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General Notes are in their original location at the end of the play, followed by the text-critical notes originally printed at the bottom of each page. All notes are hyperlinked in both directions. In dialogue, a link from a speaker's name generally means that the note applies to the entire line or group of lines.

Line numbers—shown in the right margin and used for all notes—are from the original text. In prose passages the exact line counts will depend on your browser settings, and will probably be different from the displayed numbers. Stage directions were not included in the line numbering.

Texts cited in the Notes are listed at the [end of the e-text](#).

## THE WORKS

OF  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

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**Dramatis Personæ**

Act I	<a href="#">Scene 1</a>	On a ship at sea.
	<a href="#">Scene 2</a>	The island. Before Prospero's cell.
Act II	<a href="#">Scene 1</a>	Another part of the island.
	<a href="#">Scene 2</a>	Another part of the island.
Act III	<a href="#">Scene 1</a>	Before Prospero's cell.
	<a href="#">Scene 2</a>	Another part of the island.
	<a href="#">Scene 3</a>	Another part of the island.
Act IV	<a href="#">Scene 1</a>	Before Prospero's cell.
Act V	<a href="#">Scene 1</a>	Before the cell of Prospero.

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# THE TEMPEST.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. [1](#)

ALONSO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.  
ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, Lords.  
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
TRINCULO, a Jester.  
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.  
Master of a Ship.  
Boatswain.  
Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.  
IRIS,  
CERES,  
JUNO, presented by<sup>2</sup> Spirits.  
Nymphs,  
Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero<sup>3</sup>.

SCENE—A ship at sea<sup>4</sup>: an uninhabited island.

1. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] NAMES OF THE ACTORS F<sub>1</sub> at the end of the Play.
2. *presented by*] Edd.
3. *Other ... Prospero*] Theobald.
4. A ship at sea:] At sea: Capell.

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# THE TEMPEST.

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## ACT I.

I. 1 SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.*

*Mast.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Mast.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

*Enter Mariners.*

5 *Boats.* 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, if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

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

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

15 *Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

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

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a 20 Counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good I. 1. 25 hearts! Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

*Gon.* 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 30 little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. \_\_\_\_\_ [Exeunt.

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather 35 or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

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

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

40 *Boats.* Work you, then.

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

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

*Boats.* 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!

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

I. 1. 50 *Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.*

I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:  
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning  
The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.*

He'll be hang'd yet,  
55 Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at widest 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!”

60 *Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*]

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of  
barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above  
be done! but I would fain die a 65 dry death. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Exeunt.*]

## I. 2 SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* 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 the welkin's cheek,  
5 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
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!  
10 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.

*Pros.*

Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.

Mir.

O, woe the day!

*Pros.*

15 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  
20 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mir.*

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.*

'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So: \_\_\_\_\_ [*Lays down his*  
*mantle.*

I. 2. 25 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd





How thou camest here thou mayst.

*Mir.*

But that I do not.

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

*Mir.*

55 Sir, are not you my father?

*Pros.* 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.

*Mir.*

O the heavens!

60 What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

*Pros.*

Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;  
But blessedly holp hither.

*Mir.*

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.  
65 Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

*Pros.* 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 loved, and to him put  
70 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; those being all my study,

I. 2. 75 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?

*Mir.*

Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
80 How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
85 To what tune pleased 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.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.*

I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
90 To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
95 A falsehood in its contrary, as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like one  
I. 2. 100 Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
105 With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—

Dost thou hear?

*Mir.*

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
110 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,  
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
115 The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.*

O the heavens!

*Pros.* Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

*Mir.*

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

*Pros.*

120 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' the premises,  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
I. 2. 125 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
130 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence

Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.*

Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pros.*

135 Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon 's; without the which, this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.*

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

*Pros.*

Well demanded, wench:

140 My tale provokes that question. 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 bark,  
145 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
I. 2. 150 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.*

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

*Pros.*

O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

155 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.*

How came we ashore?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

160 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 necessaries,  
165 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.*

Would I might

But ever see that man!

*Pros.*

Now I arise: \_\_\_\_\_ [*Resumes his mantle.*]

170 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

I. 2. 175 *Mir.* 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?

*Pros.*

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
180 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:  
185 Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Miranda sleeps.*  
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
190 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.*

Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

195 *Ari.* 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,  
1. 2. 200 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
205 Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.*

My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.*

Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
210 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 leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

*Pros.*

215 Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.*

Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.*

Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,  
220 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
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.

*Pros.*

Of the king's ship  
I. 2. 225 The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.*

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:  
230 The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,



I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
235 Bound sadly home for Naples;  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pros.*

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

*Ari.*

Past the mid season.

240 *Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.*

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

*Ari.*

245 My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ari.*

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

*Pros.*

I. 2. 250 Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.*

No.

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

*Ari.*

I do not, sir.

*Pros.* 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?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.*

260 Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.*

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  
265 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?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,  
270 And here was left by the 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,  
I. 2. 275 By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
280 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 honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.*

Yes, Caliban her son.

285 *Pros.* 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  
290 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo: it was mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.*

I thank thee, master.

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

*Ari.*

Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting gently.

*Pros.*

Do so; and after two days

I will discharge thee.

*Ari.*

That's my noble master!

I. 2. 300 What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the 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.*]  
305 Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mir.*

The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.*

Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.*

'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.*

310 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.

*Cal.* [*within*] There's wood enough within.

315 *Pros.* Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.*

My lord, it shall be done.      [*Exit.*

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
320 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* 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!

I. 2. 325 *Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night 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 pinch'd

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.*

330 I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
335 To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved 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  
340 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.

*Pros.*

Thou most lying slave,

345 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!

I. 2. 350 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.*

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  
355 One thing or other: 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  
360 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*Cal.* 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!

*Pros.*

365 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,  
370 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.*

No, pray thee.  
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.*

So, slave; hence!      [*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S *song.*

I. 2. 375 Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist:  
Foot it featly here and there;  
380 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

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

*Fer.* 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,  
390 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
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.  
395 No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

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,  
I. 2. 400 But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

*Burthen:* Ding-dong.

*Ari.* Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

405 *Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

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

*Mir.*

What is't? a spirit?

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

*Pros.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest  
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd  
415 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.

*Mir.*

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

*Pros.* [*Aside*]

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

*Fer.*

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  
I. 2. 425 How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?

*Mir.*

No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.*

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

*Pros.*

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

*Fer.* 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,  
435 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wreck'd.

*Mir.*

Alack, for mercy!

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

*Pros.* [*Aside*]

The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
440 If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight  
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
445 Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclined my way!

*Fer.*

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

*Pros.*

Soft, sir! one word more.  
I. 2. 450 [*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift  
business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself  
455 Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.*

No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* 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.

*Pros.*

Follow me.

460 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscled, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.*

No;

465 I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.      [*Draws, and is charmed from  
moving.*]

*Mir.*

O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

*Pros.*

What! I say,

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;  
470 Who makest a show, but darest 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.

*Mir.*

Beseech you, father.

*Pros.* Hence! hang not on my garments.

*Mir.*

Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

*Pros.*

I. 2. 475 Silence! 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!  
480 To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mir.*

My affections  
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.*

Come on; obey:  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.*

485 So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father'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,  
490 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.

*Pros.* [*Aside*]

It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.  
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.*

495 Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Pros.*

Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.*

I. 2. 500 To the syllable.

*Pros.* Come, follow. Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

### II. 1 SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,  
*and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
5 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.

*Alon.*

Prithee, peace.

10 *Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will  
strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

15 *Seb.* One: tell.

