

*The Savoy Edition of*  
THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH BIOGRAPHY, GLOSSARY, AND  
INDEX OF CHARACTERS

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## LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Of the precise day of Shakespeare's birth there is no positive record ; but we may be quite sure that he was born in April, 1564. His christening is fortunately chronicled in the old parish register, in the church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford-upon-Avon, wherein the baptism of ' William, the son of John Shakspere,' is entered under the date of the twenty-sixth of April, 1564. The general belief is, that the twenty-third was the Poet's birthday ; and though not proved, yet it receives confirmation from the custom prevalent in Shakespeare's time, of christening children three days after their birth ; added to this, there is a tradition that he died on the anniversary of his birthday, and the day of his death was certainly the twenty-third of April.

The April which gave to John Shakespeare his first-born son, and to England her poet, was truly one of tears. The plague, which had been making London desolate, was then raging everywhere, and fell like a blight upon Stratford-on-Avon, in six months reducing its population from 1428 to 1190 souls.

On the 30th of August, when the plague was at its height, the town council met in the open air, instead of in the council chamber. They twice raised money for the relief of the poor ; and the name of John Shakespeare, the poet's father, appears on each occasion among the list of contributors.

Two years afterwards, the poet's brother Gilbert was born. When William was five years old, a sister, Joan, was granted to him, and when he was ten, another brother, Richard, was added to the family group.

In the meantime the eldest boy was led, like the little William of his own ' Merry Wives of Windsor,' to the Grammar School, where he learnt the ' smalle Lattine and lesse Greeke,' for which Ben Jonson gives him credit. We have no particular record of the method of instruction adopted in this school, but we know that Latin was taught in all the free schools of any note at that period.

The Masters of the Grammar School during Shakespeare's boyhood were Walter Roche, 1570, Thomas Hunt, 1577, Thomas Jenkins, 1580. A desk called ' Shakespeare's desk,' but with no very good reason, as it could not have been exclusively his, was removed from this school and placed in the museum attached to the birthplace. It is an interesting relic, however, and has been notched and inscribed by many generations of Stratford schoolboys.

That the boyhood of the poet may be more fully realized, we will say a few words about his father's position and career. John Shakespeare was the son of a farmer of Snitterfield. He came to reside in Stratford about the year 1551. He lived in Henley Street in 1552. Early writers state that he was a butcher, and he is sometimes called ' a considerable dealer in wool.' He was probably both ; for whatever his town-calling was, he is known to have united with it the rural and miscellaneous

occupations of a farmer, which may very easily have led him occasionally into the avocation of a butcher and a wool-stapler. But that John Shakespeare, at an early period of his career, was a glover, is distinctly proved by an entry in the register of the proceedings of the Bailiff's Court, dated June 17, 1556, when Thomas Siche brought an action against him for the sum of 8 10s. Thomas Siche de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. queritur versus Johannem Shakyspere, *glover* in placeto quod red., ei octo libras, x.s.

In the same year John Shakespeare purchased two copyhold estates—one in Greenhill Street, the other in Henley Street, and he was evidently thriving in business. In 1557 he married Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote, in Warwickshire. She brought to him, as her marriage portion, the estate of Asbies, containing fifty acres of arable land, six of meadow, and a right of commonage. This was a considerable fortune in those days.

In 1569, when little William was five years old, his father was chief magistrate of Stratford, and must have been very active and popular. He greatly encouraged the exhibition of dramatic performances in the town. Willis, who was born in 1616, says: 'When players of interludes come to towne they first attend on the mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get leave for their publique playing, and, if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play before himself, and the aldermen and the common councilmen of the city, and that is called the mayor's play, and where everyone that will comes without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fitte, to show respect unto them.' It is gratifying to know that the poet's father was the first to extend this kind of patronage to players in the town of Stratford.

From the year 1570 to 1586, John Shakespeare continued one of the aldermen, and was a regular attendant at the council chamber, till 1577, when he began to absent himself. This was the turning-point in his career. In 1578 we find him no longer buying land and tenements as heretofore, but selling and mortgaging his property.

