.

Who is this girl you were playing with?

You can't have known her more than three
hours.

Is she the goddess who separated us and then
brought us back together like this?

Sir, she's mortal — but by immortal providence
she's mine.

I chose her at a time when I couldn't ask my
father's advice, and didn't think I still had a
father.

She is the daughter of this famous Duke of
Milan, whose reputation I've heard about so
often but who I'd never met before, and from
whom I've received a second life.

This lady makes him a second father to me.

And I'm her second father.

But how strange it will sound that I have to ask
my own child's forgiveness.

PROSPERO

There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden our remembrances with

A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO

I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this.

Look down, you

gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither.

ALONSO

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become Kings of Naples?

O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy, and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars:

in one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife

Where he himself was lost;

Prospero his

dukedom

In a poor isle;

and all of us ourselves,

When no man was his own.

Stop there, sir.

Let's not weigh our memories down with a grief

that's over.

I've been weeping inwardly, or I'd have spoken

before now.

Look down, you gods, and drop a blessed crown
on this couple —

because you are the ones who marked out the

path that brought us here.

Amen to that, Gonzalo!

Was Milan driven out of Milan so that his

descendants could become kings of Naples?

Rejoice beyond ordinary joy, and write it in gold

on lasting pillars:

on one voyage Claribel found her husband in

Tunis,

and Ferdinand her brother found a wife in the

very place where he was lost;

Prospero found his dukedom on a poor island;

and all of us found ourselves, when not one man

was in his right mind.

To Ferdinand and Miranda.

ALONSO

Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO

Be it so.

Amen!

Give me your hands.

May grief and sorrow live in the heart of anyone

who doesn't wish you joy.

So be it.

Amen!

Re-enter Ariel with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

GONZALO

O look, sir, look, sir!

Here are more of us.

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown.

Now, blasphemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the news?

Look, sir, look!

More of us.

I predicted that as long as there was a gallows
on land, this fellow couldn't drown.

Well then, you blasphemer, who swore all grace
overboard — not one oath now you're on shore?

Have you no mouth on dry land?

What's the news?

BOATSWAIN

The best news is that we have safely found

Our King and company.

The next, our ship,—

Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,

Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd as when

We first put out to sea.

The best news is that we've safely found our

King and his company.

The next is that our ship — which only three

hours ago we reported as split apart — is sound

and quick and as finely rigged as when we first

put out to sea.

Aside to Prospero.

ARIEL

Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Sir, I've done all this since I left you.

Aside to Ariel.

PROSPERO

My tricky spirit!

ALONSO

These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.

Say, how came you
hither?

BOATSWAIN

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you.

We were dead of sleep,
And,—how, we know not,—all clapp'd under
hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd;

straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her.

On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Aside to Prospero.

ARIEL

Was't well done?

Aside to Ariel.

My clever spirit!

These aren't natural events; they get stranger
and stranger.

Tell me, how did you get here?

If I thought I were properly awake, sir, I'd try to
tell you.

We were dead asleep, and — we've no idea how
— all shut below the hatches.

Just now we were woken by strange assorted
noises: roaring, shrieking, howling, chains
rattling, and all sorts of other horrible sounds.

Straight away we were free, and there we saw
our royal, fine, gallant ship in full trim, with our
master skipping about at the sight of her.

In an instant, if you'll believe it, as if in a dream
we were separated from the others and brought
here in a daze.

Was that well done?

PROSPERO

Bravely, my diligence.

Thou shalt be free.

Splendidly, my diligent one.

You shall be free.

ALONSO

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of:

some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

This is as strange a maze as any man ever walked
into,

and there's more in this business than nature
ever managed on her own.

Some oracle will have to set our understanding
straight.

PROSPERO

Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business.

Sir, my lord, don't torment your mind by

hammering away at how strange all this is.

At pick'd

leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,

Which to you shall seem probable, of every

These happen'd accidents;

till when, be cheerful

And think of each thing well.

At a chosen moment, which will be soon, I'll
explain it to you privately — and it will seem
plausible to you — every one of these events.

Until then be cheerful and think well of
everything.

[_Aside to Ariel._]

Come hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell.

[Aside to Ariel.] Come here, spirit.

Set Caliban and his companions free;

undo the spell.

Exit Ariel.

PROSPERO

How fares my gracious sir?

How is my gracious lord?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

There are still a few odd fellows of your party
missing that you've forgotten about.

Re-enter Ariel driving in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo in their stolen apparel.