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

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken 20 truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

II. 1. 25 *Gon.* Well, I have done: but yet,—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

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

*Seb.* The old cock.

30 *Ant.* The cockerel.

*Seb.* Done. The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match!

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

35 *Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss't.

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

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

45 *Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

II. 1. 50 *Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

55 *Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,  
—

*Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, 60 being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

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

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when 65 we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon 70 to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good II. 1. 75 Lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

80 *Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Seb.* His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his 85 pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

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

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

90 *Gon.* 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.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

95 *Ant.* O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

II. 1. 100 *Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too.  
Who is so far from Italy removed  
105 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?

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water.



110 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
115 As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.*

No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* 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;  
120 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.*

Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,  
By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
II. 1. 125 Which end o' the 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.

*Alon.*

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

130 *Gon.* 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.

*Seb.*

Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

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

*Seb.*

Foul weather?

*Ant.*

Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.*

Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do?

140 *Seb.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the 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; riches, poverty,

145 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;

II. 1. 150 No sovereignty;—

*Seb.*

Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

155 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

160 *Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

*Seb.*

'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.*

And,—do you mark me, sir?

*Alon.* Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

165 *Gon.* 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.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at.

*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to 170 you: so you  
may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out  
of her sphere, if she would continue in it II. 1. 175 five weeks without  
changing.

*Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.*

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

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly.  
Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very 180 heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclined to do so.

*Seb.*

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

*Ant.*

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

*Alon.*

                                    Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

*[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]*

190 *Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.*

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

*Ant.*

                                    Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
195 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: the occasion speaks thee; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.*

II. 1. 200 What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.*

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  
205 With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.*

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

*Seb.*

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

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

*Seb.*

Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.*

Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.*

O,  
215 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.

*Seb.*

Prithee, say on:

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

*Ant.*

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
II. 1. 225 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.

*Seb.*

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

*Ant.*

230 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 doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.*

He's gone.

*Ant.*

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

*Seb.*

Claribel.

*Ant.* 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,—  
240 The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born 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.

*Seb.*

245 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.

*Ant.*

A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
II. 1. 250 Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
255 As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.*

260 And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.*

I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.*

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



*Seb.* But for your conscience.

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
270 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
II. 1. 275 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
280 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.*

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.

*Ant.*

285 Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.*

O, but one word. \_\_\_\_\_ [*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter ARIEL invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—  
290 For else his project dies,—to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

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

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.*

Now, good angels  
Preserve the king! \_\_\_\_\_ [*They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.*

II. 1. 300 What's the matter?

*Seb.* 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.

*Alon.*

I heard nothing.

305 *Ant.* 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.

*Alon.*

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
310 I shaked 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.

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

Gon.

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

Alon.

Lead away.

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

## II. 2 SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. 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,  
5 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,  
10 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.

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Lo, now, lo!  
15 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.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and  
another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' 20 the 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? dead or alive? A fish: he II. 2. 25 smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. 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: there would this monster make a man; any strange 30 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. 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 35 by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.*

40 *Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.* The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
45 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!  
II. 2. 50 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.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me:—O!

55 *Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped 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 60 said so again, while Stephano breathes at's  
nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me:—O!

*Ste.* 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 65 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.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

70 *Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. 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.

II. 2. 75 *Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* 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, I can tell you, and that soundly: 80 you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

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

*Ste.* Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; 85 his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

90 *Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy 95 good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* 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 earnest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

II. 2. 100 *Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? 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, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 105 scaped!

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:

110 I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. 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 115 own hands, since I was cast ashore.

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

*Ste.* Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim 120 like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by II. 2. 125 the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

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

130 *Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress

show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! 135 I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

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

140 *Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!  
when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.  
A most scurvy monster! I could find in 145 my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

II. 2. 150 *Cal.* 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.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder 155 of a poor drunkard!

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
160 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?

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo,  
the king and all our company else being drowned, 165 we will inherit  
here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by

again.

*Cal. sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;  
170 Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:  
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master:—get a new man.

II. 2. 175 Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day,  
freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! Lead the way.      [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### III. 1 SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* 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  
5 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed.  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
10 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 lest, when I do it.



*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.*

*Mir.*

15 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  
20 Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.*

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

*Mir.*

If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.*

III. 1. 25 No, precious creature;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.*

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

*Pros.*

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

*Mir.*

You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—  
35 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
What is your name?

*Mir.*

Miranda.—O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

*Fer.*

Admired Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
40 I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
45 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!

*Mir.*

I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
III. 1. 50 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; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
55 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.

*Fer.*

I am, in my condition,  
60 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  
65 My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.*

Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
70 If I speak true! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.*

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

*Pros.*

Fair encounter  
III. 1. 75 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

*Fer.*

Wherefore weep you?

*Mir.* 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;  
80 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  
85 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.*

My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.*

My husband, then?

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

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

*Fer.*

A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

*Pros.* 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;  
95 For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

### III. 2 SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

*Ste.* 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.

*Trin.* Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They 5 say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave 10 monster

indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned 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 15 standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

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

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case III. 2. 25 to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

30 *Trin.* 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my 35 subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

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

*Ste.* Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

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

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.*

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

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

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle;  
III. 2. 50 From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,  
But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

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

55 *Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the  
party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

60 *Cal.* 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.

65 *Ste.* 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.

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

70 *Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and III. 2. 75 hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther 80 off.

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

*Ste.* Stand farther. Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,  
85 Having first seized his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
90 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  
95 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.

*Ste.*

Is it so brave a lass?

III. 2. 100 *Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—and Trinculo and thysself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, 105 Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

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

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

*Ste.*

110 *Ay*, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:  
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?

115 *Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. —Come on. Trinculo, let us sing.      [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;  
Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

120 *Ste.* What is this same?

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

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

III. 2. 125 *Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

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

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

130 *Cal.* 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,



135 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.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I 140 shall have my  
music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

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

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

145 *Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer;  
he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

### III. 3 SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,  
*and others.*

*Gon.* 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.

*Alon.*

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
5 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the 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  
10 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*]

The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*]

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

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*]

I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter 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.*

20 Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix  
At this hour reigning there.

Ant.

I'll believe both;

III. 3. 25 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 'em.

Gon.

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—  
30 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.

*Pros.* [*Aside*]

Honest lord,  
35 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.*

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.

*Pros.* [*Aside*]

Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.*

40 No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—  
Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.*

Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
45 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets 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.

*Alon.*

I will stand to, and feed,  
III. 3. 50 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. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
55 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.      [*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*]

60 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  
65 One dowle 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  
70 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit 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,  
III. 3. 75 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
Lingering perdition—worse than any death  
Can be at once—shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—  
80 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 carrying out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
85 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  
90 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 loved darling. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Exit above.*

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alon.*

95 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.  
III. 3. 100 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.*

*Seb.*

But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.*

I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,  
105 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.

*Adr.*

Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

IV. 1 SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> 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  
5 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,  
10 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.*

I do believe it

Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but  
15 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,  
20 Sour-eyed 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.

*Fer.*

As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,  
IV. 1. 25 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  
30 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.*

Fairly spoke.  
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.  
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

35 *Pros.* 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  
40 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.*

Presently?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'  
45 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?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.*

IV. 1. 50 Well, I conceive. [Exit.

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

*Fer.*

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

*Pros.*

Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!  
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

Enter IRIS.

60 *Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
65 Which spongy April at thy best 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,  
70 Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,  
Whose watery 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:  
IV. 1. 75 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

*Cer.* 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;  
80 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;



85 And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest lovers.

*Cer.*

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,  
90 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.*

Of her society  
Be not afraid: I met her Deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
95 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 returned again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
IV. 1. 100 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.*

High'st 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,  
105 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.

