

The Tempest

William Shakespeare

The Tempest

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master: Bote-swaine

Botes: Heere Master: What cheere?

Master: Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selves a ground, bestirre, bestirre.

Enter.

Enter Mariners.

Botes: Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon: Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Master?
Play the men.

Botes: I pray now keepe below.

Anth: Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes: Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz: Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Enter.

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

Enter.

Enter Boteswaine

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course.
A plague -

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous
incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker,
we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell,
and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off
to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs

Sebas. I'am out of patience

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would
thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides

Gonz. Hee'll be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at widst to glut him.

A confused noyse within.

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Enter.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her

Pros. Be collected, No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart there's no harme done

Mira. O woe, the day

Pros. No harme:

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then Prospero, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father

Mira. More to know

Did neuer medle with my thoughts

Pros. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd

The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit downe,
For thou must now know farther

Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet

Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more Miranda: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist

Mira. But that I doe not

Pros. Twelue yere since (Miranda) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Millaine and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued

Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy vnclé, call'd Anthonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vnclé
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t' aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The luy which had hid my princely Trunck,

And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe

Pros. I pray thee marke me:

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reueneue yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse

Pros. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore Millaine)
To most ignoble stooping

Mira. Oh the heauens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire Millaine
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Millaine, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe

Mir. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't

Pro. Heare a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent

Mir. Wherefore did they not

That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs aboard a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiue haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pittie sighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neopolitan Gonzalo
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this lland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon

A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee

Ar. To euery Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. Ioues Lightning, the precursors
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,

And all the Diuels are heere

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou caldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish

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

Ar. Past the mid season

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ar. No

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread y Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost

Ar. I doe not Sir

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in Argier

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from Argier
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did

They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheelles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out

Ar. I thanke thee Master

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailles, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence.

Enter.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit Caliban, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answeres

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou: speake

Cal. within. There's wood enough within

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when?

Enter Ariel like a water Nymph.

Fine apparision: my queint Ariel,
Hearke in thine eare

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Enter.

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by y diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else

This Isle with Calibans

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then a prison

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god Setebos,
And make a vassaile of him

Pro. So slaue, hence.

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands, and then
take hands:
Curtsied when you haue, and kist the wilde waues whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen.

Burthen dispersedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wawgh

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry cockadidle-dowe

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th' earth?

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o'th' lland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe

Ariell Song. Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corral made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I heare it now about me

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond

Mira. What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might'st call him

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