In 1579 there was domestic affliction as well as pecuniary difficulty at the house in Henley Street. The Poet's little sister Ann died, in her eighth year.

At the commencement of this period of trial and embarrassment, William was fourteen years of age; and it is very likely that his father found it necessary to remove him from school, that he might have his assistance in farming and other business.

Nicholas Rowe, speaking of our Poet, says: 'His father had bred him sometime at a free school, where 'tis probable he acquired that little Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstance, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language.' We cannot tell, however, what William's pursuits were after he left school. The parish clerk of Stratford in 1693, who was then eighty years old, told a visitor to Shakespeare's grave, that William 'was apprenticed to a butcher,' and John Aubrey says, 'His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of his neighbours, that, when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade; but when he

killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech. There is reason to think that there is some truth in this tradition. Edmund Malone thought, but without good foundation, that Shakespeare must have been an attorney's clerk, and Aubrey says that he was at one time 'a schoolmaster in the country.'

In any circumstances, we may be satisfied that the poet was at this period a bright, handsome, noble-hearted, and rather precocious youth, for we find him at an early age playing the part of 'the lover sighing like furnace with a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow; and, as is the case almost invariably with young men of ardent nature and poetic temperament, the object of his early affection was considerably older than himself. It was Anne Hathaway who first inspired the young poet with love; and to her, no doubt, the earliest efforts of his muse were addressed. Tradition says that Anne was very beautiful. She was the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman of the picturesque hamlet of Shottery.

Shakespeare's nuptials were celebrated in the latter part of the year 1582, when he was eighteen, and his bride was twenty-five, in the very bloom of womanhood. The marriage bond is dated the 28th of November, 1582. It licences the marriage of 'William Shakspeare and Ann Hathaway, maiden, with once asking of the banns of matrimony,' and 'Fulk Sandells and John Richardson,' described as husbandmen, bind themselves in fifty pounds as securities to the Bishop against any legal consequences. This bond is preserved at Worcester.

No entry of Shakespeare's marriage occurs in the Stratford register: he must, therefore, have been married elsewhere in the diocese of Worcester. The search for the record has, however, been fruitless.

It was towards the close of the year 1582 that Anne was led from the rustic home of her childhood, to become the wife of William Shakespeare. What his circumstances were then, and what his occupation was, it is impossible to decide; but we may conclude that the poet and his bride began housekeeping in a homely way. But, for a time at least, they were rich in each other's love, and it is not unlikely that 'sweete Anne' was as good as she was lovely; for Shakespeare, with his deep insight into human nature and quick sympathy, could not have made a mistake in his heart's choice. The contrary view, however,—that his marriage was not a happy one in the long run,—is to some extent borne out by the fact that from 1585 to 1596 he saw little of his wife, his children and Stratford, and also by certain allusions in 'Twelfth-Night' (Act II., Scene 4) and 'The Tempest' (Act IV., Scene 1). Within three years of her marriage, Anne Shakespeare was the mother of three children—Susanna, who was baptized at Stratford on the 26th of May, 1583, and a twin son and daughter, baptized as Hamnet and Judith on the 2nd of February, 1585.

Shakespeare's poaching adventure in Sir Thomas Lucy's Park, is recorded by Richard Davies, Rowe, and William Oldys; but it must be observed that Aubrey, the poet's first historian, does not mention it.

Rowe says: 'Shakespeare had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows fallen into ill company, and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing. He engaged with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charle-

cote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely, and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the persecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London. The accounts of Davies and Rowe agree in all material points.