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

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pros.*

120 Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.*

Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

*Pros.*

Sweet, now, silence!

IV. 1. 125 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
130 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.*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
135 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.*

*Pros.* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
140 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

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

*Mir.*

Never till this day  
145 Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* You do look, my son, in a moved 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  
IV. 1. 150 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,  
155 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; my old brain is troubled:  
160 Be not disturb'd 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.

*Fer. Mir.*

We wish your peace. [Exeunt.]

*Pros.* Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

165 *Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

*Pros.*

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

170 *Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* 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  
IV. 1. 175 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced 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  
180 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

*Pros.*

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

*Ari.*

I go, I go.      [*Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
190 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 glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and  
TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
195 Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

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

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

IV. 1. 200 *Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
205 Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

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

210 *Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

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

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,  
215 This is the mouth o' the 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.

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

*Trin.* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. IV. 1. 225 O King Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy Grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean  
230 To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,  
And do the murder first: if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this <sup>235</sup> my jerkin?  
Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your  
hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: <sup>240</sup> wit shall not  
go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and  
level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with  
the rest.

<sup>245</sup> *Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my  
hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out IV. 1. <sup>250</sup> of my kingdom: go  
to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* 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.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

<sup>255</sup> *Pros.* Fury, fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

*[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]*

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  
Then pard or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.*

Hark, they roar!

<sup>260</sup> *Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie 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.

## ACT V.

v. 1 SCENE I. *Before the cell of Prospero.*

*Enter* PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

*Pros.* 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?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pros.*

5 I did say so,  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

*Ari.*

Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
10 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  
15 Him that 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.



*Pros.*

Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.*

20 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?

v. 1. 25 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the 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

30 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.*

I'll fetch them, sir. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Exit.*

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

35 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

40 To hear the solemn curfew; 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 azured vault

Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

45 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 pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command

Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
v. 1. 50 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,  
55 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.        [*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture,  
attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner,  
attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle  
which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which  
PROSPERO observing, speaks:*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
60 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,  
For you are spell-stopp'd.  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;  
65 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  
70 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. Flesh and blood,  
v. 1. 75 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

80 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
That now lies 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:  
85 I will discase me, and myself present  
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

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

95 *Pros.* 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  
v. 1. 100 Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat.      *[Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement  
105 Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

*Pros.*

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;  
110 And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.*

Whether 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,  
115 The 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?

*Pros.*

120 First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined.

*Gon.*

Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pros.*

You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you  
V. 1. 125 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!  
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] 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.

*Seb. [Aside]*

The devil speaks in him.

*Pros.*

No.

130 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.

*Alon.*

If thou be'st Prospero,  
135 Give us particulars of thy preservation;  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—  
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.*

I am woe for't, sir.

140 *Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience  
Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.*

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.

*Alon.*

You the like loss!

145 *Pros.* 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.

*Alon.*

A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
v. 1. 150 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose you daughter?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
155 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  
160 Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'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  
165 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
170 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.*

No, my dear'st love,  
I would not for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.*

v. 1. 175 If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.*

A most high miracle!

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;  
I have cursed them without cause. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Kneels.*]

*Alon.*

Now all the blessings  
180 Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

*Mir.*

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't!

*Pros.*

'Tis new to thee.

185 *Alon.* 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?

*Fer.*

Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine:  
190 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  
195 Received a second life; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.*

I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pros.*

There, sir, stop:

Let us not burthen our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.*

v. 1. 200 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.

*Alon.*

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

205 *Gon.* 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,  
210 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.

*Alon.* [to *Fer.* and *Mir.*]

Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

*Gon.*

215 Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is 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?  
220 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

*Boats.* 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.

v. 1. 225 *Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*]

Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.



*Pros.* [*Aside to Ari.*]

My tricky spirit!

*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
230 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 more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
235 We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

240 *Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*]

Was't well done?

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

*Alon.* 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.

*Pros.*

245 Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
v. 1. 250 These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:  
Set Caliban and his companions free;  
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?  
There are yet missing of your company  
255 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their  
stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for  
himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, 260 here's a  
goodly sight.

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

*Seb.*

Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.*

265 Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,  
His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
270 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  
v. 1. 275 Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.*

I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they 280  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—  
How camest thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me,  
will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

285 *Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one, then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Pointing to*  
*Caliban.*

290 *Pros.* He is as disproportion'd 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.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
295 And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

*Pros.*

Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. \_\_\_\_\_ [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

v. 1. 300 *Pros.* 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,  
305 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-beloved solemnized;  
310 And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.*

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

*Pros.*

I'll deliver all;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
315 Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY 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 confined by you,  
5 Or sent 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  
10 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;  
15 And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
20 Let your indulgence set me free.

## NOTES.

### NOTE I.

I. 1. 15. *What cares these roarers*. This grammatical inaccuracy, which escaped correction in the later folios, probably came from Shakespeare's pen. Similar cases occur frequently, especially when the verb precedes its nominative. For example, *Tempest*, IV. 1. 262, 'Lies at my mercy all mine enemies,' and *Measure for Measure*, II. 1. 22, 'What knows the laws, &c.' We correct it in those passages where the occurrence of a vulgarity would be likely to annoy the reader. In the mouth of a Boatswain it can offend no one. We therefore leave it.

### NOTE II.

I. 1. 57-59. *Mercy on us!—we split, &c.* It may be doubtful whether the printer of the first folio intended these broken speeches to express 'a confused noise within.' Without question such was the author's meaning. Rowe, however, and subsequent editors, printed them as part of Gonzalo's speech. Capell was the first editor who gave the true arrangement.

### NOTE III.

I. 2. 173. *princesses*. See Mr Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 243 sqq. 'The plurals of substantives ending in s, in certain instances, in *se*, *ss*, *ce*, and sometimes *ge*, ... are found without the usual addition of s or es, in pronunciation at least, although in many instances the plural affix is added in printing, where the metre shows that it is not to be pronounced.'

In this and other instances, we have thought it better to trust to the ear of the reader for the rhythm than to introduce an innovation in orthography which might perplex him as to the sense. The form 'princesses,' the use of which in Shakespeare's time was doubted by one of our correspondents, is found in the *History of King Lear*.

Rowe's reading 'princes' might be defended on the ground that the sentiment is general, and applicable to royal children of both sexes; or that Sir Philip Sidney, in the first book of the *Arcadia*, calls Pamela and Philoclea 'princes.'

### NOTE IV.

I. 2. 298. The metre of this line, as well as of lines 301, 302, is defective, but as no mode of correction can be regarded as completely satisfactory we have in accordance with our custom left the lines as they are printed in the Folio. The defect, indeed, in the metre of line 298 has not been noticed except by Hanmer, who makes a line thus:

'Do so, and after two days I'll discharge thee.'

Possibly it ought to be printed thus:

‘Do so; and  
After two days  
I will discharge thee.’

There is a broken line, also of four syllables, 253 of the same scene, another of seven, 235.

There is no reason to doubt that the *words* are as Shakespeare wrote them, for, although the action of the play terminates in less than four hours (I. 2. 240 and V. 1. 186), yet Ariel’s ministry is not to end till the voyage to Naples shall be over. Prospero, too, repeats his promise, and marks his contentment by further shortening the time of servitude, ‘within two days,’ I. 2. 420. Possibly ‘Invisible’ (301) should have a line to itself. Words thus occupying a broken line acquire a marked emphasis.

