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William Shakespeare  
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# 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  
*Nymphs*  
*Reapers* } *Spirits*

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[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. 10

*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 20

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silence, 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.

[*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-  
 30 lows...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?

40 *Sebastian.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boatswain.* Work you, then. [*he turns from them*]

*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 unstaunched wench.

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*Boatswain* [*shouting*]. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! lay her off! 50

*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!— 60

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.*

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[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....

10 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.

*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  
 20 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.



*Prospero.* Thou hadst; and more, Miranda: But how is it,  
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else  
 50 In the dark backward and abysm of time?  
 If thou remembrest aught ere thou cam'st here,  
 How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Miranda.* But that I do not.

*Prospero.* 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.* 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,  
 60 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 help 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  
 70 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



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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 80  
 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 90  
 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 revénue 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, 100  
 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.

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*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  
 110 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,  
 120 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  
 130 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 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