It was about the year 1586, then, that William Shakespeare first went to London, to escape the persecution of Sir T. Lucy—as some of his biographers say,—although he may have taken that step with the idea of trying to advance himself, that he might be enabled better to support his family and assist his father, whose debts and difficulties had for some time been gradually increasing. John Shakespeare had become involved in a chancery suit, and had even been imprisoned for debt; and in 1586, when a distraint was levied on him, it was discovered there were no goods to distrain. In the same year he was deprived of his aldermanic gown, because of his long-continued failure to attend the meetings of the town council. This must have happened either just before or soon after the poet's departure for London.

There is some reason to believe that William left his wife and three infant children in Stratford, and went forth with an earnest determination to raise the sinking fortunes of his family. It must be remembered that at this time he was still young; he had but recently attained his majority. Perhaps his only acquaintances in the metropolis were to be found among the various companies of players, who year after year had been in the habit of visiting Stratford. They had been especially encouraged by John Shakespeare in the day of his prosperity, as we have shown, and had no doubt been always heartily welcomed by William. All his early biographers say that he sought employment at the theatres, and was 'received into the play-house as a serviteur.' It is impossible to trace the dramatist's career in London. We do not know even where he lodged. His brother Edmund became an actor, and lived and died in Southwark; perhaps the brothers lived together.

It is evident that William made rapid advances. The income from his vocation as an actor, and from the sale of his plays and publication of his poems, must have been considerable. He soon became a shareholder in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, and all who are interested in the stage history of the period should study Dr. C. W. Wallasey's articles in *The Times* for October 2nd and 4th, 1909, for the light they throw on Shakespeare's connection with these two theatres.

Everything tends to prove that William was always inspired by intense love for his home and devotion to his family. Tradition says that during the period of his residence in London he passed a portion of every year in Stratford. In 1596, John Shakespeare applied to the 'Heralds' College for a grant of arms, on the strength of his wife being a co-heiress of the Ardens, 'a family of worship.' We may conclude that it was William who induced his father to apply for this distinction. All was going on prosperously with the Shakespeare family, when a new and terrible trouble came. Little Hamnet, the Poet's only son, died in his twelfth year, and was buried on the 11th of August, 1596. Perhaps

it was for this boy's sake that Shakespeare had especially wished to obtain the coat-of-arms, which was granted in the year 1596.

By 1597 William Shakespeare, who was only thirty-three years of age, had become so wealthy that he was enabled to purchase 'The Great House,' in his native town. It was the largest house in Stratford. Shakespeare repaired and modelled it to his own mind, and changed its name to New Place. In the same year he assisted his father to recover the Asbies estate, Mary Arden's dower.

In 1598, when there was a scarcity of grain in Stratford, a dist was made of the amount of corn and malt held by the townsmen. William Shakespeare, of the Chapel Street ward, held no less than x. quarters. His neighbour and friend, Julius Shave, held vii. quarters.

Additional evidence of William Shakespeare's prosperity at this period, and of his intense love for the haunts of his boyhood, is shown by a letter dated January 24th, 1598, from Abraham Sturley to a brother, in the course of which the former writes: 'It seemeth by him [their father] that our countryman, Mr. Shakspeare, is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yardland or other at Shottory, or near about us.'

William Shakespeare continued to visit London occasionally, and it is said that he furnished the theatres with two plays every year from this time. In 1598, Shakespeare's friendship with Ben Jonson is said to have arisen out of the following circumstance:—Ben Jonson, who was at that time unknown to fame, offered an amended copy of his 'Every Man in his Humour' to the players at the Blackfriars Theatre, by whom it was refused. Fortunately, Shakespeare interposed and, after reading the play, recommended it so heartily that it was accepted, and the poet's name occupies the head place in the list of the principal comedians who represented the *Dramatis Personæ*. Shakespeare is said to have taken the part of Old Knowell.

It is alleged that Shakespeare and Beaumont used to meet Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street. The Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, which was unfortunately destroyed in the Great Fire of London, is immortalized in the 'First Part of Henry the Fourth.'

Oldys, in his MS. collections for a life of Shakespeare, tells us, on the authority of Alexander Pope, that Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn, near Carfax, in Oxford, in his journeys to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and original wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of the city), a grave melancholy man, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little schoolboy in the town, about seven or eight years old, and so fond, also, of Shakespeare, his godfather, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to meet him.