But the truth is that in dialogue Shakespeare’s language passes so rapidly from verse to prose and from prose to verse, sometimes even hovering, as it were, over the confines, being rhythmical rather than metrical, that all attempts to give regularity to the metre must be made with diffidence and received with doubt.

## NOTE V.

I. 2. [377, 378](#):

*Courtsied when you have and kiss’d  
The wild waves whist.*

This punctuation seems to be supported by what Ferdinand says (391, 392):

‘The music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion, &c.’

At the end of the stanza we have printed *Hark, hark! ... The watch-dogs bark* as that part of the burthen which ‘sweet sprites bear.’ The other part is borne by distant watch-dogs.

## NOTE VI.

I. 2. [443](#). *I fear you have done yourself some wrong*. See this phrase used in a similar sense, *Measure for Measure*, I. 11. 39.

## NOTE VII.

II. 1. [27](#). *Which, of he or Adrian*. ‘Of’ is found in the same construction, *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, III. 2. 336,

‘Now follow if thou darest to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.’

## NOTE VIII.

II. 1. [157](#). *Of its own kind*. There is no doubt, as Dr Guest has shewn, that ‘it,’ which is the reading of the 1st and 2nd folios, was commonly used as a genitive in Shakespeare’s time, as it is still in some provincial dialects. ‘Its,’ however, was coming into use. One instance occurs in this play, I. 11. 95, ‘in its contrary.’

## NOTE IX.

II. 1. 241. *she that from whom*. Mr Spedding writes: ‘The received emendation is not satisfactory to me. I would rather read, “She that—From whom? All were sea-swallow’d &c., i.e. from whom should she have note? The report from Naples will be that all were drowned. We shall be the only survivors.” The break in the construction seems to me characteristic of the speaker. But you must read the whole speech to feel the effect.’

## NOTE X.

II. 1. 249-251. All editors except Mr Staunton have printed in italics (or between inverted commas) only as far as ‘*Naples?*’, but as ‘*keep*’ is printed with a small k in the folios, they seem to sanction the arrangement given in our text.

## NOTE XI.

II. 1. 267. *Ay, sir; where lies that? if ’twere a kibe*. Mr Singer and Mr Dyce have changed ‘’twere’ to ‘it were’ for the sake of the metre. But then the first part of the line must be read with a wrong emphasis. The proper emphasis clearly falls on the first, third, and fifth syllables, ‘Aý, sir; whére lies thát?’ See Preface.

## NOTE XII.

II. 2. 165. Before ‘here; bear my bottle’ Capell inserts a stage direction [*To Cal.*], but it appears from III. 2. 62, that Trinculo was entrusted with the office of bottle-bearer.

## NOTE XIII.

III. 1. 15. *Most busy lest, when I do it*. As none of the proposed emendations can be regarded as certain, we have left the reading of F<sub>1</sub>, though it is manifestly corrupt. The spelling ‘doe’ makes Mr Spedding’s conjecture ‘idlest’ for ‘I doe it’ more probable.

## NOTE XIV.

III. 3. 17. The stage direction, which we have divided into two parts, is placed all at once in the folios after ‘as when they are fresh’ [*Solemne and strange Musicke; and Prosper on the top (invisible:) Enter ... depart*]. Pope transferred it to follow Sebastian’s words, ‘I say, to night: no more.’

## NOTE XV.

III. 3. 48. *Each putter out of five for one*. See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, I. 1. (Vol. II. p. 261, ed. Moxon): ‘The return will give you five for one.’ MARINE is about to travel.

## NOTE XVI.



IV. 1. 146. *You do look, my son, in a moved sort.* Seymour suggests a transposition: 'you do, my son, look in a moved sort.' This line however can scarcely have come from Shakespeare's pen. Perhaps the writer who composed the Masque was allowed to join it, as best he might, to Shakespeare's words, which re-commence at 'Our revels now are ended,' &c.

#### NOTE XVII.

IV. 1. 230. *Let's alone.* See Staunton's "Shakespeare," Vol. I. p. 81, note (b).

#### NOTE XVIII.

V. 1. 309. *Of these our dear-beloved solemnized.* The Folios have 'belov'd'; a mode of spelling, which in this case is convenient as indicating the probable rhythm of the verse. We have written 'beloved,' in accordance with the general rule mentioned in the Preface.

'Solemnized' occurs in four other verse passages of Shakespeare. It is three times to be accented 'sólemnized' and once (*Love's Labour's Lost*, II. 1. 41) 'solémnized.'

# CRITICAL APPARATUS

(“Linenotes”).

## Act I: Scene 1

- Sc. I. On a ship at sea] Pope.  
Enter ... Boatswain] Collier MS. adds ‘shaking off wet.’
3. *Good,*] Rowe. *Good:* Ff. *Good.* Collier.
7. *till thou burst thy wind*] *till thou burst, wind* Johnson conj. *till thou burst thee, wind* Steevens conj.
8. Capell adds stage direction [Exeunt Mariners aloft.
11. *boatswain*] Pope. *boson* Ff.
- 11-18. Verse. S. Walker conj.
15. *cares*] *care* Rowe. See [note \(I\)](#).
31. [Exeunt] Theobald. [Exit. Ff.
33. *Bring her to try*] F4. *Bring her to Try* F1 F2 F3. *Bring her to. Try* Story conj.
- 33-35. Text as in Capell. *A plague*—A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo. *upon this howling.* Ff.
- 34-37. Verse. S. Walker conj.
43. *for*] *from* Theobald.
46. *two courses off to sea*] *two courses; off to sea* Steevens (Holt conj.).
46. [Enter...] [Re-enter... Dyce.
47. [Exeunt. Theobald.
50. *at*] *are at* Rowe.
- 50-54. Printed as prose in Ff.
56. *to glut*] *t’englut* Johnson conj.
57. See [note \(II\)](#).
59. *Farewell, brother!*] *Brother, farewell!* Theobald.
60. *with the*] Rowe. *with’* F1 F2. *with* F3 F4.
61. [Exeunt A. and S.] [Exit. Ff.
63. *furze*] Rowe. *firrs* F1 F2 F3. *firs* F4.  
*long heath, brown furze*] *ling, heath, broom, furze* Hanmer.
65. [Exeunt] [Exit F1, om. F2 F3 F4.

## Act I: Scene 2

3. *stinking*] *flaming* Singer conj. *kindling* S. Verges conj.
4. *cheek*] *heat* Collier MS. *crack* Staunton conj.

