**1. PROSPERO**

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir

And princess no worse issued.

**MIRANDA**

O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

**PROSPERO**

Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,

But blessedly holp hither.

**MIRANDA**

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

**PROSPERO**

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--

I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should

Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself

Of all the world I loved and to him put

The manage of my state; as at that time

Through all the signories it was the first

And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts

Without a parallel; those being all my study,

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?

**2. PROSPERO**

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 colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

How came we ashore?

**PROSPERO**

By Providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

3. **PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

No, sir.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

Sir, in Argier.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

Ay, sir.

**PROSPERO**

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child  
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island--  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born--not honour'd with  
A human shape.

**ARIEL**

Yes, Caliban her son.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

I thank thee, master.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

**PROSPERO**

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

4. **CALIBAN**

I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and 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  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' the 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  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

**CALIBAN**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**CALIBAN**

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
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  
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,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
and make a vassal of him.

**PROSPERO**

So, slave; hence!

*Exit CALIBAN*

5. **CALIBAN**

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO*

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

**TRINCULO**

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;  
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black  
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul  
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it  
should thunder as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot  
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we  
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:  
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-  
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-  
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,  
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece  
of silver: there would this monster make a  
man; any strange beast there makes a man:  
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame  
beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead  
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like  
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose  
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,  
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a  
thunderbolt.

*Thunder*

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to  
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other  
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with  
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the  
dregs of the storm be past.

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

**STEPHANO**

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

*Drinks*

*Sings*

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

*Drinks*

**CALIBAN**

Do not torment me: Oh!

**STEPHANO**

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put  
tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I  
have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your  
four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as  
ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground;  
and it shall be said so again while Stephano  
breathes at's nostrils.

**CALIBAN**

The spirit torments me; Oh!

**STEPHANO**

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

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

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

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that  
which will give language to you, cat: open your  
mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you,  
and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend:  
open your chaps again.

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

**MIRANDA**

Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,  
'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  
What I must strive to do.

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**MIRANDA**

You look wearily.

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

Admired Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so fun soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

**MIRANDA**

I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
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:  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log--man.

**MIRANDA**

Do you love me?

**FERDINAND**

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound  
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' the world  
Do love, prize, honour you.

**MIRANDA**

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

**PROSPERO**

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

**FERDINAND**

Wherefore weep you?

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

**MIRANDA**

My husband, then?

**FERDINAND**

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

**MIRANDA**

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

**FERDINAND**

A thousand thousand!

7. *Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*

**ARIEL**

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves.

*ALONSO, SEBASTIAN & c. draw their swords*

You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember--  
For that's my business to you--that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from--  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

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