Shakespeare's affection for his native county shines throughout all his works. The birds which sing, and the flowers which blossom on his pages, are of true Warwickshire growth. He often employed in his dramas the names of his friends and neighbours, and of people with whom he was familiar in his youth. Bardolph and Fluellen were well known in Stratford; and the names of Sly, Heme, Page, and Ford are found in old records relating to the vicinity.

Again, the name of Isabella, the novice, in 'Measure for Measure,'

is thought to be a memorial of a member of the Shakespeare family. In 'A Register of the Guild of St. Anne of Knolle,' a part of which is published in Halliwell-Phillipps's *Life of Shakespeare*, the following entry occurs:—*The 19th of Henry 7th. Pray for the soule of Isabella Shakspeare, quondam Priorissa of Wroxale [Wroxhall].*

Many pleasant stories are told of Shakespeare's reputation at Court. Queen Elizabeth took great delight in attending the performance of his plays. One evening, when Shakespeare was acting the part of Henry the Fourth, the Queen sat behind the scenes. In the course of the play, while Shakespeare was speaking, her Majesty crossed the stage; but he took no notice. Presently she returned and, as she passed him, dropped her glove; the poet stooped, picked it up, and said (in character):—

*And though now bent on this high embassy,  
Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove.*

The words so immediately followed the conclusion of his speech that they seemed to belong to it. The Queen was greatly pleased.

A little volume might be filled with poems and sonnets written during this period in praise of Shakespeare. He had many warm-hearted friends among his brother poets. Ben Jonson says, with all the energy of truth, *I loved the man on this side of idollatry.* Michael Drayton, Leonard Digges, George Chapman, Nathaniel Field, John Marston, indeed, most of the eminent literary men of his day, speak of him in affectionate terms. He is called 'gentle Shakspeare,' 'Sweet Will,' 'Swan of Avon,' and 'gentle Will.'

Honoured by princes and nobles, lovingly lauded by his brother poets, esteemed by his fellow actors, respected in his native town, and above all, happy in his beautiful home at New Place, William Shakespeare seemed to be crowned with prosperity. His eldest daughter Susanna had married Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford, in 1607, and their daughter, Elizabeth, was the poet's only grand-daughter.

When he was about forty years old Shakespeare began to acquire considerable landed property in Stratford and the vicinity. In 1602 he purchased from Walter Getley a cottage and garden opposite to a portion of the grounds of New Place. In 1605 the poet made the largest purchase he ever completed, giving the sum of £440 to Raphe Huband, for the unexpired term of a lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. This bond is preserved in the Museum. In March 1612-13, William Shakespeare bought a house in Blackfriars, from Henry Waller, abutting upon a street leading down to Puddle Wharfe (near to what is now known as Ireland Yard) on the east part, right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe; part of which tenement was erected over a great gate leading to a capitall mesuage, in the tenure or occupation of the Right Honourable Henry Earl of Northumberland. The counterpart of the original conveyance of this house to Shakespeare is preserved in the library of the Corporation of the City of London at Guildhall.

Before Shakespeare had attained his forty-eighth year, he had lost both his parents and his three brothers. They were all buried at Stratford Church, with the exception of his youngest brother, Edmund, who died in Southwark, in December, 1607, and was buried in the Church of St. Saviour's. He is entered in the register as Edmund Shakspeare, a

players. On this occasion twenty shillings were paid for a forenoon knell of the great bell, probably by William, who was most likely present at his interment.

Thus Shakespeare was bereft of all his near male relatives. His only son Hamnet had died in childhood, and there was no one to perpetuate the family name. From about 1611, it is said that Shakespeare gradually ceased to interest himself in the theatres. He lived in retirement, but his popularity was continually increasing.