7. *creature*] *creatures* Theobald.
13. *fraughting*] Ff. *fraighted* Pope. *fraighting* Theobald. *freighting* Steevens.
15. Mir. *O, woe the day!* Pros. *No harm.*] Mir. *O woe the day! no harm?* Johnson conj.
19. *I am more better*] *I'm more or better* Pope.
24. [Lays ... mantle] Pope.
28. *provision*] F<sub>1</sub>. *compassion* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *prevision* Hunter conj.
29. *soul*] *soul lost* Rowe. *foyle* Theobald. *soil* Johnson conj. *loss* Capell. *foul* Wright conj.
31. *betid*] F<sub>1</sub>. *betide* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
35. a] F<sub>1</sub>. *the* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
38. *thou*] om. Pope.
41. *Out*] *Full* Pope (after Dryden). *Quite* Collier MS.
44. *with*] *in* Pope (after Dryden).
53. *Twelve year ... year*] *Tis twelve years ... years* Pope.
- 58, 59. *and his only heir And princess*] *and his only heir A princess* Pope. *thou his only heir And princess* Steevens. *and though his only heir A princess*] Johnson conj.
63. *holp*] *help'd* Pope.  
*O, my heart*] *My heart* Pope.
78. *me*] om. F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
80. *whom ... whom*] F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *who ... who* F<sub>1</sub>.
81. *trash*] *plash* Hanmer.
- 82, 83. *'em ... 'em*] *them ... them* Capell.
84. *i' the state*] *i'th state* F<sub>1</sub>. *e'th state* F<sub>2</sub>. *o'th state* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. om. Pope.
88. *O, good sir ... mark me.*] *Good sir ... mark me then.* Pope. *O yes, good sir ... mark me.* Capell.  
 Mir. *O, ... do.* Pros. *I ... me*] *I ... me.* Mir. *O ... do.* Steevens.
89. *dedicated*] *dedicate* Steevens (Ritson conj.).
91. *so*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
97. *lorded*] *loaded* Collier MS.
99. *exact, like*] *exact.* *Like* Ff.
100. *having into truth ... of it*] *loving an untruth, and telling 't oft* Hanmer. *having unto truth ... oft* Warburton. *having to untruth ... of it* Collier MS. *having sinn'd to truth ... oft* Musgrave conj.  
*telling*] *quelling* S. Verges conj.
101. *Made ... memory*] *Makes ... memory* Hanmer. *Makes ... memory too* Musgrave conj.
103. *indeed the duke*] *the duke* Steevens. *indeed duke* S. Walker conj.  
*out o' the*] *from* Pope.
105. *his*] *is* F<sub>2</sub>.
- 105, 106. *ambition growing*] *ambition* Growing Steevens.
106. *hear?*] *hear, child?* Hanmer.
109. *Milan*] *Millanie* F<sub>1</sub> (Capell's copy).
112. *wi' the*] Capell. *with* Ff. *wi' th'* Rowe. *with the* Steevens.
116. *most*] F<sub>1</sub>. *much* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

119. *but*] *not* Pope.
120. *Good ... sons*] Theobald suggested that these words should be given to Prospero. Hanmer prints them so.
122. *hearkens*] *hears* Pope. *hearks* Theobald.
129. *Fated*] *Mated* Dryden's version.  
*purpose*] *practise* Collier MS.
131. *ministers*] *minister* Rowe.
133. *out*] *on't* Steevens conj.
135. *to 't*] om. Steevens (Farmer conj.).

Here and elsewhere in the volume, body text has "to't" with no space, while the Notes have "to 't" with space.

138. *Wherefore*] *Why* Pope.
141. *me*] om. Pope.
146. *boat*] Rowe (after Dryden). *butt* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *but* F<sub>4</sub>. *busse* Black conj.
147. *sail*] F<sub>1</sub>. *nor sail* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
148. *have*] *had* Rowe (after Dryden).
150. *the winds*] *winds* Pope.
155. *deck'd*] *brack'd* Hanmer. *mock'd* Warburton. *fleck'd* Johnson conj. *degg'd* anon. ap. Reed conj.
162. *who*] om. Pope. *he* Steevens conj.
169. *Now I arise*] Continued to Miranda. Blackstone conj.  
 [Resumes his mantle] om. Ff. [Put on robe again. Collier MS.]
173. *princesses*] *princesse* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *princess* F<sub>4</sub>. *princes* Rowe. *princess'* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).  
 See [note \(III\)](#).
186. [M. sleeps] Theobald.
189. SCENE III. Pope.
190. *be 't*] F<sub>1</sub>. *be it* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
193. *quality*] *qualities* Pope (after Dryden).
198. *sometime*] F<sub>1</sub>. *sometimes* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
200. *bowsprit*] *bore-sprit* Ff. *bolt-sprit* Rowe.
201. *lightnings*] Theobald. *lightning* Ff.
202. *o' the*] *of* Pope.  
*thunder-claps*] *thunder-clap* Johnson.
205. *Seem*] *Seem'd* Theobald.
206. *dread*] F<sub>1</sub>. *dead* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
*My brave*] *My brave, brave* Theobald. *That's my brave* Hanmer.
209. *mad*] *mind* Pope (after Dryden).
- 211, 212. *vessel, ... son*] *vessell; Then all a fire with me the King's sonne* Ff.
218. *sustaining*] *sea-stained* Edwards conj. *unstaining* or *sea-staining* Spedding conj.
229. *Bermoothes*] *Bermudas* Theobald.

231. *Who*] *Whom* Hanmer.
234. *are*] *all* Collier MS.  
*upon*] *on* Pope.
- 239-240. Ari. *Past the mid season*. Pros. *At least two glasses*] Ari. *Past the mid season at least two glasses*. Warburton. Pros. ... *Past the mid season?* Ari. *At least two glasses* Johnson conj.
244. *How now?* *moody?*] *How now, moody!* Dyce (so Dryden, ed. 1808).
245. *What*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Which* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
248. *made thee*] Ff. *made* Pope.
249. *didst*] F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *did* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>.
264. *and sorceries*] *sorceries too* Hanmer.
267. *Is not this true?*] *Is this not true?* Pope.
271. *wast then*] Rowe (after Dryden). *was then* Ff.
273. *earthy*] *earthly* Pope.
282. *son*] F<sub>1</sub>. *sunne* F<sub>2</sub>. *sun* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
*she*] Rowe (after Dryden). *he* Ff.
298. See [note \(IV\)](#).
301. *like*] F<sub>1</sub>. *like to* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
302. *Be subject to*] *be subject To* Malone.  
*but thine and mine*] *but mine* Pope.
304. *in 't*] *in it* Pope.  
*go, hence*] *goe: hence* Ff. *go hence* Pope. *hence* Hanmer.
307. *Heaviness*] *Strange heaviness* Edd. conj.
312. *serves in offices*] F<sub>1</sub>. *serves offices* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *serveth offices* Collier MS.
316. *Come, thou tortoise! when?*] om. Pope.  
*Come*] *Come forth* Steevens.
320. *come forth!*] *come forth, thou tortoise!* Pope.
321. SCENE IV. Pope.
332. *camest*] Rowe. *cam 'st* Ff. *cam 'st here* Ritson conj.
333. *madest*] Rowe (after Dryden). *made* Ff.
339. *Curs'd be I that*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Curs'd be I that I* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *cursed be I that* Steevens.
342. *Which*] *Who* Pope, and at line 351.
346. *thee*] om. F<sub>4</sub>.
349. *would 't*] Ff. *I wou'd it* Pope.
351. Pros.] Theobald (after Dryden). Mira. Ff.
352. *wilt*] F<sub>1</sub>. *will* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
- 355, 356. *didst not ... Know*] *couldst not ... Shew* Hanmer.
356. *wouldst*] *didst* Hanmer.
- 361, 362. *Deservedly ... deserved*] *Justly ... who hadst Deserv'd* S. Walker conj. *Confin'd ... deserv'd* id. conj.
362. *Who ... prison*] om. Pope (after Dryden).

