

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 1, Scene 1

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard
Enter a **MASTER** and a **BOATSWAIN**

Loud noises of a storm with thunder and lightning.
A ship's **MASTER** and **BOATSWAIN** enter.

MASTER
Boatswain!

MASTER
Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN
Here, master. What cheer?

BOATSWAIN
I'm here, sir. How can I help you?

MASTER
Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir.

MASTER
My good boy, give the other sailors a pep talk—and do it fast, before we're shipwrecked. Hurry, hurry!

Exit MASTER
Enter MARINERS

The MASTER exits.
SAILORS enter.

BOATSWAIN
Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare!
5 Yare!
Take in the topsail.—Tend to th' master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

BOATSWAIN
Come on, men! That's the way to do it! Quickly! Quickly! Take in the upper sail. Listen to the master's orders. —Blow your heart out, storm! So long as we have enough room to avoid running aground!

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

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others enter.

ALONSO
Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master?
Play the men.

ALONSO
Be careful, good Boatswain! Where's the Master?
Make these men work.

BOATSWAIN
I pray now, keep below.

BOATSWAIN
Please stay below deck, sir.

ANTONIO
Where is the Master, Boatswain?

ANTONIO
Where's the Master, Boatswain?

Act 1, Scene 1, Page 2

BOATSWAIN
10 Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins.
You do assist the storm.

BOATSWAIN
He's busy, can't you hear him giving orders? You're getting in the way of our work. Stay in your cabins. You're helping the storm, not us.

GONZALO
Nay, good, be patient.

GONZALO
Don't get wound up, my good man.

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

BOATSWAIN
I'm only wound up because the sea's wound up. Now get out of here! Do you think these waves care anything about kings and officials? Go to your cabins and be quiet! Don't bother us up here.

GONZALO
Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

GONZALO
Just remember who you've got on board with you, good man.

BOATSWAIN
15 None that I more love than myself. You are a councilor. 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

BOATSWAIN
Nobody I care about more than myself. You're a king's advisor. If you can order the storm to calm down, we can all put down our ropes and rest. Go ahead, use your authority. If you can't do it, be grateful you've lived this long and go wait to die in

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ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say.

Exit BOATSWAIN

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him. His complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging. Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exeunt GONZALO and courtiers

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your cabin, if it comes to that.—Harder, men!—Now get out of our way, I'm telling you.

The BOATSWAIN exits.

GONZALO

I feel a lot better after talking to this guy. He doesn't look like a person who would drown—he looks like he was born to be **hanged**. I hope he lives long enough to be hanged. The rope that hangs him will do more good than all the ropes on this ship, since it'll guarantee he stays alive through this storm. But if he's not destined to die by hanging, then our chances don't look too good.

GONZALO exits with the other men of court.

Act 1, Scene 1, Page 3

Enter BOATSWAIN

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast! Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main course.

A cry within

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

20 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.

GONZALO

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

BOATSWAIN

25 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!

The BOATSWAIN enters.

BOATSWAIN

Bring down that top sail! Fast! Lower, lower! Let the ship sail close to the wind.

A shout offstage.

Damn those men shouting down there! They're louder than the storm or us sailors.

SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO enter.

Oh, not you again. What do you want? Should we all give up and drown? Do you want to sink?

SEBASTIAN

Oh, go to hell, you loud-mouthed bastard!

BOATSWAIN

Well, get to work, then.

ANTONIO

Just die, you lowlife! Go ahead and die, you nasty, rude bastard! You're more scared of drowning than we are.

GONZALO

Yes, I guarantee he won't drown—even if this ship were as fragile as an eggshell and as leaky as a menstruating woman.

BOATSWAIN

Turn the ship to the wind! Set the sails and let her go out to sea again!

More SAILORS enter, wet.

SAILORS

It's no use! Pray for your lives! We're done for!

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*Exit MARINERS**The SAILORS exit.***BOATSWAIN**

What, must our mouths be cold?

BOATSWAIN

What, we're going to die?

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers. Let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

GONZALO

The king and the prince are praying. Let's go join them, since whatever happens to them happens to us too.

SEBASTIAN

30 I'm out of patience.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!

ANTONIO

Yes, we've been cheated out of our lives by a bunch of drunken, incompetent sailors. This bigmouth jerk here—(to BOATSWAIN) I hope you drown ten times over!

GONZALO

He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of water swear against it and gape at widest to glut him.

GONZALO

He'll still die by hanging, not drowning, even if every drop of water in the sea tries to swallow him.

*A confused noise within**A confused noise offstage.***VOICES***(within)* Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!**VOICES**

God have mercy on us!—The ship's breaking up!—Goodbye, wife and kids!—Goodbye, brother!—We're breaking up, we're breaking up!

ANTONIO

Let's all sink wi' th' king.

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

35 Let's take leave of him.

SEBASTIAN

Let's say goodbye to him.

*Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN**ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN exit.*

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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.

GONZALORight now I'd give a thousand [furlongs](#) of sea for one little acre of dry ground: barren weed patch, anything at all. What's destined to happen will happen, but I'd give anything to be dry when I die.*Exeunt**They exit.*

Act 1, Scene 2

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA**PROSPERO and MIRANDA enter.***MIRANDA**If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
5 Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer. A brave vessel Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her Dashed all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.

10 Had I been any god of power, I would

MIRANDA

Dear father, if you caused this terrible storm with your magic powers, please put an end to it. The sky's so dark it looks like it would rain down boiling hot tar if the sea weren't swelling up to the sky to put its fire out. Oh, I suffered along with all the men I watched suffer! A fine ship, with some good people in it, I'm sure, smashed to pieces. Their dying shouts broke my heart! The poor people died. If I'd been a god I would've let the sea sink inside the earth before it had a chance to

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Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected.

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart

15 There's no harm done.

MIRANDA

Oh, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one—thee my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught 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.

MIRANDA

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 2

PROSPERO

'Tis time

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

MIRANDA helps PROSPERO remove his mantle

So,

25 Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art

30 So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel—

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou sawst sink. Sit
down.

For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped

35 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay. Not yet."

PROSPERO

The hour's now come.

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.

Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?

40 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Modern Text

swallow up that ship and all the people it was
carrying.

PROSPERO

Calm down. There's nothing to get upset about.

No harm was done.

MIRANDA

Oh, what a horrible day!

PROSPERO

There was no harm, I'm telling you. Everything
I've done has been for you, my dear daughter.
You don't know what you are, since you don't
know who I am or where I come from, or that I'm
better than merely Prospero, your humble father
who lives in a poor little shack.

MIRANDA

It never occurred to me to imagine there was
anything more to know.

PROSPERO

It's time for you to know the whole story. Give me
a hand and help me off with this magic cloak.

MIRANDA helps PROSPERO remove his cloak.

(to the cloak) So, lie there, my
magic. *(to MIRANDA)* Wipe your eyes. Take
comfort. I arranged the horrible sight of this
shipwreck, which moved you to such pity, so
carefully that not a single person was hurt—no,
not so much as a hair on anyone's head was
destroyed in the ship that you saw sink. Sit down.
It's time for you to know more. *(they sit)*

MIRANDA

You've often started to tell me who I am, but then
suddenly stopped, leaving me asking questions
that never get answered, telling me, "Wait. Not
yet."

PROSPERO

Well, the time has come. This is the moment for
you to listen hard and pay close attention. Can
you remember the time before you came to live in
this shack? I doubt it, since you weren't even
three at the time.

MIRANDA

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Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

By what? By any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3**MIRANDA**

'Tis far off,

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Oh, the heavens!

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

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 4**MIRANDA**

Oh, my heart bleeds

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

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me (that a brother should
Be so perfidious!)—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
70 The manage of my state, as at that time

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Sure I can, father.

PROSPERO

What do you remember? A house, a person? Tell
me anything you remember.

MIRANDA

My memory is hazy, more like a dream than a
recollection. Didn't I use to have four or five
women taking care of me?

PROSPERO

Indeed you did, and more besides, Miranda. But
how is it possible that you still remember this,
through all the darkness of the past? If you
remember your life before you came here, you
may also remember how you got here.

MIRANDA

No, that I don't remember.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Aren't you my father?

PROSPERO

Your mother was extremely virtuous, and she
said you were my daughter. And your father was
Duke of Milan, and you were his heir, a princess.

MIRANDA

Good lord! What evil things were done to us that
we were driven here? Or was it a blessing that we
came here?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl. We were pushed out of power
by evil deeds, as you call them. But we were
blessed in being helped toward this island.

MIRANDA

Oh, it breaks my heart to think how painful it must
be for you to recall all this, things that I can't
remember. But please tell me more.

PROSPERO

My brother, your uncle Antonio—just listen to this
(I still can't believe a brother could be so
disloyal!)—My brother whom—aside from you—I
loved more than anyone else in the world, I
trusted to run my state, which at that time was the

Original Text

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,

- 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?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
80 How to deny them, who t' advance and who
To trash for overtopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say—or changed
'em,

- Or else new formed 'em—having both the key
85 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, good sir, I do.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 5**PROSPERO**

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

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be

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strongest in the land, and Prospero the number
one duke, famous for my dignity and my
education. Since I was so drawn to studying
things like logic, grammar, geometry, and
astronomy, I let my control of the government
slide a bit, being too wrapped up in my occult
books. Your disloyal uncle—are you paying
attention?

MIRANDA

I'm hanging on every word.

PROSPERO

Once Antonio got the knack of granting certain
requests, denying others, promoting some
officials and keeping down those who were
getting too ambitious, he won over the people
who used to be mine, or changed them—remade
them, you might say. Since he had control over
the whole government and everyone in it, he
soon made everyone sing his own song—
whichever song he happened to like. He became
like the ivy that sticks to the side of the tree, and
sucked my vitality out of me.—You're not paying
attention.

MIRANDA

Oh, yes I am, father.

PROSPERO

Please listen to me carefully. As I neglected
practical matters, being totally dedicated to
solitude and to improving my mind with subjects
more valuable than most people imagine, I was
so shut away from the world that I unwittingly
stirred up evil wishes in my disloyal brother. My
deep trust in him made him deeply
untrustworthy, arousing in him a treachery as big
as my trust was—my trust which had no limit, an
infinite confidence. With Antonio possessing
such powers and wealth, coming not only from
my income but also from his ability to take
whatever my authority allowed him to take,
Antonio started to believe that he was the duke,
like some liar who begins to believe in his own
lie. He put on the face of royalty, with all the
rights that go along with it. With his ambition
growing like this—do you hear what I'm saying?

MIRANDA

What you're saying could cure deafness, father.
Of course I hear it.

PROSPERO

To make his political performance absolutely
perfect, he simply had to become the Duke of

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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' th' King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
 115 The dukedom yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

Oh, the heavens!

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 6

PROSPERO

Mark his condition and the event. Then tell me
 If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!
 I, not remembering how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint
 135 That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 7

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench.
 140 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,

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Milan himself. My library was a large enough
 dukedom for me. So, now Antonio judges me
 incapable of carrying out my duties. He's so
 power-hungry that he allies himself with the King
 of Naples, agreeing to pay him a regular annual
 sum, swear subservience to him, and put the
 dukedom of Milan—never subservient to anyone
 before!—under the humiliating control of Naples.

MIRANDA

Good heavens!

PROSPERO

Think about that, and about what followed
 afterward. Then tell me if Antonio can be called a
 brother.

MIRANDA

It would be wrong for me to think poorly of my
 grandmother. Good women sometimes give birth
 to bad sons.

PROSPERO

Now listen to the agreement they made. The king
 of Naples, my arch-enemy, listens to my
 brother's request, which was that the king, in
 exchange for the respect and money paid to him,
 would get rid of me and make my brother Duke
 of Milan instead. A treacherous army was
 gathered, and one fateful night at midnight,
 Antonio opened the gates of Milan, and in the
 pitch black had his officers rush out me and you,
 my dear daughter. You were crying.

MIRANDA

How awful! I can't remember how I cried then,
 but I'll cry all over again. This story breaks my
 heart.

PROSPERO

Just listen a little more, and I'll bring you up to
 date about the present situation, which is the
 whole reason I'm telling you this story in the first
 place.

MIRANDA

Why didn't they just kill us that night?

PROSPERO

Good question, my girl. My story does raise that
 question. The answer, my dear, is that they didn't

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So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business, but
 With colors 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 butt, not rigged,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast. The very rats
 Instinctively had quit it. There they hoist us
 To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh
 150 To th' winds whose Opity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

Oh, a cherubim
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 155 When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groaned; which raised in me
 An undergoing stomach to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

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PROSPERO

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 furnished me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might
 But ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Now I arise.
 170 *(stands and puts on his mantle)*
 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
 175 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

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dare, because the people of Milan loved me too much. The had to disguise their bloody intentions. So, to make a long story short, they hurried us onto a ship and carried us a number of miles out to sea, where they prepared a rotten carcass of a boat, with no sails or masts or ropes, which even the rats had abandoned. They tossed us in the water to cry to the sea that roared back at us, to sigh into the winds that sighed right back at us in pity.

MIRANDA

God, what a burden on you I must have been!

PROSPERO

No, my dear, you were a little angel who kept me going. You smiled with a strength you must have gotten from heaven, while I cried salty tears into the salty sea, and groaned at our situation. Your smile sustained my spirits against whatever would come our way.

MIRANDA

How did we manage to get ashore?

PROSPERO

With God's help. We had a little food and fresh water that a nobleman from Naples, Gonzalo, had given us out of the kindness of his heart. He had been chosen to carry out the plan of putting us to sea. He also gave us clothes, linen, and other necessities that have been of great help. Knowing how much I loved my books, he gave me some books from my library that I value more than my dukedom.

MIRANDA

I wish I could see that man someday!

PROSPERO

Now I'll stand up. *(he stands and puts on his magic cloak)* Sit still and listen to the last of our sad sea adventures. We arrived here on this island, where I, acting as your teacher, have given you a better education than most princesses get, princesses who have less careful tutors, who spend their time instead on empty fun.

MIRANDA

May God thank you for it. But please, father—the question is still nagging at me—why did you

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For raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth:

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune

180 (Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore. And by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

185 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 9

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

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

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

195 Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL

To every article.

I boarded the king's ship. Now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide,

200 And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
205 Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 10**ARIEL**

Not a soul

210 But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners

Modern Text

conjure up this storm?

PROSPERO

You should know this: much luck is on my side,
and my enemies have happened to wreck their
ship on this island. As I see it, my fate hangs on
this lucky event, and if I handle it wrong, I'll suffer
for the rest of my life. Now, no more questions.

You look sleepy. It's a nice hazy feeling, so give
in to it. I know you have no choice.

MIRANDA falls asleep.

Come on, servant, come. I'm ready now. Come
here, Ariel.

ARIEL enters.

ARIEL

Humble greetings, great master! Worthy sir,
greetings! Your wish is my command, whatever
you want. If you want me to fly, to swim, to jump
into fire, to ride the clouds in the sky, Ariel will
get right to the task.

PROSPERO

Spirit, did you carry out the storm just as I
ordered?

ARIEL

Down to the last detail. I boarded the king's ship,
and in every corner of it, from the deck to the
cabins, I made everyone astonished and
terrified. Sometimes I appeared in many places
at once. On the top sail and main mast I flamed
in different spots, then I came together into a
single flame. I flashed about faster than lightning.
The fire and deafening cracks seemed to
overwhelm even the god of the sea himself,
making him tremble underwater.

