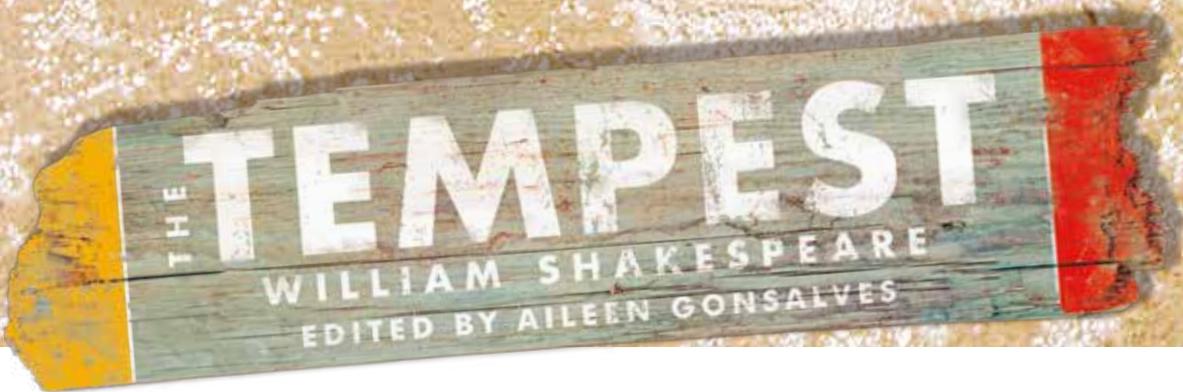




FIRST ENCOUNTERS WITH SHAKESPEARE
FOR YOUNGER AUDIENCES



POWER AND DUTY

Playmaking Pack



INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare is the one writer whose work remains a compulsory element of the National Curriculum and therefore most of us encounter his work for the first time at school. But many find their first encounter with Shakespeare hard. The plays seem too wordy perhaps, or the language old fashioned, or the stories might feel irrelevant. Through our Education department we are committed to supporting the thousands of teachers in the UK, and across the world, who aim to bring Shakespeare's work vividly to life for their students. At RSC Education our priority is to ensure that these early encounters with Shakespeare's work secure the richest rewards for students of all ages and backgrounds

Through the Learning and Performance Network (LPN), we have over the past ten years worked with over 500 schools and reached over 690,000 students in creative partnerships with 11 regional theatres. This year we are also proud to see the LPN take the first step into the next ten years of this vital work as it evolves into the Associate Schools programme. At the heart of both projects is a deep rooted connection to the artistic practice of the RSC. We encourage young people and their teachers to approach these texts as our actors do; something to be explored and understood together and realised through performance. The resources and activities outlined in this Playmaking Pack have been written with that principle in mind and we hope it will prove useful as you discover the magic of these plays through your own rehearsals and performances. The LPN and the Associate Schools programme are great examples of the powerful alchemy that happens when teachers, young people and communities work in partnership with cultural organisations.

This is a special pack tackling two of Shakespeare's greatest plays – the political thriller *Julius Caesar* and arguably his most magical play *The Tempest*. Both plays will feature in our repertoire this year. I am directing *The Tempest* in a unique partnership with INTEL using today's most advanced technology to create a bold re-imagining of the play. Aileen Gonsalves will then direct our First Encounters production of *The Tempest*, touring to many of our partner schools and theatres. *Julius Caesar* lies at the heart of our 2017 Rome Season - Angus Jackson directs the production, as well as coordinating the whole season of all Shakespeare's Roman plays. Although very different in their stories and settings, both plays grapple with questions of POWER and DUTY. What is our responsibility to our country, our family and to ourselves? How should we exercise the power we have and how might we tackle others who seem to misuse theirs? All questions which remain pertinent to our lives over 400 years after these plays were first performed.

I am enormously proud of everything our partnership has achieved so far and am excited as we all – teachers, theatre-makers and young people - begin to explore these plays together over the next academic year, creating the sense of a national rehearsal room.

