

## THE TEMPEST

A line-by-line translation

## Act 1, Scene 1

## Shakespeare

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

**MASTER**  
Boatswain!

**BOATSWAIN**  
Here, master. What cheer?

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

*The MASTER exits.*

*SAILORS enter.*

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

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

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

**BOATSWAIN**  
I pray now, keep below.

**ANTONIO**  
Where is the Master, Boatswain?

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

**GONZALO**  
Nay, good, be patient.


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

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

**BOATSWAIN**  
20 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.

## Shakesclore Translation

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

 A "boatswain" is a ship's officer in charge of the ship's crew.

**MASTER**  
Boatswain!

**BOATSWAIN**  
Here I am, sir. What do you need?

**MASTER**  
Good man, speak to the sailors to get them working harder. Do it quickly, or we're going to be shipwrecked. Move, move!

*The MASTER exits.*

*SAILORS enter.*

**BOATSWAIN**  
Come on, my boys! Cheer up, cheer up, my boys! Quickly! Quickly! Pull down the topmost sail. Follow the master's whistled commands. Blow, you wind, until you have nothing left to blast! We'll survive as long as we have enough room to maneuver without running aground.

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

**ALONSO**  
Good Boatswain, be careful! Where's the Master? Urge these men to work harder.

**BOATSWAIN**  
I ask you, please stay below deck now.

**ANTONIO**  
Where is the Master, Boatswain?

**BOATSWAIN**  
Can't you hear him shouting commands? You're interfering with our work. Stay in your cabins. You're helping the storm.

**GONZALO**  
Please be calm, my good man.

**BOATSWAIN**  
I'll be calm when the sea is. Get out of here! These waves don't care that someone here is a king. Get to your cabins and be quiet! Stop bothering us.

**GONZALO**  
Good man, please remember whom you've got on board.

**BOATSWAIN**  
Not one person that I care about more than myself. You're a king's advisor. If you can order the storm to stop, or negotiate a peace with it, we sailors will all stop working

25 Use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.— Cheerly, good hearts!— Out of our way, I say.

*The BOATSWAIN exits.*

**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  
30 rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

*GONZALO exits with the other men of the royal court.*

*The BOATSWAIN enters.*

**BOATSWAIN**

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

*A shout offstage.*

**BOATSWAIN**

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

*SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO enter.*

**BOATSWAIN**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

40 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**

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

**BOATSWAIN**

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again.

50 Lay her off!

*Wet SAILORS enter*

**MARINERS**

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

*The SAILORS exit.*

with our ropes and take a rest. Use your authority and do it. If you can't, be thankful that you've lived as long as you have, and go to your cabin and prepare yourself to face death, should the worst happen.

*[To SAILORS] Work, my boys!*

*[To GONZALO] Now, I'm telling you, get out of our way.*

*The BOATSWAIN exits.*

**GONZALO**

That man makes me feel a lot more confident. It seems to me that he doesn't look like he's fated to die by drowning. Instead he looks like he's destined to die by hanging. Good Fate, hold strong, and make sure that man survives this storm so that one day he can be hanged. May the rope fated to hold him by the neck save us, because the ropes we have on the ship don't seem to be helping us much. If he's not fated to be hanged, then things look bleak for us.

*GONZALO exits with the other men of the royal court.*

*The BOATSWAIN enters.*

**BOATSWAIN**

Bring down the top sail! Quickly, lower, lower! Bring the ship in line with the wind using the main sail.

*A shout is heard offstage.*

**BOATSWAIN**


Curse those men shouting below decks! They're louder than the storm and distracting us from our duties.


*SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO enter.*

**BOATSWAIN**

You're up on deck again? What are you doing here? Should we just give up and drown? Are you in the mood to sink?

**SEBASTIAN**

Curse you ! Shut up, you wimpy, offensive, ungenerous dog!

 "A pox o' your throat" in the original literally means, "A curse on your throat." In other words, "I hope you get sick."

**BOATSWAIN**

Do some work, then.

**ANTONIO**

Go hang yourself, you rascal! Hang yourself, you loud, disrespectful bastard! We're less afraid of drowning than you are.

**GONZALO**

I guarantee he'll never drown, not even if the ship were as fragile as a nutshell and as leaky as a menstruating woman.

**BOATSWAIN**

Turn the ship close to the wind! Set both sails to push us back out to sea! Push her away from the land!

*Wet SAILORS enter.*

**MARINERS**

We're going to die! Pray, pray! We're going to die!

*The SAILORS exit.*

**BOATSWAIN**

What, must our mouths be cold?

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

55 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!

**GONZALO**

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

*A chaotic noise sounds offstage.*

**VOICES**

*[within]* Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!

**ANTONIO**

Let's all sink wi' th' king.

**SEBASTIAN**

65 Let's take leave of him.

*ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN exit.*

**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.

*They exit.*

**BOATSWAIN**

What, must we drown in the cold water?

**GONZALO**

The king and the prince are praying. Let's pray with them, since we share their situation.

**SEBASTIAN**

I've lost all my patience.

**ANTONIO**

We've had our lives completely taken from us by a bunch of drunken sailors. As for this bigmouthed rascal of a boatswain--

*[To BOATSWAIN]* I hope you drown ten times!

**GONZALO**

He'll still end up hanged, even if every drop of water in the ocean swears he won't, and opens its mouth wide to try to swallow him.

*A chaotic noise sounds offstage.*

**VOICES**

*[Offstage]* God have mercy on us! The ship's splitting apart; the ship's splitting! Goodbye, my wife and children! Goodbye, brother! The ship's splitting, splitting, splitting!

**ANTONIO**

Let's all sink with the king.

**SEBASTIAN**

Let's say goodbye to him.

*ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN exit.*

**GONZALO**

I'd give 125 square miles of sea for a single acre of infertile ground: an empty plain, plants growing in bad soil, anything. What's fated to be will be, but I'd be happier to die a dry death.

*They exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*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 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.  
15 No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart

### Shakescleare Translation

*PROSPERO and MIRANDA enter.*

**MIRANDA**

My dearest father, if you used your magic to incite the wild waters into this this awful storm, please calm them. The sky is so dark it seems like it would rain down hot tar, except that the sea is swelling up to the sky and would put out the fire boiling the tar. Oh, I've suffered along with all of those I saw suffering onboard the ship! A magnificent ship—which carried, without a doubt, some noble people—was smashed to pieces. Oh, their cries shook my heart! Those poor people—they died. If I were a god with even a bit of power I would have forced the sea to sink down into the earth before it could have swallowed up that ship and all the people it carried.

**PROSPERO**

Be calm. Don't be scared. Tell your heart, which is full of pity, that no harm was done to anyone.

There's no harm done.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, woe the day!

**PROSPERO**

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
 20 Of thee, my dear one—thou my daughter, who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell  
 And thy no greater father.

**MIRANDA**

25 More to know  
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

**PROSPERO**

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

*MIRANDA helps PROSPERO remove his cloak.*

**PROSPERO**

30 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  
 35 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.  
 40 For thou must now know farther.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

45 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?  
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
 50 Out three years old.

**MIRANDA**

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.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

Oh, what a sad day!

**PROSPERO**

No harm was done. All that I have done has been for you,  
 for you, my dear daughter. You don't know who you are.  
 Nor do you know where I came from, or that I'm of higher  
 rank than Prospero, your simple father who is master of  
 some poor little shack.

**MIRANDA**

I never even considered that there might be more to know.

**PROSPERO**

It's time that I told you everything. Give me a hand and take  
 this magic cloak off of me.

*MIRANDA helps PROSPERO remove his cloak.*

**PROSPERO**

*[To the cloak on the ground]* Lay there, my magic.

*[To MIRANDA]* Wipe your eyes. Take comfort. As for the  
 awful shipwreck—which touched the goodness of your  
 heart and moved you to such compassion—I controlled it so  
 carefully with my magic that not one person was hurt. No,  
 not a hair was lost from the head of any person on that ship  
 which you heard break apart and saw sink. Sit down.  
 There's more that you must know.

**MIRANDA**

You've often started to tell me who I am. But then you  
 would stop, leaving me asking questions that you wouldn't  
 answer until you would finally say, "Wait. Not yet."

**PROSPERO**

Now the time has come. At this very instant, you must  
 listen. Pay close attention. Can you remember the time  
 before we came to live in this shack? I don't think you can,  
 because you weren't even three years old.

**MIRANDA**

Of course I can, sir.

**PROSPERO**

What do you remember? Some house or person? Tell me  
 about anything you see in your memory.

**MIRANDA**

My memories seem distant and far away, more like a dream  
 than something that I can be sure really happened. Didn't I  
 have four or five women who took care of me?

**PROSPERO**

You did—and even more than that, Miranda. But how is it  
 possible that you can remember all this? What else do you  
 remember through the darkness and abyss of passing time?  
 If you remember something about your life before you  
 came here, you may also remember how you arrived here.

**MIRANDA**

But that I do not.

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

Sir, are not you my father?

**PROSPERO**

70 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!  
What foul play had we that we came from thence?  
75 Or blessed was 't we did?

**PROSPERO**

Both, both, my girl.  
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly help hither.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, my heart bleeds  
80 To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,  
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  
85 Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state, as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
90 Without a parallel. Those being all my study,  
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**

95 Sir, most heedfully.

**PROSPERO**

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
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,  
100 Or else new formed 'em—having both the key  
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**

105 O, good sir, I do.

**PROSPERO**

I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
110 O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature. And my trust,

**MIRANDA**

But I don't remember that.

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

Sir, aren't you my father?

**PROSPERO**

Your mother was good and honest, and she said you were  
my daughter. And your father was Duke of Milan, and you  
were his heir, a princess of the same noble birth as her  
parents.

**MIRANDA**

My God! What crimes were committed against us that we  
ended up here? Or was our coming here a blessing?

**PROSPERO**

Both, both, my girl. We were forced from our old positions  
by crimes, as you call them. But we were blessed in the help  
we received that allowed us to end up here.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, it breaks my heart to think about how sad it must make  
you to be reminded of these events that I don't remember!  
Please, though, continue.

**PROSPERO**

My brother, your uncle, whose name is Antonio—I beg you,  
listen carefully (oh, how could a brother be so  
treacherous!)—was the person whom I loved more than  
anyone else in the world, other than you. I trusted him to  
manage Milan where I ruled, which at that time was the  
most powerful city-state in Italy. I, Prospero, was the most  
powerful duke, and was admired for my dignity and my  
unmatched knowledge of the liberal arts. Because I spent  
all my time absorbed in studying secret topics, I let my  
brother run the government and lost contact with my city.  
Your lying uncle—are you listening to me?

**MIRANDA**

Sir, very closely.

**PROSPERO**

As soon as Antonio got the hang of how to grant some  
requests while denying others, of figuring out which people  
to promote and which to hold back in order to stop them  
from getting too powerful, he was able to steal the people  
who used to be mine. He changed them, or, you might say,  
remade them completely. Having power over both the  
government and all the people in the government, he could  
make everyone say or do whatever he wanted them to. He  
was like ivy growing up a tree, and I was like the tree—he  
covered me entirely until I was hidden, and sucked my  
vitality out of me. You're not listening.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, good sir, I am.

**PROSPERO**

Please, pay attention to me. I neglected all things related to  
ordinary life or politics, and dedicated myself entirely to  
seclusion in order to improve my knowledge of topics that  
have more value than is commonly believed. But by cutting  
myself off from the world, I unknowingly awoke evil in the  
heart of my brother. Like a good parent who raises a bad

Like a good parent, did beget of him  
 A falsehood in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,  
 115 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded  
 But what my power might else exact, like one  
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory  
 120 To credit his own lie— he did believe  
 He was indeed the duke, out o' th' substitution  
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative: Hence his ambition growing—  
 Dost thou hear?

**MIRANDA**

125 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  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
 Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties  
 130 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  
 The dukedom yet unbowed— alas, poor Milan!—  
 135 To most ignoble stooping.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, the heavens!

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

I should sin  
 140 To think but nobly of my grandmother.  
 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,  
 145 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 dukedom, and confer fair Milan  
 With all the honors on my brother. Whereon,  
 150 A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
 Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open  
 The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,  
 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
 Me and thy crying self.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

Hear a little further  
 160 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

child, my trust in him produced the opposite effect, making  
 him into a liar as big as my trust in him was—and my trust in  
 him had no limit. My confidence in him was infinite. Now  
 established in his position of power, and able to use all of  
 my wealth (and whatever wealth he could use my power to  
 take for himself), he became like a man who told a lie for so  
 long that he began to believe it was true. He began to  
 believe he was actually the duke. As a result of being my  
 substitute, and acting as the royal duke in public with all  
 the duke's rights and power, his ambition began to  
 grow—are you listening?

**MIRANDA**

Your story would cure deafness. It's impossible not to hear  
 it.

**PROSPERO**

He was playing the role of being the duke. But to get rid of  
 the last thing separating the role he was playing from who  
 he was, he had to become the *actual* Duke of Milan. As for  
 me—poor fool that I was—my library was as large a  
 dukedom as I wanted. Having decided that I was unable to  
 run or rule my city, he become so thirsty for power that he  
 secretly allied with the King of Naples to get rid of me. In  
 return, Antonio agreed to pay the King of Naples a certain  
 amount of money every year; to swear to obey him; and to  
 force his dukedom, which had always been  
 independent—oh, poor Milan!—into the shameful position  
 of being under Naples' control.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, my God!

**PROSPERO**

Think about this pact he made with King Alonso, and about  
 what happened as a consequence of it. Then tell me if  
 Antonio can really be thought of as a brother.

**MIRANDA**

I would be wicked if I had anything other than good  
 thoughts about my grandmother. But good women  
 sometimes give birth to bad sons.

**PROSPERO**

Now listen to outcome of their secret alliance. The king of  
 Naples, who had always been an enemy of mine, listened to  
 my brother's request. Antonio asked that the king, in return  
 for his oath of loyalty and however much money he paid to  
 the king each year, would immediately remove me and all  
 of immediate family from Milan, and then give the  
 dukedom to my brother. So then, they raised an army to  
 pull off this treachery. At midnight on the date they'd  
 chosen to act, Antonio opened the gates of Milan, and in the  
 deep darkness had the agents he'd chosen for the job rush  
 me and you, crying, out of there.

**MIRANDA**

Alas, how sad! I can't remember crying then, but now I'll cry  
 about it all over again. This story wrings tears from my eyes.

**PROSPERO**

Listen to a little more, and I'll tell you everything up to our  
 current situation, which is the entire reason why it's  
 necessary for me to tell you this story at all.

**MIRANDA**

Why didn't they just kill us when they took us from Milan?

That hour destroy us?

**PROSPERO**

165 Well demanded, wench.  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.  
170 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
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  
175 To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh  
To th' winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

How came we ashore?

**PROSPERO**

By providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
190 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,  
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,  
195 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**

200 Now I arise.  
*[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  
205 Than other princesses can that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

210 Know thus far forth:  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune  
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore. And by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
215 A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.  
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,

**PROSPERO**

Good question, my dear girl. My story does indeed bring up that question. My dear, they didn't dare. Because I was so loved by the people of Milan, Antonio and Alonso had to keep any blood from staining their actions, and hide their evil goals behind a prettier picture. In short, they hurried us onto a ship and carried us a few miles out to sea. There, they had prepared a rotten shell of a boat that had no ropes, equipment, sails, or a mast. Even the rats had abandoned it when they sensed its likelihood to sink. They lowered us down into the water. We were left to cry out to the sea, which just roared back at us. We sighed in sadness to the wind, which sighed back in pity. And in doing so it buffeted us with winds that--no matter how loving--only made us more uncomfortable.

**MIRANDA**

My God! What trouble I must have been to you then!

**PROSPERO**

Oh no, you were a little angel who kept me alive. While I cried salty tears into the ocean and groaned under my burden, you smiled with a strength and courage that came from heaven. That gave me the courage to face whatever was going to come.

**MIRANDA**

How did we land here?

**PROSPERO**

With the help of God. A nobleman from Naples, Gonzalo, had been put in charge of the task of abandoning us at sea. Out of charity, he gave us some food and fresh water, as well as clothes, linens, supplies, and other necessities that have over the years been so useful. Also, he was so noble and kind, that, knowing how much I loved my books, he gave me some books from my library that I value more than my dukedom.

**MIRANDA**

If only I could meet that man someday.

**PROSPERO**

Now I will stand up. *[He stands up and puts on his magic cloak]* Sit still, and listen to the rest of the story of our sad times at sea. We arrived here on this island. I, as your teacher here, have given you a better education than other princesses get, because they have so many opportunities to spend their time more foolishly and do not pay as close attention to their teachers.

**MIRANDA**

May God thank you for it! But now, please, sir: a question keeps popping up in my mind. Why did you create this storm at sea?

**PROSPERO**

You should know this much: by a strange chance, the goddess of luck (whom I now love) has brought my old enemies to this island. And by my magic senses, I can tell that my opportunity for good fortune depends on this lucky circumstance. And if I do not act but instead do nothing, then I will never again have such an opportunity. No more questions now. You are sleepy. It's a good time for sleepiness, so give in to it. I know you have no choice.

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

*MIRANDA falls asleep.*

**PROSPERO**

220 Come  
away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

*ARIEL enters.*

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

230 To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship. Now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement. Sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places. On the topmast,  
235 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  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
240 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?

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

255 Close by, my master.

**PROSPERO**

But are they, Ariel, safe?

**ARIEL**

260 Not a hair perished.  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before. And, as thou badest me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*MIRANDA falls asleep.*

**PROSPERO**

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

*ARIEL enters.*


**ARIEL**


Greetings, great master! Noble sir, greetings! I've come to  
do whatever you would like, whether it's to fly, swim, jump  
into fire, or ride upon the clouds. Whatever you want done,  
ask Ariel and all his many skills, to do it.

**PROSPERO**

Spirit, have you created and controlled the storm exactly as  
I told you to?