PROSPERO

Good spirit! Who could ever be so steady and
strong that a disturbance like that wouldn't make
him crazy?

ARIEL

Everyone there got a little crazy and pulled some
desperate stunts. Everyone except the sailors
dove into the sea, leaving behind the ship that I

Original Text

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—
215 Was the first man that leaped, cried, "Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perished.
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
220 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,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
225 His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship. In the deep nook where once
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
230 From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 11

The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
235 And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wracked
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed. But there's more work.
240 What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.

PROSPERO

At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,

Modern Text

had set on fire. The king's son, Ferdinand, with
his hair standing straight up—it looked like reeds,
not hair—was the first person to jump, shouting,
"Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO

Good job! But was this near the shore?

ARIEL

Very near, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they all safe, Ariel?

ARIEL

Nobody was hurt in the slightest. Even their
clothes are unstained, and look fresher than
before the storm. I've separated them into
groups around the island, just as you ordered. I
sent the king's son off by himself to a faraway
nook on the island, where he's sitting now
sighing, with his arms crossed like this. (*he folds
his arms.*)

PROSPERO

Tell me what you did with the king's ship, the
sailors, and the other ships.

ARIEL

The king's ship is safely in the harbor, hidden in
that deep cove where you once summoned me
to bring back dew from the stormy Bermuda
islands.

The sailors are all below deck, sleeping both
from their labor and from a magic spell I cast
over them. As for the rest of the ships, I
scattered them, and they've gathered again in
the Mediterranean, sailing sadly home to Naples,
believing that they witnessed the shipwreck and
death of their great king.

PROSPERO

Ariel, you've done your work exactly as I
ordered. But there's more work to be done. What
time is it?

ARIEL

Past noon.

PROSPERO

At least two hours past. We can't waste time
between now and six o'clock.

ARIEL

Is there more work to do? Since you're giving me
new assignments, let me remind you what you

Original Text

245 Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL

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

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 12

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.

ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO

Oh, was she so? I must
265 Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did
270 They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

Modern Text

promised me but haven't come through with yet.

PROSPERO

What? You're in a bad mood? What could you
possibly ask for?

ARIEL

My freedom.

PROSPERO

Before your sentence has been completed?
Don't say anything else.

ARIEL

I beg you, remember the good work I've done for
you, and how I've never lied to you, never made
mistakes, and never grumbled in my work. You
promised to take a full year off my sentence.

PROSPERO

Have you forgotten the torture I freed you from?

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

You have forgotten, and you think it's a burden
when I ask you to walk through the ocean, or run
on the north wind, or do business for me
underground when the earth's frozen solid.

ARIEL

No, I don't, sir.

PROSPERO

You lie, you nasty, ungrateful thing! Have you
forgotten the horrid witch Sycorax, stooped over
with old age and ill will? Have you forgotten her?

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

You have. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.

ARIEL

In Algiers, sir.

PROSPERO

Oh, was she now? I'll have to tell the story again
every month, since you seem to forget it. This
damned witch Sycorax was kicked out of Algiers
for various witching crimes too terrible for
humans to hear about. But for one reason they
refused to execute her. Isn't that true?

ARIEL

Yes, sir.

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 13

PROSPERO

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.

275 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
280 Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill wheels strike. Then was this island—
285 Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honored with
A human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban, her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so. He, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
290 What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans
Of ever angry bears. It was a torment
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
295 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

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

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 14

ARIEL

Pardon, master.

300 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 make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject
305 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape

PROSPERO

This sunken-eyed hag was brought here
pregnant and left by the sailors. You, my slave,
were her servant at the time, as you admit
yourself. You were too delicate to carry out her
horrible orders, and you refused. In a fit of rage
she locked you up in a hollow pine tree, with the
help of her powerful assistants, and left you there
for twelve years. During that time she died, and
you were trapped, moaning and groaning as fast
as the blades of a mill wheel strike the water. At
that time there were no people here. This island
was not honored with a human being—except for
the son that Sycorax gave birth to here, a
freckled baby born of an old hag.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban, her son.

PROSPERO

That's right, you stupid thing. Caliban, who now
serves me. You know better than anyone how
tortured you were when I found you. Your groans
made wolves howl, and even made bears feel
sorry for you. Nobody but the damned souls of
hell deserves the spell that Sycorax put on you
and couldn't undo. It was my magic that saved
you when I arrived on the island and heard you,
making the pine tree open and let you out.

ARIEL

Thank you, master.

PROSPERO

If you complain any more, I'll split an oak tree
and lock you up in it till you've howled for twelve
years.

ARIEL

Please forgive me, master. I'll be obedient and
do all my tasks without complaining.

PROSPERO

Do that, and I'll set you free in two days.

ARIEL

That's noble of you, master. What shall I do for
you? Just tell me. What shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go disguise yourself as a sea nymph. Be
invisible to everyone except yourself and me.
Take this garment, put it on, and then come back

Original Text

And hither come in 't. Go hence with diligence.

Exit ARIEL

(to MIRANDA)

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

310 Awake!

MIRANDA

(*waking*) The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on.

We'll visit Caliban, my slave who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villain, sir,

315 I do not love to look on.

Modern Text

here. Hurry, go!

ARIEL exits.

(to MIRANDA) Wake up, my dear. Wake up.

You've slept well. Wake up.

MIRANDA

(*waking up*) Your strange story made me groggy.

PROSPERO

Shake off your sleepiness. Come on. We'll go
visit Caliban, my slave who always talks to us so
nastily.

MIRANDA

He's an evil one, father. I don't like him.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 15

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

320 Come forth, I say! There's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! When?

Enter ARIEL, like a water nymph

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear. (*whispers to ARIEL*)

ARIEL

My lord it shall be done.

Exit ARIEL

PROSPERO

(to CALIBAN) Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
325 himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

But even so, we can't do without him. He builds
our fires, gets our firewood, and does all kinds of
useful things for us.—Hey! Caliban! Pile of dirt!
Say something.

CALIBAN

(*offstage*) You've got enough firewood already.

PROSPERO

Come out, I order you. There's other work for
you to do. Come on, you turtle!

ARIEL enters disguised as a water nymph.

What a fine sight! My dear clever Ariel, listen
carefully. (*he whispers to ARIEL*)

ARIEL

My lord, I'll do it right away.

ARIEL exits.

PROSPERO

(to CALIBAN) You horrible slave, with a wicked
hag for a mother and the devil himself for a
father, come out!

CALIBAN enters.

CALIBAN

I hope you both get drenched with a dew as evil
as what my mother used to collect with a crow's
feather from the poison swamps. May a hot
southwest wind blow on you and cover you with
blisters all over.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 16

PROSPERO

330 For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins

PROSPERO

I'll give you cramps for saying that—horrible
pains in your sides that will keep you from

Original Text

Shall, forth at vast of night that they may work,
 All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 335 Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

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

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
 350 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 honor of my child.

CALIBAN

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

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 17**MIRANDA**

Abhorrèd slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
 360 hour
 One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
 365 Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
 natures
 Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock,
 Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN

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

Modern Text

breathing. I'll send goblins out at night to work
 their nasty deeds on you. You'll be pricked all
 over, and it'll sting like bees.

CALIBAN

I have to eat my dinner now. This island belongs
 to me because Sycorax, my mother, left it to me.
 But you've taken it from me. When you first got
 here, you petted me and took care of me, you
 would give me water with berries in it, and you
 taught me the names for the sun and the moon,
 the big light and the smaller light that burn in
 daytime and nighttime. I loved you back then. I
 showed you all the features of the island, the
 freshwater springs, the saltwater pits, the barren
 places and the fertile ones. I curse myself for
 doing that! I wish I could use all the magic spells
 of Sycorax against you and plague you with
 toads, beetles, and bats. I'm the only subject you
 have in your kingdom, and you were my first
 king, and you pen me up in this cave and don't
 let me go anywhere else on the island.

PROSPERO

You liar, you respond better to the whip than to
 kindness! I took good care of you—piece of filth
 that you are—and let you stay in my own hut
 until you tried to rape my daughter.

CALIBAN

Oh ho, oh ho! I wish I had! You stopped me. If
 you hadn't, I would have filled this island with a
 race of Calibans.

MIRANDA

You horrid slave, you can't be trained to be good,
 and you're capable of anything evil! I pitied you,
 worked hard to teach you to speak, and taught
 you some new thing practically every hour. When
 you didn't know what you were saying, and were
 babbling like an animal, I helped you find words
 to make your point understandable. But you had
 bad blood in you, no matter how much you
 learned, and good people couldn't stand to be
 near you. So you got what you deserved, and
 were locked up in this cave, which is more fitting
 for the likes of you than a prison would be.

CALIBAN

You taught me language, and all I can do with it
 is curse. Damn you for teaching me your
 language!

Original Text

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,

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

CALIBAN

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.

PROSPERO

So, slave, hence!

Exit CALIBAN

Modern Text

PROSPERO

Get out of here, you son of a bitch! Bring us wood, and be quick about it. Are you shrugging and making faces, you evil thing? If you neglect my orders or do them grudgingly, I'll double you up with pains and cramps, and make all your bones ache, and make you scream so loud that the wild animals will tremble when they hear you.

CALIBAN

No, please. *(to himself)* I have to obey. He's got such strong magic powers that he could conquer and enslave the god, Setebos, that my mother used to worship.

PROSPERO

Go then, slave.

CALIBAN exits.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 18

Enter FERDINAND and ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing

FERDINAND enters with ARIEL, who is invisible and playing music and singing.

ARIEL

380 *(sings)*

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist.
Foot it feately here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden. Hark, hark!*

SPIRITS

(dispersedly, within) Bow-wow.

ARIEL

The watchdogs bark.

(within) Bow-wow.

ARIEL

Hark, hark! I hear

385 The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry "Cock-a-diddle-dow."

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? 'I' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more, and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
390 Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.

395 No, it begins again.

ARIEL

(singing)

*Come onto these yellow sands,
And we'll join hands,
When you've curtsied and kissed
The waves into silence.
Prance lightly here and there,
And the sweet spirits bear
The burden. Listen, listen!*

SPIRITS

(refrain of the song is heard offstage, from different places, not in unison) Bow-wow.

ARIEL

The watchdogs bark.

SPIRITS

(offstage) Bow-wow.

ARIEL

Listen, listen! I hear

The tune of the strutting rooster
Who cries cock-a-doodle-doo.

FERDINAND

Where's that music coming from? From the earth, or the air? It's stopped now—it must be played for some local god of the island. As I sat on the shore crying over my father's shipwreck, I heard the music creep over the wild waves, calming their fury and soothing my own grief with its sweet melodies. I followed it here, or I should say it dragged me here. But now it's stopped. No, there it is again.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 19

Original Text

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

SPIRITS*(within)* Ding-dong.**ARIEL**

Hark, now I hear them.

SPIRITS*(within)* Ding-dong, bell.**FERDINAND**

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

PROSPERO

(to MIRANDA) 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,
 405 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO

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

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 20

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

(seeing MIRANDA) 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

Modern Text

ARIEL*(singing)*

Your father lies five whole fathoms below,
 His bones have turned to coral now.
 His eyes have turned to pearls.
 There's nothing left of him,
 He's undergone a complete sea change
 And become something rich and strange.
 Sea nymphs ring his death bell every hour.

SPIRITS*(refrain, offstage)* Ding-dong.**ARIEL**

Listen, I hear them.

SPIRITS

Ding dong, bell.

FERDINAND

This song's about my dead father. It couldn't be
 sung by mere mortals. I hear it now overhead.

PROSPERO

(to MIRANDA) Raise the curtains of your eyelids
 and go take a peek at what you can see out
 there.

MIRANDA

What is it? A spirit? Lord, it's glancing every
 which way! How handsome it is. It must be a
 spirit.

PROSPERO

No, girl! It eats and sleeps and has the same five
 senses we do. The gentleman you see now was
 in the shipwreck, and if he weren't a little spoiled
 by grief, which always ruins good looks, you
 could call him handsome. He's lost his comrades
 and is wandering around looking for them.

MIRANDA

I could imagine he's divine, since I never saw
 anything so noble-looking on earth before.

PROSPERO

(to himself) It's all happening according to plan,
 just as my soul wanted it to
 happen. *(to ARIEL)* Spirit, you fine spirit, I'll set
 you free in two days for doing such a good job
 here.

FERDINAND

(seeing MIRANDA) This must surely be the
 goddess that the music is being played for!—
 Please, I beg you to answer me, tell me if you
 live on this island, and tell me how I should

Original Text

420 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,
425 Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO

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

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
430 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wracked.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 21

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

(aside) The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee
435 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 FERDINAND)
A word, good sir.
I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA

440 *(aside)* Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

(to MIRANDA)
Oh, if a virgin,
445 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

Modern Text

behave here. My main question, which I save for
the last, is—Oh, you marvelous creature!—are
you a maiden or a goddess?

MIRANDA

I'm not marvelous, sir, but I'm certainly a maiden.

FERDINAND

She speaks my language! My God, I'm the
highest-ranking person who speaks this
language—if only we were back where it's
spoken.

PROSPERO

What's that? The highest-ranking? What would
the King of Naples do if he heard you say that?

FERDINAND

He would just see me for what I am, a person
amazed to hear you talking about Naples. He
does hear me, and that makes me cry. I myself
am the King of Naples, since I saw with my own
eyes—these eyes that haven't been dry since—
my father killed in a shipwreck.

MIRANDA

Ah, how pitiful!

FERDINAND

Yes, indeed, and all the King's men, the Duke of
Milan and his fine son too.

PROSPERO

(to himself) The real Duke of Milan and his far
finer daughter could beat you in a heartbeat, if it
were the right time. They've fallen in love at first
sight!—Wonderful Ariel, I'll set you free for doing
such good work here. *(to FERDINAND)* Could I
have a word with you, sir? I'm afraid you've
made a mistake. Just a word.

MIRANDA

(to herself) Why is my father speaking to him so
rudely? This is the third man I've ever seen in my
life, and the first one I've felt romantic feelings
for. I hope my father takes pity on me and treats
him well for my sake!

FERDINAND

Oh, if you're a virgin, and you haven't given your
heart to another man, then I'll make you the
queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Hang on, sir! Just a moment. *(to himself)* They're
both in love. But I need to cause a little trouble
between them, or else they'll never appreciate

Original Text

business
 450 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
 455 Upon this island as a spy to win it
 From me, the lord on 't.
FERDINAND
 No, as I am a man!

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 22

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
 460 (to FERDINAND) Follow me.
 (to MIRANDA) Speak not you for him. He's a traitor.
 (to FERDINAND) Come,
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
 Seawater shalt thou drink. Thy food shall be
 465 The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND

No.
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power.

FERDINAND draws his sword, and is charmed from moving

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

PROSPERO

What, I say?
 My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,
 Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy
 conscience
 Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,
 475 For I can here disarm thee with this stick
 And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

Modern Text

the value of their love. (to FERDINAND) I need a word with you, sir. I order you to listen to me. You're calling yourself by a name that doesn't belong to you. You've come onto this island as a spy, to snatch it away from me—I'm the rightful lord of it.