366. *thou'rt*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *thou art* F<sub>4</sub>. *thou wer't* Rowe.
375. SCENE V. Pope.  
following.] Malone.
378. *The wild waves whist*] Printed as a parenthesis by Steevens. See [note \(V\)](#).
380. *the burthen bear*] Pope. *bear the burthen* Ff.
- 381-383. Steevens gives *Hark, hark! The watch-dogs bark* to Ariel.
387. *i' th' air or th' earth?*] *in air or earth?* Pope.
390. *again*] *against* Rowe (after Dryden).
407. *owes*] *owns* Pope (after Dryden), but leaves *ow'st* 454.
408. SCENE VI. Pope.
419. *It goes on, I see,*] *It goes, I see* Capell. *It goes on* Steevens.
420. *fine spirit!*] om. Hanmer.
427. *maid*] F<sub>3</sub>. *mayd* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. *made* F<sub>4</sub>.
443. See [note \(VI\)](#).
444. *ungently*] F<sub>1</sub>. *urgently* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
451. *lest*] F<sub>4</sub>. *least* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>.
452. *One*] *Sir, one* Pope.  
*I charge thee*] *I charge thee* [to Ariel. Pope.
460. Pros. prefixed again to this line in Ff.
468. *and*] *tho'* Hanmer.
469. *foot*] *fool* S. Walker conj. *child* Dryden's version.
470. *makest*] *mak'st* F<sub>1</sub>. *makes* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
471. *so*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *all* Pope.
478. *is*] *are* Rowe.
488. *nor*] *and* Rowe (after Dryden). *or* Capell.
489. *are*] *were* Malone conj.

## Act II: Scene 1

3. *hint*] *stint* Warburton.
5. *masters*] *master* Johnson. *mistress* Steevens conj. *master's* Edd. conj.
6. *of woe*] om. Steevens conj.
- 11-99. Marked as interpolated by Pope.
11. *visitor*] *'viser* Warburton.  
*him*] om. Rowe.
15. one] F<sub>1</sub>. on] F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
16. *entertain'd ... Comes*] Capell. *entertain'd, That's offer'd comes*] Ff. Printed as prose by Pope.
27. *of he*] Ff. *of them, he* Pope. *or he* Collier MS. See [note \(VII\)](#).
35. Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!*—*So you're paid*] Theobald. Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So you'r paid* Ff. Ant. *So you've paid* Capell.

- 81, 82. Seb. *His ... too*] Edd. Ant. *His ... harp*. Seb. *He ... too* Ff.
88. Ay.] I. Ff. Ay? Pope.
96. *sir, my doublet*] F<sub>1</sub>. *my doublet, sir* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
113. *stroke*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *strokes* F<sub>4</sub>.
124. *Weigh'd*] *Sway'd* S. Verges conj.  
at] as Collier MS.
125. *o'the*] *the* Pope.  
*should*] *she'd* Malone.
129. *The fault's your own*] *the fault's your own* (at the end of 128) Capell. *the fault's Your own* Malone.
137. *plantation*] *the plantation* Rowe. *the planting* Hanmer.
139. *on't*] *of it* Hanmer.
144. *riches, poverty*] *wealth, poverty* Pope. *poverty, riches* Capell.
145. *contract, succession*] *succession, Contract* Malone conj. *succession, None* id. conj.
146. *none*] *olives, none* Hanmer.
157. *its*] F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *it* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. See [note \(VIII\)](#).
162. *'Save*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *Save* F<sub>4</sub>. *God save* Edd. conj.
175. Enter ... invisible ... music.] Malone. Enter Ariel, playing solemn music. Ff. om. Pope. [Solemn music. Capell.
181. [All sleep ... Ant.] Stage direction to the same effect, first inserted by Capell.
- 182-189. Text as in Pope. In Ff. the lines begin *Would ... I find ... Do not ... It seldom ... We two ... While ... Thank*.
189. [Exit Ariel] Malone.
192. *find not*] Pope. *find Not* Ff.
211. *so too, if heed*] *so too, if you heed* Rowe. *so, if you heed* Pope.
212. *Trebles thee o'er*] *Troubles thee o'er* Pope. *Troubles thee not* Hanmer.
222. *throes*] Pope. *throwes* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *throws* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Thus, sir*] *Why then thus Sir* Hanmer.
226. *he's*] *he'as* Hanmer. *he* Johnson conj.
227. *Professes to persuade*] om. Steevens.
234. *doubt*] *drops* Hanmer. *doubts* Capell.
241. *she that from whom*] Ff. *she from whom* Rowe. *she for whom* Pope. *she from whom coming* Singer. *she that—from whom?* Spedding conj. See [note \(IX\)](#).
242. *all*] om. Pope.
243. *And ... to perform*] *May ... perform* Pope. *And by that destin'd to perform* Musgrave conj. (*And that by destiny*) *to perform* Staunton conj.
244. *is*] F<sub>1</sub>. *in* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
245. *In*] *Is* Pope.
250. *to*] F<sub>1</sub>. *by* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Keep*] *Sleep* Johnson conj.
251. See [note \(X\)](#).

267. *'twere*] *it were* Singer.
- 267-271. Pope ends the lines with *that? ... slipper ... bosom ... Milan ... molest ... brother*.
267. See note (XI).
269. *twenty*] *Ten* Pope.
270. *stand*] *stood* Hanmer.  
*candied*] *Discandy'd* Upton conj.
271. *And melt*] *Would melt* Johnson conj. *Or melt* id. conj.
- 273, 274. *like, that's dead; Whom I, with*] *like, whom I With* Steevens (Farmer conj.).
275. *whiles*] om. Pope.
277. *morsel*] *Moral* Warburton.
- 280, 281. *business ... hour.*] *hour ... business.* Farmer conj.
282. *precedent*] Pope. *president* Ff.
287. *O*] om. Pope.  
 [They talk apart] Capell.  
 Re-enter Ariel invisible.] Capell. Enter Ariel with music and song. Ff.
289. *you, his friend,*] *these, his friends* Steevens (Johnson conj.).
- 289, 290. *friend ... project dies ... them*] *friend ... projects dies ... you* Hanmer. *friend ... projects die ... them* Malone conj. *friend ... project dies ... thee* Dyce.
298. [They wake.] Rowe.
300. *this*] *thus* Collier MS.
307. *Gonzalo*] om. Pope.
312. *verily*] *verity* Pope.  
*upon our guard*] *on guard* Pope.

## Act II: Scene 2

4. *nor*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. *not* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
15. *and*] *now* Pope. *sent* Edd. conj. (so Dryden).
21. *foul*] *full* Upton conj.
35. [Thunder] Capell.
38. *dregs*] *drench* Collier MS.
40. SCENE III. Pope.  
 [a bottle in his hand] Capell.
46. *and Marian*] *Mirian* Pope.
56. *savages*] *salvages* Ff.
60. *at's nostrils*] Edd. *at 'nostrils* F<sub>1</sub>. *at nostrils* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *at his nostrils* Pope.
78. *you, cat*] *you Cat* Ff. *a cat* Hanmer. *your cat* Edd. conj.
84. *well*] F<sub>1</sub> om. F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
- 115, 116. Steevens prints as verse, *I'll ... thy True ... earthly*.
118. *swear, then, how thou escapedst*] *swear then: how escapedst thou?* Pope.
119. *Swum*] *Swom* Ff.



131. *and thy dog, and thy bush*] *thy dog and bush* Steevens.  
 133. *new*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the new* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 135. *weak*] F<sub>1</sub>. *shallow* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 138. *island*] F<sub>1</sub>. *isle* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 150-154, 157-162, printed as verse by Pope (after Dryden).  
 162. *scamels*] *shamois* Theobald. *seamalls, stannels* id. conj.  
 163. *Ste.*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Cal.* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 165. Before *here*; *bear my bottle* Capell inserts [To Cal.]. See [note \(XII\)](#).  
 172. *trencher*] Pope (after Dryden). *trenchering* Ff.  
 175. *hey-day*] Rowe. *high-day* Ff.

