

The  
Complete Works  
of  
William Shakespeare.

With  
Biographical Introduction.

Eight Black and White Illustrations.

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# THE TEMPEST.

## 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, }  
 FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*  
 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,  
 JUNO,  
 Nymphs,  
 Reapers, } *Spirits.*

*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 Shipmaster 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 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.*

*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.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*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 top-mast; 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 whoreson, 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.

*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 hanged 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, wespit!—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

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.

*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 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.

*Mira.* More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.* '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.

*Mira.* You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd, 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; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? [not I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast 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; And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants: Had I not Four or five women once, that tended me?

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it, [else That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou In the dark backward and abysm of time? 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 virtue, and She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father

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 heaved  
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—

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 signiories 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 ?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them ; whom to advance, and  
whom

To trash 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 pleased 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.

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

*Pro.* I thus neglecting worldly ends, all  
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, 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 ?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* 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 ; oft 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 unbowed, (alas, poor Milan !)  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heavens !

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

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

*Pro.* 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.

*Mira.* 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.

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

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

*Pro.* 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.



*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 ;  
 Under my burden groan'd ; which raised in me  
 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  
 Master of this design,) did give us ; with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
 Which since have steaded much ; so, of his  
 gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,  
 From my own library, with volumes that  
 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 in this island we arriv'd ; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
 Than other princes can, that have more time  
 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 fortunes  
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more ques-  
 tions,

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.*

[come

*Ari.*

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

*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,  
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
 I flamed amazement : Sometimes, I'd divide,  
 And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,  
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame dis-  
 tinctly,

Then meet and join : Jove's lightnings, the  
 precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
 And sight-out-running were not : The fire, and  
 cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves  
 Yea, his dread trident shake. [tremble,

*Pro.*

My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
 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,  
 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 leap'd ; cried, *Hell is*  
*And all the devils are here !* [empty,

*Pro.*

Why, that's my spirit !

But was not this nigh 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,  
 But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,  
 In troops I have dispersed 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 disposed,  
 And all the rest o' the fleet ?

*Ari.*

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 stow'd ;  
 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd  
 labour,

I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,  
 Which I dispersed, 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 performed ; 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

Must by us both be spent most precious.

*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  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst  
promise

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

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast  
thou forgot [envy,

The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast: Where was she  
born? speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pro.* Oh, 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 banished; for one thing  
she did,

They would not take her life: Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blear-eyed hag was hither brought  
with child, [slave,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my  
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 freckled wretch, hag-born,) not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes: Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep inservice. 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.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st I will rend an  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till [oak,  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

*Pro.* Go, make thyself like to a nymph o'  
the sea;

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible  
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape  
And hither come in 't: hence, with diligence.

[Exit ARIEL.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off; Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* [Within.] There's wood enough within,

*Pro.* Come forth, I say; there's other busi-  
ness for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.



*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er.

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt  
have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;  
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more  
stinging

Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou  
camest first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;  
wouldst give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd  
thee,

And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and  
fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king; and here you  
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest of the island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have  
used thee, [thee]

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pro.* Abhorred slave;  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee  
each hour [savage,  
One thing or other: when thou didst not,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble  
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known: But thy  
vile race, [good natures  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which  
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my  
profit on't

Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you,  
For learning me your language!

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,  
malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—  
I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence!  
[Exit CALIBAN.

*Re-enter* ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;*  
FERDINAND *following him.*

#### ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,  
(The wild waves whist,)  
Foot it feately here and there;  
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
*Bur, Bough, wrough,* [Dispersedly.  
The watch-dogs bark:  
*Bur, Bough, wrough,* [Dispersedly.  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleers  
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air,  
or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon  
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

#### ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
[Burden, ding-dong.  
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father :—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say, what thou seest yond'.

*Mira.* What is 't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and  
hath such senses [seest,

As we have, such : This gallant, which thou  
Was in the wreck : and but he's something  
stain'd. [call him

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st  
A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine ; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pro.* It goes on, [Aside.  
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll  
free thee

Within two days for this.  
*Fer.* Most sure the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my  
prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island ;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here : My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !  
If you be maid or no?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir ;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language ! heavens !—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How ! the best ?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples : He does hear me ;  
And, that he does, I weep : myself am Naples ;  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wreck'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy !

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords : the Duke of  
And his brave son, being twin. [Milan,

*Pro.* The Duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter, could control  
thee, [Aside.

If now 'twere fit to do't :—At the first sight  
They have changed eyes :—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this !—A word, good sir ;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a  
word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently ?  
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity, move my father  
To be inclin'd my way !

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pro.* Soft, sir ; one word more.—  
They are both in either's powers ; but this swift  
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.  
Make the prize light.—One word more ; I charge  
thee,

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on 't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a  
If the ill spirit have so fair an house, [temple :  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.—  
[To FERD.

Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come.  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and  
husks

Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.

*Fer.* No ;

I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor ! Put thy sword up, traitor ;  
Who maketh a show, but darest not strike, thy  
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father !

*Pro.* Hence ; hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity ;  
I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence ! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What !  
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes  
as he, [wench !