FERDINAND

No, I swear, that's not true!

MIRANDA

A man as handsome as that can't have anything evil in him. If the devil had such a beautiful house as his body, then good things would fight to live in it.

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) Follow me. (to MIRANDA) Don't defend him. He's a traitor. (to FERDINAND) Come on, I'll chain your neck and feet together, and I'll give you sea water to drink. Your food will be slugs, dry roots, and acorn shells. Come on.

FERDINAND

No, I'll have to decline that offer—at least as long as I'm stronger than you are.

FERDINAND takes out his sword, but PROSPERO casts a spell on him that freezes him in place.

MIRANDA

Oh, dear father, don't judge him too quickly. He's a good man, and brave too.

PROSPERO

What's that? The daughter knows more than the father?—Put away your sword, traitor. You make quite a show there, but you're too scared to strike at me, since you feel too guilty. Get out of that position, because I can disarm you with my magic wand and make your sword drop.

MIRANDA

Please, father, I beg you.

PROSPERO

Let go of me! Don't tug on my clothes.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 23

Original Text

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? Hush,
480 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,
To th' most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

(*to FERDINAND*) Come on. Obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND

So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
490 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
495 Let liberty make use of. Space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

(*aside*) It works!
(*to FERDINAND*) Come on.
(*aside*) Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!
(*to FERDINAND*) Follow me.
500 (*to ARIEL*) Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 24

MIRANDA

(*to FERDINAND*) Be of comfort.
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO

505 (*to ARIEL*) Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds. But then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL

To th' syllable.

PROSPERO

(*to FERDINAND*) Come, follow.
510 (*to MIRANDA*)—Speak not for him.

Modern Text

MIRANDA

Father, take pity on him. I'll guarantee his
goodness myself.

PROSPERO

Quiet! If you say one more word, I'll punish you,
maybe even hate you. You're defending an
impostor? Be quiet. You think he's special, since
you've only ever seen him and Caliban. Foolish
girl, in the eyes of most people this man's a
Caliban, and compared to him, they're angels.

MIRANDA

Then my love is humble. I don't feel any urge to
see a more handsome man than this one.

PROSPERO

(*to FERDINAND*) Come on. Obey my orders.
Your muscles are all limp and lifeless.

FERDINAND

That's true, they are. My strength is all gone, as if
in a dream. The death of my father, my physical
weakness, the loss of all my friends, the threats
of this man who's taken me prisoner—all that
would be easy for me to take, if only I could look
through my prison windows once a day and see
this girl. I don't need any more freedom than that.
A prison like that would give me enough liberty.

PROSPERO

(*to himself*) It's working! (*to FERDINAND*) Come
on. (*to himself*) You've done well,
Ariel. (*to FERDINAND*) Follow
me. (*to ARIEL*) Listen to what you'll do for me
next.

MIRANDA

(*to FERDINAND*) Don't worry, my father's kinder
than his words just now make him sound. What
he said didn't sound like him at all.

PROSPERO

(*to ARIEL*) You'll be free as a bird. But you have
to do exactly what I order.

ARIEL

Down to the last detail.

PROSPERO

(*to FERDINAND*) Come, follow
me. (*to MIRANDA*) Don't defend him.

Exeunt

They exit.

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 2, Scene 1

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

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others enter.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO)

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
5 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
1 Our sorrow with our comfort.

0

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

(to ANTONIO) He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

(to SEBASTIAN) The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN

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

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Sir—

SEBASTIAN

1 (to ANTONIO) One. Tell.

5

GONZALO

When every grief is entertained that's offered,
Comes to th' entertainer—

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Please cheer up, sir. Like all of us,
you have a good reason to be happy. The fact that
we're alive outweighs our losses. Many people
every day feel the sadness we feel now. Every day
some sailor's wife, a ship's crew, the merchant who
hired the ship all experience the same loss we've
undergone. But the miracle—the fact that we were
saved—only happens to a few people out of
millions. So remember that, and take comfort in it,
to counterbalance our sadness.

ALONSO

Please say no more.

SEBASTIAN

(to ANTONIO) Alonso enjoys these comforting
words about as much as cold oatmeal.

ANTONIO

(to SEBASTIAN) But the goodwill ambassador
won't give up that easily.

SEBASTIAN

(to ANTONIO) Look. He's like a clock winding up to
strike the hour.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Sir—

SEBASTIAN

(to ANTONIO) There he goes! Now we can tell
what time it is.

GONZALO

If we let every sad thing that happens to us get us
down, then we would find ourselves—

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 2

SEBASTIAN

A dollar.

GONZALO

Dolor comes to him, indeed. You have spoken truer
than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN

20 You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Therefore, my lord—

ANTONIO

(to SEBASTIAN) Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
tongue!

ALONSO

SEBASTIAN

What a pain.

GONZALO

Pain, yes indeed. We would find ourselves in
pain. You thought you were being funny, but you
said the truth.

SEBASTIAN

You're taking it more seriously than I meant it.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Therefore, sir—

ANTONIO

(to SEBASTIAN) God, doesn't he ever shut up?

ALONSO

Original Text

(to GONZALO) I prithee, spare.

GONZALO

Well, I have done. But yet—

SEBASTIAN

25 (to ANTONIO) He will be talking.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

The old cock.

ANTONIO

The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN

Done. The wager?

ANTONIO

30 A laughter.

SEBASTIAN

A match!

ADRIAN

Though this island seem to be desert—

ANTONIO

(to SEBASTIAN) Ha, ha, ha!

Modern Text

(to GONZALO) Please, no more.

GONZALO

Well, I'm nearly finished. But just one last thing—

SEBASTIAN

(to ANTONIO) He insists on talking.

ANTONIO

Hey, let's bet. Which one will start yammering first, Gonzalo or Adrian?

SEBASTIAN

The old guy.

ANTONIO

I pick the younger one.

SEBASTIAN

You're on. What's the prize?

ANTONIO

A good laugh.

SEBASTIAN

It's a deal!

ADRIAN

Though this island may appear desolate—

ANTONIO

(to SEBASTIAN) Ha, ha, ha!

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 3

SEBASTIAN

So you're paid.

ADRIAN

35 Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

SEBASTIAN

Yet—

ADRIAN

Yet—

ANTONIO

He could not miss 't.

ADRIAN

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

ANTONIO

40 Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN

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

ADRIAN

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO

SEBASTIAN

Fine, you win.

ADRIAN

Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, as it were—

SEBASTIAN

Now he's going to say "but"—

ADRIAN

But—

ANTONIO

He had to say it, it was unavoidable.

ADRIAN

The island must be mild, and have a temperate climate.

ANTONIO

I knew Temperance—she was a fine girl.

SEBASTIAN

Yes, and she was mild too.

ADRIAN

There's always a breath of fresh air here.

SEBASTIAN

A breath from rotten lungs, maybe.

ANTONIO

Stinking like a swamp.

GONZALO

Original Text

45 Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True. Save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

ANTONIO

The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN

50 With an eye of green in 't.

ANTONIO

He misses not much.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 4

SEBASTIAN

No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

55 As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ADRIAN

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

GONZALO

Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO

Widow! A pox o' that! How came that "widow" in? Widow Dido!

Modern Text

This island contains everything beneficial to life.

ANTONIO

True. Everything except something to live on.

SEBASTIAN

There's little or nothing of that.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

The ground is brown.

SEBASTIAN

With a touch of green in it.

ANTONIO

He doesn't miss a thing.

SEBASTIAN

No, he just gets reality completely wrong.

GONZALO

But the really unbelievable thing is—and this is incredible—

SEBASTIAN

As most unbelievable things are.

GONZALO

That our clothes were drenched with sea water, but they came out looking brand-new.

ANTONIO

Listen to him. If his clothes could talk, they'd call him a liar.

SEBASTIAN

Or stuff what he says into their pockets.

GONZALO

Seriously, I think our clothes are as fresh now as they were the day we put them on in Africa, when we attended the marriage of the king's daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

It was a lovely wedding, and we're doing really well on our trip home.

ADRIAN

Tunis has never had such a beautiful queen.

GONZALO

Not since the days of widow [Dido](#).

ANTONIO

Widow? Why the hell is he calling her "widow Dido"?

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 5

SEBASTIAN

What if he had said “widower Æneas” too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN

65 “Widow Dido” said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN

Carthage?

GONZALO

I assure you, Carthage.

SEBASTIAN

His word is more than the miraculous harp. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANTONIO

70 What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

Ay.

ANTONIO

Why, in good time.

GONZALO

75 *(to ALONSO)* 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.

SEBASTIAN

Next thing you know, he'll be saying “widower Aeneas.”

ADRIAN

“Widow Dido,” did you say? I'm not sure about that. Dido was from Carthage, not Tunis.

GONZALO

Tunis was Carthage, sir.

ADRIAN

Carthage?

GONZALO

I'm telling you, it was Carthage.

SEBASTIAN

Gonzalo is a miracle-worker. If he says Carthage was here, then Carthage must be here.

ANTONIO

What miracle will he work next?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

And then throw the seeds in the sea, to make more islands grow.

GONZALO

Yes indeed.

ANTONIO

Absolutely, yes indeed.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Sir, we were saying that our clothes seem just as fresh as they did when we attended the wedding of your daughter, who's now queen of Tunis.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 6

ANTONIO

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO

Oh, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

80 That “sort” was well fished for.

GONZALO

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ANTONIO

The most beautiful queen they ever had.

SEBASTIAN

I beg your pardon, except for the widow Dido.

ANTONIO

Oh, except for the widow Dido? That's right, except for the widow Dido.

GONZALO

Isn't my vest just as clean and fresh as the day I put it on? In a way, I mean.

ANTONIO

“In a way” is the right way to go.

GONZALO

I mean when I wore it at your daughter's wedding.

Original Text

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,
85 My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her.—O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may live.

90 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 swoll'n that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
95 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 7

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
105 By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost
your son,
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have
110 More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

ALONSO

So is the dearest o' th' loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore
115 When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO

Modern Text

ALONSO

You keep cramming words into my ears that I
don't want to hear. I wish that wedding had never
happened, since I lost my son because of it, and I
lost my daughter too in a way, since she's moved
so far from Milan that I'll never see her again.—
Oh, dear son of mine and heir of Naples and
Milan, what strange fish has made a meal of you?

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may still be alive. I saw him swimming
strongly, almost as if he was riding the waves. He
treaded water and kept his head well above the
wild waters coming at him, swimming with his
strong arms toward the shore, which almost
seemed eager to welcome him. I have no doubt
he got ashore alive.

ALONSO

No, no, he's dead.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you can thank yourself for this great loss,
because you wouldn't bless Europe with your
daughter, but instead pimped her out to an
African. At least you can be thankful that she
won't be around to remind you of your loss.

ALONSO

Please be quiet.

SEBASTIAN

We all begged you not to go ahead with those
marriage plans, and your lovely daughter
struggled between disgust at marrying an African
and the desire to obey you. Now I'm afraid we've
lost your son forever. Our shipwreck has made
more women widows in Milan and Naples than
there are survivors to comfort them. And it's all
your fault.

ALONSO

And the greatest sorrow is mine too.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian, even though what you say is
true, your way of saying it is tactless and comes
at the wrong time. You're rubbing salt in his
wounds when you should be applying bandages.

SEBASTIAN

All right, I'll stop.

ANTONIO

Original Text

And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 8

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

GONZALO

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO

120 He'd sow 't with nettle seed.

SEBASTIAN

Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO

I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things. For no kind of traffic

125 Would I admit. No name of magistrate.

Letters should not be known. Riches, poverty,
And use of service—none. Contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard—none.

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil.

130 No occupation. All men idle, all.

And women too, but innocent and pure.

No sovereignty—

SEBASTIAN

Yet he would be king on 't.

ANTONIO

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

GONZALO

All things in common nature should produce

135 Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony,

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.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 9

SEBASTIAN

140 No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO

Modern Text

Like a good doctor.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) It's bad times for all of us, sir, when
you're feeling gloomy.

SEBASTIAN

Bad times?

ANTONIO

Yes, very bad.

GONZALO

If I could colonize this island, my lord—

ANTONIO

He'd cultivate weeds on it.

SEBASTIAN

Or thorn-bushes.

GONZALO

And if I were king of it, you know what I'd do?

SEBASTIAN

He wouldn't get drunk much, since there's no
wine here.

GONZALO

In my kingdom I'd do everything differently from
the way it's usually done. I wouldn't allow any

commerce. There'd be no officials or
administrators. There'd be no schooling or
literature. There'd be no riches, no poverty, and
no servants—none. No contracts or inheritance
laws; no division of the land into private farms,
no metal-working, agriculture, or vineyards.

There'd be no work. Men would have nothing to
do, and women also—but they'd be innocent and
pure. There'd be no kingship—

SEBASTIAN

He wants to be king in a place with no kingship.

ANTONIO

Yes, he's getting a bit confused.

GONZALO

Everything would be produced without labor, and
would be shared by all. There'd be no treason,
crimes, or weapons. Nature would produce its
harvests in abundance, to feed my innocent
people.

SEBASTIAN

There'd be no marriage?

ANTONIO

Original Text

None, man. All idle. Whores and knaves.

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

'Save his majesty!

ANTONIO

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO

145 (to ALONSO) And—do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO

Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you.
So you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

ANTONIO

150 What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN

An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO

You are gentlemen of brave mettle. You would lift the
moon out of her sphere if she would continue in it
five weeks without changing.

Modern Text

No. Everyone would have nothing to do. They'd
all be whores and slackers.

GONZALO

I would rule so perfectly that my country would
outshine the Golden Age they had in ancient
times.

SEBASTIAN

Long live his Majesty!

ANTONIO

All hail Gonzalo!

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) Are you listening to me, sir?

ALONSO

Oh, please be quiet. You're spouting empty
words.

GONZALO

You're absolutely right, your highness. I talked
like that to give these gentlemen here a chance
to have a good laugh. They love to laugh at
empty words.

ANTONIO

It's you we were laughing at.

GONZALO

But from your perspective I don't matter, so I'm
just an empty nobody for you. Go ahead and
laugh at my empty words some more.

ANTONIO

Ouch, what a comeback!

SEBASTIAN

He sure did. Too bad it fell flat.

GONZALO

You're brave gentlemen. You'd give the moon a
shove if it got stuck five weeks in its orbit.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 10

Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music

SEBASTIAN

We would so, and then go a-batfowling.

ANTONIO

(to GONZALO) Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO

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

ANTONIO

Go sleep, and hear us.

*All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN,
and ANTONIO*

ARIEL enters, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN

That's right, and then after we fixed the moon,
we'd go bird-hunting.

ANTONIO

(to GONZALO) Don't be angry with us, my lord.

GONZALO

I'm not. I've got good judgment, and I know
you've got nothing against me. Will you laugh me
to sleep? I'm feeling very sleepy.

ANTONIO

Go to sleep, and listen to us laughing.

*Everyone sleeps except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN,
and ANTONIO.*

Original Text

ALONSO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

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

ALONSO

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

(falls asleep)

Exit **ARIEL**

Modern Text

ALONSO

What, everybody falls asleep so fast? I wish I
could sleep too—it would stop me from thinking.
Come to think of it, I am feeling sleepy.