## Act III: Scene 1

1. *and*] *but* Pope.  
 2. *sets*] Rowe. *set* Ff.  
 4, 5. *my ... odious*] *my mean task would be As heavy to me as 'tis odious* Pope.  
 9. *remove*] *move* Pope.  
 14. *labours*] *labour* Hanmer.  
 15. *Most busy lest*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Most busy least* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *Least busy* Pope. *Most busie-less* Theobald. *Most busiest* Holt White conj. *Most busy felt* Staunton. *Most busy still* Staunton conj. *Most busy-blest* Collier MS. *Most busiliest* Bullock conj.  
*Most busy lest, when I do (doe F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>) it]* *Most busy when least I do it* Brae conj. *Most busiest when idlest* Spedding conj. *Most busy left when idlest* Edd. conj. See [note \(XIII\)](#).  
 at a distance, unseen] Rowe.  
 17. *you are*] F<sub>1</sub>. *thou art* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 31. *it is*] *is it* Steevens conj. (ed. 1, 2, and 3). om. Steevens (ed. 4) (Farmer conj.).  
 34, 35. *I do beseech you,—Chiefly*] *I do beseech you Chiefly* Ff.  
 59. *I therein do*] *I do* Pope. *Therein* Steevens.  
 62. *wooden*] *wodden* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*than to*] *than I would* Pope.  
 72. *what else*] *ought else* Malone conj. (withdrawn).  
 80. *seeks*] *seekd* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 88. *as*] F<sub>1</sub>. *so* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
 91. *severally*] Capell.  
 93. *withal*] Theobald. *with all* Ff.

## Act III: Scene 2

SCENE II. Another...] Theobald. The other... Pope.

Enter ...] Enter S. and T. reeling, Caliban following with a bottle. Capell. Enter C. S. and T. with a

bottle. Johnson.

8. *head*] F<sub>1</sub>. *heart* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

13, 14. *on. By this light, thou*] *on, by this light thou* Ff. *on, by this light.*—*Thou* Capell.

25. *debauched*] *debosh'd* Ff.

37. *to the suit I made to thee*] *the suit I made thee* Steevens, who prints all Caliban's speeches as verse.

60. Johnson conjectured that this line was spoken by Stephano.

68. *farther*] F<sub>1</sub> *no further* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

72. [Beats him.] Rowe.

84. *there*] *then* Collier MS.

89. *nor*] *and* Pope.

93. *deck*] *deck't* Hanmer.

96. *I never saw a woman*] *I ne'er saw woman* Pope.
99. *great'st does least*] *greatest does the least* Rowe.
- 115, 116] Printed as verse in Ff.
115. *any*] F<sub>1</sub>. *and* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
117. *scout 'em, and scout 'em*] Pope. *cout 'em and skowt 'em* Ff.
125. *sins*] *sin* F<sub>4</sub>.
132. *twangling*] *twanging* Pope.
133. *sometime*] F<sub>1</sub>. *sometimes* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
137. *that*] om. Pope.
147. Trin. *Will come? I'll follow, Stephano*] Trin. *Wilt come?* Ste. *I'll follow.* Capell. Ste. ... *Wilt come?* Trin. *I'll follow, Stephano.* Ritson conj.

### Act III: Scene 3

2. *ache*] *ake* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *akes* F<sub>1</sub>.
3. *forth-rights*] F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *fourth rights* F<sub>1</sub>.
8. *flatterer*] F<sub>1</sub>. *flatterers* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
17. Prospero above] Malone. Prospero on the top Ff. See [note \(XIV\)](#).
20. *were*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *are* F<sub>4</sub>.
26. *'tis true*] *to 't* Steevens conj.  
*did lie*] *lied* Hanmer.
29. *islanders*] F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *islands* F<sub>1</sub>.
32. *gentle-kind*] Theobald. *gentle, kind* Ff. *gentle kind* Rowe.
36. *muse*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *muse, F<sub>4</sub>. muse;* Capell.
48. *of five for one*] Ff. *on five for one* Theobald. *of one for five* Malone, (Thirlby conj.) See [note \(XV\)](#).
- 49-51. *I will ... past*] Mason conjectured that these lines formed a rhyming couplet.
53. SCENE IV. Pope.
54. *instrument*] *instruments* F<sub>4</sub>.
56. *belch up you*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *belch you up* F<sub>4</sub>. *belch up* Theobald.
60. [... draw their swords] Hanmer.
65. *dowle*] *down* Pope.  
*plume*] Rowe. *plumbe* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *plumb* F<sub>4</sub>.
67. *strengths*] *strength* F<sub>4</sub>.
79. *wraths*] *wrath* Theobald.
81. *heart-sorrow*] Edd. *hearts-sorrow* Ff. *heart's-sorrow* Rowe. *heart's sorrow* Pope.
82. *mocks*] *mopps* Theobald.
86. *life*] *list* Johnson conj.

90. *now*] om. Pope.  
 92. *whom*] *who* Hanmer.  
 93. *mine*] *my* Rowe.  
 [Exit above] Theobald.  
 94. *something holy, sir,*] *something, holy Sir*, F4.  
 99. *bass*] Johnson. *base* Ff.  
 106. *do*] om. Pope.

## Act IV: Scene 1

3. *a third*] *a thread* Theobald. *the thread* Williams conj.  
 4. *who*] *whom* Pope.  
 7. *test*] F1. *rest* F2 F3 F4.  
 9. *off*] F2 F3 F4. *of* F1.  
 11. *do*] om. Pope.  
 13. *gift*] Rowe. *guest* Ff.  
 14. *but*] F1. om. F2 F3 F4.  
 25. *'tis*] *is* Capell.  
 30. *Phæbus*] *Phæbus* F1. *Phædus* F2 F3. *Phæduus* F4.  
 34. SCENE II. Pope.  
 41. *vanity*] *rarity* S. Walker conj.  
 48. *no?*] *no*. Rowe.  
 53. *abstemious*] *abstenious* F1.  
 60. SCENE III. A MASQUE. Pope.  
*thy*] F1. *the* F2 F3 F4.  
 64. *pioned*] *pionied* Warburton. *peonied* Steevens.  
*twilled*] *tulip'd* Rowe. *tilled* Capell (Holt conj.). *liliated* Steevens.  
 66. *broom-groves*] *brown groves* Hanmer.  
 68. *pole-clipt*] *pale-clipt* Hanmer.  
 72. After this line Ff. have the stage direction, '*Juno descends.*'  
 74. *her*] Rowe. *here* Ff.  
 83. *short-grass'd*] F3 F4. *short gras'd* F1 F2. *short-grass* Pope.  
 96. *bed-right*] *bed-rite* Singer.  
 101. *High 'st*] *High* Pope.  
 102. Enter JUNO] om. Ff.  
 110. Cer.] Theobald. om. Ff.  
*foison*] F1 *and foison* F2 F3 F4.  
 114. *Spring*] *Rain* Collier MS.  
 119. *charmingly*] *charming lay* Hanmer. *charming lays* Warburton. *Harmoniously charming* Steevens conj.