We hope that for all young people involved, these experiences with us will mark the beginning of a lifelong relationship with Shakespeare and we look forward to seeing the resulting performances both in Stratford-upon-Avon and across the country.

GREGORY DORAN, Artistic Director



Notes

Dramatis Personae

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan

MIRANDA, his daughter

ALONSA, Queen of Naples

SEBASTIENNE his sister

ANTONIO, Prospero's brother, the usurping Duke of Milan

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples

TRINCULA, a jester

STEPHANA, a drunken butler

MASTER of a Ship

BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave

ARIEL, an airy spirit

THE SCENE: AN UNINHABITED ISLAND

Note on the text:

*This script has been edited and adapted by Aileen Gonsalves for the RSC First Encounters production of *The Tempest*. Aileen has reversed the gender of several characters and slightly altered their names accordingly (e.g. King Alonso now becomes Queen Alonsa).*

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.

1

ACT 1. SCENE 1

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter Mariners

BOATSWAIN

Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—
Blow, till thou burst thy wind, *(To the storm)* if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastienne, Antonio, Ferdinand

ANTONIO

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself. Cheerily, good hearts!—*(To the mariners)* Out of our way, I say.
(To the courtiers). Have you a mind to sink?

Exeunt Alonso, Ferdinand

SEBASTIENNE

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

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

BOATSWAIN

Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses off to again! Lay her off!

Enter Mariners, wet

MARINERS

All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!
A confused noise within

VOICES OFF-STAGE

Mercy on us! — We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split!

Exit

2

ACT 1. SCENE 2

Enter Prospero and Miranda

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th'welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel —
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her —
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm:
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 further. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair
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.

Lays down his magic cloak

MIRANDA

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet'.

Miranda sits

PROSPERO

The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive.
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.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl.
By foul play — as thou say'st — were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.
My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state,
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

I pray thee, mark me:
in my false brother Awaked an evil nature,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke, hence his ambition growing —
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

He thinks me now incapable. Confederates —
So dry he was for sway — wi'th'king of Naples
The Queen of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
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

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Dear, they durst not,

So dear the love my people bore me: nor set
A mark so bloody on the business: but
With colours fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a barque,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th'sea that roared to us; to sigh
To th'winds, whose pity sighing back again,
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

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't. And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind: your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune —
Now my dear lady — hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

Miranda sleeps

3

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 curled clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL

To every article.
I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed 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.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

ARIEL

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the queen's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring — then like reeds, not hair —
Was the first man that leaped; cried 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perished:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The queen'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 queen's ship,

ARIEL

Safely in harbour

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
Thou know'st, was banished: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
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 abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprisoned 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 freckled whelp, hag-born — not honoured 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;
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Go, go! Hence with diligence!

Exit Ariel

4

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

To Miranda

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!

CALIBAN

(*Within*) There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say! There's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! When?
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam: come forth!

5

Enter Caliban

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o'th'isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax — toads, beetles, bats — light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o'th'island.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee —
Filth as thou art — with humane care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

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

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.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.—

PROSPERO

So, slave, hence!

Exit Caliban

6

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing

ARIEL

(Song) Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist:
Foot it feately here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden.

SPIRITS

Hark, hark! Bow-wow!
The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow.

ARIEL

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? I'th'air or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god o'th'island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the queen my mother's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it —
Or it hath drawn me rather — but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *(Song)* Full fathom five thy mother 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:

SPIRITS

Within, sing the burden Ding-dong.

ARIEL

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

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drowned mother.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

7**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

Within, sing the burden, dispersedly

Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stained
With grief — that's beauty's canker — thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.— Spirit, fine spirit: I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

*Aside
To Ariel*

8

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! 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.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

How? The best?
What wert thou if the Queen of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The queen my mother wrecked.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

PROSPERO

At the first sight
They have changed eyes.— Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.— A word, good sir,
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

*To Ariel
To Ferdinand*

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw: the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way.