SEBASTIAN

In that case you should sleep. People in grief
need a good sleep. It doesn't come to them
often, but when it does come they should enjoy
it.

ANTONIO

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

ALONSO

Thank you. I'm terribly sleepy.

He falls asleep.

ARIEL exits.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 11

SEBASTIAN

165 What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Nor I. My spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent.
170 They dropped, as by a thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more.—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee,
and

175 My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
180 With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather—wink'st

SEBASTIAN

How strange that they all got so sleepy!

ANTONIO

There must be something in the air here.

SEBASTIAN

So why aren't our eyelids heavy? I'm not sleepy
at all.

ANTONIO

Me neither. I'm wide awake. They all fell asleep
together, as if they'd planned it. Like they'd all
been struck by lightning. What might happen,
Sebastian, what might happen if—No, it's time
for me to shut up.— But still, I think I can see in
your face what you ought to be. Opportunity's
knocking for you, and in my imagination I see a
crown dropping onto your head.

SEBASTIAN

Are you dreaming or awake?

ANTONIO

Don't you hear me speaking?

SEBASTIAN

I do, and it sounds like you're talking in your
sleep. What did you say? It's weird for you to be
dreaming with your eyes wide open—standing,
talking, moving, but sound asleep.

ANTONIO

Good Sebastian, you're the one who's sleeping if
you let this opportunity pass you by without

Original Text

Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN

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

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 12

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so. To ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

Oh,
190 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.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on.

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

ANTONIO

Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance—this,
Who shall be of as little memory
200 When he is earthed—hath here almost persuade
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
And he that sleeps here swims.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 13

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
205 That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO

Oh, 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

Modern Text

acting on it.

SEBASTIAN

You're snoring, but it sounds like you're talking.
There's meaning in your snoring.

ANTONIO

I'm not kidding when I say this, I'm not joking
around like usual. You should be serious too
when you listen to what I'm saying. You can
become a great man if you listen to me.

SEBASTIAN

I'm hanging on every word you say.

ANTONIO

You need to do more than hang around—you
have to act. I'll show you how.

SEBASTIAN

You need to. I'm lazy by nature.

ANTONIO

Oh, if you only knew how close to success you
are, even while you make fun of what I'm telling
you! The more you joke about it, the more clearly
I feel how serious it is! Lazy people end up at the
bottom, and you deserve to be at the top.

SEBASTIAN

Please, tell me more. There's something in your
expression that tells me you have something
serious to say, and you're having a lot of difficulty
saying it.

ANTONIO

This is what I'm saying. (*points*
at GONZALO) Although this lord who has such a
bad memory—and who will be forgotten by the
world when he's dead and buried—almost
succeeded in convincing the king that his son's
alive, it's impossible that he survived. It's as far
from the truth as saying this sleeping man is
swimming.

SEBASTIAN

Yes, I'm sure he's dead. I've got no hope that he
survived.

ANTONIO

But in that "no hope" there are great hopes for
you! That "no hope" means you're on the way to
glory so brilliant you couldn't even imagine it, no
matter how ambitious you were. Do you agree
that Ferdinand must have drowned?

Original Text

210 That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Claribel.

ANTONIO

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—

215 The man i' th' moon's too slow—till newborn chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast
again,
And by that destiny to perform an act

220 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN

What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel

225 Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

Modern Text

SEBASTIAN

He's dead.

ANTONIO

So, in that case, tell me who's next in line to
inherit the kingdom of Naples?

SEBASTIAN

Claribel, his daughter.

ANTONIO

The one who's now Queen of Tunis, living at the
edge of the world, out of reach of mail service. It
takes a letter longer to reach her than it takes a
baby boy to grow old enough to shave. Claribel
who was the cause of our shipwreck, which a
few of us survived—she was destined to give us
an opportunity that we are destined to act on.

SEBASTIAN

What in the world are you talking about? It's true
that my brother's daughter is Queen of Tunis,
and heir of Naples. And it's true those two places
are far apart.

ANTONIO

So far that every foot of distance between them
seems to shout, "It's too far for Claribel to come
back to Naples. Let her stay in Tunis and give
Sebastian a

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 14

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

230 As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. Oh, that you bore
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

235 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,

chance to start living." If these sleeping men
were dead instead of sleeping, they'd be no
worse off than they are now. There are a lot of
men who can rule Naples just as well as this
sleeping guy here can. There are a lot of men
who babble nonsense as well as Gonzalo. I
could do it myself. Oh, I wish you understood
what I'm saying—you'd see how you're missing
out on a great opportunity for yourself! Do you
even get what I'm saying?

SEBASTIAN

I think I do.

ANTONIO

And does this prospect of good fortune make you
happy?

SEBASTIAN

I remember you took the throne from your
brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

Yes I did, and look how good I look in my new
role—much better than before. My brother's

Original Text

Much feater than before. My brother's servants
240 Were then my fellows. Now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

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,
245 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,
250 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

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 15

Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.
255 They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

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.
260 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.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN draw their swords

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.
(speaks quietly to ANTONIO)

Enter **ARIEL** invisible, with music and song

ARIEL

(to GONZALO) My master through his art foresees
265 the danger
That you, his friend, are, and sends me forth—
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,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake!

Modern Text

servants used to be my equals. Now they work
for me.

SEBASTIAN

But what about your guilty conscience?

ANTONIO

Yes. What guilty conscience? I don't feel
anything. If my feet were cold, I'd put my slippers
on, but I don't feel any pangs of guilt. If there
were twenty guilty consciences between me and
the dukedom, they'd melt away to nothing before
they caused me any trouble. Here's your brother
sleeping, worth no more than the dirt he's lying
on. If he were as dead as he appears to be
now—and I could quickly make him dead with
this sword of mine—he wouldn't stand in our
way. As

for the other men, we can make them believe
anything we choose. They'll set their watches to
whatever time we say.

SEBASTIAN

You'll be my role model. Just as you got Milan, I'll
get Naples. Take out your sword. With one cut
you can be through paying money to Naples.
And as king I'll love you forever.

ANTONIO

You take out your sword too. When I raise my
hand, you do the same, and bring it down on
Gonzalo's head.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN take out their
swords.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, but there's one more thing to tell you. (he
speaks quietly to ANTONIO)

ARIEL enters, invisible, singing and playing
music.

ARIEL

(to GONZALO) With his magic powers my
master can see the dangers that you are in, my
friend. So he sent me to make sure these men
survive—and to guarantee his plans
succeed.(sings in GONZALO 's ear)
While you lie here snoring,
Men are plotting against you.
If you want to stay alive,
Wake up and beware.
Wake up, wake up!

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 16

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO*(waking and seeing them)*

270 Now, good angels preserve the king!

ALONSO*(waking)* Why, how now? Ho, awake!*All wake*

Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

275 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

Oh, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,

To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the roar

280 Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO

Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me.

I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,

I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,

285 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

ANTONIO

Let's act quickly.

GONZALO*(waking and seeing them)* God help the king!

Save him!

ALONSO*(waking up)* Hey, what's this, what's going on?

Wake up!

Everyone wakes up.

Why are your swords out? Why do you look like that?

GONZALO

What's this all about?

SEBASTIAN

While we were here guarding you as you slept,

we heard a loud roar that sounded like bulls, or

lions. Didn't you hear it? We heard it very clearly.

ALONSO

I didn't hear anything.

ANTONIO

Oh, it was a monstrous roar, to make the earth

tremble! I'm sure there was a herd of lions

nearby.

ALONSO

Did you hear this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO

It's true I heard a humming sound, a strange

one, which woke me up. I shook you and

shouted at you, sir. When I opened my eyes, I

saw their swords out. There was a noise, that's

certainly true. We should either be on guard here

constantly or move to a different camp. Let's

draw our own swords too.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 17

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

Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

ARIEL290 *(aside)* Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done.

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

ALONSOLead us away from this area. We can search for
my poor son while we're at it.**GONZALO**

I hope those lions stay far away from him. I'm

sure he's somewhere on the island.

ALONSO

Get us out of here.

ARIEL*(to himself)* My lord Prospero will know what I've
done. So go ahead, King, and look for your son.*Exeunt**They exit.*

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 2, Scene 2

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

CALIBAN enters with a load of wood. A noise of thunder is heard.

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal 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' th' 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.

CALIBAN

I hope all the diseases that breed in swamps and marshes infect Prospero, inch by inch, until he's nothing but a walking disease! His spirits are listening to me, but I can't help cursing him anyway. They won't pinch me, frighten me, push me in the mud, or mislead me unless he tells them to. But he sends them to punish me for every little thing. Sometimes his spirits take the form of apes, grimacing and chattering at me and then biting me; sometimes they come like porcupines, my feet as I walk. Sometimes snakes wrap around me, hissing at me with their forked tongues till I go crazy.

Enter **TRINCULO**

TRINCULO enters.

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.
(lies down, covered by his gaberdine)

Hey, look over there! Here comes one of his spirits to torture me for taking so long to bring the wood back. I'll lie down and hide. Maybe he won't see me. (he lies down and covers himself with his cloak)

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather
20 at all.
And another storm brewing, I hear it sing i' th' wind.
Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a
foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should
thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my
head. Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by
pailfuls. (sees CALIBAN)

TRINCULO

There are no bushes or shrubs to protect me from the weather here. And there's another storm brewing—I can hear it in the way the wind whistles. That huge black cloud over there looks like a filthy liquor jug that's about to pour out its contents. It won't be able to help pouring rain down by the bucket-full. (he sees CALIBAN)

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 2

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! 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 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 by a thunderbolt.

What do we have here, a man or a fish? Whew, he stinks like a fish—an old salted fish, not a fresh-caught one. A strange fish. If I were in England now, like I was once, and I had even a painted picture of this fish, every fool there would give me a piece of silver to look at it. In England this strange monster would be just like a man. Any strange beast there can be considered a man. The men there won't give a penny to a lame beggar, but they'll pay ten cents to look at a freak show exhibit. This guy has legs like a man but fins for arms! And he's still warm, by God. I guess this is not a fish, but a native who got struck by lightning just now.

Thunder

Thunder.

Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no other shelter

Oh, here comes the storm again. The best thing to do is crawl under his cloak. There's no other

Original Text

hereabouts. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.
(*crawls under gaberline*)

Enter **STEPHANO**, singing

STEPHANO
(sings)

*I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—*

25 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 Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,*

Modern Text

shelter around here. In emergencies you meet the strangest folks. I'll just stay here till the storm passes. (*he crawls under CALIBAN 's cloak*)

STEPHANO enters, singing.

STEPHANO
(sings)

*I'll never go to sea again,
I'll die here on shore—*

This is a rotten song to sing at a man's funeral. At least I've got some booze to comfort me. (*he drinks and sings*)

*The master, the deck-washer, the boatswain,
and I,
The gunman and his friend,
We loved Moll, Meg, Marian, and Margery
But none of us cared for Kate.
Kate had a gutter mouth,*

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 3

*Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"
She loved not the savor 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? 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. Or it hath been said, "As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground," and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me. Oh!

STEPHANO

30 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.

*And would shout to sailors, "Go to hell!"
She didn't like ship smells like tar,
But liked it okay when a tailor took her to bed.
So go to sea, boys, and let her go to hell!
That's a rotten song too. But here's something to comfort me.*

(*he drinks*)

CALIBAN

Don't hurt me. Oh!

STEPHANO

What's going on? Do we have devils on the island? Are you playing tricks on me by showing me savages and uncivilized men from the Indies, ha? I didn't survive a shipwreck so I could be scared of your four legs now. I'll never run away from any ordinary man who walks on four legs like the rest of us.

CALIBAN

The spirit is torturing me. Oh!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the island, with four legs, who seems to me to have some kind of ache. How the hell does he know our language? I'll help out, if only because he speaks the same language as me. If I can cure him from his fever and tame him, and get him back to Naples, he'd make a great present for any emperor.

CALIBAN

Don't hurt me, please. I promise I'll carry the wood faster.

STEPHANO

He's having a fit and talking nonsense. I'll give

Original Text

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.

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 4

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

35 *(trying to give CALIBAN drink)*

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. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO

I should know that voice. It should be—But he is drowned, and these are devils. Oh, defend me!

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster. His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend.

40 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.

CALIBAN drinks

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. I have no long spoon.

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. *(pulls TRINCULO out from under the gaberline)*

Modern Text

him some liquor. If he's never drunk it before, it'll help soothe his fever. If I can tame him, I'll charge as much as I can get for him. He'll bring a lot of money to the person who owns him, that's for sure.

CALIBAN

You haven't hurt me much yet, but you will soon, I can tell by your trembling. Prospero sent you here.

STEPHANO

(trying to make CALIBAN drink) Come on, open your mouth. This'll help you talk. Open up. This'll stop you from trembling—I can tell you that for sure. *(CALIBAN drinks)* You don't even know who your friends are. Open up that mouth again.

TRINCULO

I almost recognize that voice. It's—But he's drowned, and these guys are devils. Oh, God help me!

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices—a very special monster. One voice speaks well and talks about his friend. The other voice is harsh and abusive. I can charge even more for this. If it takes all the wine in my bottle, I'll cure him. Come on.

CALIBAN drinks That's good! Now I'll pour some in your other mouth.

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

Is your other mouth calling my name? Mercy, mercy! This isn't a monster, it's a devil. I'll leave him alone. I have no interest in getting mixed up with the devil.

TRINCULO

Stephano! If you're Stephano, touch me and speak to me. I'm Trinculo—don't be scared—your good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

If you're Trinculo, then come out. I'll pull on these smaller legs. If any legs here are Trinculo's, these are. *(he pulls TRINCULO out from under the cloak)* Well,

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 5

45 Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

what do you know, you *are* Trinculo! How did you end up as this monster's dung? Does he crap Trinculos?

Original Text

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped! (*dances STEPHANO about*)

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

(*to TRINCULO*) 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 own hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

(*to TRINCULO*) 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.

Modern Text

TRINCULO

I thought he was dead, struck by lightning. But aren't you drowned, Stephano? I hope you're not drowned. Has the storm passed? I hid under this monster's cloak to get out of the storm. Are you really alive, Stephano? Oh, Stephano, two men from Naples survived! (*TRINCULO dances STEPHANO around.*)

STEPHANO

Please stop turning me around. My stomach's a little upset.

CALIBAN

(*to himself*) These are beautiful creatures, if they're not spirits. He's a good god, who brings liquor from the heavens. I will worship him.

STEPHANO

(*to TRINCULO*) How did you survive? How did you get here? Tell me the truth, swear on this bottle of wine. I made it out of tree bark after I washed ashore. I myself floated here on a barrel of wine that the sailors tossed overboard.

CALIBAN

(*to STEPHANO*) I'll swear by that wine bottle to be your true subject. You must be a god, since your liquor is out of this world.

STEPHANO

(*to TRINCULO*) Here. Swear, and tell me how you survived.

TRINCULO

I swam ashore like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I swear.

STEPHANO

Here, [kiss the Bible](#) and swear. You may swim like a duck, but you look more like a goose.

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 6

TRINCULO drinks

TRINCULO

O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO

55 The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside where my wine is hid.—How now, mooncalf? How does thine ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

TRINCULO drinks.

TRINCULO

Oh Stephano, do you have any more of that wine?