**ARIEL**

Down to the last detail. I boarded the king's ship. And from  
the prow, to the middle of the ship, to the stern, and in  
every cabin, I took the form of a fire and sent everyone into  
a terror. Sometimes I would divide myself, and burn at  
many places at once. I burned on the main mast, the yards  
extending from the mast—and, at the same time, split to  
burn the bowsprit extending from the prow. Then I joined  
back together to form a single flame. Not even Jove's   
lightning—which precedes and then causes thunder—could  
move as fast as I did. The fire and deafening cracks of my  
burning seemed to terrify even mighty Neptune, the god of  
the sea, and made his waves tremble and his weapon—the  
trident—shake.

 Jove was the ancient Roman king  
of the gods who could summon  
thunder and lightning at will.

**PROSPERO**

My splendid spirit! Was anyone on the ship so strong and  
steady that the uproar of this storm did not make him  
crazy?

**ARIEL**

Every person on the ship was like a madman and did  
desperate things. Everyone except the sailors jumped into  
the rough sea to escape the ship that I had set on fire. The  
king's son, Ferdinand, with his hair standing straight  
up—looking like reeds instead of hair—was the first one  
who jumped, shouting, "Hell is empty, and all the devils are  
here!"

**PROSPERO**

Hey, well done, my spirit! But did this happen near the  
shore?

**ARIEL**

Close by the shore, my master.

**PROSPERO**

But are they all safe, Ariel?

**ARIEL**

Not even a hair was harmed on anyone's head. The clothes  
that helped keep them afloat in the water not only didn't  
get stained, but are in fact cleaner than they were before  
the storm. And, as you told me to do, I've scattered  
everyone from the ship in a few different groups around the  
island. I brought the king's son all by himself to the land, on  
a far corner of the island. He's sitting there with his arms  
crossed like this in sadness [*ARIEL crosses his arms*], and  
cooling the air with his sighs.



**PROSPERO**

265 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  
270 Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid.  
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,  
275 Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
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**

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

**ARIEL**

Past the mid season.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

290 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,  
295 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

300 No.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

I do not, sir.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

The king's ship is safely harbored and hidden in that deep  
inlet where you once summoned me at midnight to go get  
dew from the stormy Bermuda Islands. The sailors are all  
below deck, sleeping both because of a spell I put them  
under, and also because of how tired they are from all their  
effort during the storm. As for the rest of the fleet, I  
scattered them. They've all met up in the Mediterranean  
Sea, and are now sailing sadly home to Naples, believing  
that they saw the shipwreck of the king's ship--and  
therefore the death of their great king.

**PROSPERO**

Ariel, you performed your task exactly as I asked. But  
there's more work required. What time of day is it?

**ARIEL**

Past noon.

**PROSPERO**

At least two hours past. We must treat the time between  
now and six o'clock as precious, and waste none of it.

**ARIEL**

Is there more work to do? Since you're giving me new  
chores, let me remind you what you promised to me but  
haven't yet actually done for me.

**PROSPERO**

What? You're feeling moody? What is it that you would  
demand from me?

**ARIEL**

My freedom.

**PROSPERO**

Before the time of our deal is up? Stop right there!

**ARIEL**

I beg you: remember that I've done good work for you. I've  
never lied to you. I've made no mistakes. And I've served  
you without bitterness or grumbling. You promised to  
shorten my time to serve you by a full year.

**PROSPERO**

Have you forgotten the torture from which I freed you?

**ARIEL**

No.

**PROSPERO**

You have forgotten. And so now you think it's too much  
effort to walk along the bottom of the ocean, or run on the  
cold north wind, or do work for me under the surface of the  
Earth when the ground is frozen solid.

**ARIEL**

I don't, sir.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

310 No, sir.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

Sir, in Argier.

**PROSPERO**

Oh, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
315 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  
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

**ARIEL**

320 Ay, sir.

**PROSPERO**

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child  
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
325 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,  
Into a cloven pine, within which rift  
330 Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill wheels strike. Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
335 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  
340 What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans  
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever angry bears. It was a torment  
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo. It was mine art,  
345 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  
350 Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

355 Do so, and after two days

**PROSPERO**

You lie, you evil thing! Have you forgotten the awful witch  
Sycorax, who was so old and filled with anger that she was  
so stooped over? 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 really? I'll have to tell the story again every  
month, since you seem to forget it. This damned witch  
Sycorax was thrown out of Algiers for committing so many  
crimes and performing magic too terrible to even describe.  
There was just one reason why they didn't kill her. Isn't that  
true?

**ARIEL**

Yes, sir.

**PROSPERO**

This hag--with bags under her eyes--was brought to this  
island while pregnant, and was left here by the sailors. You,  
my slave, as you yourself have said, were her servant then.  
And, because you were too kind and sensitive to carry out  
her dirty and disgusting commands, you refused her orders.  
In a rage that could not be calmed, and with the help of her  
most powerful spirits, she locked you into a hole in the  
middle of a pine tree that had been split in two. You were  
painfully imprisoned there for twelve years. During that  
time she died and you were stuck there, groaning in pain at  
the same rate that the blades of a mill wheel hit the water.  
At that time the island had no people on it, other than the  
son that Sycorax gave birth to on the island--that freckled  
son of a hag.

**ARIEL**

Yes, Caliban, her son.

**PROSPERO**

I already said that, you stupid thing. Caliban, who I now  
keep as a servant. You know better than anyone the pain  
you were in when I found you. Your groans made wolves  
howl, and made perpetually angry bears feel pity for you.  
The spell that Sycorax put on you--and which she could not  
undo--was something fit only for souls damned to hell.  
When I arrived on the island and heard you, it was my  
magic that made the pine tree open and let you out.

**ARIEL**

I thank you for that, master.

**PROSPERO**

If you continue to complain, I'll split an oak tree and lock  
you inside its wooden trunk until you've howled for twelve  
years.

**ARIEL**

Forgive me, master. I'll obey your commands and perform  
all my work as a sprite both pleasantly and ungrudgingly.

**PROSPERO**

Do that, and in two days I will give you your freedom.

I will discharge thee.

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

360 Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject  
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape  
And hither come in 't. Go hence with diligence.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

*[to MIRANDA]*  
Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well.  
Awake!

**MIRANDA**

365 *[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**

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

**PROSPERO**

375 But as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What, ho! Slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! Speak.

**CALIBAN**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

*ARIEL enters, in the form of a water nymph.*

**PROSPERO**

380 Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear. *[whispers to ARIEL]*

**ARIEL**

My lord it shall be done.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

385 *[to CALIBAN]* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil  
himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*CALIBAN enters.*

**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!

**ARIEL**

My noble master! What should I do for you? Tell me. What?  
What should I do?

**PROSPERO**

Go and make yourself look like a sea nymph. Be invisible to  
everyone other than to me and yourself. Go take this shape,  
and then return in that form. Go and do it, carefully.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

*[To MIRANDA]* Wake up, my dear, wake up! You have slept  
well. Wake up.

**MIRANDA**

*[Waking up]* The strangeness of your story made me  
drowsy.

**PROSPERO**

Shake off your drowsiness. Come on. We'll go and visit  
Caliban, my slave who never has anything nice to say to us.

**MIRANDA**

He's a bad person, father. I don't like to see him.

**PROSPERO**

But as it is, we can't manage without him. He builds our  
fires, gathers our firewood, and performs useful work. Hey  
there! Caliban! You pile of dirt, you! Answer me.

**CALIBAN**

*[Offstage]* You have enough wood in your shack.

**PROSPERO**

Come here, I tell you! There's other work for you to do.  
Come here, you slow turtle! Come on!

*ARIEL enters, in the form of a water nymph.*

**PROSPERO**

A pretty spirit! My clever Ariel, listen closely. *[He whispers to ARIEL]*

**ARIEL**

My lord, consider it done.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

*[To CALIBAN]* You vicious slave, fathered by the devil  
himself with your wicked mother, come here!

*CALIBAN enters.*

**CALIBAN**

I hope that a dew as evil as the one my mother used to  
gather from poison swamps and apply with a raven's  
feather will fall on top of you! May a hot wind from the  
southwest blow on you and cover you with blisters!

**PROSPERO**

390 For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins  
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  
395 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  
400 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  
405 fertile.  
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king. And here you sty me  
410 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

**PROSPERO**

Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
415 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!  
Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

**MIRANDA**

420 Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,  
425 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,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good  
natures  
430 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  
435 For learning me your language!

**PROSPERO**

Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
440 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

**CALIBAN**

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

**PROSPERO**

For saying that, rest assured, I'll give you cramps, pains in  
your sides that will make it hard to breathe. Goblins shaped  
like hedgehogs will come out at night when they are free to  
act, and do their worst to you. Every inch of you will be  
stung, and each sting will hurt more than beestings.

**CALIBAN**

It's time for my dinner. This island is mine, given to me by  
my mother Sycorax. You took it from me. When you first  
came here, you petted me and treated me well. You would  
give me water with berries in it, and you taught me the  
names for the sun burning in the daytime sky and the moon  
which lights the night. I loved you then, and I showed you  
all the features of the island--the freshwater springs, the  
saltwater pits, the places that were good for growing things  
and those that were not. A curse on me for doing all that!  
May all the evil spells of Sycorax torment you with toads,  
beetles, and bats! I'm the only subject you have on this  
island, where once I was my own king. And now you keep  
me confined in this cave and don't let me go anywhere else  
on the island.

**PROSPERO**

You lying slave, who responds only to whipping and not to  
kindness! Though you are a piece of dirt, I treated you  
kindly and humanely. I even let you live in my own shack,  
until you tried to rape my daughter.

**CALIBAN**

Oh ha, oh ha! I wish I'd done it! You stopped me. If you  
hadn't, I would have filled this island with a horde of little  
Calibans.

**MIRANDA**

You repulsive slave! You who are completely resistant to  
any effort to make you good, and are instead capable of  
every evil thing! I pitied you. I made the effort to teach you  
to speak, and taught you some new thing nearly every hour.  
When you, savage, didn't know the meaning of the words  
you were speaking, and would babble like some beast, I  
gave you words that would let you make your desires  
understood. But even though you learned, your evil nature  
made it so that people who were good could not stand to  
be with you. And so, just as you deserved, you were sent to  
live in this cave, which is a more suitable place for you to  
live than a prison would be.

**CALIBAN**

You taught me language, and all I gained from it is that I  
now know how to curse. May you die of the plague for  
teaching me your language!

**PROSPERO**

You son of a hag, get going! Bring us firewood. And you'd  
better be quick, because I have other work for you. Are you  
shrugging as if refusing my orders, you evil thing? If you  
neglect my commands, or perform them grudgingly, I'll  
overwhelm your body with painful cramps. I'll fill your  
bones with aches, and make you scream so that the wild  
animals will tremble at the noise you make.

**CALIBAN**

No, I beg you.

[*To himself*] I must obey. His magic is so powerful that he  
could even defeat Setebos--the god that my mother used to  
worship--and make him into his servant.

**PROSPERO**

So, slave, hence!

*CALIBAN exits.*

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

**ARIEL**

*[sings]*

*Come unto these yellow sands,*

450 *And then take hands.*

*Curtstied when you have, and kissed  
The wild waves whist.*

*Foot it feately here and there,*

*And, sweet sprites, bear*

455 *The burden. Hark, hark!*

**SPIRITS**

*[dispersedly, within]* Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

The watchdogs bark.

**SPIRITS**

*(within)* Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

Hark, hark! I hear

460 *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,

465 *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.*

470 *No, it begins again.*

**ARIEL**

*[sings]*

*Full fathom five thy father lies.*

*Of his bones are coral made.*

*Those are pearls that were his eyes.*

475 *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**

480 *Hark, now I hear them.*

**SPIRITS**

*[within]* Ding-dong, bell.

**FERDINAND**

The ditty does remember my drowned father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

**PROSPERO**

Well then, slave, go!

*CALIBAN exits.*

*FERDINAND enters with ARIEL, who is invisible<sup>2</sup> and is playing music and singing.*

**ARIEL**

*[Singing]*

*Come onto these yellow sands,*

*And then take my hands.*

*When you've curtsied, and kissed*

*The wild waves into quietness.*

*Step lightly here and there,*

*And, sweet spirits, carry*

*The burden. Listen, listen!*

**SPIRITS**

*[From multiple places offstage, at different times]* Bow-wow.

**ARIEL**

The watchdogs bark.

**SPIRITS**

*Woof, woof! [The sound of dogs barking offstage]*

**ARIEL**

Listen, listen! I hear, the song of the strutting rooster who cries "cock-a-doodle-doo."

**FERDINAND**

Where is that music coming from? From the air or the ground? It's no longer playing—probably it plays for some god of this island. As I sat on a sandbank on the beach crying again about my father's shipwreck, I heard the music over the roaring of the waves, and it calmed the fury of the water and soothed my intense sadness with its sweet sound. I've followed it here, or maybe I should say it led me here. But now it's gone. No, it's started up again.

**ARIEL**

*[Singing]*

*Your father lies thirty feet below the sea,*

*His bones are made of coral now.*

*His eyes have turned to pearls.*

*Every part of him that is impermanent,*

*Has changed completely in the sea*

*To become something rich and strange.*

*Sea nymphs ring his death bell hourly.*

**SPIRITS**

*[Offstage]* Ding-dong.

**ARIEL**

Listen, I hear them ringing the bell.

**SPIRITS**

*[Offstage]* Ding-dong, bell.

**FERDINAND**

This little song is in honor of my drowned father. This is not something done by mortals. Nor is it a sound that could come from the normal world. I hear it now coming from above me.

<sup>2</sup> In a stage production, Ariel would be wearing a garment which would represent invisibility. All references to invisibility in the play follow this convention.

**PROSPERO**

485 [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,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

**PROSPERO**

490 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  
him  
495 A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows  
And strays about to find 'em.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**FERDINAND**

[seeing MIRANDA] Most sure, the goddess  
505 On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island,  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here. My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
510 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,  
515 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,  
520 And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wracked.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, for mercy!

**FERDINAND**

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

**PROSPERO**

[aside] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee  
If now 'twere fit to do 't! At the first sight  
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
530

**PROSPERO**

[To MIRANDA] Lift the tasseled curtains of your eyelids, and  
tell me what you see over there.

**MIRANDA**

What is it? A spirit? Lord, it's looking all around! Believe me,  
sir, it is very good-looking. But it must be a spirit.

**PROSPERO**

No, my girl! It eats and sleeps and has the same senses as  
we do. The gentleman you see was in the shipwreck. And,  
even though he's marked by grief—which always spoils  
beauty—you could describe him as handsome. He's lost his  
friends and is wandering around trying to find them.

**MIRANDA**

I might describe him as a god, because I've never seen  
anything on earth that looked so noble.

**PROSPERO**

[To himself] Everything is happening, I see, just as my soul  
hoped it would.

[To ARIEL] Spirit, you wonderful spirit, I'll set you free in two  
days for doing your work so well.

**FERDINAND**

[Seeing MIRANDA] Obviously, this must be the goddess for  
whom the music is playing! Please answer my prayer, and  
let me know if you live on this island, and explain to me  
how I should behave here. But my most important  
question, which I've saved for last, is—oh, you wondrous  
being—are you a girl or something else?

**MIRANDA**

I'm not some wondrous being, sir. I'm definitely a girl.


**FERDINAND**


She speaks my language! God, I'm the highest-ranking  
person of all the people who speak this language. If only we  
were back where it's spoken.

**PROSPERO**

What? The highest-ranking? What would happen to you if  
the King of Naples heard you say that?

**FERDINAND**

The same thing I am doing now as I stand here amazed to  
hear you mention Naples. He does hear me, and it makes  
me cry that he hears me. I myself am the King of Naples   
—I saw with my own eyes, which haven't been dry  
since—my father killed by a shipwreck.


 *Ferdinand is the King of Naples' heir. Since he believes he saw his father drown, he presumes he is now the king.*

**MIRANDA**

Oh, that's awful!

**FERDINAND**

Yes, it's true. And the King's lords were killed, as well as the  
Duke of Milan and his brave son , too.

 *The Duke of Milan's son is never again mentioned in the play.*

**PROSPERO**

[To himself] The real Duke of Milan and his even finer  
daughter could control you right now, if now were the right  
time to do it. They've fallen in love at first sight!

I'll set thee free for this.  
 [to FERDINAND]  
 A word, good sir.  
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

**MIRANDA**

535 [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,  
 540 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  
 545 business  
 I must uneasy make lest too light winning  
 Make the prize light.  
 [To FERDINAND]  
 One word more. I charge thee  
 550 That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
 The name thou owest not, and hast put thyself  
 Upon this island as a spy to win it  
 From me, the lord on 't.

**FERDINAND**

No, as I am a man!

**MIRANDA**

555 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**

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

**FERDINAND**

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

*FERDINAND draws his sword, but PROSPERO puts a spell on him that stops him from moving.*

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

[To ARIEL] Beautiful Ariel, I'll set you free for making this happen.

[To FERDINAND] May I speak with you, sir? I'm afraid you've may have said something untrue. It won't take more than a moment.

**MIRANDA**

[To herself] Why is my father speaking to him so rudely? This is the third man that I've ever seen in my life, and the first one for whom I've ever felt such feelings that made me sigh. I hope my father is compassionate enough to me that he wants for me what I want for myself!

**FERDINAND**

[To MIRANDA] Oh, if you're a virgin, and you haven't given your love to someone else, then I'll make you the queen of Naples.

**PROSPERO**

[To FERDINAND] Wait, sir! I have one more thing to say.

[To himself] They're in love with each other. But I have to put some obstacles in the way of this quick love, so that they don't undervalue their love because it came so easily.

[To FERDINAND] Just one more thing to say. I demand that you listen to me. You are stealing a name for yourself that does not belong to you. You've come to this island as a spy to try to take this island from me, its lord.

**FERDINAND**

No, I swear on my honor as a man!

**MIRANDA**

Nothing evil could ever exist in a body this attractive. If the devil had a house as beautiful as his body, then good things would fight to live in it.

**PROSPERO**

[To FERDINAND] Follow me.

[To MIRANDA] Don't speak in his defense. He's a traitor.

[To FERDINAND] Come, I'll chain your neck and feet together. You'll have only sea water to drink. Your food will be fresh-water mussels, old roots, and empty acorn shells. Follow me.

**FERDINAND**

No, I'll resist such treatment until my enemy overpowers me.

*FERDINAND draws his sword, but PROSPERO puts a spell on him that stops him from moving.*

**MIRANDA**

Oh, dear father, don't be too harsh with him. He's a gentleman, and not a coward.