FERDINAND

O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Soft, sir, one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.— One word more: 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.

*Aside
To Ferdinand*

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Follow me.—
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor.— Come:
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Seawater shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*To Ferdinand
To Miranda / To Ferdinand*

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:

To Ferdinand

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father.

Kneels or Attempts to stop him

PROSPERO

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an imposter? 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.

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.
My mother's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'th'earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

It works.— Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!— Follow me.—
Come, follow.— Speak not for him.

To Ferdinand

*Aside / To Ferdinand
To Ariel / To Ferdinand
To Ferdinand / To Miranda
Exeunt*

9

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

Enter Alonso, Sebastienne, Antonio,

ANTONIO

Ma'am, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSA

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIENNE

We have lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

ALONSA

So is the dear'st o'th'loss.
I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.
I find they are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIENNE

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

ANTONIO

We two, my lady, will guard your person
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

ALONSA

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

He sleeps. Exit Ariel

10**SEBASTIENNE**

What a strange drowsiness!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o'th'climate.

SEBASTIENNE

Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find
Not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO

Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
What might,
Worthy Sebastienne? 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.

SEBASTIENNE

What? Art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?
Noble Sebastienne,

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

SEBASTIENNE

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.

SEBASTIENNE

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

Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIENNE

He's gone.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIENNE

Claribel.

ANTONIO

She that is Queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life: How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastienne wake.' Say this were death
That now hath seized her: why, she were no worse
Than now she is. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! What a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIENNE

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIENNE

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows: now they are my men.

SEBASTIENNE

But for your conscience.

ANTONIO

Ay, sir: where lies that? I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your sister,
No better than the earth she lies upon,
If she were that which now she's like — that's dead —
Whom I with this obedient steel — three inches of it —
Can lay to bed forever:

Touching sword or dagger

SEBASTIENNE

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples.

ANTONIO

Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

Antonio and Sebastienne draw their swords

11

Enter Ariel invisible with music and song. She sings in Alonso's ear

ARIEL

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ALONSA

Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why are you drawn
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

SEBASTIENNE

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.

ALONSA

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.

ALONSA

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

ARIEL

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

Exeunt separately

12

ACT 2. SCENE 2

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.
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.

13

Enter Trincula

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.

Lies down and covers himself with his cloak

TRINCULA

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? (Sees Caliban) Dead or alive? A fish, he smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fishlike smell: a kind of not -of -the newest Poor John. A strange fish! Legged like a man and
his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an
islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. Alas, the storm is come again! (Thunder) My best way is to
creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange
bedfellows: I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Trincula gets under Caliban's cloak

14

Enter Stephana, singing (with a bottle in her hand)

STEPHANA

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: well, here's my comfort.
(Sings) The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'
She loved 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

Drinks

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: O!

STEPHANA

What's the matter? Have we devils here?

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me: O!

STEPHANA

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 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'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANA

He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if I can recover him and keep
him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANA

Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will
give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, *(Gives Caliban a drink)* I can tell
you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: *(Caliban spits it out)* open your chaps again.

TRINCULA

I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEPHANA

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULA

Stephana!

STEPHANA

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him,

TRINCULA

Stephana! If thou beest Stephana, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trincula — be not afeard — thy good friend Trincula.

STEPHANA

If thou beest Trincula, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. *(Pulls him out)* If any be Trincula's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trincula indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculas?

TRINCULA

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drowned, Stephana? I hope now thou art not drowned: is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm: and art thou living, Stephana? O Stephana, two Neapolitans scaped!

Trincula and Stephana embrace or dance

STEPHANA

Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN

These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to her.

Aside

STEPHANA

How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANA

Here: swear then how thou escap'dst.

TRINCULA

Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANA

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Gives Trincula the bottle

TRINCULA

O Stephana, hast any more of this?

STEPHANA

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by th'sea-side, where my wine is hid.— How now, moon-calf?

How does thine ague?