STEPHANO

I've got the whole barrel, man. I live in a cave by the seaside, where I keep the barrel hidden.—Hey, monster, how's your fever?

CALIBAN

You come from heaven, don't you?

STEPHANO

No, from the moon, I'm telling you. I used to be the man in the moon a long time ago.

CALIBAN

Original Text

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN drinks

TRINCULO

60 By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I am afraid of him! A very weak monster. The man in the moon! A most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) I'll show thee every fertile inch of this island.

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster. When his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Modern Text

Oh, I've seen you in the moon, and I worship you. My mistress showed me you in the moon and your dog and your bush.

STEPHANO

Come on, swear to it. Kiss the Bible and swear it. I'm going to fill the bottle up again soon.

CALIBAN drinks.

TRINCULO

When you get a good look at him, you see he's not much of a monster. I can't believe I was scared of him! A pretty pathetic monster. The man in the moon! What a poor, gullible monster.—That was a nice big gulp, monster!

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) I'll show you every inch of the island, and I'll kiss your feet. I beg you, please be my god.

TRINCULO

What a lying, drunken monster. When his god falls asleep, the monster will snatch his wine bottle.

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 7

CALIBAN

65 (to STEPHANO) 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

(to CALIBAN) Come, kiss.

TRINCULO

70 But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

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,

75 Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow.

And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) I'll kiss your feet. I'll vow to be your faithful subject.

STEPHANO

Come on, then. Get down and swear it.

TRINCULO

I'm going to laugh myself to death over this silly monster. A rotten, foolish monster. I could find it in my heart to beat him—

STEPHANO

Come on, kiss my feet.

TRINCULO

Except the poor monster's drunk. An awful monster!

CALIBAN

I'll show you where to get fresh water. I'll pick berries for you. I'll fish for you and get you plenty of firewood.

The tyrant I'm serving now can go to hell! I won't get any more wood for him. I'm serving you now, you wonderful man.

TRINCULO

What a silly monster, to think a poor drunk is wonderful.

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) I beg you, let me show where you can find crabs to eat. I'll use my long fingernails to dig edible roots for you, find you a

Original Text

80 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO

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

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 8

CALIBAN

(sings drunkenly)

Farewell, master! Farewell, farewell.

TRINCULO

A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN

(sings)

90 *No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master. Get a new man.
Freedom, high-day, high-day, freedom, freedom,
high-day, freedom!*

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt

Modern Text

bird's nest, and teach you how to catch a nimble
monkey. I'll take you to clusters of hazelnuts, and
sometimes I'll catch birds for you on the rocks.
Will you come with me?

STEPHANO

Show us the way without further delay.—Trinculo,
since the king and all our comrades are drowned,
we're the heirs of this place.—Here, carry my
wine bottle.—Trinculo, my buddy, we'll get that
bottle refilled soon enough.

CALIBAN

(sings drunkenly)

Goodbye, master! Goodbye, goodbye.

TRINCULO

A loud-mouthed, drunken monster.

CALIBAN

(sings)

*I won't build you any more dams to catch fish,
Or fetch you firewood when you order me to,
Or clean the plates, or wash dishes.
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master. So get a new servant.
Freedom, what a wonderful day, wonderful day,
freedom, freedom, wonderful day, freedom!*

STEPHANO

Good monster! Show us the way.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 1

Enter FERDINAND bearing a log

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor
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 labors pleasures. Oh, 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,
15 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO unseen

FERDINAND enters, carrying a log.

FERDINAND

Some games are painful, but their discomfort
makes them more fun. Some kinds of lowly
activities are done for noble reasons. And you
can do poor things that lead to rich results. This
hard work would be boring and nasty to me, but
I'm working for a mistress who makes me enjoy
my labor. Oh, she's ten times nicer than her
father is mean, and he's the height of crabbiness.
I have thousands of logs to take away and pile
up, on strict orders from him. My sweet darling
cries when she sees me work and tells me that
such a wonderful man never performed such
lowly tasks before. These sweet thoughts relieve
me and refresh me, especially when I'm slaving
away busily.

MIRANDA enters, followed by PROSPERO at a

Original Text

MIRANDA

Alas now, pray you,
 Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
 Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 20 Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.
 He's safe for these three hours.

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 2

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.
 25 I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

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

MIRANDA

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

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration, worth
 What's dearest to th' world! Full many a lady
 40 I have eyed with best regard and many a time

Modern Text

distance, unobserved.

MIRANDA

Now, please, I beg you, don't work so hard. I wish
 the lightning had burned up all those logs that
 you've been ordered to stack! Please put that log
 down and rest a while. When this wood burns, it'll
 weep for making you tired. My father's studying
 hard, so he won't see you. So please rest. We're
 safe from my father for at least three hours.

FERDINAND

Oh, my dear mistress, I won't be able to finish this
 work until sunset at the earliest.

MIRANDA

If you sit down, I'll carry your logs a while. Please
 give me that. I'll take it over to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, my darling, I'd rather strain all my muscles
 and break my back than let you do work like this
 while I lounge around nearby.

MIRANDA

I'd be as right for the job as you are, and I'd do it
 more easily, since I'd have good will on my side.

PROSPERO

(to himself) You poor weak thing, you're in love! I
 can see it clearly now.

MIRANDA

You look tired.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress, I'm as fresh as morning when
 you're near me, even at night. I beg you to tell me
 your name so I can use it in my prayers.

MIRANDA

Miranda.—Oh father, I've disobeyed you by
 telling him that!

FERDINAND

Miranda—the very name means “admired!” You
 are indeed admired, more than anything else in
 the world! I've looked at many ladies with
 pleasure, and been

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 3

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues

seduced by the sweet nothings they said to me.
 I've liked several women for their good qualities,

Original Text

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.

MIRANDA

I do not know
 One of my sex, no woman's face remember—
 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 skill-less 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.

FERDINAND

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.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
 And crown what I profess with kind event

Modern Text

but there was something wrong with each one
 that blotted her excellent qualities and cancelled
 them out. But with you it's different. You're
 perfect, without a rival in the world, made up of
 the best qualities of every creature.

MIRANDA

I've never known any woman or seen a woman's
 face—except my own in the mirror. And I've
 never met any men besides you and my father. I
 have no idea what people look like in other
 places, but I swear by my modesty, which I value
 above everything else, that I'd never want any
 companion in the world but you. I can't even
 imagine one. But listen to me chattering like
 crazy, and father always told me not to.

FERDINAND

I'm a prince by birth, Miranda—maybe even a
 king now; though I wish I weren't—and normally I
 wouldn't put up with carrying these logs any more
 than I'd let flies breed in my mouth. But I'll tell you
 something from my soul. The second I saw you,
 my heart rushed to serve you and be your slave,
 so here I am now, a patient log-man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

Oh heaven, oh earth, witness what I'm about to
 say, and reward me if I tell the truth! If I'm lying,
 then

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 4

70 If I speak true! If hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world
 Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA

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

PROSPERO

(*aside*) Fair encounter

75 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

destroy all my prospects in life! More than
 anything else in the world, I love you, value you,
 and honor you.

MIRANDA

Look at me crying—what a fool I am to cry at
 what makes me happy.

PROSPERO

(*to himself*) What a pleasant meeting between
 two people truly in love! May heaven bless the
 feelings growing between them!

FERDINAND

Why are you crying?

MIRANDA

I'm crying at how unworthy I am to give you what

Original Text

What I desire to give, and much less take
 80 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.

85 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

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

MIRANDA

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

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 5

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally

PROSPERO

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

Exit

Modern Text

I want to give you and to take what I'm dying to
 have. But it's a waste of time to say so. The more
 I try to hide what I'm feeling, the bigger it gets.
 Oh, stop being so bashful and tricky, Miranda,
 just be straightforward and innocent! I'll be your
 wife if you'll have me. Otherwise, I'll die a virgin,
 devoted to you. You can refuse to make me your
 spouse, but I'll be your servant whether you want
 me to or not.

FERDINAND

You'll be my wife, dearest, and I'll serve you
 forever.

MIRANDA

Will you be my husband, then?

FERDINAND

Yes, with a heart more eager to bear a husband's
 responsibilities than a slave ever wanted
 freedom. Take my hand, darling.

MIRANDA

Here's my hand, and my heart. And now
 goodbye. I'll see you again in half an hour.

FERDINAND

A million goodbyes to you.

*MIRANDA and FERDINAND exit in opposite
 directions.*

PROSPERO

I can't be as happy as they are at this moment,
 but nothing could make me any happier. Now it's
 time to get back to my studying, since I have a lot
 of serious business to take care of before dinner.

He exits.

Act 3, Scene 2

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

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

TRINCULO

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter.

STEPHANO

Don't tell me that. When the barrel's empty, we'll
 drink water. Not one drop sooner. Therefore,
 drink up.—Servant-monster, drink a toast to me.

TRINCULO

"Servant monster"? What a crazy island this is.
 They say there are only five people on it. We're
 three of them. If the other two are as loopy as we
 are, our country's in bad shape.

STEPHANO

Drink when I order you, servant-monster. Your
 eyes look like they've sunk into your head.

TRINCULO

Original Text

Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO

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 standard.

TRINCULO

15 Your lieutenant, if you list. He's no standard.

STEPHANO

We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO

Nor go neither. But you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Modern Text

Where else should his eyes be, if not in his head? He'd be quite a monster if his eyes were in his tail.

STEPHANO

My man—monster is so drunk he can't talk. As for me, no liquid can harm me, neither booze nor the whole sea itself. Before I could get to shore, I swam thirty-five leagues in it and still survived.— Monster, you'll be my lieutenant, or my flag-bearer.

TRINCULO

Lieutenant is better. He's not standing straight enough to hold a flag.

STEPHANO

We're not going to run in our army, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO

Or walk either. You'll just lie there like sleeping dogs and say nothing.

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 2

STEPHANO

Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN

How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. *(indicates TRINCULO)* I'll not serve him. He's not valiant.

TRINCULO

(to CALIBAN) Thou liest, most ignorant monster. I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO)

30 Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, mylord?

TRINCULO

"Lord," quoth he? That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO)

Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. If you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Monster sweetie, be a good monster and just speak once.

CALIBAN

How is your Highness? Let me lick your shoe. *(he points to TRINCULO)* I'll never serve that guy there. He's not courageous like you.

TRINCULO

(to CALIBAN) You're a liar, you ignorant monster. I'm courageous. I could shake up a police officer right now. You drunken fish, you, how could you call me a coward after all the booze I've drunk today? Do you tell such monstrous lies because you're half fish and half monster?

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) Look how he's making fun of me! Will you let him talk to me like, my lord?

TRINCULO

"Lord," he calls you? What an idiot that monster is!

CALIBAN

(to STEPHANO) There he goes again! Please, bite him to death, I'm begging you.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, speak politely. If you mutiny against me, I'll hang you from the next tree. This poor monster is my subject, and I will not allow him to be insulted.

CALIBAN

Thank you, my noble lord. Now would you please listen once again to the request I made to you

Original Text

STEPHANO

Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so
40 shall
Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 3

CALIBAN

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

ARIEL

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

(to TRINCULO) Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou! I would my valiant master would destroy thee. I do not lie.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO

50 Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

55 That's most certain.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

ARIEL

Thou liest. Thou canst not.

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 4

CALIBAN

What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that's gone,
65 He shall drink naught but brine, for I'll not show him

Modern Text

earlier?

STEPHANO

Indeed, I will. Kneel and tell me again. I'll stand, and so will Trinculo.

ARIEL enters, invisible.

CALIBAN

(kneeling) As I told you before, I'm enslaved to a tyrant, a magician who tricked me with magic spells and took my island from me.

ARIEL

You lie.

CALIBAN

(to TRINCULO) You're the liar, you big fat monkey. I wish my courageous master would kill you. I'm not lying.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, if you interrupt him any more, I swear I'll knock some teeth out of your head.

TRINCULO

I didn't say anything.

STEPHANO

Okay, just stay quiet. Go on.

CALIBAN

I was telling you he used witchcraft to take this island. He stole it from me. If your highness is willing, take revenge on him for that—because I know you're brave enough, I don't dare to—

STEPHANO

That's for sure.

CALIBAN

You'll be lord of the island then, and I'll be your servant.

STEPHANO

And how would we go about doing that? Can you bring me to him?

CALIBAN

Yes, yes, my lord. I'll take you to where he sleeps, and you can pound a nail into his head.

ARIEL

You lie. You can't do that.

CALIBAN

What an idiot this guy is!—You're a rotten piece of work!—I beg your highness, beat him up and take his wine bottle from him. When he loses that, he'll be drinking salt water, since I'll never tell him

Original Text

Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO

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 stockfish of thee.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

(to TRINCULO) Do I so? Take thou that.
(beats TRINCULO)

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

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

Modern Text

where the freshwater springs are.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, watch out. If you interrupt this monster with one more word, I'll beat you like a piece of salted fish.

TRINCULO

What did I do? I didn't do anything. I need to get away from you.

STEPHANO

Didn't you call him a liar?

ARIEL

You lie.

STEPHANO

(to TRINCULO) Oh, I did? Take that, then. (he beats TRINCULO) If you want more beatings like that, just accuse me of lying again.

TRINCULO

I didn't accuse you of lying. Are you out of your mind and deaf too? Damn your wine! This is what happens when you drink too much. Your monster can go to hell, and you can too!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

Now go ahead and tell me the rest of your story.—Please go stand farther away.

CALIBAN

Beat him up. After a little while, I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO

Stand farther away.— Come on, continue your story.

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 5

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
85 I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake;
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books, for without them
90 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
95 And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she.
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
100 As great'st does least.

CALIBAN

Just as I told you, he usually sleeps in the afternoon. At that time you can smash in his skull after seizing his books; or you can bash his skull with a log; or you can stab him in the belly; or cut his windpipe. Just remember to grab his books first, since without them he's just a poor fool like me, and can't command a single spirit. All the spirits hate him as much as I do. Be sure to burn his magic books. He has some wonderful home furnishings—that's what he calls them—that he'll use to decorate his house when he gets one. The most important thing for you to think about is how beautiful his daughter is. He says she has no equal. I never saw a woman except her and Sycorax, my mother. But Miranda is so much more beautiful, you can't even compare the two.

Original Text

STEPHANO

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBANAy, 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

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

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 6

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL*(aside)* This will I tell my master.**CALIBAN**Thou makest me merry. I am full of pleasure.
115 Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
You taught me but whilere?**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**

120 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

125 O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO

Modern Text

STEPHANO

Is she really that wonderful?

CALIBAN

Yes, my lord. She'll look good in your bed, and she'll produce some fine children too.

STEPHANO

Monster, I'll kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen—God protect us!—and you and Trinculo will be our governors.—Do you like that idea, Trinculo?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

STEPHANO

Give me your hand. I'm sorry I hit you. But try to control your speech.

CALIBAN

In a half an hour he'll be asleep. Will you kill him then?

STEPHANO

Yes, I swear.

ARIEL*(to himself)* I'll tell my master this.**CALIBAN**

You make me so happy. I'm full of joy. Let's be light-hearted. Will you sing the tune you taught me just a little while ago?