In 1614, John Combe, bailiff or factor to the Earl of Warwick, died, and in his will he left as a legacy to 'Mr. William Shakespeare, five pounds.' In the same will, too, we find mention of "Parson's Close, alias Shakespeare's Close," showing that the popular ear had caught up the poet's name, and used it as a preferential designation of the court in question.

Of the poet's last days, and of his death, we have a curious record. It is contained in the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon from 1662 to 1668. The diary (which was discovered in the library of the Medical Society of London, and edited by C. A. Severn in 1839) extends from 1661 to 1663, and includes the following very characteristic entry:—'I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural witt, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger days, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it he had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of a thousand a year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, itt seems, drank too hard, for Shakspear died of a feavour there contracted. Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, and be versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in the matter.'

It is reasonable to infer that the poet had grown somewhat concerned about his future, for, on the 25th of January, 1616, he prepared the draft of his will, and declared that he was 'In Perfect Health and Memory, God be Praised.' A fortnight afterwards, he was occupied about the wedding of his daughter Judith, the twin sister of the deceased Hamnet, to Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine-merchant, of Stratford, on the 10th of February, 1616. It is a coincidence that she had just completed her thirty-second year, while the bridegroom was only twenty-seven.

Perhaps Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton had come to Stratford to witness Judith's wedding, and it is easy to conceive how the conviviality of a nuptial party at New Place might be magnified into 'hard drinking at a merry meeting,' especially when the festivity was so soon followed by the sudden death of the head of the house.

This 'merry meeting,' we may conclude, was the last scene of rejoicing over which Shakespeare presided. Two months afterwards, his friends gathered together again, to carry him to his grave. He died on the 23rd of April, on his fifty-third birthday. We cannot tell the cause of his death, but it is possible that there may be an element of truth in the traditional account preserved by the Rev. John Ward, and quoted above. Dr. John Hall probably attended his father-in-law during his last illness, but he makes no allusion to it in his list of remarkable cases which came under his notice. All we know with certainty respecting



this period is, that on March the 25th, he executed his will; on April the 23rd, he died; and on April the 25th, he was buried near the northern wall of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford.

His burial is entered on the register thus:—

**1616, April 25th. Will: Shakspeare, Gent.**

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# THE TEMPEST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

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

*Enter Mariners.*

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind; if room enough!

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

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

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

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not. *[thou hast aboard.]*

Gon. Good; yet remember whom

Boats. 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, 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.]*

Gon. 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.*

Boats. 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?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

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

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning;

though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

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

*Re-enter Mariners wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*]

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* 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!*

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

[*Exit.*]

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* 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.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have [*them.*]

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay  
The sky, it seems, would pour down

stinking pitch, [*kin's cheek,*  
But that the sea, mounting to the wel-

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave

vessel, [*tures in her,*  
Who had, no doubt, some noble crea-

dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did  
knock [*they perish'd.*

Against my very heart! Poor souls!

Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or  
ere [*flowed and*  
It should the good ship so have swal-  
The freighting souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected;  
No more amazement; tell your piteous  
heart

There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day!

*Pro.* No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daugh-  
ter! who [*knowing*

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more

better [*cell,*

Than Prospero, master of a full poor  
And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.* 'Tis time [*thy hand,*

I should inform thee further. Lend  
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.

*Mira.* You have often [*stop'd,*

Begun to tell me what I am; but

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding, 'Stay: not yet.'

*Pro.* 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.

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what? by any other house  
or person?

Of any thing the image tell me that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis far off, [ance  
And rather like a dream than an assur-  
That my remembrance warrants. Had  
I not [me ?

Four or five women once that tended

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, *Mir-*  
*anda.* But how is it

That this lives in thy mind ? What  
seest thou else [time ?

In the dark backward and abyss of  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou  
cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve years since, *Miranda,*  
twelve years since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of vir-  
tue, and [thy father

She said thou wast my daughter ; and  
Was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir  
A princess, no worse issued.

*Mira.* O the heavens !  
What foul play had we, that we came  
from thence ?