121. *from their*] F<sub>1</sub>. *from all their* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
123. *wife*] F<sub>1</sub> (var.). Rowe. *wise* F<sub>1</sub> (var.) F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
124. *Makes*] *make* Pope.  
*sweet, now, silence*] *now, silence, sweet* Hanmer.
124. In Ff. the stage direction [*Juno, &c.* follows line 127. Capell made the change.
128. *windring*] *winding* Rowe. *wand'ring* Steevens.
129. *sedged*] *sedge* Collier MS.
136. *holiday*] *holly day* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *holy-day* F<sub>4</sub>.
139. SCENE IV. Pope.
143. *This is*] *This'* (for *This 's*) S. Walker conj.  
*strange*] *most strange* Hanmer.
145. Ff put a comma after *anger*. Warburton omitted it.
146. *do*] om. Pope. See [note \(XVI\)](#).
151. *this*] F<sub>1</sub>. *their* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *th' air visions* Warburton.
156. *rack*] F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *racke* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. *track* Hanmer. *wreck* Dyce (Malone conj.).
163. *your*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *you* F<sub>4</sub>.
164. *I thank thee, Ariel: come.*] *I thank you:—Ariel, come.* Theobald.
169. *Lest*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Least* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>.
170. *Say again*] *Well, say again* Capell.
180. *furzes*] Rowe. *firzes* Ff.
181. *shins*] *skins* Warburton conj. (note, V. 1. p. 87).
182. *filthy-mantled*] *filthy mantled* Ff. *filth-ymantled* Steevens conj.
184. *feet*] *fear* Spedding conj.
190. *all, all*] *are all* Malone conj.
193. *them on* Rowe. *on them* Ff. Prospero ... invisible. Theobald, Capell. om. Ff.
194. SCENE V. Pope.
230. *Let's alone*] *Let's along* Theobald. *Let it alone* Hanmer. *Let 't alone* Collier. See [note \(XVII\)](#).
246. *to apes*] om. *to* Pope.
255. Stage direction added by Theobald.
256. *they*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *thou* F<sub>2</sub>.
261. *Lie*] Rowe. *lies* Ff.

## Act V: Scene 1

7. *together*] om. Pope.
9. *all*] *all your* Pope.
10. *line-grove*] *lime-grove* Rowe.
11. *your*] F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. *you* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.
15. *sir*] om. Pope.
16. *run*] *runs* F<sub>1</sub>.

- winter's] winter F4.
23. F1 F2 put a comma after *sharply*. F3 F4 omit it.
24. *Passion*] *Passion'd* Pope.
26. 'gainst] Pope. *gainst* F1 F2. *against* F3 F4.
33. SCENE II. Pope.
37. *green sour*] *green-sward* Douce conj.
46. *strong-based*] Rowe. *strong-bass'd* Ff.
58. SCENE III. Pope.  
and] om. Capell.
60. *boil'd*] Pope. *boile* F1 F2. *boil* F3 F4.
62. *Holy*] *Noble* Collier MS.
63. *show*] *shew* Ff. *flow* Collier MS.
64. *fellowly*] *fellow* Pope.
68. O] *O my* Pope. *O thou* S. Walker conj.
69. *sir*] *servant* Collier MS.
72. *Didst*] F3 F4. *Did* F1 F2.
74. *Sebastian. Flesh and blood,*] *Sebastian, flesh and blood.* Theobald.
75. *entertain'd*] *entertaine* F1.
76. *who*] Rowe. *whom* Ff.
82. *lies*] F3 F4. *ly* F1 F2.
83. *or*] *e'er* Collier MS.
84. Theobald gives as stage direction "Exit Ariel and returns immediately."
88. *suck*] *lurk* Theobald.
90. *couch*] *crowch* F3 F4.  
Capell punctuates *There I couch: when owls do cry*,
92. *summer*] *sun-set* Theobald.
106. *Behold,*] *lo!* Pope.
111. *Whether thou be'st*] *Where thou beest* Ff. *Be'st thou* Pope. *Whe'r thou be'st* Capell.
112. *trifle*] *devil* Collier MS.
119. *my*] *thy* Collier MS.
124. *not*] F3 F4. *nor* F1 F2.
132. *fault*] *faults* F4.
136. *who*] F2 F3 F4. *whom* F1.
145. *and,*] *sir, and* Capell.  
*supportable*] F1 F2. *insupportable* F3 F4. *portable* Steevens.
148. *my*] *my only* Hanmer.  
*A daughter*] *Only daughter* Hanmer. *Daughter* Capell.
156. *eyes*] F1. *eye* F2 F3 F4.  
*their*] *these* Capell.

172. SCENE IV. Pope.

Here Prospero discovers...] Ff. SCENE opens to the entrance of the cell. Here Prospero discovers ...  
Theobald. Cell opens and discovers ... Capell.

172. *dear 'st]* *dearest* Ff.

179. [Kneels] Theobald.

191. *advice]* F4. *advise* F1 F2 F3.

199, 200. *remembrances with]* *remembrance with* Pope. *remembrances* With Malone.

213. *When]* *Where* Johnson conj.

216. SCENE V. Pope.

*sir, look, sir]* *sir, look* F3 F4.

*is]* *are* Pope.

221. *safely]* *safe* F3 F4.

230. *of sleep]* *a-sleep* Pope.

234. *more]* Rowe. *mo* F1 F2. *moe* F3 F4.

236. *her]* Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *our* Ff.

242-245. Given to Ariel in F2 F3 F4.

247. *leisure]* F1. *seisure* F2. *seizure* F3 F4.

248. *Which shall be shortly, single]* Pope. (*which shall be shortly single*) Ff.

253. [Exit Ariel] Capell.

256. SCENE VI. Pope.

258. *Coragio]* *corasio* F1.

268. *mis-shapen]* *mis-shap'd* Pope.

271. *command, without her power.]* *command. Without her power,* anon. conj.  
*without]* *with all* Collier MS.

280. *liquor]* *'lixir* Theobald.

282-284. Printed as verse in Ff.

289. *This is]* F1 F2. *'Tis* F3 F4.

*a strange]* *as strange a* Capell.

*e'er I]* *I ever* Hanmer.

[Pointing to Caliban.] Steevens.

299. [Exeunt... Trin.] Capell.

308. *nuptial]* *nuptiall* F1. *nuptials* F2 F3 F4.

309. See [note \(XVIII\)](#).

## Epilogue

EPILOGUE ... PROSPERO.] *advancing,* Capell.

1. *Now]* *Now, now* F3 F4.

3. *now]* *and now* Pope.

13. *Now]* *For now* Pope.

## Sources

The editors' Preface (e-text 23041) discusses the 17th- and 18th-century editions in detail; the newer (19th-century) editions are simply listed by name. The following editions may appear in the Notes. All inset text is quoted from the Preface.

### Folios:

F<sub>1</sub> 1623; F<sub>2</sub> (no date given); F<sub>3</sub> 1663; F<sub>4</sub> 1685.

"The five plays contained in this volume occur in the first Folio in the same order, and ... were there printed for the first time."

### Early editions:

Rowe 1709

Pope 1715

"Pope was the first to indicate the *place* of each new scene; as, for instance, *Tempest*, I. 1. 'On a ship at sea.' He also subdivided the scenes as given by the Folios and Rowe, making a fresh scene whenever a new character entered—an arrangement followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson. For convenience of reference to these editions, we have always recorded the commencement of Pope's scenes."

Theobald 1733

Hanmer ("Oxford edition") 1744

Warburton 1747

Johnson 1765

Capell 1768; *also Capell's annotated copy of F<sub>2</sub>*

Steevens 1773

Malone 1790

Reed 1803

### Later editions:

Singer, Knight, Cornwall, Collier, Phelps, Halliwell, Dyce, Staunton

### Dryden:

"*The Tempest* was altered by Dryden and D'Avenant, and published as *The Tempest; or the Enchanted Island*, in 1669. We mark the emendations derived from it: 'Dryden's version.'"

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