**PROSPERO**

[To MIRANDA] What? Do you, my daughter—who owes me obedience--dare to tell me what to do?

[To FERDINAND] Sheathe your sword, traitor. You put on a nice show there, but you wouldn't dare to actually strike me because you feel too guilty. Step out of your defensive position. For, if I wanted to, I could use this magic wand to disarm you and make your sword drop.

**MIRANDA**

Beseech you, father.

**PROSPERO**

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

590 My affections  
Are then most humble. I have no ambition  
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**

595 So they are.  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
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  
600 Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of. Space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

610 *[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**

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

**ARIEL**

615 To th' syllable.

**PROSPERO**

*[to FERDINAND]* Come, follow.  
*[to MIRANDA]* Speak not for him.

*They exit.*

**MIRANDA**

I beg you, Father.

**PROSPERO**

Go away! Don't grab my clothes.

**MIRANDA**

Father, have pity on him. I'll be the guarantee of his  
goodness.

**PROSPERO**

Silence! If you say another word, I'll scold you, maybe even  
hate you. What, you're taking the side of an impostor? Be  
quiet. You think no one else is as beautiful as him, because  
you've seen only him and Caliban. Foolish girl, to most  
people this man looks like a Caliban, and compared to him,  
most people look like angels.

**MIRANDA**

Then my love is humble. I have no desire to see a more  
handsome man than this one.

**PROSPERO**

*[To FERDINAND]* Come on. Obey me. Your muscles are like  
those of a baby, without strength or energy.

**FERDINAND**

They are. My strength is all tied up, as if in a bad dream. The  
loss of my father, the physical weakness I feel, the  
destruction of all my friends, the threats of this man who's  
captured me would be like nothing to me, if I could just look  
through my prison windows once a day and see this girl. I  
would not need to have the freedom to go anywhere else in  
the world. A prison like that would give me all the space I  
needed.

**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 else you should do for me.

**MIRANDA**

*[To FERDINAND]* Take comfort, sir. My father is more kind  
and gentle than his words make him seem. The way he just  
acted is unusual for him.

**PROSPERO**

*[To ARIEL]* You'll be free as the mountain winds. But first  
you must do everything I command.

**ARIEL**

Every little thing.

**PROSPERO**

*[To FERDINAND]* Come, follow me.

*[To MIRANDA]* Don't defend him.

*They exit.*



## Act 2, Scene 1

## Shakespeare

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  
10 Our sorrow with our comfort.

**ALONSO**

Prithce, peace.

**SEBASTIAN**

*[to ANTONIO]* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

**ANTONIO**

*[to SEBASTIAN]* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**GONZALO**

*[to ALONSO]* Sir—

**SEBASTIAN**

*[to ANTONIO]* One. Tell.

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

20 A dollar.

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

**GONZALO**

*[to ALONSO]* Therefore, my lord—

**ANTONIO**

25 *[to SEBASTIAN]* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his  
tongue!

**ALONSO**

*[to GONZALO]* I prithee, spare.

**GONZALO**

Well, I have done. But yet—

## Shakescleare Translation

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

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* I beg you sir, be happy. You, like all of us, have good reasons to be joyful. The fact that we escaped the shipwreck with our lives far outweighs what we lost. Many people have also experienced what we have to feel sad about. Every day some sailor's wife, the owner of some merchant ship, and the merchant who owns the cargo on that ship all experience the same sort of loss. But the miracle—the fact that we survived—has only been experienced by a few people out of millions. So, good sir, be wise, and weigh our sorrow against what should bring us happiness.

**ALONSO**

Please, be quiet.

**SEBASTIAN**

*[To ANTONIO]* Alonso enjoys these comforting words about as much as he enjoys cold soup.

**ANTONIO**

*[To SEBASTIAN]* But the visitor trying to bring comfort to the sick won't give up on him.

**SEBASTIAN**

*[To ANTONIO]* Look. He's trying to come up with some new idea for how to help Alonso, winding his brain up like some kind of clock. Soon it will strike...

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* Sir—

**SEBASTIAN**

*[To ANTONIO]* The clock strikes one. Count it.


**GONZALO**

If we allowed ourselves to think about, or entertain, every sad thing that happens, then the entertainer will end up with—

**SEBASTIAN**

A dollar.

**GONZALO**

Yes, dolor  comes to him. Though you did not mean to, you have said the truth.

**SEBASTIAN**

You took what I said more seriously than I meant it.

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* Therefore, my lord—

**ANTONIO**


*[To SEBASTIAN]* Goodness, he just talks and talks and talks!

**ALONSO**

*[To GONZALO]* Please, stop.

**GONZALO**

Well, I'm basically finished. But still—

 Gonzalo plays on the similarity of the words "dollar" and "dolor," meaning pain or sorrow.

**SEBASTIAN**

[to ANTONIO] He will be talking.

**ANTONIO**

30 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**

35 A laughter.

**SEBASTIAN**

A match!

**ADRIAN**

Though this island seem to be desert—

**ANTONIO**

[to SEBASTIAN] Ha, ha, ha!

**SEBASTIAN**

So you're paid.

**ADRIAN**

40 Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

**SEBASTIAN**

Yet—

**ADRIAN**

Yet—

**ANTONIO**

He could not miss 't.

**ADRIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

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**

50 Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

**GONZALO**

Here is everything advantageous to life.

**SEBASTIAN**

[To ANTONIO] He insists on talking.

**ANTONIO**

Here's a good bet. Which of the two, Gonzalo or Adrian, will speak first?

**SEBASTIAN**

The old rooster, Gonzalo.

**ANTONIO**

I'll take the young rooster, Adrian.

**SEBASTIAN**

You're on. What does the winner get?

**ANTONIO**

A good laugh.

**SEBASTIAN**

It's a deal!

**ADRIAN**

Though this island seems to deserted—

**ANTONIO**

[To SEBASTIAN] Ha, ha, ha!

**SEBASTIAN**

You got your prize.

**ADRIAN**

Uninhabited, and almost inaccessible—

**SEBASTIAN**

Next he'll say "but"—

**ADRIAN**

But—

**ANTONIO**

He couldn't not say it.

**ADRIAN**

It seems to be mild and gentle, and to have a temperate climate.

**ANTONIO**

Ah, [Temperance](#) <sup>2</sup>—she was quite an alluring girl.

<sup>2</sup> Antonio makes a suggestive reference about a woman, twisting the original text's "temperance" to mean a name, "Temperance." Sebastian continues the bawdy commentary in his next line.

**SEBASTIAN**

Yes, and, as Adrian described so smartly, she was a subtle one in bed, too.

**ADRIAN**

The air here is like a fresh, sweet breath.

**SEBASTIAN**

As if the island had lungs—rotten lungs.

**ANTONIO**

As if the air was perfumed by a swamp.

**GONZALO**

This island contains everything that is good for 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**

55 The ground indeed is tawny.

**SEBASTIAN**

With an eye of green in 't.

**ANTONIO**

He misses not much.

**SEBASTIAN**

No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ADRIAN**

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

**GONZALO**

75 Not since widow Dido's time.

**ANTONIO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

**ADRIAN**

80 "Widow Dido" said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

**ANTONIO**

True. Except anything you could actually use to live.

**SEBASTIAN**

There's none of that, or just a little.

**GONZALO**

The grass looks so rich and healthy! It is so green!

**ANTONIO**

The ground is actually brown.

**SEBASTIAN**

With a tinge of green in it.

**ANTONIO**

He doesn't miss a thing.

**SEBASTIAN**

No, he just misses the actual truth entirely.

**GONZALO**

But the unbelievable thing is—and this is really almost hard to imagine—

**SEBASTIAN**

As by definition most unbelievable things are.

**GONZALO**

That our clothes—which were drenched in sea water—continue to be fresh and clean, and in fact seem almost new rather than stained by the salt water.

**ANTONIO**

If just one of the pockets on his clothes could speak, wouldn't it say that he's a liar?

**SEBASTIAN**

Yes, or just try to hide and suppress the lie.

**GONZALO**

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


**SEBASTIAN**

The wedding was wonderful, and we're doing just great on our journey back home.

**ADRIAN**

Tunis has never before had such a perfect beauty for a queen.

**GONZALO**

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

**ANTONIO**


Widow! To hell with that! Why is he calling her a widow? Widow Dido—ha!

**SEBASTIAN**

Next thing you know, he'll be saying "widower Aeneas." Good Lord, how can he interpret the story in that way?

**ADRIAN**

"Widow Dido," did you say? I'd have to look into that. Dido was from Carthage, not Tunis.

 *Dido was the mythological queen of Carthage who loved and, was deserted by, Aeneas, the founder of Rome.*

**GONZALO**

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

**ADRIAN**

Carthage?

**GONZALO**

I assure you, Carthage.

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

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**

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

**GONZALO**

Ay.

**ANTONIO**

Why, in good time.

**GONZALO**

95 *[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.

**ANTONIO**

And the rarest that e'er came there.

**SEBASTIAN**

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

**ANTONIO**

Oh, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

**GONZALO**

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

**ANTONIO**

That "sort" was well fished for.

**GONZALO**

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

**ALONSO**


105 You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed  
110 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. I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,

115

**GONZALO**

Tunis used to be Carthage, sir. 

 *Gonzalo is mistaken; Carthage and Tunis are different cities, although nearby to one another.*

**ADRIAN**

Carthage?

**GONZALO**

I promise you, it was Carthage.

**SEBASTIAN**

Gonzalo's word is like the legendary harp of Amphion, which, when played, caused the walls of Thebes to rise. Now Gonzalo--just by saying so--has created a whole new city.

**ANTONIO**

What incredible thing will he do next as if it was nothing?

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

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

**GONZALO**

Yes, that's exactly what I would do.

**ANTONIO**

Well, sure it is.

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* Sir, we were discussing that our clothes seem just as clean as they did when we were in Tunis at the wedding of your daughter, who's now queen.

**ANTONIO**

The most remarkable queen that's ever been there.

**SEBASTIAN**

Except for the widow Dido, if I may say so.

**ANTONIO**

Oh, the widow Dido? Of course, the widow Dido.

**GONZALO**

Sir, isn't my jacket as clean as the first time I wore it? I mean, in a way.

**ANTONIO**

He did a good job of sticking that "in a way" in there.

**GONZALO**

When I wore it at your daughter's wedding.

**ALONSO**

You keep pushing these words into my ears that I don't have any desire to hear. If only I had never sent my daughter to Tunis to be married! I lost my son because of it. And, as far as I'm concerned, I lost my daughter too, since she is now living so far from Italy that I'll never see her again. Oh, my dear son and heir of Naples and Milan, what strange fish has eaten your dead body?

**FRANCISCO**

Sir, he may still live. I saw him swim over the waves and ride upon their backs. He treaded water, withstanding all their rage, and fought through even the biggest waves that came

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  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,  
 120 As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt  
 He came alive to land.

**ALONSO**

No, no, he's gone.

**SEBASTIAN**

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 125 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**

Prithce, peace.

**SEBASTIAN**

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise  
 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  
 135 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,  
 140 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
 And time to speak it in. You rub the sore  
 When you should bring the plaster.

**SEBASTIAN**

Very well.

**ANTONIO**

And most chirurgically.

**GONZALO**

145 *[to ALONSO]* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.

**SEBASTIAN**

Foul weather?

**ANTONIO**

Very foul.

**GONZALO**

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

**ANTONIO**

150 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.

at him. He bravely kept his head above the rough waves.  
 And with his powerful arms and strong strokes he swam  
 toward the shore, which seemed almost to lean forward to  
 help him from the water. I have no doubt that he got to the  
 shore alive.

**ALONSO**

No, no, he's dead.

**SEBASTIAN**

Sir, you can thank yourself for this great loss, because  
 rather than give your daughter to a husband in Europe you  
 instead threw her to some African. It's a good thing you'll  
 never see her again, since then she won't be around to  
 remind you of this awful thing you've done to her.

**ALONSO**

Please, be quiet.

**SEBASTIAN**

All of us kneeled down in front of you and begged you not  
 to do this, and the beautiful girl herself was forced to  
 choose whether to follow her own disgust at the marriage  
 or her duty to obey you. Now we've lost your son forever  
 too, I fear. This marriage and subsequent shipwreck has  
 created more widows in Milan and Naples than we have  
 survivors to bring home to comfort them. All of this is your  
 fault.

**ALONSO**

The heaviest loss is mine as well.

**GONZALO**

My lord Sebastian, despite the truth in your words, what  
 you're saying is unkind and inappropriate at this time.  
 You're rubbing salt in his wounds when you should be  
 bringing him bandages.

**SEBASTIAN**

All right.

**ANTONIO**

That Gonzalo is quite the doctor, isn't he?

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* Noble sir, we all feel under the weather when  
 you're feeling gloomy.

**SEBASTIAN**

Under the weather?

**ANTONIO**

Far under.

**GONZALO**

If I colonized this island, my lord—

**ANTONIO**

He'd grow useless, stinging nettle plants all over it.

**SEBASTIAN**

Or weeds.

**GONZALO**

And if I were the king of the colony, would you like to know  
 what I'd do?

**SEBASTIAN**

He wouldn't get drunk because there isn't any wine.

**GONZALO**

I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries  
 155 Execute all things. For no kind of traffic  
 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.  
 160 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil.  
 No occupation. All men idle, all,  
 And women too, but innocent and pure.  
 No sovereignty—

**SEBASTIAN**

Yet he would be king on 't.

**ANTONIO**

165 The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the  
 beginning.

**GONZALO**

All things in common nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 170 Would I not have. But nature should bring forth  
 Of its own kind all foison, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.

**SEBASTIAN**

No marrying 'mong his subjects?

**ANTONIO**

None, man. All idle. Whores and knaves.

**GONZALO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

'Save his majesty!

**ANTONIO**

Long live Gonzalo!

**GONZALO**

[*to ALONSO*] And—do you mark me, sir?

**ALONSO**

180 Prithce, 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**

185 '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**

What a blow was there given!

**SEBASTIAN**

An it had not fallen flat-long.

**GONZALO**

In my commonwealth I'd do everything in the opposite way  
 from what's normal. I wouldn't allow any business. There  
 would be no judges. There would be no school or learning.  
 No riches, poverty, or servants. None of that. No contracts,  
 inheritance, privately owned land, farming, or vineyards.  
 None of that. There'd be no metal-work, no grinding of  
 corn, no wine-making, or making of olive oil. There'd be no  
 work. Men would do nothing at all. Women too, except  
 those things that are innocent and pure. There'd be no  
 kingship—

**SEBASTIAN**

Though he'd be the king of this land with no kingship.

**ANTONIO**

His colony is ending up a long way from where it began.

**GONZALO**

Nature would produce everything people needed, and all of  
 it would be shared equally by all. There'd be no treason,  
 crimes, swords, spears, knives, guns, or need for any other  
 weapon. Without any human help, nature would grow  
 bountiful harvests to feed my innocent people.

**SEBASTIAN**

Would there be no marriage among those he ruled?

**ANTONIO**

None, my man. They'd do nothing. They'd all be whores and  
 scoundrels.

**GONZALO**

My leadership would be so perfect that my colony would be  
 even better than the mythical ancient Golden Age.

**SEBASTIAN**

May God protect his Majesty!

**ANTONIO**

Long live Gonzalo!

**GONZALO**

[*To ALONSO*] And—are you listening to me, sir?

**ALONSO**

Please, no more. What you're saying to me is meaningless.

**GONZALO**

I agree with you completely, your Highness. I said those  
 things to give these gentlemen a good time, since they have  
 such strong lungs that they so often use to laugh at  
 meaningless trivialities.

**ANTONIO**

We were laughing at *you*.

**GONZALO**

But in all of your silly little jokes, you see me as nothing. So  
 go on, laugh at nothing.

**ANTONIO**

What an insult he just made!

**SEBASTIAN**

Too bad it fell so flat.

**GONZALO**

190 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.

*ARIEL enters, invisible, playing solemn music.*

**SEBASTIAN**

We would so, and then go a-batfowling.

**ANTONIO**

*[to GONZALO]* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

**GONZALO**

195 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.

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

**ALONSO**

200 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**

205 Please you, sir,  
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]*

*ARIEL exits.*

**SEBASTIAN**

210 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**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

What, art thou waking?


**GONZALO**

You are courageous gentlemen. You'd give the moon a helpful push if it got stuck in the same spot of its orbit for five weeks.

*ARIEL enters, invisible, and playing solemn music.*

**SEBASTIAN**

We certainly would, then we'd go hunting birds at night by luring them to us with a lantern and smacking them out of the sky with a stick.

 The original text uses the term "batfowling," which is literally the type of hunting Sebastian describes, and also a term for tricking a gullible person.

**ANTONIO**

*[To GONZALO]* My good lord, please don't be angry.

**GONZALO**

I promise you, I'm not. I wouldn't risk my reputation for self-control for such a tiny thing. Will you laugh me to sleep? For I'm feeling very tired.

**ANTONIO**

Go to sleep, and we'll laugh.

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

**ALONSO**

What, is everyone asleep so quickly? I wish my eyes would close and I could sleep, so that I could stop thinking. In fact, my eyes are starting to close.

**SEBASTIAN**

Please, sir, don't refuse the opportunity to sleep. Sleep rarely comes to people who are grieving. When it does come, it gives comfort.

**ANTONIO**

The two of us, my lord, will guard you while you rest and make sure that you're safe.

**ALONSO**

Thank you. I'm extremely tired. *[He falls asleep]*

*ARIEL exits.*

**SEBASTIAN**

It's so strange how all of them suddenly got so tired!

**ANTONIO**

There's something in the climate here.

**SEBASTIAN**

Then why aren't our eyelids closing? I'm not feeling tired at all.

**ANTONIO**

Me neither. I'm full of energy. They all fell asleep together, as if they'd all agreed on it earlier. They fell asleep as if they'd all been struck by lightning. What might happen, noble Sebastian, what might happen if—? No, I shouldn't say any more. And yet, I think I can see in your face what you have the potential to be. Opportunity is knocking on your door, and my imagination sees a crown coming to rest on your head.

**SEBASTIAN**

What, are you awake or asleep?