STEPHANO

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself,
for all is but fortune.—

Let every man look after everyone else and
nobody look after himself, since it's all just luck
anyway.

Coragio! bully-monster,
coragio!

— Courage, monster old chap, courage!

TRINCULO

If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

If these eyes in my head are reliable scouts,
that's a fine sight.

CALIBAN

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed.
How fine my master is!

Oh, Setebos, these really are splendid spirits!
How fine my master looks.
I'm afraid he'll punish me.

I am afraid

He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ha!
What are these things, my lord Antonio?
Can they be bought?

ANTONIO

Very like;
one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Very likely.
One of them is plainly a fish, and no doubt
saleable.

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.

Look at these men's uniforms, my lords, and
then say whether they're honest.

This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,
For he's a bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my life.

Two of these fellows you
Must know and own;
this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now:

where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling-ripe:

where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO

I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last
that, I fear me, will
never out of my bones.

This deformed rogue's mother was a witch, and
a powerful one — she could control the moon,
make the tides rise and fall, and wield the
moon's authority beyond even her own power.

These three have robbed me, and this half-devil
— because that's what he is, a bastard one —
plotted with them to kill me.

Two of these men you must recognise as your
own.

This thing of darkness I acknowledge as mine.

I'm going to be pinched to death.

Isn't that Stephano, my drunken butler?

He's drunk right now.

Where did he get wine?

And Trinculo is staggering ripe.

Where would they find this magnificent liquor
that has gilded them?
How did you get into this state?

I've been in such a pickle since I last saw you
that I doubt it will ever come out of my bones.

I shall not fear fly-
blowing.

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO

O! touch me not.

I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

PROSPERO

You'd be King o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO

This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pointing to Caliban.

PROSPERO

He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.

Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions.
As you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will;
and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.

At least I won't have to worry about flies laying
eggs in me.

Well, what have we here, Stephano!

Oh, don't touch me.

I'm not Stephano — I'm one big cramp.

You wanted to be king of the island, did you?

I'd have been a sore one, then.

This is the strangest thing I've ever laid eyes on.

He's as misshapen in his behaviour as he is in
his body.

Go to my cell, fellow, and take your companions
with you.
If you're hoping for my pardon, tidy it up
properly.

I will, yes —
and I'll be wiser from now on and try to earn
some grace.

What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO

Go to; away!

ALONSO

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it, rather.

Exeunt Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night;

which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make
it

Go quick away:

the story of my life

And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle:

and in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO

What a triple-thick fool I was to take this drunk
for a god and worship this stupid clown!

Go on, off with you.

Get out, and put your stolen goods back where
you found them.

Where you stole them, rather.

Sir, I invite Your Highness and your company to
my poor cell, where you'll rest for this one night.

Part of it I'll pass with talk that I'm sure will
make it go by quickly:

the story of my life, and everything that has
happened since I came to this island.

And in the morning I'll take you to your ship,
and so to Naples, where I hope to see these two
dear young people married.

After that I'll retire to my Milan, where every
third thought will be of my grave.

I long

To hear the story of your life,

which must

Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.

[_Aside to Ariel._] My

Ariel,

chick,

That is thy charge:

then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well!

Please you, draw

near.

Exeunt.

PROSPERO

EPILOGUE

PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,

And what strength I have's mine own,

Which is most faint.

Now 'tis true,

I must be here confin'd by you,

Or sent to Naples.

I long to hear the story of your life.

It must be extraordinary to listen to.

I'll tell you everything —

and I promise you calm seas, favourable winds,

and sailing so swift that you'll catch up with

your fleet far ahead.

[Aside to Ariel.] My Ariel, my chick, that's your last task.

Then be free among the elements, and farewell.

— Please, come this way.

EPILOGUE

Now that my spells are all overthrown, the only strength I have is my own, and that is very little.

It's true, now, that I have to stay confined here by you, or be sent on to Naples.

Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please.

Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Exit.

Since I've got my dukedom back and forgiven
the man who cheated me, don't leave me
stranded on this bare island by your spell —

set me free from my chains with the help of your
good hands.

Your gentle breath has to fill my sails, or my
whole purpose fails, and that purpose was to
please you.

I have no spirits left to command now, no magic
to enchant with, and my end here is despair
unless prayer relieves me — prayer that pierces
so far it storms Mercy herself and cancels every
fault.

Just as you would want to be pardoned for your
own wrongs, let your generosity set me free.

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