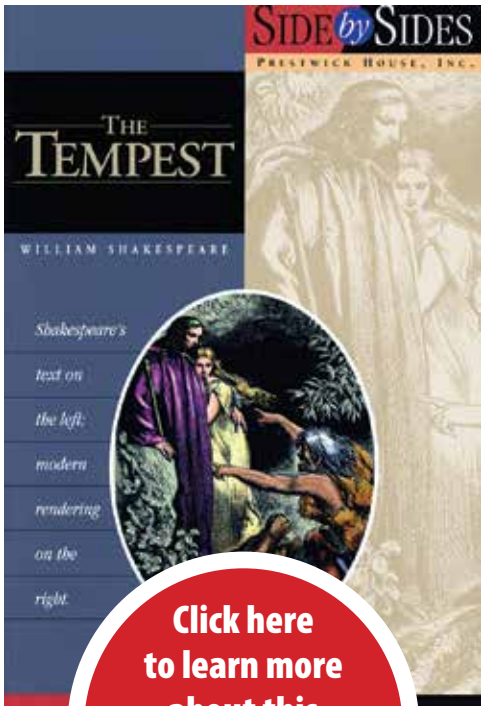




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BOATSWAIN: Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO: Nay, good, be patient.

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

GONZALO: Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN: None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence,
20 and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. *[Exit]*

25 GONZALO: I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt]*

[Re-enter Boatswain]

30 BOATSWAIN: Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. *[A cry within]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

[Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo]

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

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

BOATSWAIN: *Don't you hear him? You hinder our work. Stay in your cabins. Otherwise, you only help the storm.*

GONZALO: *But my man, be patient.*

BOATSWAIN: *I'll be patient when the sea is patient. Hurry! These sailors could care less about the king. Go below! Don't be a bother.*

GONZALO: *My man, remember who is on board.*

BOATSWAIN: *There is no one that I love more than myself. You are a counselor. Try to counsel this storm to silence, and give us peace. Use your authority. If you can't, then be thankful for living as long as you have, and make yourself ready to die. Now, stay out of our way!*
[Exit]

GONZALO: *This man gives me confidence. He looks like a survivor. Fate, watch over his destiny and let us share it. Our own destiny is uncertain. Let us stick with him.*

[All Exit]

[Enter Boatswain]

BOATSWAIN: *Take down the sails. Quickly! Use the mainsail. Stop that crying. Their cries are worse than the storm and our noise.*

[Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo]

Still here? Shall we give up? Do you want us to sink?

SEBASTIAN: *Stop your yelling! You slime!*

When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL: I do not, sir.

PROSPERO: Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
305 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.

310 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,
315 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,
320 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
325 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
330 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,

ARIEL: *I do not, Sir.*

PROSPERO: *You lie!. You foul thing. Have you forgotten the horrid Witch
Sycorax?*

ARIEL: *No, Sir.*

PROSPERO: *You have. Where was she born? Tell me.*

ARIEL: *Sir, in Algiers.*

PROSPERO: *Each month I must remind you. This damned witch Sycorax
was banished from Algiers for her many misdeeds and the horrors she
inflicted. They would have executed her except for one thing. Correct?*

ARIEL: *Yes, Sir.*

PROSPERO: *This hag, pregnant, was left here by sailors. You, my slave, as
you said, were her servant, and you were too gentle to do her abhorrent
orders and refused her demands. Therefore, she imprisoned you inside
a split pine tree with the help of one of her ministers, and you remained
there for twelve years. During that time, she died and left you there
groaning. At that time, this island, except for her sub-human son, was
uninhabited.*

ANTONIO: The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

GONZALO: All things in common nature should produce
 165 Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

170 SEBASTIAN: No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO: None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.

GONZALO: I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN: God save his majesty!