**ANTONIO**

Do you not hear me speak?

**SEBASTIAN**

225 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  
With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, moving,  
230 And yet so fast asleep.

**ANTONIO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

Well, I am standing water.

**ANTONIO**

240 I'll teach you how to flow.

**SEBASTIAN**

Do so. To ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

**ANTONIO**

245 Oh,  
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**

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

**ANTONIO**

255 Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance—this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
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  
260 And he that sleeps here swims.

**SEBASTIAN**

I have no hope  
That he's undrowned.

**ANTONIO**

265 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  
That Ferdinand is drowned?

**SEBASTIAN**

He's gone.

**ANTONIO**

Don't you hear me speaking?

**SEBASTIAN**

I do, and it certainly sounds like the language of dreams,  
like you're talking in your sleep. What is it that you said?  
This is a very strange sleep. How can you be standing,  
speaking, and moving, with your eyes wide open, and yet  
be fast asleep?

**ANTONIO**

Noble Sebastian, by not seizing this opportunity you're  
letting this chance sleep—no, die—even while you are wide  
awake.

**SEBASTIAN**

You have a strange way of snoring. It sounds like you're  
speaking actual words.

**ANTONIO**

I'm more serious right now than I usually am. You should be  
too, if you listen to me. If you follow my advice you will  
become three times as powerful as you are now.

**SEBASTIAN**

Like standing water, I'm not moving at all.

**ANTONIO**

I'll teach you how to move, to act.

**SEBASTIAN**

Do that. As a younger brother who cannot inherit the  
throne, I'm naturally lazy.

**ANTONIO**

Oh, if you only knew how ambitious you truly are, even  
while you mock ambition! The more you make fun of it, the  
more obvious it is how much you care! Men who do nothing  
usually wind up at the bottom, controlled by their own fear  
and laziness.

**SEBASTIAN**

Please, continue. There's something in your face and eyes  
that indicates you're talking about something serious, and  
that—like giving birth—you're finding it hard to actually get  
it out.

**ANTONIO**

Here it is, sir: [*Points at GONZALO*] Although this lord with  
the bad memory—and who won't be remembered by  
anyone when he's dead and buried—almost persuaded the  
king (because his entire mind is focused only on persuading  
people) that the king's son is alive, it's impossible that he  
didn't drown. Saying he survived is like saying that this man  
sleeping over here is actually swimming.

**SEBASTIAN**

I also hold no hope that he survived.

**ANTONIO**

Oh, but from that "no hope" arise amazing hopes for you!  
No hope for Ferdinand's survival is, for you, so high a hope  
that not even ambition for greatness could imagine  
anything higher—or even entirely believe that this  
possibility exists. Do you agree with me that Ferdinand has  
drowned?

**SEBASTIAN**

He's dead.



**ANTONIO**

270 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  
275 Can have no note, unless the sun were post—  
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  
280 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  
285 There is some space.

**ANTONIO**

A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death  
290 That now hath seized them. Why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make  
295 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**

Methinks I do.

**ANTONIO**

And how does your content  
300 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,  
305 Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows. Now they are my men.

**SEBASTIAN**

But, for your conscience?

**ANTONIO**

Ay, sir. Where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper. But I feel not  
310 This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,  
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;  
315 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
320 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.  
They'll tell the clock to any business that

**ANTONIO**

Then, tell me, who is now the heir to the throne of Naples?

**SEBASTIAN**

Claribel, Alonso's daughter.

**ANTONIO**

Claribel, who is now Queen of Tunis, and who lives thirty  
miles farther than a lifetime's journey from Italy. She  
wouldn't even receive a letter from Italy (unless it could  
somehow be delivered by the light of the sun; the man in  
the moon's too slow to deliver it) in less than the time it  
takes a baby to grow old enough to shave. Claribel was the  
cause of our ship getting swallowed by the sea, though  
some of us survived—and our survival suggests that it is our  
destiny to perform an act that, in fact, reenacts the past.

**SEBASTIAN**

What is this? What are you talking about? It's true that my  
brother's daughter is the Queen of Tunis as well as the heir  
to the throne of Naples, and that a great distance separates  
those two places.

**ANTONIO**

A distance whose every inch seems to scream, "How can  
Claribel ever follow us back to Naples? Stay in Tunis, and let  
Sebastian get his good fortune." Imagine that instead of  
these men sleeping here, they were dead. Well, they'd be  
just as badly off as they are now. There are many who can  
rule Naples just as well as this man who's sleeping. And  
there are lots of lords who can babble as much as Gonzalo. I  
could teach a crow to blabber such nonsense. Oh, I wish  
your thoughts were the same as mine—then you'd see how  
these sleeping men are an unparalleled opportunity for  
you. Do you understand what I'm saying?

**SEBASTIAN**

I think I do.

**ANTONIO**

And how do your feelings about what I've just said affect  
your chances at good fortune?

**SEBASTIAN**

I remember that you overthrew and replaced your brother  
Prospero.

**ANTONIO**

True. And look how well that position suits me—far better  
than the one I had before. Back then, my brother's servants  
were my equals. Now they work for me.

**SEBASTIAN**

But what about your guilty conscience?

**ANTONIO**

Ah, yes. Where is my conscience? If a conscience were a  
blister on my heel, I'd put my slippers on. But I don't feel  
this "conscience" in my chest. Even if there were twenty  
guilty consciences standing between me and the dukedom  
of Milan, I'd combine them like candies and melt them  
away before they'd bother me. Here lies your sleeping  
brother, who'd be of no more value than the ground he's  
lying on if he were in fact what he now looks like—dead,  
that is. And I, with just three inches of this sword, could put  
him to rest forever; while you, doing the same, could give  
ancient Gonzalo a permanent sleep to ensure that he  
wouldn't stand against us. As for everyone else, they'll  
accept whatever we say just as easily as a cat accepts milk.

We say befits the hour.

**SEBASTIAN**

Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,  
325 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest.  
And I the king shall love thee.

**ANTONIO**

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

*ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN take out their swords.*

**SEBASTIAN**

O, but one word.  
*[speaks quietly to ANTONIO]*

*ARIEL enters, invisible, playing music and singing.*

**ARIEL**

*[to GONZALO]* My master through his art foresees the  
danger

335 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*  
340 *His time doth take.*  
*If of life you keep a care,*  
*Shake off slumber and beware.*  
*Awake! Awake!*

**ANTONIO**

Then let us both be sudden.

**GONZALO**

345 *[waking and seeing them]*  
Now, good angels preserve the king!

**ALONSO**

*[waking]* Why, how now? Ho, awake!

*Everyone wakes up.*

Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

**GONZALO**

350 What's the matter?

**SEBASTIAN**

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

**ALONSO**

355 I heard nothing.

**ANTONIO**

Oh, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

**ALONSO**

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

They'll chime in agreement when we instruct them to, just  
like a clock telling time.

**SEBASTIAN**

I'll use your experience as a model, my friend. Just as you  
got Milan, I'll get Naples. Take out your sword. With one  
thrust of your sword, you will be free from having to pay  
tribute money to Naples ever again. And I, as King of  
Naples, will be your great friend.

**ANTONIO**

We'll both draw our swords. When I raise my sword, you do  
the same, and bring it down to kill Gonzalo.

*ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN take out their swords.*

**SEBASTIAN**

Oh, just one more thing. *[He speaks quietly to ANTONIO]*

*ARIEL enters, invisible, playing music and singing.*

**ARIEL**

*[To GONZALO]* With his magic, my master could see the  
danger that you, his friend, are in. He sent me to keep you  
all alive—or else his plans would die along with you.

*[Singing in GONZALO's ear]*  
*While you lie here snoring,*  
*Cold-blooded conspirators*  
*Are about to seize their chance.*  
*If you want to live,*  
*Wake up and beware!*  
*Wake up! Wake up!*

**ANTONIO**

Now let's do this quickly.

**GONZALO**

*[Waking up and seeing them]* Angels above protect the  
king!

**ALONSO**

*[Waking up]* Why, what's happening? Hey, wake up!

*Everyone wakes up.*

Why have you taken out your swords? Why do you look so  
frightened?

**GONZALO**

What's going on here?

**SEBASTIAN**

While we stood here on guard while you were asleep, we  
just now heard a tremendous thundering that sounded like  
bulls, or lions. Isn't that what woke you? It sounded awful  
to me.

**ALONSO**

I didn't hear anything.

**ANTONIO**

Oh, it was loud enough to frighten a monster, or to cause an  
earthquake! Surely, it must have been the roar of an entire  
herd of lions.

**ALONSO**

Did you hear it, Gonzalo?

**GONZALO**

360 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,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
365 Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

**ALONSO**

Lead 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**

370 Lead away.

**ARIEL**

*[aside]* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

*They exit.*

**GONZALO**

Sir, I swear that I did hear a strange humming sound, which  
woke me up. I shook you, sir, and cried out. When I opened  
my eyes, I saw their raised swords. There was a noise, that's  
true. It would be best if we either set a constant guard here,  
or left this place entirely. Let's take out our own swords too.

**ALONSO**

Lead us away from this place, and let's go search some  
more for my poor son.

**GONZALO**

May God protect Ferdinand from those lions. Because I'm  
sure he's on the island.

**ALONSO**

Lead on.

**ARIEL**

*[To himself]* My lord Prospero will know what I've done. So,  
King, continue on in safety and search for your son.

*They all exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*CALIBAN enters, carrying a load of wood. There is a sound of thunder.*

**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.

*TRINCULO enters.*

**CALIBAN**

15 Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.  
Perchance he will not mind me. *[lies down, covered by  
his gaberdine]*

### Shakescleare Translation

*CALIBAN enters, carrying a load of wood. There is a sound  
of thunder.*

**CALIBAN**

May all the sicknesses that grow in swamps, marshes, and  
wetlands strike Prospero so that, little by little, he becomes  
nothing more than a disease! His spirits are spying on me,  
but I just have to curse him. Unless he tells the spirits to,  
they won't pinch me; frighten me by appearing as  
hedgehog-shaped goblins; push me in the mud; or lead me  
the wrong way like a false guide in the night. But he does  
send them after me for every little thing I do. Sometimes his  
spirits come after me in the form of apes, chattering and  
making faces at me and then biting me. Sometimes they  
come in the shape of porcupines, lying curled up on the  
paths where I walk barefoot and pricking me when I step  
down. Sometimes poisonous snakes wrap around me,  
hissing with their forked tongues until I go crazy.

*TRINCULO enters.*

**CALIBAN**

Look, right there, look! Here comes one of his spirits to  
punish me for bringing back the wood too slowly. I'll lie  
down, flat on the ground. Maybe he won't notice me. *[He  
lies down, covering himself with his cloak]*

## TRINCULO

20 Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather  
at all. And another storm brewing, I hear it sing i' th'  
wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like  
a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should  
thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my  
25 head. Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by  
pailfuls. [sees CALIBAN] 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  
30 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  
35 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.

Thunder.

## TRINCULO

Alas,  
40 the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under  
his gaberdine. T here is no other shelter hereabouts.  
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will  
here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past. [crawls  
under gaberdine]

STEPHANO enters, singing.

## STEPHANO

45 [sings]  
I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore—  
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.  
Well, here's my comfort. [drinks, sings]  
50 The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner and his mate  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate.  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
55 Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"  
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'ershe did itch.  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!  
This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort.  
60 [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.  
65 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

70 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

## TRINCULO

There aren't any bushes or shrubs here to offer me even a  
little protection from the weather. And another storm is  
coming. I can hear it in the sound of the wind. That black  
cloud over there--the huge one--looks like a dirty leather  
canteen that's about to drop the liquid it contains. If it  
storms like it did earlier, I don't know where I'll hide. That  
cloud is going to drop buckets of rain. [He sees CALIBAN]  
What do we have here? Is it a man or a fish? Is it dead or  
alive? It must be a fish. He smells like a fish, an old fish, like  
old cheap dried fish. What a strange fish! If I were in  
England now, as I was once before, and had a painting that  
showed this fish, every single fool there would give me a  
silver coin just to look at it. In England, this monster would  
make a man rich. But, then again, any strange beast there is  
just like a man. English people won't give a penny to  
help a lame beggar, but they'll give ten to see a dead Indian.  
This monster here has legs like a man but fins for arms! He's  
still warm, too, by my faith. I no longer think this is a fish. I  
think now that it's a native of the island who's been struck  
by a lightning bolt.

Thunder.

## TRINCULO

Oh no, the storm is returning! The best thing for me would  
be to crawl under his cloak. There's no other shelter nearby.  
When times are tough, you'll end up close to the strangest  
people. I'll cover myself up here until the last of the storm  
passes. [He crawls under the cloak]

STEPHANO enters, singing.

## STEPHANO

[Singing]  
I'll never again go to sea, to sea,  
I'll die here on the shore—  
This is a terrible song to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's  
something to give me a bit of comfort. [He lifts a bottle of  
alcohol to his mouth, drinks, and sings again]  
The master, the deck-cleaner, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunman and his crewmate,  
All loved Molly, Meg, Marian, and Margery  
But none of us much liked Kate,  
Because she spoke so cruelly,  
And would shout to sailors, "Go hang!"  
She did not like the smell of tar or pitch,  
But would sleep with a tailor when she was in the mood.  
So go to sea, boys, and let her go to hang!  
That's a wretched song too. But here's my comfort. [He  
drinks]

## CALIBAN

Don't punish me. Oh!

## STEPHANO

What's happening? Are there devils here? Are you trying to  
trick me with these savages and men from the Indies, huh? I  
didn't escape from drowning only to be frightened by your  
four legs. As the old saying goes, "He won't back up  
even for the most handsome man who ever walked on four  
legs." And they'll say it again for as long as I'm still alive and  
breathing.

## CALIBAN

This spirit is torturing me. Oh!

## STEPHANO

This is some four-legged monster of the island, who seems  
to have some kind of fever, as far as I can tell. How the devil  
did he learn our language? But since he does, I'll try to give  
him some relief from his pain. If I can get him better, tame

In the original text, Shakespeare makes a joke out of Englishmen's looks, saying that monsters would be indistinguishable from English people.

Here, Stephano comments on Trinculo and Caliban's legs sticking out from under the cloak, not realizing that they are separate pairs of legs.

emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

**CALIBAN**

75 Do not torment me, prithe. I'll bring my wood home faster.

**STEPHANO**

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can  
80 recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

85 *[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  
90 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. His  
95 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**

100 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  
105 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 gaberdine]* Thou  
110 art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

**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  
115 thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped! *[dances STEPHANO about]*

**STEPHANO**

Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant.

him, and get him back to Naples, he'd be a perfect present to give to any emperor who's ever worn shoes.

**CALIBAN**

Don't punish me, please. I'll bring the wood home faster.

**STEPHANO**

He's having a fit, and saying things that don't make sense. I'll give him a taste of the wine from my bottle. If he's never drunk wine before, it'll go a long way to stop his fit. If I can get him better and tame him, it would be impossible for me to charge too much for people to come and see him. He'll make a lot of money to whoever owns him, that's for sure.

**CALIBAN**

So far you haven't hurt me much. You will soon, though, I can tell by your trembling. Prospero made you do this.

**STEPHANO**

*[Trying to get CALIBAN to drink]* Come on now. Open your mouth. As the saying goes, "This good liquor will make a cat talk." Open your mouth. This'll put an end to your trembling—I can tell you that for sure. *[CALIBAN opens his mouth and drinks]* You can't even recognize a friend. Open your mouth again.

**TRINCULO**

I think I recognize that voice. It must be...But he's drowned, and I'm surrounded by devils. Oh, God protect me!

**STEPHANO**

Four legs and two voices—this is a very unique monster. The voice near the front of him is speaking kindly about his friend. The voice near the back of him shouts curses and abusive language. Even if it takes all the wine in my bottle, I'll cure his fever. Come on. *[CALIBAN drinks]* Amen to that! I'll pour some in your other mouth now.

**TRINCULO**

Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

Is your other mouth calling my name? Save me, save me! This is a devil, not a monster. I'm getting away from him. I'd be a fool to get involved with the devil.

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

If you are Trinculo, then come out from under there. I'll pull on you by these smaller legs. If any of these four legs are Trinculo's, these small ones are them. *[He pulls TRINCULO out from under the cloak]* You're really Trinculo! How did you end up being this monster's excrement? Does he defecate Trinculos?

**TRINCULO**

I thought that he'd been killed by a bolt of lightning. But aren't you drowned, Stephano? I hope now that you're not drowned. Is the storm over? I hid under this dead monster's cloak because I was afraid of the storm. Are you actually alive, Stephano? Oh, Stephano, two of us from Naples survived the shipwreck! *[TRINCULO grabs STEPHANO and dances him around]*

**STEPHANO**

Please, don't spin me around. My stomach's not feeling well.

**CALIBAN**

120 *[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**

125 *[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**

*[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**

130 Swam ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

**STEPHANO**

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

*TRINCULO drinks.*

**TRINCULO**

O Stephano, hast any more of this?

**STEPHANO**

135 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**

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

**CALIBAN**

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee. My mistress 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**

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

**CALIBAN**

*[To himself]* These are handsome beings, if they're not spirits. That one's a noble god, who carries liquor from the heavens. I'll bow down before him.

**STEPHANO**

*[To TRINCULO]* How did you escape the shipwreck? How did you end up here? Swear on this bottle of wine how you got here. I swear on the bottle—which I made myself from the bark of a tree after I washed up on shore—that I survived by grabbing onto a barrel of wine that the sailors threw overboard during the storm.

**CALIBAN**

*[To STEPHANO]* I'll swear on that wine bottle in order to become your loyal subject, because that wine must come from heaven.

**STEPHANO**

*[To TRINCULO]* Here, swear, and tell me how you escaped the wreck.

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

Here, kiss the Bible 📖. *[STEPHANO gives the bottle to TRINCULO]* Though you can swim like a duck, you look like a silly goose.

📖 Stephano jokingly compares the bottle to a Bible, which is a more traditional object on which to swear.

*TRINCULO drinks.*

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

I have the whole barrel, man. I keep it in my wine cellar—a cave by the seaside, where I've stowed away the wine barrel.

*[To CALIBAN]* What's going on, monster? How is your fever?

**CALIBAN**

Have you come down to this island from heaven?

