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# THE TEMPEST

《暴风雨》

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1612

THE TEMPEST

by William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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 counsellor

Lords

ADRIAN

FRANCISCO

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave

TRINCULO, a jester

STEPHANO, a drunken butler

MASTER OF A SHIP

BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero

ARIEL, an airy spirit

Spirits

IRIS

CERES

JUNO

NYMPHS

REAPERS

Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SCENE:

A ship at sea; afterwards an uninhabited island

THE TEMPEST

ACT I. SCENE 1

On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder  
and lightning heard

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN. Here, master; what cheer?

MASTER. Good! Speak to th' mariners; fall to't yarely, or  
we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. Exit

Enter MARINERS

BOATSWAIN. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!  
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' 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, boson?

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 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 counsellor; if you can command these elements to 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 liv'd 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 hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exeunt

Re-enter BOATSWAIN

BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast. Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse. [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 pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN. Work you, then.

ANTONIO. Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

GONZALO. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were  
no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched  
wench.

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!

Exeunt

BOATSWAIN. 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-chopp'd rascal-would thou mightst 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 wi' th' King.

SEBASTIAN. Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

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  
dry death.

Exeunt

The Island. Before PROSPERO'S cell

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 th' welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creature 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 ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO. Be conected;

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 farther. 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 ordered 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 farther.

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.

Obeys, and be attentive. 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?

PROSPERO. Thou hadst, 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 rememb'rest 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

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 heav'd thence;

But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA. O, my heart bleeds

To think o' th' 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 lov'd, 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. 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 chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
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.

MIRANDA. 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 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 into 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 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, wi' th' 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 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. 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 to't.

PROSPERO. Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present busines  
Which now's upon 's; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

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 prepared

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats

Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,

To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh

To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

PROSPERO. O, a cherubin

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, 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 mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA. Would I might

But ever see that man!

PROSPERO. Now I arise.

[Puts on his mantle]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princess' can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,

sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO. Know thus far forth:

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA sleeps]

Come away, servant; come; I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL. To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join Jove's lightning, the precursors  
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me; the King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring-then like reeds, not hair-  
Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL. Close by, my master.

PROSPERO. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO. Of the King's ship,  
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARIEL. Safely in harbour  
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;  
The mariners all under hatches stowed,  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring labour,  
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet,  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO. Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.  
What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL. Past the mid season.

PROSPERO. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO. How now, moody?  
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL. My liberty.

PROSPERO. Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL. I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL. No.

PROSPERO. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

ARIEL. I do not, sir.

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-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by th'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 freckl'd 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 arriv'd 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 spriting gently.

PROSPERO. Do so; and after two days

I will discharge thee.

ARIEL. That's my noble master!