175 ANTONIO: Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO: And,—do you mark me, sir?

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

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

ANTONIO: 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

185 ANTONIO: What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN: An it had not fallen flat-long.

ANTONIO: *And he even reverses his own proposition at the end.*

GONZALO: *I would eliminate hard work, treason, felony, and all weapons. I would celebrate nature with harvests in abundance to feed my innocent people.*

SEBASTIAN: *Would there be marriages?*

ANTONIO: *None. Everyone would be idle; all whores and rogues.*

GONZALO: *I would perfectly govern to surpass the golden age.*

SEBASTIAN: *May God save his majesty!*

ANTONIO: *Long live Gonzalo!*

GONZALO: *So, do you understand?*

ALONSO: *Please, no more. You are talking nonsense.*

GONZALO: *I am trying, your Highness, to help these men through our situation, raise their spirits, and make them laugh, because they laugh at nothing.*

ANTONIO: *It was you we were laughing at.*

GONZALO: *You are so foolish that I cannot compare to you, so continue to laugh.*

ANTONIO: *How hurtful!*

SEBASTIAN: *If only the comment had not fallen totally flat!*

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.

20 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
25 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
30 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
35 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]

40 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]*

45 *[Sings]* The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,

TRINCULO: *There is no protection here, and another storm is coming. I hear the winds, and the black clouds in the sky look like they are loaded with rain. That large, black one seems like a rotten liquor barrel about to burst. If it starts to thunder again, I don't know where to hide. I know the clouds will pour. What is this? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? It must be a fish; he smells like a recently salted fish, a strange fish. If I were in England now (as I once was) trying to sell a picture of this fish, every fool would give me a coin to see it. This monster would make me a fortune. Though people give little for the beggar, they will spend to see a dead Indian. This creature has legs like a man and his fins are like arms. This is not a fish, but a native of this island, who must have been hit by a thunderbolt. [Thunder] Oh! The storm is coming again. I will hide under his cloak to stay out of the rain. Misery makes strange bed-fellows. I will hide here until the storm passes.*

STEPHANO: *[Drinking, staggering, holding a bottle, and singing]*

*I will go to sea no more, Here I will die a-shore.
This is a crude song to sing at a man's funeral. Cheers! [He drinks]*
[Sings] The master, the deckhand, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his pal,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

TRINCULO: Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to
 25 justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there
 ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?
 Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a
 monster?

CALIBAN: Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO: 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a
 30 natural!

CALIBAN: 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.

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

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

[Enter Ariel, invisible]

40 CALIBAN: 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: Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my
 valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

45 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.

TRINCULO: *You lie, stupid monster. I am ready to hustle a policeman. You
 debauched fish, was there ever a coward who drank as much as I? How
 dare you speak when you are only half fish and half monster!*

CALIBAN: *He is making fun of me. Do you allow that, my master?*

TRINCULO: *"Master," he said! Imagine a monster being such an idiot.*

CALIBAN: *Listen, listen. He does it again. Bite him to death, I beg you.*

STEPHANO: *Trinculo, hold your tongue. If you cause trouble, you will hang.
 This poor monster is my subject, and he shall not be mocked.*

CALIBAN: *Thank you, noble master. Will you listen to my humble request
 again?*

STEPHANO: *Indeed I will. Kneel and repeat it. I will stand and so will
 Trinculo.*

[Ariel enters, invisible]

CALIBAN: *As I told you earlier, I am controlled by a tyrant, a magician who
 has slyly cheated me of this island.*

ARIEL: *You lie.*

CALIBAN: *You are lying, you silly monkey. I wish that my master would
 destroy you. I do not lie.*

STEPHANO: *Trinculo, if you give him any more trouble, I will knock out your
 teeth.*

TRINCULO: *What! I said nothing.*

[Enter Ceres]

CERES: Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 85 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 unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
 90 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS: A contract of true love to celebrate;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest lovers.

CERES: Tell me, heavenly bow,
 95 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 scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

100 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
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 105 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but vain;
 Mars's hot minion is returned again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
 110 And be a boy right out.