**STEPHANO**

We come from the moon, I promise you. Once upon a time, I was the man in the moon.

**CALIBAN**

I've seen you in the moon, and I love you. My mother showed you to me, as well as your dog and bundle of sticks 🐕

🐕 In popular imagery, the man in the moon carried a bundle of sticks on his back and was accompanied by a dog.

**STEPHANO**

Come here, and swear that what you just said was true by kissing the "book." *[STEPHANO gives the bottle to CALIBAN]* I'll fill it back up again soon, I promise.

*CALIBAN drinks.*

**TRINCULO**

Now that I see him in this brighter light, it's clear that he's not much of a monster. I used to be scared of him! He's a pretty unconvincing monster. The man in the moon! He's a poor, gullible monster.

*[To CALIBAN]* That's a good swig of wine you just took, monster! I mean it!

**CALIBAN**

150 *[to STEPHANO]* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th'  
island.  
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

**TRINCULO**

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

**CALIBAN**

155 *[to STEPHANO]* I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy  
subject.

**STEPHANO**

Come on then. Down, and swear.

**TRINCULO**

160 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**

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

**CALIBAN**

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

**TRINCULO**

170 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,  
175 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**

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

**CALIBAN**

*[sings drunkenly]*  
Farewell, master! Farewell, farewell.

**TRINCULO**

185 A howling monster, a drunken monster.

**CALIBAN**

*[sings]*  
No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
190 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,

**CALIBAN**

*[To STEPHANO]* I'll show you every inch of good land on this  
island. And I'll kiss your feet. Please, be my god.

**TRINCULO**

Now I can see that he's a lying, drunken monster. When his  
"god" falls asleep, he'll steal the wine bottle.

**CALIBAN**

*[To STEPHANO]* I'll kiss your feet. I'll take an oath that I'm  
your loyal subject.

**STEPHANO**

Come on, then. Kneel down and swear.

**TRINCULO**

I'm going to laugh myself to death at this foolish monster. A  
disgraceful monster. I could find it in my heart to beat him—

**STEPHANO**

*[To CALIBAN]* Now, kiss my feet.

**TRINCULO**

--except that the poor monster is drunk. A repulsive  
monster!

**CALIBAN**

I'll show you the best sources of fresh water. I'll pick berries  
for you. I'll fish for you and gather enough firewood for you.  
May the tyrant I'm serving now die of the plague! I won't  
carry any more wood for him. Instead, I'll serve you now,  
you miraculous man.

**TRINCULO**

What a ridiculous monster, to see a poor drunk man and  
think him a miracle.

**CALIBAN**

*[To STEPHANO]* Please, let me show you where you can  
catch crabs to eat. I'll dig with my long fingernails to find  
you peanuts. I'll show you a bird's nest with eggs inside,  
and teach you how to catch a quick-moving monkey. I'll  
lead you to clusters of hazelnuts, and sometimes I'll catch  
seagulls for you on the rocks. Will you come with me?

**STEPHANO**

Please, lead the way without doing any more talking.  
Trinculo, since the king and everyone else we were with  
have drowned, we're the rightful owners of this place. Here,  
carry my wine bottle. My good friend Trinculo, we'll fill that  
bottle again soon.

**CALIBAN**

*[Singing drunkenly]*  
Goodbye, master! Goodbye, goodbye.

**TRINCULO**

A singing, drunken monster.

**CALIBAN**

*[Singing]*  
I won't build any more dams to catch you fish,  
Whenever you want,  
Or scrape clean the platters, or wash dishes.  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban  
Has a new master. Get yourself a new servant.  
Freedom, hooray, freedom, freedom, hooray,  
freedom!

*high-day, freedom!*

**STEPHANO**

195 O brave monster! Lead the way.

*They exit.*

**STEPHANO**

Oh, splendid monster! Lead on.

*They all exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*FERDINAND enters, carrying 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,  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,  
15 Most busiest when I do it.

*MIRANDA enters, followed by PROSPERO who remains unseen by the others.*

**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,  
20 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.  
He's safe for these three hours.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

It would become me  
As well as it does you, and I should do it  
35 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.

### Shakesclore Translation

*FERDINAND enters, carrying a log.*

**FERDINAND**

Some games are difficult, but the effort they require  
contributes to the pleasure they give. Some kinds of  
dishonorable manual labor are undertaken for noble  
reasons. And many things that bring no money can lead to  
great wealth in the end. This hard and undignified work  
would be dull and disgusting to me, but the woman for  
whom I am doing this makes what is awful seem wonderful.  
She makes my hard work seem like a pleasure. Oh, she's ten  
times more kind than her father is nasty, and he's  
completely nasty. He's issued a severe command that I have  
to move thousands of these logs and put them in a stack.  
My sweet lady cries when she sees me work, and tells me  
that such lowly work has never been done by such a noble  
person. These sweet thoughts refresh me and make me  
forget that I am working, especially when I am working the  
hardest.

*MIRANDA enters, followed by PROSPERO who remains unseen by the others.*

**MIRANDA**

Oh, please, I beg you, don't work so hard. I wish the  
lightning had burned up these logs that you've been  
commanded to stack in a pile! Please, put the log down and  
rest. When this wood burns, it will cry because it made you  
tired. My father is hard at work studying. So please, rest.  
We're safe from my father for the next three hours.

**FERDINAND**

Oh, my dear lady, the sun will set before I've finished the  
work I've been told to do.

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

No, my precious darling, I'd rather tear my muscles and  
break my back than let you do such dishonorable work  
while I sit lazily nearby.

**MIRANDA**

The work would suit me as much as it suits you, and it  
would be easier for me because I want to do it, whereas you  
do not.

**PROSPERO**

*[To himself]* Poor little thing, you're overwhelmed by love!  
These lovesick words prove it.



**MIRANDA**

You look wearily.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

Miranda. O my father,  
45 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  
I have eyed with best regard and many a time  
50 Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues  
Have I liked several women. Never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
55 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—  
60 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  
65 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  
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.  
75 The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service, there resides  
To make me slave to it, and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

**MIRANDA**

Do you love me?

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

*[aside]* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
90 On that which breeds between 'em!

**MIRANDA**

You look tired.


**FERDINAND**


No, noble lady. When you're nearby, I'm as fresh and strong  
as I am in the morning—even at night. I beg you—so that I  
can mention it in my prayers—what is your name?

**MIRANDA**

Miranda. Oh, Father, I've broken your command to me by  
telling him that!

**FERDINAND**

Admired  Miranda! You do indeed deserve the utmost  
admiration, as much as the most treasured thing in the  
world! I've looked at many women with great enjoyment.  
And I've been entranced by the sweet sounds of their voices  
in my ear, which too eagerly heard their words. There have  
been several women whom I liked for the multiple good  
qualities they had. But every one of them had some bad  
trait that contrasted with and outweighed even their best  
qualities. But you, oh you, are perfect, beyond compare,  
and are made out of the best qualities possible in a woman.

 *Ferdinand both states how he  
feels about Miranda, and notes that  
her name in Latin literally means "to  
be admired."*

**MIRANDA**

I don't know a single woman, or even seen a woman's  
face—except my own in the mirror. I've also never met any  
other men than you, my friend, and my dear father. I have  
no knowledge of what people look like in other places. But I  
swear by my virginity--the most precious thing that I can  
give--that I'd never want to be with anyone in the world but  
you. I can't even imagine that I might like any other shape  
besides your own. But listen to me babbling on and on,  
forgetting that my father told me not to.

**FERDINAND**

I am a prince, Miranda—I think I'm probably now a king,  
though I wish that were not true—and normally I wouldn't  
tolerate being forced to carry logs any more than I'd let  
insects fly into my mouth. But listen to this, from the  
bottom of my soul. The moment that I saw you, my heart  
rushed to serve you, and it remains there as your servant.  
So, for your sake, I patiently carry these logs.

**MIRANDA**

Do you love me?

**FERDINAND**

Oh, heaven; oh, earth--witness the words I'm going to  
speak. And if I speak the truth, bless them with the outcome  
I hope for. If I'm insincere, then take all the good fortune  
that's in store for me and turn it bad. More than anything  
else in the world, I love, cherish, and honor you.

**MIRANDA**

I'm such a fool to cry at the thing that makes me happy.

**PROSPERO**

*[To himself]* What a beautiful encounter between two  
people so utterly in love! May heaven shower blessings on  
the love growing between them!

**FERDINAND**

Wherefore weep you?

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

My mistress, dearest, and I thus humble ever.

**MIRANDA**

My husband, then?

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

A thousand thousand!

*MIRANDA and FERDINAND exit, in opposite directions.*

**PROSPERO**

So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
 110 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.

*He exits.*

**FERDINAND**

Why are you crying?

**MIRANDA**

I'm crying at my cowardice for not daring to give you what I  
 want to give you, much less take what I'm dying to have.  
 But that's nothing. And the more I try to hide my feelings,  
 the larger they get. So stop being so shy and indirect,  
 Miranda, and let your innocent directness guide you! I'll be  
 your wife if you will marry me. If you won't, I'll die a virgin,  
 having never loved another man. You can refuse to make  
 me your wife, but I'll be your servant whether you want me  
 to or not.

**FERDINAND**

You'll be the one I adore, my dearest. And I'll serve you as I  
 do now, forever.

**MIRANDA**

You'll be my husband, then?

**FERDINAND**

Yes, with a heart as eager to become a husband as any slave  
 has ever wanted freedom. Here's my hand.

**MIRANDA**

*[She takes FERDINAND's hand]* And here's mine, with my  
 heart in it. And now goodbye until half an hour from now.

**FERDINAND**

A million goodbyes.

*MIRANDA and FERDINAND exit, in opposite directions.*

**PROSPERO**

I can't be as happy as they are at what's happening,  
 because they are surprised by it--whereas I planned it all  
 along. But nothing could make me happier. Now I'll return  
 to my book of magic, because there's a lot of work that  
 pertains to the love growing between Miranda and  
 Ferdinand that I must do before dinner.

*He exits.*

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter.*

**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**

5 "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.

### Shakesclare Translation

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter.*

**STEPHANO**

Don't tell me that. When the wine barrel is empty, we'll  
 drink water. But we won't drink even a drop of water before  
 then. Therefore, raise the bottle and drink.

*[To CALIBAN]* Servant-monster, drink a toast to me.

**TRINCULO**

"Servant-monster?" What foolishness is found on this  
 island! They say there are just five people on the island.  
 We're three of them. If the other two are as crazy as us, our  
 country is going to collapse.

**STEPHANO**

Drink when I tell you to, servant-monster. Your eyes look  
 sunk into your head.

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

15 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**

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.

**STEPHANO**

20 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**

25 *[to CALIBAN]* Thou liest, most ignorant monster. I am in case to justle 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**

30 *[to STEPHANO]* Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

**TRINCULO**

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

**CALIBAN**

35 *[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**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

*ARIEL enters, invisible.*

**TRINCULO**

Where else should his eyes be sunk? He'd be quite a remarkable monster if his eyes were sunk in his tail.

**STEPHANO**

My servingman-monster is so drowned in the wine he's drunk that he can't even talk. For my part, not even the sea can drown me. Before I reached the shore from the shipwreck, I swam a hundred and five miles. Therefore, monster, you'll be my lieutenant, or my flag-bearer.

**TRINCULO**

Make him your lieutenant, please. He can barely stand up straight, much less hold a flag.

**STEPHANO**

We'll never run in our army, Sir Monster.

**TRINCULO**

Or even walk. Instead you'll lie there like sleeping dogs and say nothing.

**STEPHANO**

Monster, if you want to be a good monster, please say something.

**CALIBAN**

How are you, my lord? Let me lick your shoe. *[He points to TRINCULO]* I won't serve him. He's not brave the way you are.

**TRINCULO**

*[To CALIBAN]* You're lying, you most ignorant monster. I'm so brave I would go brawl with a police officer right now. Why, you drunk fish, you: has any coward ever drunk as much wine as I have today? Are you telling such monstrous lies just because you're half-fish, half-monster?

**CALIBAN**

*[To STEPHANO]* Look, he's making fun of me! Will you let him do that, my lord?

**TRINCULO**

"Lord," he says? That monster is such an idiot!

**CALIBAN**

*[To STEPHANO]* Look, look, he's mocking me again! Please, bite him to death.

**STEPHANO**

Trinculo, if you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all. And if you don't listen to me, I'll hang you from the next tree. This poor monster is my loyal subject, and I refuse to let him be insulted.


**CALIBAN**


Thank you, my noble lord. Now would you be willing to listen once again to the request I made to you before?


**STEPHANO**

Indeed, I will. Kneel and repeat your request. I'll stand and listen, and so will Trinculo.

*ARIEL enters, invisible.*

 Here, Stephano means "run" as in "retreat." Trinculo takes the word literally, and jokes about it in the next line.

 In the original text, Stephano says "marry," a mild oath deriving from the Virgin Mary's name.

 It is worth remembering that onstage, invisibility would be represented by wearing a certain piece of clothing.

**CALIBAN**

45 *[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**

50 *[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**

Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

**CALIBAN**

55 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**

That's most certain.

**CALIBAN**

60 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,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

**ARIEL**

65 Thou liest. Thou canst not.

**CALIBAN**

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

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

**STEPHANO**

75 Didst thou not say he lied?

**ARIEL**

Thou liest.

**CALIBAN**

*[Kneeling]* As I told you before, I'm enslaved to a tyrant, a magician who used his magic to steal the island from me.

**ARIEL**

*[Mimicking TRINCULO's voice]* You lie.

**CALIBAN**

*[To TRINCULO]* No you are lying, you joking monkey, you! I wish my brave master would kill you. I did not lie.

**STEPHANO**

Trinculo, if you interrupt his story again, I swear by my hand, I'll knock out some of your teeth.

**TRINCULO**

But I didn't say anything.

**STEPHANO**

Quiet, then, no more. Continue.

**CALIBAN**

I was saying: he used magic to take over this island. He took it from me. If your Highness will take revenge on him—because I know that you're brave enough to do it, though this thing *[He points to TRINCULO]* wouldn't dare--

**STEPHANO**

That's obvious.

**CALIBAN**

You'll be lord of the island, and I'll serve you.

**STEPHANO**

How can all this be accomplished? Can you bring me to him?

**CALIBAN**

Yes, yes, my lord. I'll take you to him when he's asleep, then you can smash a nail into his head.

**ARIEL**

*[Mimicking TRINCULO's voice]* You lie. You can't do that.

**CALIBAN**

What a motley fool he is! You are a wretched fool! Please, your Highness, punch him a few times and take his wine bottle away from him. When he doesn't have that, he'll drink nothing but salt water--because I won't show him where the freshwater springs are.

**STEPHANO**

Trinculo, stop trying to cause trouble. If you interrupt this monster one more time then, I swear by my hand, I'll stop being nice and beat you until you're as stiff as a piece of dried fish.

**TRINCULO**

Why, what did I do? I didn't do anything. I need to move away from you.

**STEPHANO**

Didn't you just say that he lied?

**ARIEL**

*[Mimicking TRINCULO's voice]* You lie.

**STEPHANO**

*[to TRINCULO]* Do I so? Take thou that.  
*[beats TRINCULO]*  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

**TRINCULO**

80 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**

85 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.

**CALIBAN**

90 Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books; or with a log batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake; Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember  
95 First to possess his books, for without them 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—  
100 Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal. 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.  
105 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax As great'st does least.

**STEPHANO**

Is it so brave a lass?

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

110 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**

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

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Ay, on mine honor.

**STEPHANO**

*[To TRINCULO]* Oh, do I? Take that, then. *[He hits TRINCULO]* There's more where that came from if you say that I'm a liar again.

**TRINCULO**

I didn't say you were a liar. Are you out of your mind, and deaf, too? A curse on your wine bottle! This is what drinking wine does to you. May your monster get the plague, and you can go to hell!

**CALIBAN**

Ha, ha, ha!

**STEPHANO**

Now, continue with your story. Trinculo, please, stand farther away.

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Stand even farther away, Trinculo.

*[To CALIBAN]* All right, continue.

**CALIBAN**

Well, as I told you, it's his habit to take a nap in the afternoon. That's when you can smash in his skull, after you've first stolen his books. Or you could hit him on the head with a log. Or stab him in the belly with a spear. Or cut his throat with a knife. But remember to steal his books first, because without them, he's just a fool like me, and won't be able to command even one spirit. The other spirits all hate him as completely as I do. Just be sure to burn his magic books. He has some magnificent furniture and furnishings—at least that's how he describes them—that he plans to use to furnish his house once he gets one. The thing you should focus on though is the beauty of his daughter. Prospero himself says she has no equal. I never saw a woman other than my mother, Sycorax. Miranda is so much more beautiful than Sycorax that it's like comparing the most beautiful thing to the least.

**STEPHANO**

Is she really such a splendid girl?

**CALIBAN**

Yes, my lord. She'll be a perfect fit for your bed, and she'll bear you some excellent children.

**STEPHANO**

Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen—God protect our royal selves!—and you and Trinculo will be our governors. Do you like that plan, Trinculo?

**TRINCULO**

Excellent.

**STEPHANO**

Give me your hand. I'm sorry I beat you up. But for as long as you live, be more polite when you speak.

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Yes, I swear on my honor.

**ARIEL**

120 *[aside]* This will I tell my master.

**CALIBAN**

Thou makest me merry. I am full of pleasure.  
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but whilere?

**STEPHANO**

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.  
125 Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.  
*[sings]*  
*Flout 'em and scout 'em,*  
*And scout 'em and flout 'em.*  
*Thought is free.*

**CALIBAN**

130 That's not the tune.

*ARIEL plays the tune on a small drum and a flute.*

**STEPHANO**

What is this same?

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

O, forgive me my sins!

**STEPHANO**

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

**CALIBAN**

Art thou afeard?

**STEPHANO**

140 No, monster, not I.

**CALIBAN**

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
145 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again. And then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
I cried to dream again.

**STEPHANO**

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

**CALIBAN**

When Prospero is destroyed.

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

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

**ARIEL**

*[To himself]* I'll tell my master about this.

**CALIBAN**

You make me glad. I'm full of happiness. Let's have some  
fun. Will you sing the song you taught me a short while ago?