STEPHANOI'll do anything you ask, monster, anything reasonable.—Come on, Trinculo, let's sing. *(he sings)*
Dismiss 'em and ziss 'em
And diss 'em and dismiss 'em.
*Thought is free.***CALIBAN**

That's not the tune I had in mind.

*ARIEL plays the tune on a drum and a pipe.***STEPHANO**

What's this song?

TRINCULO

That's the melody, played by Nobody.

STEPHANO*(to the invisible musician)* If you're a man, then let us see what you look like. If you're a devil, then go to hell.**TRINCULO**

Oh, forgive all my sins!

STEPHANO

Original Text

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

CALIBAN

Art thou afeard?

Act 3, Scene 2, Page 7

STEPHANO

No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
 130 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.

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

140 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 taborer. He lays it on.

TRINCULO

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

Exeunt

Modern Text

Dead men have to pay their debts.—I challenge you!—God help us.

CALIBAN

Are you scared?

STEPHANO

No, monster, not me.

CALIBAN

Don't be scared. This island is full of noises, strange sounds and sweet melodies that make you feel good and don't hurt anyone. Sometimes I hear a thousand twangling instruments hum at my ears, and sometimes voices that send me back to sleep even if I had just woken up—and then I dreamed of clouds opening up and dropping such riches on me that when I woke up, I cried because I wanted to dream again.

STEPHANO

This'll be a wonderful kingdom to live in, where they play music for free.

CALIBAN

As soon as you kill Prospero.

STEPHANO

That'll happen soon enough. I remember the plan.

TRINCULO

The sound is going away. But let's follow it, and then do our dirty work afterward.

STEPHANO

Lead us, monster; we'll follow. I wish I could see this invisible drummer. He really plays well.

TRINCULO

I'm right behind you, Stephano. Are you coming monster?

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 3

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

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir. My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod indeed Through forthrights and meanders. By your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
 5 Who am myself attached with weariness
 To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others enter.

GONZALO

I swear, I can't go any further, sir. My old bones are tired. We're wandering in a maze. If you don't mind, I need to rest a bit.

ALONSO

I can't blame you, old lord. I'm so tired myself that it's bringing me down. Sit down and rest. I'm losing hope. The one we're looking for is dead. We're

Original Text

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

0

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 t' effect.

SEBASTIAN

(aside to ANTONIO) The next advantage
 1 Will we take throughly.

5

ANTONIO

(aside to SEBASTIAN) Let it be tonight,
 For now they are oppressed with travel. They
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange music
Enter PROSPERO on the top, invisible

Modern Text

searching on land, but he's lost in the sea. We have to give up and let him go.

ANTONIO

(speaking so that only SEBASTIAN can hear) I'm glad he's so depressed. Don't back out of our plan just because it didn't work the first time.

SEBASTIAN

(speaking so that only ANTONIO can hear) The next chance we get, we'll do the deed.

ANTONIO

(speaking so that only SEBASTIAN can hear) Let's do it tonight. The men are so tired from traveling that they can't be as careful as they are when they're fresh.

Solemn and strange music is heard.
PROSPERO enters above, invisible.

Act 3, Scene 3, Page 2

SEBASTIAN

20 *(aside to ANTONIO)* I say, tonight. No more.

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvelous sweet music!

*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet
 They dance about it with gentle actions of salutations,
 and, inviting the king and the others to eat, they
 depart*

ALONSO

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

I'll believe both
 And what does else want credit, come to me,
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,
 30 Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO

If in Naples
 I should report this now, would they believe me?
 If I should say, I saw such islanders—
 For, certes, these are people of the island—

SEBASTIAN

(speaking so that only ANTONIO can hear) Yes, tonight. No more talking about this now.

ALONSO

What's that music? My friends, listen.

GONZALO

What marvelous music!

*Several strange shapes enter, bringing in a
 banquet table and dancing around it with
 graceful, welcoming movements. After inviting the
 king and the others to eat, they leave.*

ALONSO

Heaven help us! What were those things?

SEBASTIAN

A puppet show in real life. Now I'll believe that unicorns exist, and that there's a tree in Arabia where the phoenix lives.

ANTONIO

Me too. And anything else that's hard to believe, just ask me and I'll swear it's true. Travelers have never told lies, no matter what the fools at home accuse them of.

GONZALO

If I told them about this back in Naples, would they believe me? I'd tell them that I saw natives like these—since they must be natives—who are graceful and well-mannered even if they're

Original Text

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
 35 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many—nay, almost any.

PROSPERO

(aside) Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well, for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

Act 3, Scene 3, Page 3

ALONSO

I cannot too much muse
 40 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
 expressing,
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO

(aside) Praise in departing.

FRANCISCO

They vanished strangely.

SEBASTIAN

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

ALONSO

Not I.

GONZALO

Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers
 Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
 50 '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.

ALONSO

I will stand to and feed,
 Although my last. No matter, since I feel
 55 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*

Modern Text

monstrous to look at, kinder than most human
 beings you might find—kinder than almost any
 human.

PROSPERO

(to himself) My good lord, you're absolutely right,
 since some of you are worse than devils.

ALONSO

I can't stop being amazed by these shapes,
 sounds, and gestures, which express, even
 without saying anything, a wonderful kind of silent
 language.

PROSPERO

(to himself) Time to go.

FRANCISCO

They vanished strangely.

SEBASTIAN

It's all right, since they left their food behind, and
 we're hungry. Would you like to taste the
 banquet?

ALONSO

Not me.

GONZALO

I assure you, sir, there's nothing to be afraid of.
 When we were boys, who'd believe that there
 were mountain people with rolls of skin around
 their necks, with their throats hanging down? Or
 that there were men with heads in their chests?—
 Nowadays travelers commonly report that these
 things exist.

ALONSO

I'll start eating, even if this is my last supper. It's
 all right, since the best part of my life was over
 anyway. Brother, Duke, please have some food.

Thunder and lightning.

*ARIEL enters in the form of a harpy ARIEL flaps
 his wings on the table, and the banquet vanishes
 from the table*

Act 3, Scene 3, Page 4

ARIEL

(to ALONSO, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN)
 You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,

ARIEL

(to ALONSO, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN) The
 three of you are sinners, and Destiny made the

Original Text

That hath to instrument this lower world
 60 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 suchlike valor men hang and drown
 65 Their proper selves. *(some of the courtiers draw their swords)*
 You fools, I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate. The elements
 Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
 Wound the loud winds or with bemocked-at stabs
 70 Kill the still-closing waters as diminish
 One dowl 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—
 75 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
 80 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace.—Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
 Lingered perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 85 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
 from—
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads—is nothing but hearts' sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

ARIEL vanishes in thunder

Modern Text

sea belch you up onto this island—where no men live, since none of you deserve to live. I've driven you crazy, and many mad people are driven to kill themselves in desperation. *(some of the courtiers draw their swords)* Listen, you fools, my fellow **harpies** and I carry out Fate's orders. Your swords are useless against us—you'd be more successful swinging them at the empty air, or stabbing at water, than trying to cut off even one of my feathers. My two companions are just as invulnerable as I am. Even if you had the power to hurt us, you'd find your swords far too heavy to lift. But remember—and it's my job to remind you of this—that in Milan the three of you stole Prospero's throne and threw him and his innocent child into the sea, which has now taken revenge on you. To punish you for this horrible crime, the higher powers—delaying their punishment, not forgetting about it—have stirred up the seas and all the creatures of earth against you.—They've taken your only son from you, Alonso, and they've ordered me to destroy you slowly, in a way worse than sudden death could ever be. I'll stay with you every step of your way. The only way to protect yourselves from the angry higher powers—which are ready to fall upon your head on this empty island—is for you to be sincerely sorry in your hearts for what you've done, and to live innocent lives from this time forward.

ARIEL vanishes in thunder.

Act 3, Scene 3, Page 5

Then, to soft music enter the shapes again and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table

PROSPERO

(aside) Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Performed, my Ariel. A grace it had, devouring.
 90 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
 95 In their distractions. They now are in my power,
 And in these fits I leave them while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
 And his and mine loved darling.

Exit PROSPERO above

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) I' th' name of something holy, sir, why

The shapes enter again, accompanied by soft music. Dancing with mocking gestures and grimaces, they carry out the banquet table.

PROSPERO

(to himself) You've played the role of harpy very well, my Ariel. You were fierce but graceful. You said everything I told you to say.—In the same lifelike way, and with the same attention to detail, my lower-ranking servants have done what they were supposed to do. My magic powers are all in full swing, and my enemies are confused and running around in circles. They're under my control, and I'm keeping them in their crazy fits while I go visit Ferdinand, whom they think has drowned, and the young woman he and I both love.

PROSPERO exits on a platform overhead.

GONZALO

(to ALONSO) For the love of God, sir, why are

Original Text

100 stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO

Oh, 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.

105 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 ALONSO

Modern Text

you standing here staring into space like this?

ALONSO

Oh, it's horrible, horrible. I thought the clouds were talking to me, the winds were singing to me, and the thunder, like an awful organ pipe, roared Prospero's name. It sang about my crimes. Because of my crimes my son is dead on the ocean floor. I'll go join him there, going down deeper than any anchor ever sank, and lie with him dead in the mud.

ALONSO exits.

Act 3, Scene 3, Page 6

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,
110 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.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes

SEBASTIAN

I'll fight every one of these devils if I have to, one at a time.

ANTONIO

I'll back you up.

SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit.

GONZALO

All three of them are crazy with despair. Their guilt is finally starting to gnaw at them, like a slow-acting poison. Those of you who are young and active, I beg you to follow them and keep them from doing the crazy things their guilt might push them to do.

ADRIAN

Follow them, please.

They all exit.

Act 4, Scene 1

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life—
5 Or that for which I live—who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
10 Do not smile at me that I boast of her,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND

I do believe it
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO

PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA enter.

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) If I've punished you too harshly, I'm ready to make it up to you now, since I've given you a third of my life—everything I live for—my daughter Miranda. I put her in your hands. All the trouble I put you through was to test your love for her, and you've passed the test remarkably well. As heaven is my witness, I give you this valuable gift. Oh Ferdinand, don't smile at me for bragging about Miranda, for you'll see soon enough that she outshines any praise of her.

FERDINAND

I'd believe it even if oracles told me differently.

PROSPERO

Original Text

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 ministered,
 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.

Modern Text

Then take my daughter, both as my gift to you
 and as something you have earned. But if you
 have sex with her before the marriage ceremony
 takes place, the heavens will not bless your
 relationship, but will overwhelm you with hate,
 contempt, and discord, and will poison your
 marriage bed so that you both grow to loathe it.
 So be careful, and make sure you respect the
 holy institution of marriage.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 2**FERDINAND**

As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 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 honor into lust to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 30 When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are foundered,
 Or night kept chained below.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.
 Sit then and talk with her. She is thine own.—
 What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter ARIEL***ARIEL**

What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO

35 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.

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a wink.

ARIEL

Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"
 45 And breathe twice and cry "So, so!"
 Each one, tripping on his toe,

FERDINAND

I want peace, good kids, and a long life. To
 protect the love I cherish, I won't be tempted by
 any opportunity to forget my honor and give in to
 lust. I refuse to give up the joys of my wedding
 day, when I'll be so eager for my first night of love
 that I'll wonder whether evening will ever come.

PROSPERO

You've said it well. So have a seat and talk to her.
 She's yours.—Come, Ariel! My trusty servant,
 Ariel!

*ARIEL enters.***ARIEL**

What does my powerful master wish for? I'm
 here.

PROSPERO

You and your fellow spirits did your last
 assignment well, and now I need your help again.
 Go bring them all here; I give you power over
 them. Make them act quickly. I have to give this
 young couple here a small display of my magic
 powers. I've promised them I would, and they're
 expecting it.

ARIEL

Right now?

PROSPERO

Yes, right away.

ARIEL

Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"
 And breathe twice, and shout "So, so!"
 Each one of your servants will rush here,

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 3

Will be here with mop and mow.

Tripping over his own toes, making funny faces.

Original Text

Do you love me, master, no?

PROSPERO

Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
50 Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.

Exit ARIEL

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) Look thou be true. Do not give
dalliance
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, goodnight your vow.

FERDINAND

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

PROSPERO

Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit. Appear and perty!—

Soft music

No tongue. All eyes! Be silent.

Enter IRIS

IRIS

60 Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,

Modern Text

Do you love me, master? No?

PROSPERO

I love you dearly, Ariel. Don't come near till you
hear me call you.

ARIEL

All right, I understand.

ARIEL exits.

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) Make sure you behave
honorably. Don't go too far with her. If you let
yourself get stirred up, you'll forget your promise
of good behavior. Calm yourself down or you'll
forget your vow.

FERDINAND

I assure you, sir, the tender love I feel in my heart
is stronger than the sexual passions stirring down
below.

PROSPERO

Good.—Now come, Ariel! Better to have an extra
servant on hand than be understaffed. Appear
before me now quickly—

Soft music plays.

No talking. Just watch! Be quiet.

IRIS enters.

IRIS

I am the rainbow-bearing messenger sent by my
mistress Juno—the Queen of the Sky. I have
come to announce that Juno has asked you,
Ceres, goddess of the fields and the earth, to
leave your rich farms of wheat, rye, barley, oats,
and peas, the hills where the

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 4

65 Which spongy April at thy hest betrim
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipped vineyard;
70 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' th' Sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,

JUNO descends above

Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

75 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

CERES

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;

sheep nibble, the furrows that April covers with
flowers for nymphs to make crowns with. You
must leave the groves where the disappointed
bachelor lurks, rejected by his love, and the well-
pruned vineyards, and the rocky seashore.

*JUNO enters above the stage and slowly begins
to descend.*

You must leave these places and hurry here to
this grassy spot, to entertain Juno.

CERES enters.

CERES

Greetings to you, rainbow messenger, who never
disobeys Juno, wife of Jupiter; with your golden

Original Text

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 unshrubbed down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
 Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate,
 85 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blessed lovers.

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 90 Her and her blind boy's scanded company
 I have forsworn.

Modern Text

wings you sprinkle dewdrops and refreshing
 showers on my flowers, and arch your colored
 bow over my wooded fields and grassy meadows,
 like a beautiful scarf to decorate my earth. Why
 has your queen, Juno, called me here to this
 grassy spot?

IRIS

To celebrate a marriage of true love, and give a
 gift to the lovers.

CERES

Tell me, rainbow, do you know if either Venus,
 the goddess of love, or her son, Cupid, is
 accompanying Queen Juno? Ever since Venus
 and her blind son plotted a way for the god of the
 underworld to steal my daughter away for half the
 year, I swore I'd never speak to them again.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 5**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
 95 done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted—but in vain.
 Mars's hot minion is returned again.
 100 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
 sparrows
 And be a boy right out.

CERES

Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes. I know her by her gait.

JUNO descends to the stage

JUNO

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

They sing

JUNO

(sings)
 Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you.
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

IRIS

Don't be afraid of her company. I met Venus as
 she was with her son on her way to her home on
 Paphos, in a carriage pulled by doves. They
 were planning to pull a mischievous trick on
 Ferdinand and Miranda, who have sworn not to
 sleep together till their wedding day. But their
 trick failed. Venus went home again, and her little
 son broke all his arrows, swearing he'll never
 shoot them again, but play with birds like other
 little boys.