To Caliban

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANA

Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'th'moon when time was.

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANA

Come, swear to that: kiss the book:

I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Gives Caliban the bottle

Caliban drinks

TRINCULA

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! *(Aside)* I afeard of him? A very weak monster! The man i'th'moon? A most poor, credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o'th'island: and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULA

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!

CALIBAN

I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANA

Come on then: down, and swear.

Caliban kneels

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries: I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

TRINCULA

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

Aside

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow: and I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts: show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee to clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANA

I prithee, now lead the way without any more talking. Trincula, the queen and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.— *(To Caliban)* Here, bear my bottle.

CALIBAN

(Sings drunkenly)

Farewell master: farewell, farewell!

TRINCULA

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

CALIBAN

Sings

No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing at requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, high-day, freedom!

STEPHANA

O brave monster, lead the way!

Exeunt

ACT 3. SCENE 1

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: 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.

Sets down the log

Picks up the log

Enter Miranda, and Prospero; Prospero at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA

Alas, now pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined 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.

To Ferdinand

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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.

PROSPERO

Poor worm, though art infected.
This visitation shows it.

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,
I have broke your hest to say so.

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda,
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
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 would not wish
Any companion in the world but you:

FERDINAND

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: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th'world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

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.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Kneels

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda, separately

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

Exit

16

ACT 3. SCENE 2

Enter Caliban, Stephana and Trincula

STEPHANA

Tell not me: when the butt is out we will drink water: not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em.
Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULA

Servant-monster? The folly of this island! *Aside?* They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them:
if th'other two be brained like us, the state totters.

STEPHANA

My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my
standard.

TRINCULA

Your lieutenant, if you list: he's no standard.

STEPHANA

Trincula, keep a good tongue in your head: The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANA

Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trincula.
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.

ARIEL

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANA

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

TRINCULA

Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANA

Mum then, and no more.— Proceed.

To Trincula / To Caliban

CALIBAN

I say by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him — for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not —

STEPHANA

That's most certain.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANA

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.

*To Trincula
To Stephana*

STEPHANA

Trincula, 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 stockfish of thee.

TRINCULA

Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STEPHANA

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

Thou liest.

STEPHANA

Do I so? Take thou that. As you like this, give me the lie (*Beats Trincula*) another time.

TRINCULA

I did not give the lie. Out o'your wits and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! This can sack and drinking do: a murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANA

Now, forward with your tale.— Prithee, stand farther off.

To Caliban/ To Trincula

CALIBAN

Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

STEPHANA

Stand farther.— Come, proceed.

To Trincula/ To Caliban

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'th'afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books: or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember 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.

STEPHANA

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN

Ay, lord.

STEPHANA

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter my maid and I will be queen — 'save our graces! — and Trincula and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trincula?

TRINCULA

Excellent.

STEPHANA

Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANA

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

Aside

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANA

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, Trincula, let us sing.
Sings Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em,
Thought is free.

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe

STEPHANA

What is this same?

TRINCULA

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

STEPHANA

If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULA

O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANA

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN

Art thou afeard?

STEPHANA

No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANA

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

CALIBAN

When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANA

That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Exit Ariel, playing music

TRINCULA

The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANA

Lead, monster: we'll follow.

TRINCULA

Wilt come? I'll follow Stephana.

To Caliban
Exeunt

17

ACT 3. SCENE 3

Enter Alonso, Sebastienne, Antonio

ALONSA

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO

I am right glad that she's so out of hope.
Do not for one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolved t'effect.

Aside to Sebastienne

SEBASTIENNE

The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

Aside to Antonio

ANTONIO

Let it be tonight:

Aside to Sebastienne

SEBASTIENNE

I say tonight: no more.

Aside to Antonio

ALONSA

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

18

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy:

ARIEL

You are three ones of sin,
For that's my business to you — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Exposed unto the sea — which hath requite it —
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed,
The powers, delaying — not forgetting — have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft: 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's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.
He vanishes in thunder:

PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel: a grace it had, devouring:
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 drowned—
And his and mine loved darling.