**STEPHANO**

Monster, whatever you ask for I'll do, so long as it's  
reasonable. Come on, Trinculo, let's sing.  
*[Singing]*  
*Mock 'em and shock 'em*  
*And shock 'em and mock 'em.*  
*Thought is free.*

**CALIBAN**

That's not the song.

*ARIEL plays the tune on a small drum and a flute.*

**STEPHANO**

What is this song?

**TRINCULO**

That's the song you were singing, played by nobody.

**STEPHANO**

If you're a man who's playing that music, show yourself. If  
you're a devil, then you can go to hell.

**TRINCULO**

Oh, forgive me for all my sins!

**STEPHANO**

The man who dies pays the ultimate debt. I defy you, devil!  
God bless us.

**CALIBAN**

Are you scared?

**STEPHANO**

No, monster, not me.

**CALIBAN**

Don't be frightened. The island is full of noises, sounds, and  
sweet music that will delight you and not hurt you.  
Sometimes I hear a thousand instruments playing in my  
ears, and sometimes I hear voices that send me back to  
sleep even if I had just woken up. And once asleep again, I  
dream of clouds that open up to show that they carry  
riches, which will soon drop down on me like rain. So when  
I woke up, I begged to dream again.

**STEPHANO**

This will be a splendid kingdom for me to rule. I'll get music  
played to me for free.

**CALIBAN**

Once you kill Prospero.

**STEPHANO**

That will be done soon. I remember our plan.

**TRINCULO**

The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and complete our  
plan after that.

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

*They all exit.*

**STEPHANO**

Lead on, monster. We'll follow. I wish I could see this drummer. He's very good.

**TRINCULO**

Coming, monster? I'm right behind you, Stephano.

*They all exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

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

**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**

5 Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attached with weariness  
To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned  
10 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

**ANTONIO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

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

*Solemn and strange music plays.*

*PROSPERO enters above the stage, invisible.*

**SEBASTIAN**

*[aside to ANTONIO]* I say, tonight. No more.

**ALONSO**

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

**GONZALO**

Marvelous sweet music!

*Several strange shapes enter, bringing in a table and food and then dancing around it with graceful gestures of welcome. The shapes invite the king and the others to eat, then exit.*

**ALONSO**

25 Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

### Shakescleare Translation

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

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* I swear on the Virgin Mary, I can't go any further, sir. My old bones are aching. It's like we're walking in a maze, with some paths straight and some crooked. If it's all right with you, I need to rest.

**ALONSO**

Old lord, I can't blame you, since I'm so tired that I'm becoming sad. Sit down and rest. In this spot I'm going to give up all hope. The one whom we're trying to find--and getting ourselves lost in the process--is drowned. The sea is laughing at us as we search for him on land. It's time to let him go.

**ANTONIO**

*[To SEBASTIAN so that only he can hear]* I'm very glad he's lost all hope. Don't give up on the plan we agreed to carry out just because we failed in our first attempt.

**SEBASTIAN**

*[To ANTONIO so that only he can hear]* When we get another opportunity, we'll take it.

**ANTONIO**

*[To SEBASTIAN so that only he can hear]* Let's do it tonight, because the men are so exhausted from traveling. They won't, or can't, be as careful as they are when they have more energy.

*Solemn and strange music plays.*

*PROSPERO enters above the stage, invisible.*

**SEBASTIAN**

*[To ANTONIO so that only he can hear]* Agreed. Tonight it is. Now be quiet.

**ALONSO**

What is that music? My good friends, listen!

**GONZALO**

What marvelous, beautiful music!

*Several strange shapes enter, bringing in a table and food and then dancing around it with graceful gestures of welcome. The shapes invite the king and the others to eat, then exit.*

**ALONSO**

May your angels protect us, heaven! What were those things?

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

30 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,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

**GONZALO**

If in Naples  
35 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—  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
40 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.

**ALONSO**

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

**PROSPERO**

*[aside]* Praise in departing.

**FRANCISCO**

50 They vanished strangely.

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ALONSO**

55 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 'em  
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men  
60 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  
65 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to and do as we.

*A clap of thunder sounds and lightning flashes.*

*ARIEL enters in the form of a harpy. ARIEL flaps his wings on the table,  
and by means of some kind of device on stage, the food disappears  
from the table.*

**SEBASTIAN**

A puppet show with living actors. Now that I've seen that,  
I'll believe that unicorns exist, and that there's a tree in  
Arabia where the phoenix lives, with a phoenix sitting in it  
right now.

**ANTONIO**

I'll believe both those things too. And if there's anything  
else that seems like it can't be real, just come to me and I'll  
swear it's true. Travelers have never told lies, even if fools  
back home accuse them of making things up.

**GONZALO**

If I described this back in Naples, would they believe me?  
Would they believe it if I told them that I saw native  
islanders such as these—because they must certainly be  
natives of the island—who despite their unnatural shape  
have more grace and better manners than you can find  
among many—actually, almost any—human beings?

**PROSPERO**

*[To himself]* You honest lord, what you've said is true, since  
some of you right there are worse than devils.

**ALONSO**

I can't stop wondering about those shapes and their  
movements and sounds, which expressed—even without  
being able to speak—a kind of incredible mute language.

**PROSPERO**

*[To himself]* Don't offer your praise until you've seen the  
whole performance.

**FRANCISCO**

They disappeared in a strange way.



**SEBASTIAN**


It doesn't matter, since they left their food behind, and we  
have hungry stomachs. Would you like to taste some of the  
food?


**ALONSO**

Not me.

**GONZALO**

I promise you, sir, you have nothing to fear. When we were  
boys, who would have believed that there were people who  
lived in the mountains that had pouches of skin hanging  
down from their necks, as [cattle](#)  do? Or that there were  
men who had their heads in their chests ? And now every  
traveler returns with word that such things are real.


 Here, Gonzalo is most likely  
referencing travelers' stories about  
people with goiters in the Swiss alps.


 This was another common  
travelers' tale about the misidentified  
cannibals referenced in *Othello*, which  
are better described as the mythical  
akephaloi.

**ALONSO**

I'll take the risk and eat. Even if this turns out to be my last  
meal, that's all right, since I know the best part of my life is  
in the past. Brother, my lord Duke, please have some food  
as well.

*A clap of thunder sounds and lightning flashes.*

*ARIEL enters in the form of a harpy . ARIEL flaps his wings  
on the table, and by means of some kind of device on stage,  
the food disappears from the table.*

 In ancient Greek and Roman  
mythology, harpies were angry  
creatures, half-bird and half-human.



**ARIEL**

*[to ALONSO, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN]*

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
70 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  
75 Their proper selves.  
*[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO draw their swords]*  
You fools, I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate. The elements  
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well  
80 Wound the loud winds or with bemocked-at stabs  
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  
85 And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child. For which foul deed  
90 The powers—delaying, not forgetting—have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
95 Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but hearts' sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

*ARIEL vanishes as thunder sounds.*

*As quiet music plays, the shapes enter again and dance, making mocking gestures and nasty faces, they carry out the banquet table.*

**PROSPERO**

100 *[aside]* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Performed, my Ariel. A grace it had, devouring.  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say. So with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
105 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions. They now are in my power,  
And in these fits I leave them while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,  
110 And his and mine loved darling.

*PROSPERO exits from his place above the stage.*

**GONZALO**

*[to ALONSO]* 'I' th' name of something holy, sir, why  
stand you  
In this strange stare?

**ALONSO**

Oh, it is monstrous, monstrous.  
115 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and  
120 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded.

*ALONSO exits.*

**ARIEL**

*[To ALONSO, ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN]* The three of you  
are sinners. Destiny—which controls the earth and  
everything in it—caused the sea to throw you up onto this  
uninhabited island, because you are unfit to live among  
other people. I have driven you crazy, and men with the  
reckless courage given by insanity often hang or drown  
themselves. *[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO draw their  
swords]* You fools, my fellow harpies and I are the agents of  
Fate. Your swords would be no more useful for injuring the  
whistling winds or stabbing the water—always closing up  
around the hole your sword makes in it—than they would be  
for cutting off even one of my feathers. My comrades are  
just as indestructible. And even if you could hurt us, I've  
made your swords too heavy for you to lift. But  
remember—because reminding you of this is why I'm  
here—that in Milan the three of you overthrew Prospero,  
and abandoned him in the ocean with his innocent child.  
Now the ocean has paid you back for your evil actions. The  
gods—delaying their punishment, not forgetting it—have  
raised up the seas, the land, and every creature against you  
and any hope you may have had of peace. From you,  
Alonso, they've taken your son, and have commanded that I  
inflict upon you a slow ruin that follows you step-by-step,  
and is worse than a quick death. The only way to protect  
yourself from the anger of the gods—which here, on this  
deserted island, will otherwise fall on your heads—is for  
you to feel truly sorry in your heart for what you've done,  
and from now on to live good and moral lives.

*ARIEL vanishes as thunder sounds.*


*As quiet music plays, the shapes enter again and dance. Making mocking gestures and nasty faces, the shapes carry out the banquet table.*


**PROSPERO**

*[To himself]* You've put on a great show of being a harpy,  
my Ariel. The performance had grace, and yet also a fierce  
consuming power. You followed my instructions and left out  
nothing that I asked you to say. With a unique attention to  
detail, even my less powerful servants have performed their  
different roles with excellent realism. My magic spells are  
working, and my enemies are all caught up in their  
bewilderment. They are now under my control, and I'll  
leave them stuck here in their confusion while I visit young  
Ferdinand—whom they think has drowned—and the darling  
girl both he and I love.

*PROSPERO exits from his place above the stage.*

**GONZALO**

*[To ALONSO]* In the name of all that is holy, sir, why do you  
stand there staring strangely  around?

 Gonzalo did not hear Ariel's  
speech; only Alonso, Sebastian, and  
Antonio did.

**ALONSO**

Oh, it's awful, awful. I thought the clouds spoke to me; the  
winds sang to me; and the thunder roared like the deep and  
terrible sound of an organ—all of them said the name of  
Prospero. Singing in a deep note, the voice spoke of the bad  
things I've done, and told me that, because of what I did,  
my son now sleeps on the ocean floor. Now I'll go search for  
him deeper than an anchor has ever sank, and lie with him  
in the mud.

*ALONSO exits.*

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**ANTONIO**

I'll be thy second.

*SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit.*

**GONZALO**

125 All three of them are desperate. Their great guilt,  
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  
130 May now provoke them to.

**ADRIAN**

Follow, I pray you.

*They all exit.*

**SEBASTIAN**

I'll fight their entire army of devils, one at a time.

**ANTONIO**

I'll support you.

*SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit.*

**GONZALO**

All three of them are desperate. Their guilt--like a poison  
given time to work in their bodies--now begins to bite at  
their consciences. Those who are lively and energetic, I beg  
you, quickly follow them and stop them from doing  
whatever this fit of insanity is pushing them to do.

**ADRIAN**

Follow them, please.

*They all exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA enter.*

**PROSPERO**

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

**FERDINAND**

I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

**PROSPERO**

Then as my gift and thine own acquisition  
15 Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be ministered,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
20 To make this contract grow, but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

**FERDINAND**

25 As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion,  
Our worser genius can shall never melt  
30 Mine honor into lust to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are foundered,  
Or night kept chained below.


### Shakescleare Translation


*PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA enter.*

**PROSPERO**


*[To FERDINAND]* If I've been too strict in my punishment of  
you, your compensation will make it better. For I am giving  
you my daughter, who makes up a third of my entire life,  
and who is everything I live for. I put her into your hands. All  
of the trouble I gave you was just my way of testing your  
love for her, and you have endured those tests  
extraordinarily well. Here, before God, I promise you that I  
will give you this precious gift. Oh, Ferdinand, don't laugh at  
me for praising her so highly, because you'll discover that  
she exceeds all the praise given to her.


**FERDINAND**

I believe it, and would even believe it if an [oracle](#)  said  
otherwise.


 An oracle was a human who  
received and communicated  
messages from the gods.


**PROSPERO**

Then, as a gift from me and as your well-earned reward,  
take my daughter. But if you take her virginity before the  
marriage ceremony is performed according to all the sacred  
traditions, the heavens will not shower blessings on your  
marriage. Instead, empty hate, bitter disrespect, and  
conflict will ruin your marriage until you both grow to  
despise it. So listen to what I'm saying if you want to have a  
happy marriage blessed by [Hymen](#) .

 Hymen was the ancient Greek god  
of marriage.

**FERDINAND**

Since I hope to enjoy quiet days, beautiful children, and a  
long life filled with the love that I have now, not even the  
greatest opportunity or strongest temptation will allow my  
worse instincts to overcome my honor, and let me give in to  
lust. Doing so would only remove the anticipation from that  
day's celebration, when I'll be so excited for my first night  
with Miranda that I'll wonder if the [sun](#)  has stopped in  
the sky, or if night has been locked away somehow.

 In the original text, Ferdinand  
refers to Phoebus, a name for the  
ancient Greek god Apollo when he  
was associated with the sun.

**PROSPERO**

Fairly spoke.

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

*ARIEL enters.*

**ARIEL**

What would my potent master? Here I am.

**PROSPERO**

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform, and I must use you  
40 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  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,  
45 And they expect it from me.

**ARIEL**

Presently?

**PROSPERO**

Ay, with a twink.

**ARIEL**

Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"  
And breathe twice and cry "So, so!"  
50 Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master, no?

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

55 Well, I conceive.

*ARIEL exits.*

**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**

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

**PROSPERO**

Well.

Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary,  
65 Rather than want a spirit. Appear and pertly!—  
No tongue. All eyes! Be silent.

*Soft music plays.*

*IRIS enters.*

**IRIS**

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

**PROSPERO**

Well said. Sit then, and talk with her. She is yours. Come  
here, Ariel! My busy servant, Ariel!

*ARIEL enters.*

**ARIEL**

What would my mighty master like? I am here.

**PROSPERO**

You and your lesser friends performed well in your last task,  
and now I need you to do something similar. Go bring the  
whole group here. I give you the power to control them.  
Make sure they come quickly, because I must use my magic  
to give this young couple a show. I promised I would, and  
they're expecting it.

**ARIEL**

Immediately?

**PROSPERO**

Yes, in the twinkling of an eye.

**ARIEL**

Before you can say "Come" and "Go"--and breathe twice  
and shout "So, so!"--each one of your servants, leaping on  
their toes, will arrive here with their gestures and silly faces.  
Do you love me, master? No?

**PROSPERO**

Dearly, my lovely Ariel. Don't come until you hear me call  
for you.

**ARIEL**

Yes, I understand.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

[*To FERDINAND*] Be mindful that you stay true to your  
promise to remain chaste before marriage. Don't let your  
flirting push you over the edge. Even the strongest promises  
can get burned to a crisp by the fire of lust in your blood. Be  
more self-disciplined, or else say goodbye to your vow.

**FERDINAND**

I promise you, sir, the pure love I feel in my heart holds back  
the passion I feel elsewhere [4](#).

[4](#) *Ferdinand refers to the liver in the original text. This organ was thought to be the seat of strong emotions in Shakespeare's day.*

**PROSPERO**

Good. Now come, my Ariel! It's better to bring an extra  
helper along than to need a spirit and not have one. Appear,  
quickly! No talking. Watch! Be quiet.

*Soft music plays.*

*IRIS enters.*

**IRIS**

Ceres [5](#), I am the messenger that carries the rainbow for  
[Juno](#) [6](#), the Queen of the Sky. She commands you to leave  
behind your rich farmlands of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and  
peas; the grassy hills where sheep graze and the meadows  
covered with hay for the sheep to eat in winter; your  
riverbanks covered in vines and branches that April, on your

[5](#) *Ceres was the ancient Roman goddess of farming and the land.*

[6](#) *Juno was the ancient Roman queen of the gods.*

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom  
groves,  
75 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipped vineyard;  
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,  
80 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

*JUNO descends from above the stage and stops in midair.*

**IRIS**

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*CERES enters.*

**CERES**

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er  
85 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,  
90 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,  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blessed lovers.

**CERES**

95 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,  
Her and her blind boy's scanded company  
100 I have forsworn.

**IRIS**

Of her society  
Be not afraid. I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
105 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted—but in vain.  
Mars's hot minion is returned again.  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
110 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  
115 To bless this twain that they may prosperous be,  
And honored in their issue.

*They sing.*

**JUNO**

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

orders, covers with flowers for virginal nymphs to use to  
make crowns; your yellow-flowered groves where young  
men go when they have been rejected by their lovers; your  
pruned vineyards; your rocky seashore where you yourself  
fly. Leave all those places, and come to meet the Queen on  
this grassy spot--this very place--to come and play. The  
peacocks that draw her chariot approach at full speed.

*JUNO descends from above the stage and stops in midair.*

**IRIS**

Come, rich Ceres, and entertain Juno.

*CERES enters.*



**CERES**


Hello, many-colored messenger, who never disobeys Juno,  
the wife of Jupiter. With your golden wings you scatter  
dewdrops--those refreshing showers--on my flowers. You  
crown my woodlands and fields with each end of your  
rainbow, making a gorgeous scarf for my delighted earth.  
Why has your queen summoned me here to this grassy  
place?


**IRIS**

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

**CERES**

Tell me, heavenly rainbow, do you know if either Venus  or her son Cupid are with the queen? Ever since the two of  
them plotted a way for Dis  to steal from me my daughter  
Proserpina, I have sworn never to go near Venus or her  
blind son again.

 Venus was the ancient Roman goddess of love, and her son, Cupid, the ancient Roman god of love.

 Dis, or Pluto, was the ancient Roman god of the underworld, married to Proserpina (Persephone in Greek).

**IRIS**

Don't be afraid that you will have to see her. I met Venus as  
she was flying with her son in a carriage pulled by doves  
through the sky towards her home on the island of Paphos.  
They had been planning to put a magic spell upon this man  
and woman. The spell would have made them break their  
vow that they would not sleep together until Hymen's torch  
was lit on their wedding day. Venus, that lustful wife of  
Mars, has returned home again. And hot-headed Cupid has  
broken all his arrows. He swears he will never shoot them  
again, and will instead play with sparrows like a regular  
boy.

**CERES**

The most powerful queen, Great Juno, comes. I know her  
by her walk.

