

The Tempest

CAST

ALONSO, *King of Naples*

MASTER of a ship

SEBASTIAN, *his brother*

BOATSWAIN

PROSPERO, *the right duke of Milan.*

MARINERS

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*

GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor*

ADRIAN, *a lord.*

CALIBAN, *A savage and deformed slave*

TRINCULO, *a jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken butler*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ACT I

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

MASTER

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER

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

Exit. Enter Mariners

BOATSWAIN

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

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

ALONSO

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

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN

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

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain

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

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love than myself. You are a
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 hearts! Out
of our way, I say.

Exit Gonzalo, Sebastian, Alonso, Antonio.

Enter Master

MASTER

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 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?

SEBASTIAN

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

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.

ANTONIO

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

We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

BOATSWAIN

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet

MARINERS

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATSWAIN

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards!

A confused noise within.

GONZALO: 'Mercy on us!-- 'We split, we split!--'Farewell, my wife and children!--
'Farewell, brother!--'We split, we split, we split!'

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

GONZALO

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

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

Lays down his mantle

Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

The hour's now come;
Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

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'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind?
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA

Please you, farther.

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--
I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should
Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state;
The government I cast upon my brother.
Thy false uncle--
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

--having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; He did believe
He was indeed the duke.

Hence his ambition growing--
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

He needs will be absolute Milan.

Now the condition:

The 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,
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
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!

PROSPERO

Hear a little further

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench:

Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me,
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
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 had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me



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

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, being then appointed

Master of this design, did give us.

MIRANDA

Would I might

But ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Resumes his mantle

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.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore;

Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

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

ARIEL

To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: The most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

ARIEL

All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel.
The king's son, Ferdinand,
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? no more!

ARIEL

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings.
Thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No, sir

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Pardon, master;

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

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go: be subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, hence with diligence!

Exit ARIEL

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on;

We'll visit Caliban my slave.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CALIBAN

[Within] There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say!
Come, thou tortoise, got by the devil himself,
come forth!

Enter CALIBAN

CALIBAN

A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle.
Cursed be I that did so!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
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.

CALIBAN

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

MIRANDA

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: 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.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel;
Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.

Aside

I must obey: his art is of such power.

PROSPERO

So, slave; hence!

Exit CALIBAN

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

ARIEL'S song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
The watch-dogs bark!
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? I' the air or the earth?



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Sitting on a bank,
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.
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
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.*

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

What is't? a spirit?

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

PROSPERO

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call him

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

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

How? the best?

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

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

[Aside]At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.

To FERDINAND

A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Soft, sir! one word more.

[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 FERDINAND

One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO

Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come.

FERDINAND

No;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

Draws, and is charmed from moving

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

What? I say,
My foot my tutor?

Hence! Hang not on my garments.
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

[Aside] It works. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

MIRANDA

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

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Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Another part of the island.

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

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

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

ADRIAN

Though this island seem to be desert,--
Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--

SEBASTIAN

Yet,--

ADRIAN

Yet,--

ANTONIO

He could not miss't.

ADRIAN

It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
temperance. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost
beyond credit,--

SEBASTIAN

As many vouched rarities are.

ADRIAN

That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in
the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and
glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with
salt water. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we

put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of
the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

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

GONZALO

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as when I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO

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

ADRIAN

Sir, he may live:

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

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

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;

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgically.

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

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

GONZALO

I do well believe your highness; and
did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that
they always use to laugh at nothing.

Court beginning to exit.

ANTONIO *(Aside to Sebastian)*

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True:

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

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir; where lies that?

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke



Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO

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

They exit.

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

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

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease!

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head. What have we here?
a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-
John. A strange fish!
Legged like a man and his fins like
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt.

Thunder

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

STEPHANO

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore--
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks

Sings

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

Drinks

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning to be
afear'd now of your four legs.

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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 will go near to remove his
fit.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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.
Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!
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.

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and
speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard--thy
good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee
by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But
art thou not drowned, Stephano? 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 'scaped!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

[Aside] These be fine things, an if they be
not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO

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.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!
I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i'
the moon! A most poor credulous monster!

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Come, kiss.

TRINCULO

But that the poor monster's in drink.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

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

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a

Poor drunkard!

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;

Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

[Sings drunkenly]

Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND

I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy lest, when I do it. O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her fathers crabbed;

And he's composed of harshness.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress;'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night.
What is your name?

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
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 fun soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.

FERDINAND

I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!--and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log--man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

Ay, here's my hand.

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally

PROSPERO

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

Exit

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

STEPHANO

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.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

TRINCULO

Thou liest, most ignorant monster.

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible

CALIBAN

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

From me he got it. if thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,--for I know thou darest,
Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO

How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN

Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife.

And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil.

STEPHANO

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN

Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen--save our graces!--and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANO

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.

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe

STEPHANO

What is this same?

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO

No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices

That, if I then had waked after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show riches

Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see
this tabourer; he lays it on.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Another part of the island.

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

GONZALO

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.

He is drown'd

Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO

[Aside to SEBASTIAN] I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN

[Aside to ANTONIO] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

[Aside to ANTONIO] I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy;

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
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.
But remember--
For that's my business to you--that you three
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,
Against your peace.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks
and mows, and carrying out the table*

PROSPERO

My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them.

Exit above

GONZALO

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

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

Exit

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S cell. Shakespeare Globe Centre New Zealand

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO

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.

But,

If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both.

FERDINAND

As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,

The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.
Our worsen genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration.

PROSPERO

Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

What would my potent master? here I am.

PROSPERO

Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a twink.

Exit Ariel

PROSPERO

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!

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Well.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND and MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

Exeunt

PROSPERO

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

Enter ARIEL

Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
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
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered 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.

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,--

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
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.

STEPHANO

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

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL

Silver I there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

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CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out

ARIEL

Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO

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.

ACT V. SCENE I

PROSPERO

How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL

Confined together,
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted. And
Him you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.

Go release them, Ariel:

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit

PROSPERO

I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music

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

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
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;
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.*

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep.

Enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

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

Exit

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:

ALONSO

Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

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

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

Welcome, my friends all!

Aside to ANTONIO

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

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.

PROSPERO

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

ALONSO

A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there!

When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest.

Welcome, sir;

This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

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

Kneels

MIRANDA

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before.

ALONSO

I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO

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

GONZALO

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

ALONSO

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

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

GONZALO

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
What is the news?

Boatswain

The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship--
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split--
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL

[Aside to PROSPERO] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO

[Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!

ALONSO

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

Master

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And--how we know not--all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked;

Boatswain

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.

Aside to ARIEL

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Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.

Exit ARIEL

How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

PROSPERO

Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ANTONIO

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

TRINCULO

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

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO

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

PROSPERO

You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one then.

PROSPERO

Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

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

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night. 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.

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all.

Aside to ARIEL

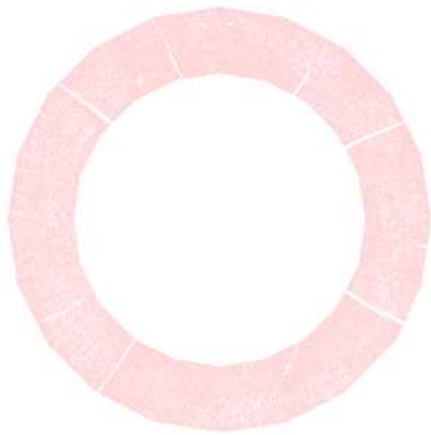
My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

Exeunt

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,
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
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults

Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.



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