Having seen but him and Caliban : Foolish  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on ; obey : [*To FERD.*  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's  
threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works :—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow me.—  
[*To FERD. and MIR.*

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*  
*Mira.* Be of comfort ;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pro.* Come, follow : speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,  
GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have  
[So have we all] of joy ; for our escape [cause  
Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe  
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the  
merchant,

Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his  
By and by it will strike. [with ;

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One.—Tell. [offer'd,

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you  
have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant  
you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his  
tongue !

*Alon.* I pr'ythee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done : But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a  
good wager, first begins to crow ?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done : the wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ant.* So, you've paid. [sible,—

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inacces-

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and  
delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly  
delivered. [sweetly.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True ; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little. [green!

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in 't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed  
almost beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were,  
drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their  
freshness and glosses ; being rather new dyed,  
than stained with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak,  
would it not say, he lies ?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as  
fresh as when we put them on first in Africk,  
at the marriage of the king's fair daughter  
Claribel to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper  
well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with  
such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow ? a pox o' that ! How came  
that widow in ? Widow Dido !

*Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense: Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

*Fran.* Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss; [daughter, That would not bless our Europe with your But never lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.*

Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king of it, what would I do?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

*Gon.* If the commonwealth, I would by contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; no use of service, Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none: No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too; but innocent and pure: No sovereignty:—

*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning. [duce

*Gon.* All things in common nature should pro- Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir, To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,

who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

[*I find*

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: They are inclined to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: wondrous heavy.—  
[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink! I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What  
might, [more:—  
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No  
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks  
thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and, surely,  
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep [ing,  
With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, mov-  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian, [wink'st  
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather;  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.  
*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on:  
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded  
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only)  
The king, his son's alive: 'tis as impossible  
That he's undrown'd as he that sleeps here  
*Seb.* I have no hope [swims.  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high an hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant,  
with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?  
*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.  
*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from  
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post  
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born  
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom [chins  
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast  
again;

And, by that, destined to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.



*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*  
*Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were  
no worse

Than now they are: There be, that can rule  
Naples,

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks, I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience—

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a  
kybe,

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not  
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be  
they, [brother,

And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like: whom I,  
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one  
stroke [pay'st;  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou  
And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together:  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word.  
[*They converse apart.*

*Mus.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the  
danger [forth,—  
That these his friends, are in; and sends me

For else his project dies,—to keep the living.  
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take:  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware:  
Awake! Awake!

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king!  
[*They awake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why  
are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your  
repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;  
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a  
humming, [me:  
And that a strange one too, which did awake  
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our  
weapons. [further search

*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make  
For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I  
have done: [Aside.  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*  
*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and  
make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor  
pinch, [mire,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but

For every trifle they are set upon me:  
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,



And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their prickles at my foot-fall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who, with cloven  
tongues,

Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,  
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear  
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-  
ing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same  
black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul  
bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it  
should thunder, as it did before, I know not  
where to hide my head: yond same cloud can-  
not choose but fall by painfults.—What have we  
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:  
he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-  
like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-  
John. A strange fish! Were I in England  
now (as once I was), and had but this fish  
painted, not a holiday fool there but would give  
a piece of silver: there would this monster  
make a man; any strange beast there makes a  
man: when they will not give a doit to relieve  
a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a  
dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins  
like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let  
loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is  
no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered  
by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the  
storm is come again: my best way is to creep  
under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter  
hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with  
strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till  
the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's  
funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, *Go, hang*;  
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

*Cal.* Do not torment me: Oh! [*Drinks.*]

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils  
here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages,  
and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped

drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs;  
for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever  
went on four legs cannot make him give ground:  
and it shall be said so again, while Stephano  
breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: Oh!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with  
four legs: who hath got, as I take it, an ague:  
Where the devil should he learn our language?  
I will give him some relief, if it be but for that:  
If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and  
get to Naples with him, he's a present for any  
emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee;

I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talk  
after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle:  
if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go  
near to remove his fit. If I can recover him,  
and keep him tame, I will not take too much  
for him: he shall pay for him that hath him,  
and that soundly. [*wilt*]

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou  
Anon; I know it by thy trembling;  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your mouth:  
here is that which will give language to you,  
cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shak-  
ing, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot  
tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: It should  
be—But he is drowned; and these are devils:  
Oh! defend me!—

*Ste.* Four legs and two voices; a most deli-  
cate monster! His forward voice now is to  
speak well of his friend; his backward voice is  
to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all  
the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will  
help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some  
in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!  
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I  
will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano,  
touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;  
—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll  
pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's  
legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo  
indeed: How can'st thou be the siege of  
this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-  
stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano?  
I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the  
storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead  
moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm.

And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. [sprites,

*Cal.* These be fine things, and if they be not That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;

My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him? a very weak monster;—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.*—but that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; [To *CAL.*] bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.

[*Sings drunkenly.*]

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: Oh, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget: [labours; But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my Most busy, least when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.*

*Mira.*

Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature:  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours against.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected;  
This visitation shows it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning  
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,  
What is your name?

*Mira.* Miranda:—O my father,  
I have broke your 'hest to say so!

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women: never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Mira.* I do not know  
One of my sex! no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—  
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
Therein forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—  
I would, not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than I would suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul  
speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this  
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cun-  
ning;

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband, then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: and  
now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.*]

*Pro.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN  
following with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we  
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore  
bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster,  
drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster! the folly of this  
island! They say there's but five upon this