*JUNO descends to the stage.*

**JUNO**

[To CERES] How is my generous sister? Come with me to  
bless this couple so they will be successful, and have  
wonderful children.

*They sing.*

**JUNO**

May honor, riches, marriage, blessings,  
Long life, and ever increasing,  
Constant joy be always with you.  
Juno sings her blessings to you.

**CERES**

Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garner's never empty,  
Vines and clustering bunches growing,  
Plants with goodly burden bowing—  
125 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  
130 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

**PROSPERO**

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

**FERDINAND**

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

*JUNO and CERES whisper, then send IRIS out to do a task.*

**PROSPERO**

Sweet now, silence.  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.  
140 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 saged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land  
145 Answer your summons, Juno does command.  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love. Be not too late.

*Several NYMPHS enter.*

**IRIS**

You  
sunburnt sicklemen of August weary,  
150 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.

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

**PROSPERO**

I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
155 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life. The minute of their plot  
Is almost come.— Well done. Avoid, no more!

*The spirits look sad and vanish as a strange, hollow, and confused noise sounds.*

**FERDINAND**

*[to MIRANDA]* This is strange. Your father's in some  
passion  
160 That works him strongly.

**MIRANDA**

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

**CERES**

*The blessings of earth, plentiful harvests,  
Always full barns and silos,  
Vines full of clustered grapes,  
Plants bending under the weight of their fruit—  
May spring follow  
Right after the end of autumn's harvest.  
Lack and poverty will never touch you.  
That is Ceres' blessing for you.*

**FERDINAND**

This show is an incredible illusion, with enchantingly  
harmonious music. Am I right to think that these are spirits  
that we're watching?

**PROSPERO**

They are spirits that I've called out from their dwellings to  
perform my current fantasy, all through my magic.

**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 out to do a task.*

**PROSPERO**

*[To MIRANDA, who is about to speak]* Quiet for now, darling.  
Juno and Ceres are whispering about something serious.  
There's something else they must do. Be quiet and don't  
speak, or else my spell will be broken.

**IRIS**

You nymphs, called Naiads, who live in the wandering  
streams! With your crowns of grass and always innocent  
looks, leave your cool streams and obey Juno's command.  
Come up on this grassy field. Juno orders you. Come,  
chaste nymphs, and help us celebrate the engagement of  
two true lovers. Don't be late.

*Several NYMPHS enter.*

**IRIS**

Now, you sunburned farmers--so tired from all the work you  
must do in August--come here from your rows of planting  
and have fun. Celebrate. Put on your straw hats and dance  
with these young nymphs.

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

**PROSPERO**

I forgot about Caliban's evil conspiracy with his companions  
to kill me. The time for them to act on their plot is almost  
here.

*[To the spirits]* Well done. Now leave, no more!

*The spirits look sad and vanish as a strange, hollow, and confused noise sounds.*

**FERDINAND**

*[To MIRANDA]* This is strange. Some strong feeling has  
deeply upset your father.

**MIRANDA**

I've never in my life seen him this angry and upset.

**PROSPERO**

*[to FERDINAND]* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.

165 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
170 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
175 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.  
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk  
180 To still my beating mind.

**FERDINAND, MIRANDA**

We wish your peace.

*FERDINAND and MIRANDA exit.*

**PROSPERO**

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

*ARIEL enters.*

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

Spirit,  
185 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  
Lest I might anger thee.

**PROSPERO**

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

**ARIEL**

190 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  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
195 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  
That, calflike, they my lowing followed through  
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and  
200 thorns,  
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them  
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

**PROSPERO**

205 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.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

*[To FERDINAND]* My son-in-law, you look troubled, as if  
something has made you upset. Cheer up, sir. The show is  
now finished. These actors, as I told you, were all spirits,  
and they've melted into the air, thin air. And like this  
vision—with its towers reaching to the clouds, its gorgeous  
palaces, its grand temples (which in fact have no underlying  
structure)--the actual world, and everyone living in it, will  
dissolve just as this illusion has disappeared, leaving not  
even a wisp of cloud behind. We are all made of the stuff of  
dreams, and our small lifespans stretch from the sleep  
before birth to the sleep after death. Sir, I'm upset. Please  
put up with this weakness of mine. My old brain is troubled,  
but don't be disturbed by it. If you would like to, you can go  
to my hut and relax. I'll take a little walk to calm my restless  
mind.

**FERDINAND, MIRANDA**

We hope you find some peace.

*FERDINAND and MIRANDA exit.*

**PROSPERO**

Ariel—I call you with a thought. I thank you, Ariel. Come.

*ARIEL enters.*

**ARIEL**

I follow all your thoughts. What do you want?

**PROSPERO**

Spirit, we must prepare to deal with Caliban.

**ARIEL**

Yes, my leader. When I was presenting the show about  
Ceres, I thought of mentioning Caliban to you, but I was  
afraid I might make you angry.

**PROSPERO**

Tell me again, where did you leave those villains?

**ARIEL**

I told you, sir, they were wildly drunk--so full of inflated  
courage that they were striking at the air with their swords  
for blowing in their faces, and hitting the ground for  
touching their feet. Yet at the same time they've never lost  
sight of their plan. Then I beat my drum, at which--like colts  
that had never been ridden--they pricked up their ears,  
looked around, and lifted their noises as if to smell the  
music. So with my music I put a spell on their ears that  
made them follow me like trusting calves through sharp-  
leaved bushes, prickly shrubs, and thorns--all of which  
stuck in their vulnerable shins. Finally, I left them in the  
middle of the scum-covered pond behind your hut, with the  
stinking water lapping at their chins.

**PROSPERO**

That was well done, my little friend. Remain invisible. Go  
get those cheap, showy clothes from my house. Bring them  
here for us to use as bait to catch these thieves.

**ARIEL**

Here I go, here I go.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

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

*ARIEL enters, carrying sparkling clothes.*

**PROSPERO**

Come, hang them on this line.

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter. They all are wet.*

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

225 Thou wert but a lost monster.

**CALIBAN**

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**

230 Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

**STEPHANO**

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**

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

**CALIBAN**

Prithie, 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  
240 Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

**STEPHANO**

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

**TRINCULO**

*[Seeing the apparel]*

245 O King Stephano! O peer, O worthy Stephano, look what a  
wardrobe here is for thee!

**PROSPERO**

He's a devil, a devil from the moment he was born. His  
nature can never be changed, no matter how much care he  
receives. All my work for him--all done with sincere care for  
him--had no effect, absolutely no effect. As he grows older,  
his body grows uglier, and his mind becomes more evil. I'll  
put them all in agony until they roar in pain.

*ARIEL enters, carrying sparkling clothes.*

**PROSPERO**

Come here. Hang these clothes on this clothesline.

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter. They all are  
wet.*

**CALIBAN**

Please, walk quietly, so that not even a blind mole would  
hear our feet touch the ground. We are now near his hut.

**STEPHANO**

Hey, monster, that spirit--who you said is harmless--has  
done nothing but play prank after prank on us.

**TRINCULO**

Monster, I smell like horse piss, and my nose is not at all  
happy about it.

**STEPHANO**

Mine too. Do you hear what I'm saying, monster? If I  
become unhappy with you, be careful—

**TRINCULO**

You'd be a lost monster.

**CALIBAN**

My good lord, don't give up on me. Be patient, because the  
prize I'm bringing you to will cover up the bad luck we had  
before. So please speak quietly. Everything's quiet, as if it's  
the middle of the night.

**TRINCULO**

All right. But I'm not happy that we lost our wine bottles in  
the pond—

**STEPHANO**

Monster, losing those bottles of wine was a loss much worse  
than disgrace or dishonor.

**TRINCULO**

I'm angrier about losing them than I am about having  
gotten wet. Yet you said the spirit was harmless, monster.

**STEPHANO**

I'll get my bottle of wine back, even if it means I have to go  
down into that pond so the water is over my ears.

**CALIBAN**

Please, my king, be quiet. Do you see this? It's the door to  
his hut. Be silent and enter. Commit the good crime that  
will make this island yours forever. And I, your Caliban, will  
always be your worshipful foot-licker.

**STEPHANO**

Give me your hand. I'm starting to want to spill some blood.

**TRINCULO**

*[Seeing the clothes]* Oh, King Stephano! Oh, worthy  
Stephano, look at the clothes hanging here for you!

**CALIBAN**

Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.

**TRINCULO**

Oh, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery.—  
[puts on a gown] O King Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

250 Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll have  
that gown.

**TRINCULO**

Thy grace shall have it.

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

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.

**TRINCULO**

260 Do, do. We steal by line and level, an 't like your  
grace.

**STEPHANO**

265 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**

270 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**

275 Ay, and this.

*The sound of hunters comes from offstage. Various spirits enter in the  
form of hunting dogs, which chase STEPHANO, TRINCULO, and  
CALIBAN around. PROSPERO and ARIEL enter and urge the dogs on.*

**PROSPERO**

Hey, Mountain, hey!

**ARIEL**

Silver. There it goes, Silver!

**CALIBAN**

Ignore it, you fool. It's trash.


**TRINCULO**

Oh, right, monster, we know what sort of clothes are  
nothing more than second-hand rags. And these are good  
quality. [He puts on a gown] Oh, King Stephano!

**STEPHANO**

Take off that gown, Trinculo. Give me that gown, or I swear  
by my hand, I will beat you up.


**TRINCULO**

It's yours, [your Grace](#) .

**CALIBAN**

May this fool die of a heart attack! Why are you obsessing  
over this junk? Leave the clothes alone, and let's commit  
the murder first. If Prospero wakes up, he'll torment us from  
head to foot and transform us into something awful.

**STEPHANO**

Be quiet, monster. Madame clothesline, isn't this my jacket?  
Thank you kindly. Now the jacket is under the line. Now,  
jacket, you'll probably [lose your fur trim and become a bald  
jacket](#) .


**TRINCULO**

Do it, do it. We're stealing with a plumb-line and carpenter's  
level, like real professionals, if it please your Grace.

**STEPHANO**

Thanks for that joke. Here's some clothes in return. Jokes  
won't go unrewarded when I'm king of this country.  
"Stealing with a plumb-line and carpenter's level" is an  
excellent little joke. Here's some more clothes as a reward.

**TRINCULO**

Monster, come here. Put some sticky [birdlime](#)  on your  
fingers, and carry away the rest of this stuff.

**CALIBAN**

I won't be a part of this. We'll miss our opportunity and  
we'll all get turned into geese or apes with wretchedly low  
foreheads.

**STEPHANO**

Monster, use your fingers. Help to carry these clothes to  
where my barrel of wine is, or I'll throw you out of my  
kingdom. Get going, carry this.

**TRINCULO**

And this.

**STEPHANO**

Yes, and this.


*The sound of hunters comes from offstage. Various spirits  
enter in the form of hunting dogs, which chase STEPHANO,  
TRINCULO, and CALIBAN around. PROSPERO and ARIEL  
enter and urge the dogs on.*


**PROSPERO**


Hey, Mountain, hey!

**ARIEL**

Silver. Follow them, Silver!

 "Your Grace" is a term of address  
for royalty or nobility, similar to "your  
Highness" or "your Majesty."

 Stephano jokingly refers to  
sailors on long voyages beneath the  
equator, who were said to lose their  
hair from scurvy.

 Birdlime was a sticky substance  
spread on tree limbs in order to catch  
birds that landed there.



**PROSPERO**

Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there. Hark, hark!

*The spirits chase CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO offstage.*

**PROSPERO**

280 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**

Hark, they roar.

**PROSPERO**

285 Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
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.

*They exit.*

**PROSPERO**

Fury, Fury! Over there, Tyrant, there. Look, look!

*The spirits chase CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO offstage.*

**PROSPERO**

Ariel, go tell my goblin servants to make their joints shake with convulsions, to make them double over with cramps, and cover them bruises so that they have more spots than a leopard or wildcat.

**ARIEL**

Listen, they're roaring in pain.

**PROSPERO**

May they be hunted down. As of now, all my enemies are at my mercy. Soon all my work will be done, and you'll be free to fly wherever you want. For a little longer, though, follow my orders and do some more work for me.

*They exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*PROSPERO enters wearing 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?

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

10 Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,  
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,  
15 And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay. But chiefly  
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  
20 That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

**PROSPERO**

Dost thou think so, spirit?

**ARIEL**

Mine would, sir, were I human.

**PROSPERO**

25 And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

### Shakesclare Translation

*PROSPERO, wearing his magic robes and carrying his magic staff, and ARIEL enter.*

**PROSPERO**

Now my plan is coming to its conclusion. My spells are not breaking, my spirits are obeying me, and everything is running smoothly. What time is it?

**ARIEL**

It's nearly six o'clock, my lord, which is when you said our work would be done.

**PROSPERO**

I did say that what I first created the storm at sea. Tell me, my spirit, how are the king and his followers?

**ARIEL**

Locked up together--exactly as you commanded and just as you left them. Sir, they are prisoners in the grove of lime trees that shields your hut from bad weather. They can't budge until you release them. The king, his brother, and your brother are waiting, out of their wits. Everyone else is worried about them, and completely shocked and sad. The one you called "the good old lord Gonzalo" is the most upset. Tears run down his beard like melting snow from a thatched roof. Your magic has affected them so deeply that if you saw them now, you'd feel bad for them.

**PROSPERO**

Do you think so, spirit?

**ARIEL**

I would, sir, if I were human.

**PROSPERO**

As will I. If you, made of air, can feel slightly sorry for them, then I, a human like them who has experienced all the

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?  
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,  
 30 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
 Do I take part. The rarer action is  
 In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.  
 35 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
 And they shall be themselves.

**ARIEL**

I'll fetch them, sir.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

*[tracing a circle on the ground]*

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,  
 40 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  
 45 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 azure vault  
 50 Set roaring war—to th' dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up  
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command  
 55 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  
 60 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 plays.*

*ARIEL enters, followed by ALONSO who is acting as if he is crazy and is tended to by GONZALO. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO enter, also seeming crazy, and are tended to by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle that PROSPERO has drawn and stand still, under a spell. PROSPERO watches them, and then speaks.*

**PROSPERO**

A solemn air and the best comforter  
 65 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull. There stand,  
 For you are spell-stopped.  
 Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,  
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,  
 70 Fall fellowly drops. 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. O good Gonzalo,  
 75 My true preserver and a loyal sir  
 To him you follow'st, I will pay thy graces  
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.  
 80 Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and  
 blood,  
 You brother mine, that entertained ambition,  
 Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,

feelings they have, will be even more affected than you.  
 Though I'm furious about the wrongs they've done to me,  
 I'll let myself be guided by my reason rather than by my  
 anger. It's nobler to act honorably than to seek vengeance.  
 Since they are sorry for what they did, there's nothing else  
 that I want. Go release them, Ariel. I'll cut off my spells,  
 return them to their normal senses, and they'll be  
 themselves again.

**ARIEL**

I'll get them, sir.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

*[Drawing a large circle on the stage with his staff]* All you  
 elves of hills, streams, lakes, and forests; and you elves who  
 leave no footprints on the sand, chasing the ocean waves as  
 they draw down the beach and running from those same  
 waves when they come back; you puppet-sized creatures  
 that by the light of the moon make fairy-rings in the grass,  
 which a sheep will refuse to eat; and you who like to make  
 mushrooms at midnight, and who celebrate when you hear  
 the bells signaling the arrival of night—with your help  
 (though none of you are powerful) I've darkened the noon  
 sun, summoned the rebellious winds, and made the green  
 sea and blue sky war against each other. I've shot off the  
 dreadful rumbling thunderbolt, and burned up Jupiter's  
 strong oak with his own lightning. I've made the sturdy  
 cliffs shake, and pulled up pine and cedar trees by the  
 roots. With my strong magic, I've woken the dead and  
 opened their graves to let them out. But now I reject this  
 wild magic. And after I have conjured some heavenly music—  
 as I'm doing now—to achieve my goal of affecting the  
 senses of those at whom I aim my spell, I'll break my staff.  
 Then I'll bury it deep underground, and throw my book of  
 magic into the sea so that it sinks farther than any anchor  
 has ever reached.

*Solemn music plays.*

*ARIEL enters, followed by ALONSO who is acting as if he is crazy and is tended to by GONZALO. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO enter, also seeming crazy, and are tended to by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle that PROSPERO has drawn and stand still, under a spell. PROSPERO watches them, and then speaks.*

**PROSPERO**


Some solemn music is the best for comforting and curing  
 restless minds, which right now are useless--burning with  
 passions inside your skulls. All of you, stand there. You are  
 under my spell.

*[To GONZALO]* Good Gonzalo, you honorable man, I  
 sympathize with what your crying eyes show that you are  
 feeling, and my eyes cry too.

*[To himself]* The spell is quickly dissipating, and like dawn  
 sneaking up on the night and melting the darkness, their  
 normal senses begin to creep up past the daze that right  
 now clouds their minds.

*[To GONZALO]* Oh, good Gonzalo--my true savior and a loyal  
 lord to the king you follow--I'll reward everything you've  
 done, both with words and actions.

*[To ALONSO]* Alonso, you treated both my daughter and me  
 cruelly, and your brother helped you do it.

 Jupiter was the ancient Roman king of the gods, and was often associated with thunder and lightning.

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,  
 85 Would here have killed your king—I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding  
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
 90 That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,  
 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**

95 *[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*  
 100 *After summer merrily.*  
*Merrily, merrily shall I live now*  
*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

**PROSPERO**

Why, that's my dainty Ariel. I shall miss thee,  
 But yet thou shalt have freedom.—So, so, so.—  
 105 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art.  
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
 Under the hatches. The Master and the Boatswain  
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
 And presently, I prithee.

**ARIEL**

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

*ARIEL exits.*

**GONZALO**

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

**PROSPERO**

115 *[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.  
 And to thee and thy company I bid  
 120 A hearty welcome. *[embraces ALONSO]*

**ALONSO**

Whe'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,  
 125 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 Prospero  
 130 Be living and be here?

**PROSPERO**

*[to GONZALO]* First, noble friend,  
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot

*[To SEBASTIAN]* You're being punished for it now,  
 Sebastian.

