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Excerpt
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TEMPEST.

VOL. I.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
 SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
 PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
 ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
 FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
 GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
 ADRIAN, } *Lords.*
 FRANCISCO, }
 CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
 TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
 STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
 IRIS, }
 CERES, } *Spirits.*
 JUNO, }
 NYMPHS, }
 REAPERS, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards, an uninhabited Island.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

A Storm, with thunder and lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boatswain. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,¹
 or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

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

Alonso. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the master, boatswain?

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 cabins: silence: trouble us not.

¹ Readily.

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, and work the peace of the present,² 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.*

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.

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?

Sebastian. A plague o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boatswain. Work you, then.

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

Gonzalo. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

Boatswain. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatswain. What, must our mouths be cold? [*Exeunt.*

² Present instant.

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Gonzalo. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them.

For our case is as theirs.

Sebastian. I am out of patience.

Antonio. We are merely³ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gonzalo. He'll be hang'd yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,
 And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused noise 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 with the king.

Sebastian. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*[*Exit.*

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.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

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 the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
 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 freighting souls within her.

³ Absolutely.

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Prospero. Be collected;
 No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Miranda. O, woe the day!

Prospero. 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. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prospero. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd, 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 saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Miranda. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
 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. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came into this cell?
 I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
 Out⁴ three years old.

Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.

⁴ Quite.

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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?

Prospero. Thou had'st, 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 remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
 How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Miranda. But that I do not.

Prospero. Twelve years since,
Miranda, twelve years 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 blessed was't we did?

Prospero. Both, both, my girl:
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
 But blessedly help hither.

Miranda. O, my heart bleeds
 To think o' the teen⁵ that I have turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Prospero. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anto-*
nio,—
 I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
 Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The manage of my state; as, at that time,
 Through all the signiories it was the first,

⁵ Sorrow.

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 wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
 Dost thou attend me?

Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
 To trash⁶ for over-topping; new-created
 The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,
 Or else new-form'd them: having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not:
 I pray thee mark me.

Miranda. O good sir, I do.

Prospero. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd 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 unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie,—he did believe
 He was the duke; out of the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
 Growing,—Dost hear?

Miranda. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

⁶ Cut away.

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Prospero. To have no skreen between this part he
 play'd
 And him he play'd 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) with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Miranda. O the heavens!

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

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

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' the 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 the purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Miranda. Alack, for pity!
 I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again, it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes.

Prospero. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
 Were most impertinent.

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Miranda. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

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 prepar'd
 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 burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach,⁷ 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 (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,
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
 From my own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda. 'Would I might
 But ever see that man!

Prospero. Now I arise :—

⁷ Stubborn resolution.