CERES

Great Queen Juno is coming. I know her by her
 walk.

JUNO comes down to the stage.

JUNO

How is my generous sister? Come help me bless
 this couple, so they will be prosperous and have
 many children.

They sing.

JUNO

(singing)
 May honor, riches, marriage blessings,
 Long life, and unending joys come to you.
 Juno sings her blessings onto you.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 6**CERES****CERES**

Original Text

(sings)

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

FERDINAND

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold

110 To think these spirits?

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

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

***JUNO** and **CERES** whisper, and send **IRIS** on
employment*

PROSPERO

Sweet now, silence.

115 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.

There's something else to do. Hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS

You nymphs, called naiads of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,

120 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons, Juno does command.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 7

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,

125 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.*

PROSPERO

I had forgot that foul conspiracy

130 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot

Modern Text

(singing)

*Growing crops and large harvests,
Barns and silos full of grain,
Vines heavy with clustered grapes,
Plants straining under their fruit—
May spring follow directly autumn's harvest,
With none of winter's hardships to endure,
You will have plenty and want nothing,
Ceres's blessings on you.*

FERDINAND

This is a majestic and harmonious vision. Are
these spirits we see before us?

PROSPERO

Yes, they're spirits that I've called out of their
prisons to perform my whims.

FERDINAND

Let me live here forever. Such a wonderful
father-in-law and wife make this place a
paradise.

***JUNO** and **CERES** whisper, then send **IRIS** on a
mission.*

PROSPERO

Now be quiet. Juno and Ceres are whispering
about something serious. There's something else
to be done. Be silent, or else my magic spell will
be broken.

IRIS

You nymphs who live in the wandering brooks,
with seaweed crowns and innocent looks, step
out of the water and come join us here on this
grassy field. Juno

orders you. Come, sweet nymphs, and help us
celebrate the wedding of two true lovers. Don't
be late.

*Several **NYPHS** enter.*

Now, you tanned fieldworkers who are so tired of
August's labors, get out of the dirt and come
rejoice with us here. Put your straw hats on,
have some fun, and dance with these young
nymphs.

*Several fieldworkers enter, dressed
appropriately. They join the nymphs in a graceful
dance. At the end **PROSPERO** suddenly acts
startled and speaks.*

PROSPERO

I almost forgot about Caliban's horrible

conspiracy to kill me. The moment they planned
to act is almost here. *(to the spirits)*—Good job.

Original Text

Is almost come.—Well done. Avoid, no more!

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

FERDINAND

(to MIRANDA) This is strange. Your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day

135 Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) You do look, my son, in a moved
sort,

As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

140 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 8

And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve,

145 And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.

150 Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA

PROSPERO

155 Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel. Come.

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared

160 Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Modern Text

Leave now, no more!

*The dancers vanish sadly to a strange, hollow,
and confused noise.*

FERDINAND

(to MIRANDA) This is strange. Something has
really upset your father.

MIRANDA

I've never seen him like this. He's never been as
angry and upset as he is now.

PROSPERO

(to FERDINAND) You look like something's
bothering you. Cheer up. Our music-and-dance
spectacle is over. These actors were all spirits,
as I told you, and they've all melted into thin air.
And just like the whole empty

and ungrounded vision you've seen, with its
towers topped with clouds, its gorgeous palaces,
solemn temples, the world itself—and everyone
living in it—which will dissolve just as this illusory
pageant has dissolved, leaving not even a wisp
of cloud behind. We are all made of dreams, and
our life stretches from sleep before birth to sleep
after death. Sir, I'm upset. Please put up with my
weakness. My old brain is troubled. Don't be
disturbed by my illness. If you like, you can rest a
while in my room. I'll go for a short walk to calm
down my feverish mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA

We hope you feel better and find some peace.

They exit.

PROSPERO

Come, Ariel—I summon you with a thought.
Thank you, Ariel. Come.

ARIEL enters.

ARIEL

I obey all your thoughts. What do you wish?

PROSPERO

Spirit, we have to get ready to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL

Yes, my master. When I was putting on the
Ceres show, I thought of reminding you about
Caliban, but I was afraid of upsetting you.

PROSPERO

Tell me again, where did you leave those
lowlifes?

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 9

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valor that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
 165 For kissing of their feet—yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
 170 That, calflike, they my lowing followed through
 Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and
 thorns,
 Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
 I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 175 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

I go, I go.

Exit ARIEL

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil on whose nature
 180 Nurture can never stick, on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost.
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, etc.

185 Come, hang them on this line.

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were totally drunk, so puffed
 up with courage that they were getting angry at
 the air for blowing in their faces, and beating the
 ground for touching their feet—yet even when
 drunk, they kept their plan firmly in mind. Then I
 beat my drum, at which point they pricked up
 their ears and opened their eyes, looking around
 for the source of my music. I enchanted them so
 thoroughly that they followed me through thorn
 bushes and prickly shrubs that tore up their
 shins. In the end I left them standing in the
 smelly pond behind your room, with the stinking
 water covering them up to their chins.

PROSPERO

Good job, my little one. Stay invisible. Bring the
 fancy clothes out of my house, to use as bait to
 catch these thieves.

ARIEL

I'm going, I'm going.

ARIEL exits.

PROSPERO

He's a devil, a born devil, who can never be
 trained. All my attempts to help him, undertaken
 with the best intentions, have been wasted. As
 his body grows uglier with age, his mind rots
 away as well. I'll torment them all till they roar
 with pain.

ARIEL enters, loaded with sparkling clothes.

Here, hang them on this clothesline.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 10

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all
 wet*

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter
 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

190 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—

CALIBAN

Please walk softly, so not even a mole hears us
 approach. We're near his room now.

STEPHANO

Hey monster, the spirit you've been talking
 about, the one you call harmless, has been
 playing tricks on us.

TRINCULO

Monster, I smell like horse piss, which is making
 my nose pretty upset.

STEPHANO

Mine too.—Are you listening, monster? If I
 decide to get angry at you, just watch out—

Original Text

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

STEPHANO

- 200 There is not only disgrace and dishonor 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
labor.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 11

CALIBAN

- 205 Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO

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

TRINCULO

(seeing the apparel)

O King Stephano! O peer, O worthy Stephano, look
what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.

TRINCULO

- 215 Oh, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a
friperery.—
(puts on a gown) O King Stephano!

STEPHANO

Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll have
that gown.

TRINCULO

Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

- 220 The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,

Modern Text

TRINCULO

You'd be done for then, monster.

CALIBAN

My good lord, I still need you to like me. Be
patient, because the prize I'm leading you to will
make you forget how smelly you are now. So be
quiet. It's as silent as a graveyard here.

TRINCULO

All right, but I can't get over how we lost our wine
bottles in the pond—

STEPHANO

Yes, monster, it's worse than the disgrace of
getting drenched and smelly. We lost more than
our honor when we lost our wine.

TRINCULO

That upsets me much more than getting wet.
And you called the fairy creature harmless,
monster.

STEPHANO

I'll get my bottle back if it's the last thing I do.

CALIBAN

Please, my king, be quiet. Look here, this is the
entrance to his room. Be silent and go in. Do the
deed that will make this island yours forever, and
will make me, Caliban, your worshipful foot-
licker.

STEPHANO

Give me your hand. I'm starting to feel
murderous urges.

TRINCULO

(seeing the clothes) Oh, King Stephano! Worthy
Stephano, look at the fabulous wardrobe waiting
for you here!

CALIBAN

Leave it alone, you fool. It's worthless.

TRINCULO

Oh, monster, we know secondhand clothes when
we see them.—*(he puts on one of the
gowns)* Oh, King Stephano!

STEPHANO

Take off that gown, Trinculo. I swear that gown's
for me.

TRINCULO

You can have it then, your highness.

CALIBAN

To hell with this idiot! Why are you going crazy
over these trashy clothes? Leave them alone,

Original Text

And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO

225 Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my
jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line.—Now, jerkin,
you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Modern Text

and do the murder first. If he wakes up before we
kill him, he'll never stop punishing us.

STEPHANO

Shut up, monster.—Madame tree, is this jacket
for me? Thank you kindly. The tree's lost its
jacket. (*he takes a jacket hanging on the tree*)—
Now the jacket might lose its fur trim and
become a bald jacket.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 12

TRINCULO

Do, do. We steal by line and level, an 't like your
grace.

STEPHANO

I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment for 't.
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.

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

235 I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO

Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn
you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO

And this.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard Enter divers spirits, in
shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them
about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on*

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL

Silver. There it goes, Silver!

TRINCULO

Go ahead, take it. We're stealing things the right way
here.

STEPHANO

Thank you for that joke. Here, I'll give you some
clothes to show my gratitude. As king of this country I
like to reward wit when I hear it. "Stealing things the
right way" is a great line. Here's another jacket to say
thanks.

TRINCULO

Come here, monster, put some glue on your fingers,
and carry away the rest of these clothes for us.

CALIBAN

I won't have any of this. We're wasting our time. We'll
miss our chance and be turned into geese or apes
with low foreheads.

STEPHANO

Monster, use your fingers. Help us carry these
clothes to where my barrel of wine is hidden, or I'll
kick you out of my kingdom. Go on, take them.

TRINCULO

Take these too.

STEPHANO

Yes, and these.

*A noise of hunters is heard. Various spirits enter
disguised as dogs and hounds,
chasing STEPHANO, TRINCULO,
and CALIBAN around. PROSPERO and ARIEL follow
them, urging the dogs on.*

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL

Silver. There they go, Silver!

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 13

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury!—There, Tyrant, there. Hark, hark!

Spirits drive out CALIBAN, STEPHANO,

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury!—Get over there, Tyrant, there.
Listen, listen!

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are

Original Text

Modern Text

*and***TRINCULO***chased away.*

245 Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
 With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
 With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
 them
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ariel, go order my goblin servants to make these
 fellows' bones ache, give them muscle cramps
 all over, and give them more bruises than
 leopards have spots.

ARIEL

Hark, they roar.

ARIEL

Listen they're howling.

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

PROSPERO

Hunt them down. Now all my enemies are at my
 mercy. Soon all my work will be done, and you'll
 be free. Just obey me a little bit longer.

250 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.
 Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
 Follow, and do me service.

*Exeunt**They exit.*

Act 5, Scene 1

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

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

PROSPERO

My plans are almost at their climax. My spells are
 working well, my spirits are obeying me, and
 everything is right on schedule. What time is it?

ARIEL

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

ARIEL

It's after six o'clock, my lord, when you said our
 work would be finished.

PROSPERO

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

PROSPERO

That's what I said when I first conjured the
 tempest. Tell me, spirit, how's the king and his
 entourage?

ARIEL

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 termed, 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.

ARIEL

All cooped up together, just as you ordered, all
 imprisoned in the grove of linden trees that
 protects your room from bad weather. They can't
 move till you release them. The king, his brother,
 and your brother are all waiting there in a crazed
 state of mind, and the rest are grieving over them,
 sad and astonished. "Good old lord Gonzalo," as
 you call him, is saddest of all, with tears running
 down his beard. Your magic spell has such an
 effect on them that if you saw them now, you'd
 feel sorry for them.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

PROSPERO

Do you think so, spirit?

ARIEL

20 Mine would, sir, were I human.

ARIEL

I'd feel sorry for them, if I were human.

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 2

PROSPERO

And mine shall.
 Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
 25 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
 quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part. The rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
 30 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit ARIEL

PROSPERO

(tracing a circle on the ground)
 Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
 35 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 40 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed
 The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 45 Set roaring war—to th' dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

PROSPERO

I will too. You're made of air, so if even you feel sorry for them, imagine the pity that I'll feel, being one of their own human race. I suffer pain just as much as they do, so I'll sympathize far more than you. Though I'm indignant about their evil deeds, I'll go with my nobler instincts, which tell me to feel some compassion for them. It's better to act virtuously rather than vengefully. Now that they're sorry, I don't want anything more. Go release them, Ariel. I'll break my spells and bring them back to their senses, and they'll feel like themselves again.

ARIEL

I'll go get them, sir.

ARIEL exits.

PROSPERO

(drawing a large circle on the stage with his staff) I've darkened the noontime sun with the aid of you elves who live in the hills and brooks and groves, and you who chase the sea on the beach without leaving footprints in the sand, and run away when the waves come back; and you who make toadstools while the moon shines; who make mushrooms as a hobby after the evening bell has rung. With your help I've called up the angry winds, and set the green sea and blue sky at war with each other. I've given lightning to the thunderclouds, and burned up Jupiter's beloved oak.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 3

With his own bolt;
 the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command
 50 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 55 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

Solemn music

Enter ARIEL before, Then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended

With his own lightning bolts; I've shaken up the sturdy cliffs and uprooted pines and cedars; I've opened up graves and awakened the corpses sleeping in them, letting them out with my powerful magic. But I surrender all this magic now, when I've summoned some heavenly music to cast a spell, as I'm doing now, I'll break my staff and bury it far underground, and throw my book of magic spells deeper into the sea than any anchor ever sank.

Solemn music plays.

ARIEL enters, followed by ALONSO gesturing frantically, accompanied

Original Text

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
 60 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull.—There stand,
 For you are spell-stopped.—
 (to **GONZALO**) Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
 65 Fall fellowly drops.
 (*aside*) The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—
 70 (to **GONZALO**) O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver and a loyal sir

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 4

- To him you follow'st, I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—
 (to **ALONSO**) Most cruelly
 75 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—
 (to **SEBASTIAN**) Thou art pinched for 't now,
 Sebastian.—
 (to **ANTONIO**) Flesh and blood,
 80 You brother mine, that entertained ambition,
 Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have killed your king—I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art.
 (*aside*) Their understanding
 85 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.—
 (to **ARIEL**) Ariel,
 90 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.
 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 **PROSPERO**)
 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.

Modern Text

by **GONZALO**, **SEBASTIAN** and **ANTONIO** enter in the same way, accompanied by **ADRIAN** and **FRANCISCO**. They all enter the circle that **PROSPERO** has drawn and stand there under a spell. **PROSPERO**, watching all of this, speaks, though the others do not hear him.

Let this solemn melody comfort your fevered minds, which are now useless, seething inside your skulls.—All of you stand there in my spell.— (to **GONZALO**) Good Gonzalo, you honorable man, my eyes weep for you, since I feel what you must feel now. (*to himself*) The spell is breaking gradually, and just as dawn creeps in and melts away the darkness, they will slowly return to their senses.—(to **GONZALO**) Oh, my dear Gonzalo, you're my savior and loyal to your lord, I'll reward you fully, not just with praise but with actions too.—

(to **ALONSO**) You, Alonso, manipulated me and my daughter cruelly, and your brother helped you.—(to **SEBASTIAN**) You're paying the price for it now, Sebastian.—(to **ANTONIO**) My brother, you were so greedy for power that you forgot natural compassion and our bond as brothers, and were ready to kill your king—I forgive you, though you're a monster.—(*to himself*) Look at them, they're starting to understand. Soon their confused minds will clear up. But at this point not a single one of them recognizes me.— (to **ARIEL**) Ariel, get me my hat and sword from my room. I'll take off the clothes I'm wearing now, and put on the ones I used to wear in Milan.— Soon, spirit, you'll be free.