*[To ANTONIO]* My brother, my flesh and blood, you followed  
 your ambition and in so doing lost your goodness and  
 compassion. It is because of you that Sebastian's guilty  
 conscience is so strong, because you would have killed your  
 king with him. But I forgive you, even though you are a  
 monster.

*[To himself]* Their minds are starting to return to normal,  
 and soon their reason will emerge from where it is now  
 muddled by confusion. Not one of them would recognize  
 me yet.

*[To ARIEL]* Ariel, get me the hat and sword from my hut. I'll  
 take off the magician's robes I'm wearing, and put on the  
 clothes I used to wear in Milan. Quickly, spirit. Not long  
 from now, you will be free.

**ARIEL**

*[Singing while helping PROSPERO dress]*  
*Where the bee drinks, I do too.*  
*In the cup of a cowslip flower is where I lie.*  
*That's where I sleep when the owls hoot.*  
*I fly on a bat's back*  
*Joyfully chasing summer around the Earth.*  
*Happily, happily I will live now*  
*Under the blossom that hangs on the branch.*

**PROSPERO**

Why, that's my dainty Ariel singing. I will miss you, but I will  
 still give you your freedom. Yes, yes, yes. Go to the king's  
 ship, remaining invisible as you are right now. There you'll  
 find the sailors asleep below deck. The Master and  
 Boatswain will be awake. Lead them here immediately,  
 please.

**ARIEL**

I'll speed through the air in front of me, and I'll be back  
 before your heart beats twice.

*ARIEL exits.*

**GONZALO**

This is a place of suffering, trouble, awe, and amazement.  
 May some heavenly power guide us out of this terrifying  
 country!

**PROSPERO**

*[To ALONSO]* Look, noble King, I am Prospero, the former  
 Duke of Milan, who was wronged. To prove to you that it's a  
 real live person speaking to you, I will hug you. And I wish a  
 warm welcome to you and to those with you. *[He hugs*  
*ALONSO]*

**ALONSO**

I don't know whether or not you're actually him, or if this is  
 some magic trick designed to make me suffer, like I just  
 was. Your heart beats like you are a flesh-and-blood man.  
 And as soon as I saw you, the madness affecting my mind  
 has eased. If it's actually true, then all of this requires an  
 extraordinary explanation. I hereby give up ownership of  
 your dukedom, and beg you to forgive me for the wrongs I  
 did to you. But how is it possible that Prospero is alive and  
 on this island?

**PROSPERO**

*[To GONZALO]* First, my noble old friend, let me hug you.  
 Your honor is so great it can't be measured or contained.

Be measured or confined.

**GONZALO**

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

**PROSPERO**

You do yet taste  
Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.  
*[aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]*

140 But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you  
And justify you traitors. At this time  
I will tell no tales.

**SEBASTIAN**

The devil speaks in him.

**PROSPERO**

145 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  
150 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—  
155 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.

**PROSPERO**

160 I rather think  
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

**ALONSO**

You the like loss?

**PROSPERO**

165 As great to me as late. And, supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

**ALONSO**

A daughter?  
170 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**

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
175 At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath. But howsoever you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain  
180 That I am Prospero and that very duke

**GONZALO**

I can't tell if any of this is real or not.

**PROSPERO**

You're still affected by the magic and illusions of this island,  
which make it hard for you to believe that anything is real.  
Welcome to all of you, my friends.

*[To SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO so that only they can hear]*

But if I wanted to, I could prove that the two of you were  
traitors. And then you'd face the King's anger. But at the  
moment I won't say anything.

**SEBASTIAN**

The devil is speaking through him.

**PROSPERO**

No.

*[To ANTONIO]* For you, wicked sir, whom I couldn't call my  
brother without making myself sick, I forgive even your  
worst sin—and every sin as well. All I require is for you to  
return my dukedom to me—which, of course, I know you  
have to give me.

**ALONSO**

If you are Prospero, tell us the details of how you survived,  
and how you met us here when just three hours ago we  
were shipwrecked and I lost my dear son Ferdinand. How  
sharp the pain of this memory is!

**PROSPERO**

I'm sorry about that, sir.

**ALONSO**

The loss can never be repaired, and patiently waiting for the  
pain to fade is not going to work.

**PROSPERO**

I think that you haven't actually tried patience, which has  
helped me get through a similar loss and find eventual  
happiness.

**ALONSO**

You've faced a loss like mine?

**PROSPERO**

Yes, as great and as recent. And, to make the loss more  
profound, I have much less to comfort me than you do,  
because I lost my daughter.

**ALONSO**

A daughter? Oh God, I wish that they were both living in  
Naples, as king and queen of the country! To make that  
happen, I'd sacrifice my own life and lie in the muddy bed  
beneath the ocean. When did you lose your daughter?

**PROSPERO**

In the recent storm. It seems to me that these lords are so  
amazed to see me that they're standing there with their  
mouths open. They have lost use of their reason, don't  
believe their eyes, and can't speak. Whatever has shocked  
you out of your senses, know for certain that I am Prospero.  
I am the duke who was thrown out of Milan and landed on  
this same island where you were shipwrecked, and became

Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely  
 Upon this shore where you were wracked, was landed,  
 To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this,  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 185 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.  
 190 My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing,  
 At least bring forth a wonder to content ye  
 As much as me my dukedom.

*PROSPERO pulls back a curtain to reveal FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing chess.*

**MIRANDA**

*[to FERDINAND]* Sweet lord, you play me false.

**FERDINAND**

195 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  
 200 A vision of the Island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose.

**SEBASTIAN**

A most high miracle!

**FERDINAND**

*[seeing ALONSO and kneeling]*  
 Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.  
 205 I have cursed them without cause.

**ALONSO**

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

**MIRANDA**

Oh, wonder!  
 210 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**

*[to FERDINAND]*  
 215 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.  
 220 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  
 225 But never saw before, of whom I have  
 Received a second life. And second father  
 This lady makes him to me.

the lord of it. That's enough of this story, because it's a tale  
 that would take days to tell. It's not something you can  
 describe over breakfast, and it's not appropriate to discuss  
 during this first meeting.

*[To ALONSO]* Welcome, sir. This hut is my royal court. I have  
 just a few servants here, and none elsewhere on the island.  
 Please, take a look around. Since you've returned my  
 dukedom to me, I'll give to you something just as nice in  
 return. I'll show you a wonder that will please you as much  
 as my dukedom pleases me.

*PROSPERO pulls back a curtain to reveal FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing chess.*

**MIRANDA**

*[To FERDINAND]* Sweet lord, you're cheating.

**FERDINAND**

No, my dearest love, I would never do that, not for anything  
 in the world.

**MIRANDA**

Well, you should do everything you can to win. Even if it  
 was to gain just twenty kingdoms, I'd say you were right to  
 do it.

**ALONSO**

If this is just another of the illusions produced by this island,  
 then I'll lose my dear son twice.

**SEBASTIAN**

An incredible miracle!

**FERDINAND**

*[Seeing ALONSO and kneeling]* Though the seas threaten us  
 sometimes, they are merciful because they let you survive. I  
 was wrong to curse them.

**ALONSO**

May all the blessings of a happy father surround you. Stand  
 up, and tell me how you ended up here.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, it's wonderful! Look how many beautiful creatures  
 there are here! Mankind is so beautiful! Oh, splendid new  
 world, that has such people in it!

**PROSPERO**

It's new to you.

**ALONSO**

*[To FERDINAND]* Who is this young woman with whom you  
 were playing chess? 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**

Sir, she's human. But by God's blessing, she's mine. I chose  
 her to be my wife when I couldn't ask my father for his  
 advice, and in fact no longer thought I had a father. She's  
 the daughter of this famous Duke of Milan, about whom I  
 had heard such good things but had never seen before. I've  
 been given a second life from him, and marrying her makes  
 him a second father to me.

**ALONSO**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**GONZALO**

I have inly wept,  
235 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,  
For it is you that have chalked forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

**ALONSO**

I say, amen, Gonzalo.

**GONZALO**

240 Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
245 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.

**ALONSO**

*[to FERDINAND and MIRANDA]* Give me your hands.  
250 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy.

**GONZALO**

Be it so. Amen.

*ARIEL enters, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN following behind, amazed.*

**GONZALO**

Oh, look, sir, look, sir! Here is more of us.  
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,  
255 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?

**BOATSWAIN**

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

**ARIEL**

265 *[aside to PROSPERO]* Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

**PROSPERO**

*[aside to ARIEL]* My tricky spirit!

**ALONSO**

These are not natural events. They strengthen  
From strange to stranger.—  
270 *[to BOATSWAIN]* Say, how came you hither?

**ALONSO**

And that makes me her father too. But oh, how strange it is  
that I have to ask my child to forgive me!

**PROSPERO**

Please, sir, no more of that. Let's not weigh down our  
memories with a sadness that should be all in the past.

**GONZALO**

I've just been crying to myself, or else I would have said  
something before now. Dear gods, look down from the sky  
and place a blessed crown on this couple, since it was you  
who led us on the path that brought us here.

**ALONSO**

Yes, I say amen to that, Gonzalo.

**GONZALO**

Was the Duke of Milan thrown out of Milan so that his  
descendants could become kings of Naples? Oh, we should  
celebrate this extraordinary joy, and commemorate it in  
gold letters, etching them into columns that will last  
forever. In just one journey, Claribel found a husband in  
Tunis; Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife in the place  
where he was shipwrecked; Prospero found his dukedom  
on a deserted island; and all of us found ourselves when we  
could not control our own minds.

**ALONSO**

*[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA]* Give me your hands. May  
grief and sorrow always grip the heart of anyone who does  
not wish you joy.

**GONZALO**

So be it. Amen.

*ARIEL enters, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN following behind, amazed.*

**GONZALO**

Oh, look, sir, look, sir! More of us are here. I predicted that  
so long as there were gallows where a man could be  
hanged on land, this man would never drown.

*[To BOATSWAIN]* Hey, you offensive man, who swore so  
much it was as if you threw God overboard--aren't you  
going to swear now that you're on land? What news do you  
have?

**BOATSWAIN**

The best news is that we've found our king and his men  
alive and safe. The next best news is that our ship—which  
we thought had split in half just three hours ago—is as well-  
constructed, seaworthy, and well-supplied as it was when  
we first set sail.

**ARIEL**

*[To PROSPERO so that only he can hear]* Sir, all of what he  
describes is the work I've done since I left you.

**PROSPERO**

*[To ARIEL so that only he can hear]* My ingenious spirit!

**ALONSO**

These events are not natural. They keep getting stranger  
and stranger.

*[To BOATSWAIN]* Tell me, how did you get here?

**BOATSWAIN**

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  
275 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
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  
280 Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream were we divided from them  
And were brought moping hither.

**ARIEL**

*[aside to PROSPERO]* Was 't well done?

**PROSPERO**

285 *[aside to ARIEL]* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

**ALONSO**

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

**PROSPERO**

290 Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—  
Which to you shall seem probable—of every  
295 These happened accidents. Till when, be cheerful  
And think of each thing well.  
*[aside to ARIEL]* Come hither, spirit.  
Set Caliban and his companions free.  
Untie the spell.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

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

*ARIEL enters, pushing in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO  
wearing their stolen clothes.*

**STEPHANO**

305 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**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

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

**BOATSWAIN**

Sir, if I thought that I was actually awake, I'd try to tell you.  
We were fast asleep and—we don't know how—we were  
below decks, when we heard all these different, strange  
noises: roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, and  
more. All of these noises were so horrible that they woke us  
up. Immediately we were free, and we saw our courageous  
ship. The master danced with joy when he saw it. An instant  
later, as if in a dream, we were separated from the others  
and brought here in a daze.

**ARIEL**

*[To PROSPERO so that only he can hear]* Was the job well done?

**PROSPERO**

*[To ARIEL so that only he can hear]* Magnificently done, my hard-working spirit. You'll get your freedom.

**ALONSO**

This is as strange an experience as men have ever had. And it's clear that there's more to what happened than natural causes can explain. We need some priest or prophet to explain what happened.

**PROSPERO**

Sir, my king, don't waste your time obsessing about the strangeness of what's happened. At the right time, which will be soon, I myself will explain—and it will be an explanation that you'll think is reasonable—about everything that's occurred. Until then, be cheerful and be generous in your thoughts about each thing that's happened.

*[To ARIEL so that only he can hear]* Come here, spirit. Set Caliban and his companions free. Undo the spell that binds them.

*ARIEL exits.*

**PROSPERO**

How are you, my king? There are a few men who were on your ship that are still missing—a few odd boys that you don't remember.

*ARIEL enters, pushing in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO wearing their stolen clothes.*


**STEPHANO**


Every man help everyone else, and don't look out only for yourself, because everything that happens is just a product of blind luck. Courage, you noble monster, courage!

**TRINCULO**

If I can trust my eyes, this is a beautiful sight.

**CALIBAN**

Oh, Setebos , these are really beautiful spirits! How amazing my master is! I'm afraid he'll punish me.

 Caliban mentions the god Setebos whom his mother, Sycorax, worshipped.

**SEBASTIAN**

Ha, ha! What are these things here that we're seeing, my lord Antonio? Can you buy them with money?

**ANTONIO**

315 Very like. One of them  
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

**PROSPERO**

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true.  
[*indicates CALIBAN*] This misshapen knave,  
320 His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
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  
325 To take my life. Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

**CALIBAN**

I shall be pinched to death.

**ALONSO**

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

**SEBASTIAN**

330 He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

**ALONSO**

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

**TRINCULO**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

Why, how now, Stephano?

**STEPHANO**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**STEPHANO**

340 I should have been a sore one then.

**ALONSO**

[*indicating CALIBAN*]  
This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

**PROSPERO**

He is as disproportioned in his manners  
As in his shape.— [*to CALIBAN*] Go, sirrah, to my cell.  
345 Take with you your companions. As you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

**CALIBAN**

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


**PROSPERO**


Go to, away.

**ANTONIO**

Certainly. One of them looks exactly like a fish, and must  
therefore be marketable.

**PROSPERO**

Take a look at the badges  they wear indicating for whom  
they work, then tell me if they are honest. This ugly monster  
[*He points at CALIBAN*] had a mother who was a witch so  
powerful that she could control the moon and the tides.  
These three have stolen from me. And this half-devil—only  
half-devil because he's a bastard—plotted with them to kill  
me. You must recognize two of these men, and accept  
responsibility for them. I admit that this dark monster is  
mine.

 *Prospero points out that Stephano and Trinculo aren't wearing any insignia, because they are wearing clothes that they stole.*

**CALIBAN**

He'll torture me to death.

**ALONSO**

Isn't this Stephano, my drunken butler?

**SEBASTIAN**

He's drunk right now. Where did he get wine?

**ALONSO**

And Trinculo is so drunk that he's staggering. Where did  
they find the powerful liquor that has made them so drunk?

[*To TRINCULO*] How did you get so drunk?

**TRINCULO**

I've been so drunk since I last saw you that I fear I'll never  
get the alcohol out of my bones. But at least I won't have to  
fear rotting, since the alcohol will keep me so well-  
preserved.


**SEBASTIAN**


Well, how are you, Stephano?

**STEPHANO**

Oh, don't touch me. I'm not Stephano, I'm just a cramp on  
two legs.

**PROSPERO**

You wanted to be king of the island, sir  ?

 *Prospero uses the term "sirrah" in the original text, a familiar derivation of "sir," sometimes used to address a social inferior.*

**STEPHANO**

I would've been a dreadful king, then.

**ALONSO**

[*Pointing to CALIBAN*] This is the strangest thing I've ever  
seen.

**PROSPERO**

He's as ugly in his manners as in his appearance.

[*To CALIBAN*] Go, sir, to my hut. Take your companions with  
you. If you hope for my forgiveness, clean it well.

**CALIBAN**

Yes, I'll do that. And from now on I'll be smart and always  
try to be good. What a magnificent jackass I was, to think  
this drunkard was a god and worship the dumb fool!

**PROSPERO**

Get going, go.



**ALONSO***[to STEPHANO and TRINCULO]*

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

**SEBASTIAN**

Or stole it, rather.

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO exit.***PROSPERO**

355 Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, which—part of it—I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away: the story of my life

360 And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized,

365 And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

**ALONSO**

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

**PROSPERO**

370 I'll deliver all,  
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,

375 That is thy charge. Then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well!— Please you, draw near.

*They all exit.***ALONSO***[To STEPHANO and TRINCULO]* Go, and return that trash  
you're wearing to where you found it.**SEBASTIAN**

Or stole it, rather.

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO exit.***PROSPERO**

Sir, I invite your Highness and your men to my little hut,  
where you can sleep tonight. I'll spend part of the night  
telling you a tale that will make the time pass quickly--the  
story of my life, and everything that happened since I first  
arrived on this island. And in the morning I'll bring you to  
your ship and we'll all go to Naples, where I hope to see the  
wedding of our two beloved children. From there, with my  
work completed, I will retire to Milan, where I'll spend my  
time contemplating my coming death.

**ALONSO**

I can't wait to hear the story of your life, which must be an  
extraordinary thing to hear.

**PROSPERO**

I'll tell everything, and I promise to give you calm seas,  
favorable winds, and a journey so fast that you'll catch up  
with the now distant royal navy before you reach Milan.

*[To ARIEL so that only he can hear]* My Ariel, little one,  
making all that I've just said happen is your responsibility.  
Once that is done, you are free to go where you wish, and  
farewell!

*[To all the others]* Please, all of you, come close.*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Epilogue

**Shakespeare***PROSPERO speaks.***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,  
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.

**Shakescleare Translation***PROSPERO enters and speaks.***PROSPERO**

Now my spells are all finished, and the strength that I have  
left is just my own--which is quite weak. Now, it's true, I'll  
either be kept in this place by you, the audience, or get to  
go to Naples. Please, since I have gotten back my dukedom  
and forgiven the one who betrayed me, do not keep me  
here on this deserted island with your spells. Instead, use  
your hands to applaud, and free me from my constraints.  
Your kind cheers will fill the sails of my ship, or else I will  
have failed to reach my goal, which was to please you. Now  
I lack both spirits to command, and also the ability to do  
magic. I'll end up in despair unless my request touches your  
compassion, and you forgive all the faults of this  
production. Just as you would be forgiven for your sins, be  
generous in your response to our play, and set me free.

*He exits.*

*He exits.*

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