ALONSA

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— Pronounced
The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son l'th'ooze is bedded: and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sonded
And with him there lie muddied.

Exit

SEBASTIENNE

But one fiend at a time
I'll fight their legions over

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second

Exeunt

19

ACT 4. SCENE 1

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punished you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live: who once again
 I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
 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
 Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be ministered,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow;

*To Ferdinand***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 worsen genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.
 Sit then and talk with her: she is thine own.

Ferdinand and Miranda sit and talk

20

What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter Ariel***ARIEL**

What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO

Thou 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:

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a wink.

ARIEL

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

21

PROSPERO

Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
 To th'fire i'th'blood: be more abstemious,
 Or else good night your vow.

*To Ferdinand***FERDINAND**

I warrant you, sir,
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO

Well.
 No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.
 Soft music.

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 called to enact
 My present fancies.

FERDINAND

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

Prospero starts suddenly and speaks: after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish

22

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.— Well done. Avoid: no more!

*Aside**To the spirits*

FERDINAND

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed,
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, 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.

To Miranda

That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I'th'filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird.

ARIEL

I go, I go.

Exit

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick: on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost.

24

Enter Caliban, Stephana and Trincula, all wet Prospero and Ariel stand apart

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly we now are near his cell.

STEPHANA

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

TRINCULA

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

STEPHANA

So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you —

TRINCULA

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly,
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULA

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEPHANA

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

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

23

PROSPERO

Come with a thought: I thank thee, Ariel: come!

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

Ay, my commander:

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour that they smote the air
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears,

Enter Ariel

Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda

Thine own forever, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANA

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

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter diverse spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about,
Prospero and Ariel setting them on*

PROSPERO

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

Trincula, Caliban and Stephana are driven out

ARIEL

Hark, they roar.

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly. 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.

Exeunt

25

ACT 5. SCENE 1

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel

PROSPERO

Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL

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 moved than thou art?
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

26

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, by whose aid —
Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured 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-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and when I have required
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. Here enters Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Sebastienne
and Antonio in like manner, They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed:
which Prospero observing, speaks:*

Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—
Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastienne. - Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature:
I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Not one of them
That yet looks on me or would know me. Ariel,
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime in Milan. Quickly spirit
Thou shalt ere long be free.

To Antonio

27

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.

Ariel sings as Prospero removes magic cloak

On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
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.
Behold, queen,
The wrongèd 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.

ALONSA

Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me —
As late I have been — I not know
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o'th'isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome,
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck her highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time,
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIENNE

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.

ALONSA

How sharp the point of this remembrance is —
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, sir. for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSA

A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! When did you lose your daughter?

Embraces him

Aside to Sebastienne and Antonio

Aside to Antonio, but overheard by Prospero

To Antonio

PROSPERO

In this last tempest.
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.

28

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.

ALONSA

If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIENNE

A most high miracle.

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.

Kneels

ALONSA

Now all the blessings
Of a glad mother compass thee about.
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRANDA

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.

ALONSA

Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Ma'am, she is mortal:
But by immortal providence, she's mine:

I chose her when I could not ask my mother
For her 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
Received a second life: and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSA

I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

PROSPERO

There sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

ALONSA

Give me your hands:

To Ferdinand and Miranda

29

ARIEL

Was't well done?

Aside to Prospero

PROSPERO

Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Come hither, spirit,
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell.—

Aside to Ariel

Aside to Ariel

Exit Ariel

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban

CALIBAN

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

PROSPERO

This thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

ALONSA

This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

Points to Caliban

CALIBAN

I shall be pinched to death.

PROSPERO

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. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO

Go to, away!

Exeunt Caliban

30

PROSPERO

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSA

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all,
My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well.— Please you, draw near.

Exeunt all but Ariel - Ariel is free