CERES: High'st queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[Enter Ceres.]

CERES: *Hail, multicolored messenger that never
 Disobeyed Juno, the wife of Jupiter,
 Whose yellow wings upon my flowers
 Make honey drops and refreshing showers.
 Your bright blue rainbow crowns
 My woods and empty downs.
 Rich accent to earth, why has your queen
 Called me here to this green meadow?*

IRIS: *We are celebrating true love.
 We want to you bless the lovers.*

CERES: *Tell me, heavenly bow,
 Does Venus or Cupid still serve the queen?
 Since the sad day they plotted
 With Pluto to steal my daughter,
 I have avoided their company.*

IRIS: *Don't be afraid of meeting her.
 I met her son in the sky traveling towards Paphos.
 They thought they had placed a charm
 Upon this man and woman
 Who had vowed to remain pure, but it was in vain.
 Venus sped home defeated,
 And her son broke all of his arrows
 And swore he would shoot no more.
 He will play with sparrows and be a boy again.*

CERES: *High queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes. I know her walk.*

275 PROSPERO: Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL: Silver I there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO: Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!
[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, are driven out]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
 With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
 280 With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL: Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO: Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
 285 Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
 Follow, and do me service. *[Exeunt]*

PROSPERO: *Hey, Mountain, hey!*

ARIEL: *Silver! There it goes, Silver!*

PROSPERO: *Fury, Fury! Tyrant, there! Listen! Listen!*

[Caliban, Stephano, Trinculo are chased away.]
Order my goblins to grind their joints with seizures, tighten their muscles with cramps, and pinch their skin until they are spotted.

ARIEL: *Hear them roar!*

PROSPERO: *Let them be soundly tormented. This is the hour when all of my enemies lie at my mercy. Shortly, all of my labors will be ended, and you will be as free as the air. For a little longer, follow my directions and remain in my service. [Exit]*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 'Tis true,
 370 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 375 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands:
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 380 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,
 Which pierces so that it assaults
 Mercy itself and frees all faults.
 385 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.

Epilogue

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

*Now my charms are gone
 What strength I have is only mine
 Which is weak, in fact.
 I will be confined here by you
 Or sent to Naples.
 Since I do have my dukedom back,
 and I pardoned the deceiver,
 Don't make me remain on this island spellbound.
 Let your applause complete this act, which was to please.
 I hope my art has enchanted you,
 or I shall end in despair.
 With a prayer, forgive my faults as you would be pardoned
 from crimes.
 Let your applause now set me free.*

[Exit]

Study Guide

ACT I

1. What event causes Prospero to reveal his past to Miranda? How does she react to his revelations?
2. Why does Prospero choose to use his magic over Ariel and the other spirits to cause a shipwreck? Who is on the ship?
3. How did Prospero come to have power over Ariel in the first place? Why does Prospero rebuke Ariel?
4. Who is Caliban, and why do Prospero and Miranda despise him? Why does Caliban continue to obey Prospero, despite their hatred of each other?
5. Who is the first man, other than her father and Caliban, Miranda has ever seen? Why is their meeting significant? How do the two react to each other?
6. Why did Prospero arrange the meeting between the young man and Miranda? Despite his plans, Prospero challenges Ferdinand. Why?

ACT II

1. Gonzalo attempts to sooth the survivors of the shipwreck. In so doing, he points out something about their clothes. What is it, and of what does it serve as a clue?
2. During the discussion about the clothes, what background information is revealed to readers?
3. Why does Antonio persuade Sebastian that Ferdinand is dead? What is Antonio's motivation? How does Sebastian's situation begin to resemble Antonio's past?
4. What do Antonio and Sebastian conspire to do? What prevents the fulfillment of their plan?
5. How do Trinculo and Stephano reunite after the shipwreck? Is the series of events involving the two men tragic or comic? Why?
6. What perception do Stephano and Trinculo have regarding Caliban? How does Caliban perceive them? What adds to their confusion?