THE TEMPEST

T.T. - 4
‘The scene, an uninhabited island’

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ALONSO, King of Naples
SEBASTIAN, his brother
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples
GONZALO, an honest old Councillor
ADRIAN and FRANCISCO, Lords
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave
TRINCULO, a Jester
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler
SHIP-MASTER
BOATSWAIN
Mariners
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero
ARIEL, an airy Spirit
IRIS
CERES
JUNO
\[ \text{Spirits} \]
Nymphs
Reapers
THE TEMPEST

[1.1.] ‘A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.’
The waist of a ship is seen, seas breaking over it.

A SHIP-MASTER: A BOATSWAIN.

Master [from the poop-deck]. Bos’n!
Boatswain [in the waist]. Here, master: what cheer?
Master. Good: speak to th’ mariners: fall to’t—yarely—or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir.

[he returns to the helm]

Master’s whistle heard. Mariners come aft.

Boatswain. Heigh my hearts! cheerly, cheerly my hearts...yare, yare...take in the topsail...tend to th’ master’s whistle...[to the gale] Blow till thou burst thy wind—if room enough!

‘ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,
GONZALO, and others’ come on deck.

Alonso. Good bos’n, have care, Where’s the master?

Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.
Antonio. Where is the master, bos’n?
Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.
Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.
Boatswain. When the sea is...Hence!
What care 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 Councillor—if you can command these elements to

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silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not
to 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.

\[he runs forward\]

**Gonzalo** [his speech interrupted as the ship pitches]. I have
great comfort from this fellow...Methinks he hath no
drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gal-
lo...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.

**Boatswain comes aft: courtiers retreat before him**
to their cabins.

**Boatswain.** Down with the topmast...yare, lower,
lower! bring her to try with main-course....\['A cry is heard below\]. A plague upon this howling...they are
louder than the weather, or our office...

**Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo return.**

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

\[he turns from them\]

**Sebastian.** A pox o’ your throat, you bawling, blasphe-
mous, incharitable dog!

**Boatswain.** Work you, then.

**Antonio.** Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent
noise-maker! we are less afraid to be drowned than
thou art.

**Gonzalo.** I’ll warrant him for drowning, though the ship
were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an un-
stauched wench.
Boatswain [shouting]. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! lay her off!

The ship strikes. Fireballs flame along the rigging and from beak to stern. ‘Enter mariners wet.’

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
Boatswain [slowly pulling out a bottle]. What, must our mouths be cold?
Gonzalo. The king and prince at prayers. Let’s assist them,

For our case is as theirs.
Sebastian. I am 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. He’ll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid’st to glut him.
‘A confused noise’ below 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. Let’s take leave of him. [they go below
Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea—
for an acre of barren ground...long heath, brown furze,
any thing...The wills above be done, but I would fain
die a dry death!

A crowd bursts upon deck, making for the ship’s side, in the glare of the fireballs. Of a sudden these are quenched. A loud cry of many voices.
[1. 2.] The Island. A green plat of undercliff, approached by a path descending through a grove of lime-trees alongside the upper cliff, in the face of which is the entrance of a tall cave, curtained. MIRANDA, gazing out to sea: PROSPERO, in wizard's mantle and carrying a staff, comes from the cave.

Miranda [turning]. 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,
Dashes the fire out....O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessel,

[In a whisper]
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her!)
Dashed all to pieces: [sobbing] O the cry did knock
Against my very heart...poor souls, they perished....

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Propero. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Miranda. O woe the day!

Propero. No harm:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee, my dear one; thee, my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art....nought 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 [her eyes on the sea again]. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
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Prospero. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther: Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me...So,

[be lays aside his mantle

Lie there my art: Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee...
I have with such provision in mine art
†So safely ordered, that there is no soil,
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink:

Sit down,

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. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive....

[be sits on a bench of rock, Miranda beside him
Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Miranda. Certainly sir, I can.

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

Miranda. '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?
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*Prospero.* Thou hast; and more, Miranda: But how is it, That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abyssm of time?
If thou remembrst aught ere thou cam’st here,
How thou cam’st here thou mayst.

_Miranda._ But that I do not.

*Prospero.* Twelveyear since—Miranda—twelveyears since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power...

_Miranda._ Sir, are not you my father?

*Prospero.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir—

A princess; no worse issued.

_Miranda._ O the heavens,

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

Or blesséd was’t we did?

*Prospero._

Both, both, my girl....
By foul play—as thou sayst—were we heaved thence,

But blessedly holp hither.

_Miranda._

O my heart bleeds

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

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?

Miranda [recalling her eyes from the sea]. Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; who t’advance, and who
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed ’em,
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 [guiltily]. 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,
O’er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound.... He, being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact....like one,
†Who having minted truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o’th’ substitution
And executing th’outward face of royalty
With all prerogative: Hence his ambition growing...
Dost thou hear?

Miranda. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Prospero. To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan—me (poor man) my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable... confederates
(So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his 'coronet' to his 'crown,' and bend
The dukedom yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Miranda. O the heavens!

Prospero. Mark his condition, and th'event, then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Miranda. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother,

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Prospero. Now the condition....

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was, that he in lieu o' th' premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
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 [her tears falling again]. Alack, for pity:
I not remember 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