ARIEL

(he sings and helps **PROSPERO** dress)
 Where the bee drinks, I drink dew.
 I lie in the cup of a cowslip flower.
 I sleep there when the owls hoot.
 I fly on a bat's back,
 following the summer around the globe.
 Happily, happily I will live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Original Text

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel. I shall miss thee,
 95 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

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 5

Under the hatches. The Master and the Boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,
 100 And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL

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

Exit **ARIEL****GONZALO**

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

PROSPERO

(to ALONSO) Behold, sir King,
 The wrongèd 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. (*embraces* ALONSO)

ALONSO

Wh'e'er thou beest 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 Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
 I fear a madness held me. This must crave—
 An if this be at all—a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
 120 Prospero
 Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

(to GONZALO) First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
 Be measured or confined.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 6

GONZALO

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

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
 125 Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.

Modern Text

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel singing now. I'll miss
 you, Ariel, but you'll be free.—Yes, you will,
 yes.—Go to the king's ship in your invisible state.
 There you'll find the sailors asleep below deck.
 Find the Master and

Boatswain, who will be awake, and bring them
 here right away, please.

ARIEL

I'll go so fast I'll burn up the air, and come back
 in two heartbeats.

ARIEL exits.**GONZALO**

This place is full of trouble, torments, and
 amazements. Please come, heavenly powers,
 and guide us out of this godforsaken country!

PROSPERO

(to ALONSO) Your Highness, you see before
 you the Duke of Milan, Prospero, who's been
 wronged. I'll embrace you now so you will know
 it's really me, a living prince, talking to you. I
 heartily welcome you and your entourage
 here. (*he embraces* ALONSO)

ALONSO

Whether you're really him or whether this is
 some magic trick like I was recently subjected to,
 I don't know. Your heart beats like you were real,
 and ever since I saw you, I feel my mind
 becoming sane again, released from its earlier
 insanity. There must be a strange explanation for
 this—if it's true. I surrender your dukedom and
 beg you to forgive me all my crimes. But how is it
 possible that Prospero's alive and well and living
 on this island?

PROSPERO

(to GONZALO) First, my noble old friend, let me
 embrace you, who are more honorable than I
 can say.

GONZALO

I won't bet on whether or not any of this is real.

PROSPERO

You're still experiencing some of the little quirks
 of this island, which makes so many things seem
 uncertain. Welcome, my friends. (*speaking so*

Original Text

(aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO)

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
130 And justify you traitors. At this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.—*(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
135 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wracked upon this shore, where I have lost—
140 How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for 't, sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 7

PROSPERO

I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
145 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALONSO

You the like loss?

PROSPERO

As great to me as late. And supportable
To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
150 Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
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 your
daughter?

PROSPERO

155 In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words

Modern Text

that only SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO can hear) But you two lords, if I felt like it, I could turn you in as the traitors you are. But as for now, I won't say a word.

SEBASTIAN

It's the devil speaking through him.

PROSPERO

No.—*(to ANTONIO)* As for you, you evil man that I can't even call brother, I forgive you for even your worst sin, all your sins. I demand my dukedom back from you, which I know you have to give me.

ALONSO

If you're Prospero, give us the details of how you were saved, how you met us here, when we were just shipwrecked here three hours ago, when I lost—How painful the memory is!—my dear son Ferdinand

PROSPERO

I'm sorry about that, sir.

ALONSO

No one can undo this loss of mine, and trying to endure it patiently doesn't help.

PROSPERO

I don't think you've tried to endure it. Being patient has helped me a lot, for I have suffered a loss similar to yours.

ALONSO

You suffered a loss like mine?

PROSPERO

Yes, just as great and just as recent. And I have much less to comfort me than you do, since I've lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter? Oh God, I wish the two of them were alive and living in Naples, as king and queen! I'd give up my life and take my son's place in the mud on the ocean floor if I could see them alive in Naples.—When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this recent storm. These lords seem so astonished that they've lost their use of reason and can hardly believe what they see with their own eyes.—But whatever the reason for your

Original Text

Are natural breath.—But howsoev'r you have
 160 Been justled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
 Upon this shore where you were wracked, was
 landed,
 To be the lord on 't.

Modern Text

losing your senses, you can know for sure that
 I'm Prospero, that same duke who was kicked
 out of Milan and landed on this same island
 where you landed, and became the lord of it. No
 more of this story now, for it takes days to tell,
 not just a chat over breakfast or during this first
 meeting of ours.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 8

No more yet of this,
 16 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 5 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting.
(to ALONSO) Welcome, sir.
 This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants
 And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
 17 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 0 I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least bring forth a wonder to content ye
 As much as me my dukedom.

Here **PROSPERO** uncovers **FERDINAND** and **MIRANDA** playin
g at chess

MIRANDA

17 *(to FERDINAND)* Sweet lord, you play me false.
 5

FERDINAND

No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

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

ALONSO

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

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

(seeing ALONSO and kneeling)
 Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
 I have cursed them without cause.

(to ALONSO) Welcome, sir. This room's
 my royal court. I have hardly any servants
 and no subjects outside this room.
 Please, have a look. Since you've given
 my dukedom back to me, I'll give you
 something equally nice, or at least I'll give
 you an amazement to satisfy you as much
 as my dukedom satisfies me.

PROSPERO draws a curtain to
 reveal **FERDINAND** and **MIRANDA** playin
g chess.

MIRANDA

(to FERDINAND) My sweet lord, you're
 cheating.

FERDINAND

No, my dearest love, I wouldn't cheat you
 for the whole world.

MIRANDA

Maybe not the whole world, but you'd
 cheat for twenty kingdoms. But even then
 I'd still lie and say you were playing by the
 rules.

ALONSO

If this dream vision is typical of what this
 island conjures up, then I'll lose my son
 twice.

SEBASTIAN

A wonderful miracle!

FERDINAND

(seeing ALONSO and kneeling) The seas
 may threaten us, but they show mercy
 sometimes too. I cursed them for no
 reason.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 9

ALONSO

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

ALONSO

Receive all the blessings of a happy father. Get
 up and tell me how you came here.

Original Text**MIRANDA**

Oh, 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

190 (to FERDINAND)
What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath severed us
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal.
195 But by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown
200 But never saw before, of whom I have
Received a second life. And second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO

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

PROSPERO

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

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 10**GONZALO**

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown,
210 For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO

I say amen, Gonzalo.

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
215 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.

Modern Text**MIRANDA**

How amazing! How many wonderful creatures
there are here! Mankind is so beautiful! Oh, what
a wonderful new world, that has such people in it!

PROSPERO

It's new to you.

ALONSO

(to FERDINAND) Who is this girl you were
playing chess with? You can't have known her
for more than three hours. Is she the goddess
that separated us and then brought us back
together?

FERDINAND

No, sir, she's human. But by the grace of God,
she's mine. I chose her for my wife when I
thought I had no father to ask advice of. She's
the daughter of this famous Duke of Milan I
heard so much about but never saw before. He's
given me a second life, and marrying her makes
him a second father to me.

ALONSO

And I'm her father as well. But oh, how odd it is
to have to ask for my child's forgiveness!

PROSPERO

Stop right there, sir. Let's not get gloomy in our
reminiscing, since there's no reason for sadness
anymore.

GONZALO

I've been crying to myself just now, or I would've
said the same thing. Dear gods, bless this
couple, since you're the ones who have shown
us the path that led us here.

ALONSO

Amen to that, Gonzalo.

GONZALO

Was the Duke of Milan kicked out of Milan so his
children could become kings of Naples? Oh, this
is cause for an extraordinary joy that should be
engraved in gold on pillars to last forever. On one
and the same trip Claribel found a husband in
Tunis, and Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
where he was shipwrecked; Prospero found his
dukedom on a poor island; and all of us found
ourselves when we lost control of ourselves.

Original Text

ALONSO

220 (to FERDINAND and MIRANDA) Give me your hands.

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

GONZALO

Be it so. Amen.

*Enter ARIEL, with
the MASTER and BOATSWAIN amazedly following*

Oh, look, sir, look, sir! Here is more of us.
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,

225 This fellow could not drown.
(to BOATSWAIN) Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Modern Text

ALONSO

(to FERDINAND and MIRANDA) Give me your hands. May anyone who doesn't wish you joy feel grief and sorrow.

GONZALO

So be it. Amen.

*ARIEL enters with
the MASTER and BOATSWAIN following in amazement.*

Oh, look, sir, look, sir! More of us are here. I remember I predicted that this guy could never drown, as long as there are gallows around on the land. (to BOATSWAIN) Hey, you curser, who defiled our ship with your foul language, don't you have any gutter talk for us on shore? What's going on?

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 11

BOATSWAIN

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

ARIEL

(aside to PROSPERO) Sir, all this service
235 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.—
(to BOATSWAIN) Say, how came you hither?

BOATSWAIN

240 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 clapped under hatches,
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
245 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
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,
250 Even in a dream were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL

(aside to PROSPERO) Was 't well done?

PROSPERO**BOATSWAIN**

The best news of all is that we've located our king and our men. The next bit of good news is that our ship—which we gave up for ruined only three hours ago—is as well-outfitted and seaworthy as it was when we first set sail.

ARIEL

(speaking so that only PROSPERO can hear) Sir, I've done all this work for you since I left you last.

PROSPERO

(speaking so that only ARIEL can hear) My clever spirit!

ALONSO

These are unnatural events. They get stranger all the time.—(to BOATSWAIN) Tell me, how did you get here?

BOATSWAIN

If I were sure I was wide awake, I'd try to tell you. We were fast asleep and somehow—we don't know how—we were stowed below deck, where we heard lots of roaring, shrieking, howling, and jingling chains. The sounds were so horrible that we woke up liberated, and saw our wonderful ship safe and sound. The master was dancing with joy to see it. In an instant we were separated from them, as if in a dream, and brought here in a daze.

ARIEL

(speaking so that only PROSPERO can hear) Did I do it right?

PROSPERO

Original Text

(*aside to ARIEL*) Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Modern Text

(*speaking so that only ARIEL can hear*) You did it perfectly, my little worker. You'll get your freedom.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 12

ALONSO

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
255 And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO

Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure
260 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happened accidents. Till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.
(*aside to ARIEL*) Come hither, spirit.
265 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.

*Enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO in their stolen apparel*

STEPHANO

Every man shift for all the rest and let no man take
care for himself, for all is but fortune. Coraggio, bully-
monster, *coraggio!*

TRINCULO

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

CALIBAN

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

ALONSO

This is a stranger business than men have ever
set foot in before, and it's not natural either. We
need some oracle to tell us what's going on.

PROSPERO

Sir, my king, don't waste your time mulling over
how strange this business is. When the time is
right, and it'll be soon, I promise I alone will
explain everything that's happened. Until then,
be cheerful and keep an open mind. (*speaking
so that only ARIEL can hear*) Come here, spirit;
set Caliban and his fellow slaves free. Break the
spell that enslaves them to me.

ARIEL exits.

How is my lord? There are a few men still
missing from the ship, a few odd guys you've
forgotten about.

*ARIEL enters, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO in their stolen clothes.*

STEPHANO

Look out for the other guy, and don't put yourself
first, since everything happens randomly.
Courage! Courage, you fine old monster.

TRINCULO

If I can believe my eyes, this is a fine sight to
see.

CALIBAN

Oh Setebos, these are handsome spirits! How
wonderful my master is! I'm afraid he'll punish
me.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 13

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha!
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

280 Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.
(*indicates CALIBAN*) This misshapen knave,

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha! What are these things we're looking at,
my lord Antonio? Can you buy them with money?

ANTONIO

Definitely. The one that looks like a fish is very
marketable.

PROSPERO

Take a look at their servants' name tags, my
lords, then tell me what they are. (*he points
at CALIBAN*) This misshapen monster, his

Original Text

His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
285 And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I
290 Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
295 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 flyblowing.

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano?

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 14

STEPHANO

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

PROSPERO

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

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO

(indicating CALIBAN)

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

PROSPERO

305 He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.—*(to CALIBAN)* 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
310 And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO

Go to, away.

ALONSO

Modern Text

mother was a witch so powerful she could control
the moon and the tides. These three have
robbed me, and this bastard half-devil plotted
with them to kill me. Two of these men you must
recognize and claim as your own. This evil
monster I acknowledge is mine.

CALIBAN

He'll kill me with tortures.

ALONSO

Isn't this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He's definitely drunk now. Where did he get
wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo's drunk. Where did they find the
liquor to get drunk on?—*(to TRINCULO)* How did
you get this way?

TRINCULO

I've been so wasted since I saw you last that I'm
worried I'll never be sober again. But at least I
won't rot, being so full of alcohol.

SEBASTIAN

How are you doing, Stephano?

STEPHANO

Oh, don't touch me. I'm not Stephano, I'm a
walking cramp.

PROSPERO

You wanted to be king of the island, sir?

STEPHANO

I would've been a sore king then.

ALONSO

(pointing at CALIBAN) This is the strangest thing
I ever saw in my life.

PROSPERO

He's as ugly in his manners as he is in
appearance.—*(to CALIBAN)* Go, sir, to my room,
and take your companions with you. If you want
me to forgive you, make it neat and tidy.

CALIBAN

I will indeed. And after this I'll be good and hope
you forgive me. What an idiot I was to think this
drunkard was a god and to worship such a stupid
fool!

PROSPERO

Go away, now.

ALONSO

Original Text

(to STEPHANO and TRINCULO)

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

315 Or stole it, rather.

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which—part of it—I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

320 Go quick away: the story of my life

And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

325 Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Modern Text

(to STEPHANO and TRINCULO) Go, and put your garbage back where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it, rather.

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO exit.

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your entourage to my little room, where you can sleep tonight. But for this evening—part of it, at least—I'll tell you tales to make the time pass quickly. I'll narrate the story of my life, and give you all the details of what happened to me since I first came to this island. And in the morning I'll take you to your ship and we'll sail to Naples, where I hope to see this loving couple married. After that I'll retire to Milan, where I'll contemplate my death, which is soon to come.

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 15

ALONSO

I long

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

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all,

330 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—(aside to ARIEL) My Ariel,
chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

Exeunt omnes

ALONSO

I'm dying to hear your life story, which must be a strange tale.

PROSPERO

I'll tell you everything, and I promise to give you calm seas and favorable winds for your trip. You'll sail so fast that you'll catch up with the royal navy.—(speaking so that only ARIEL can hear) My Ariel, baby, that job's for you. After that you'll be free as the air. Farewell!—Please, all the rest of you, come closer.

They all exit.

Act 5, Epilogue

Spoken by PROSPERO

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 pardoned 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,

PROSPERO

Now my spells are all broken,
And the only power I have is my own,
Which is very weak. Now you all
Have got the power to keep me prisoner here,
Or send me off to Naples. Please don't
Keep me here on this desert island
With your magic spells. Release me
So I can return to my dukedom
With your help. The gentle wind
You blow with your applause
Will fill my ship's sails. Without applause,
My plan to please you has failed.
Now I have no spirits to enslave,
No magic to cast spells,
And I'll end up in despair

Original Text

Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
20 Let your indulgence set me free.

Exit

Modern Text

Unless I'm relieved by prayer,
Which wins over God himself
And absolves all sins.
Just as you'd like to have your sins forgiven,
Indulge me, forgive me, and set me free.

He exits.