Or blessed was't we did ?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl :  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we  
heav'd thence ;

But blessedly help hither.

*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd  
you to,

Which is from my remembrance !  
Please you, further.

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle,  
call'd Antonio, — [should

I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother  
Be so perfidious ! — he whom, next thy-  
self, [put

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him  
The manage of my state ; as, at that  
time, [first,

Through all the signories it was, the  
And Prospero the prime duke ; being  
so reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel ; those being all my  
study, [brother,

The government I cast upon my  
And to my state grew stranger, being  
transported [uncle —

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false  
Dost thou attend me ?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to  
grant suits, [and whom

How to deny them, whom to advance,  
To trash for over-topping, new created

The creatures that were mine, I say, or  
chang'd them, [the key

Or else new form'd them : having both  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the

state [now he was

To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that  
The ivy which had hid my princely  
trunk, [attend'st not.

And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou

*Mira.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all

dedicated [mind

To closeness and the bettering of my  
With that which, but by being so

retir'd, [brother

O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false  
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, [thus lorded,

A confidence sans bound. He being  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

But what my power might else exact, —  
like one [fit,

Who having unto truth, by telling of  
Made such a sinner of his memory.

To credit his own lie, — he did believe  
He was indeed the duke ; out of the

substitution, [royalty,

And executing the outward face of  
With all prerogative : — Hence, his

ambition

Growing, — Dost hear ? [deafness.

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure

*Pro.* To have no screen between this  
part he play'd [be

And him he play'd it for, he needs will  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man ! my

library [poral royalties

Was dukedom large enough ; of tem-  
He thinks me now incapable : con-

federates [King of Naples  
(So dry he was for sway) with the  
To give him annual tribute, do him

homage, [bend  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and  
The dukedom, yet unbowl'd, — alas,  
poor Milan ! —  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heavens !

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

*Mira.* I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pro.* Now the cendition.  
This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the pre-  
Of homage and I know not how much  
tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair  
Milan, [whereon,  
With all the honours, on my brother:  
A treacherous army levied, one mid-  
night [open

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

*Mira.* 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.

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

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear,  
they durst not;— [nor set  
So dear the love my people bore me—  
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 [hoist us,  
Instinctively had quit it: there they  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to  
sigh [again,

To the winds whose pity, sighing back  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.* Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!

*Pro.* 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; [rais'd in me  
Under my burden groan'd; which  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mira.* How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By Providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water  
that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then  
appointed [with  
Master of this design, did give us;  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and  
necessaries, [of his gentleness,  
Which since have steaded much; so,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd  
me, [that

From my own library, with volumes  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.* Would I might  
But ever see that man!

*Pro.* Now I arise:  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-  
sorrow. [here

Here in this island we arriv'd; and  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee  
more profit [time  
Than other princes can that have more  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so  
careful.

*Mira.* 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?

*Pro.* 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 for-  
tunes [questions;  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good  
dulness, [not choose.—

And give it way;—I know thou canst  
[MIRANDA sleeps.

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

Approach, my Ariel; come.



*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave  
sir, hail! I come [fly,  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong  
bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that  
I bade thee?

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

*Pro.* My brave spirit! [coil  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this  
Would not infect his reason?

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

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this high shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a  
blemish, [bad'st me,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou  
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.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say how thou hast dis-  
pos'd,

And all the rest o' the fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook,  
where once [fetch dew  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there  
she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Whom, with a charm join'd to their  
suffer'd labour, [the fleet,  
I have left asleep: and for the rest o'  
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.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more  
work.

What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two glasses. The time  
'twixt six and now [ciously.

Must by us both be spent most pre-  
*Ari.* 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.

*Pro.* How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no  
more.

*Ari.* I pray thee [service:  
Remember, I have done thee worthy  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mis-  
takings, serv'd [didst promise  
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou  
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost: and think'st it  
much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp wind of the  
north; [earth,

To do me business in the veins o' the  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir!