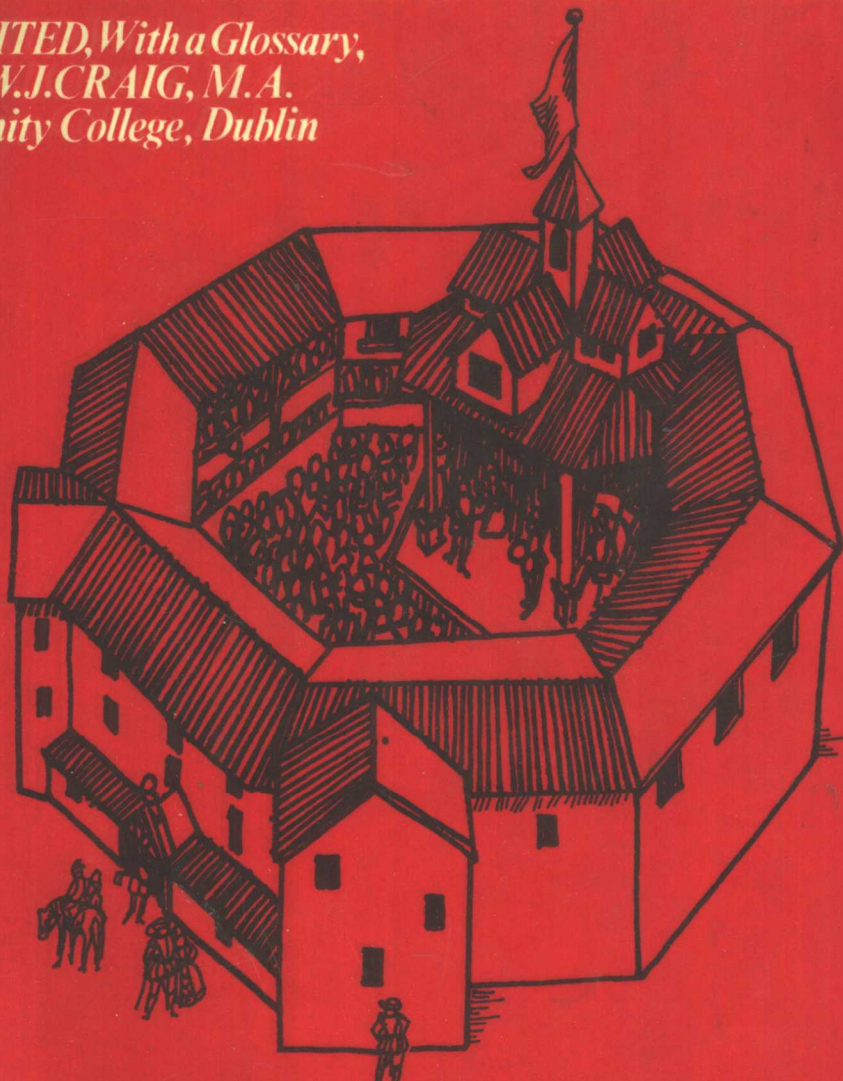


THE
COMPLETE
WORKS OF WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

*EDITED, With a Glossary,
by W.J. CRAIG, M.A.
Trinity College, Dublin*



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Preface.

THERE is no proof that Shakespeare personally superintended the printing of any of his plays. Although fifteen came separately from the press in small quarto volumes during his lifetime, many, if not all, of these were published without the consent or supervision of the author from copies often surreptitiously obtained from the playhouse. At the time of Shakespeare's death in 1616, no less than twenty-two plays remained in manuscript. Six years later, in 1622, one of these, 'Othello,' was issued to the public in quarto. It was not until 1623 that Shakespeare's actor friends, John Heming and Henry Condell, brought together the previously printed and unprinted dramas of which they knew him to be the author, and published them in a folio volume in order 'to keep' (as they wrote) 'the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive.' Thirty-six plays were thus claimed for Shakespeare. A thirty-seventh, 'Pericles,' was first printed separately in quarto in 1630, and was only added to the collection in the third impression of the folio, which appeared in 1664.

The text alike of the first folio and the quartos was doubtless supplied by playhouse copies which often embodied the ill-conditioned interpolations and alterations of actors and theatrical managers. As a rule the editors of 1623 followed where they could the text of the quartos, but in a few cases they unwisely had recourse to less correct copies. Moreover, the printers of both Elizabeth's and James I's reigns were very liable to typographical error, and they introduced much that is unintelligible into the original editions of Shakespeare's works. But in the absence of Shakespeare's manuscripts, the seventeen early quartos and the folio of 1623 jointly present, despite defect of copyist and printer, the sole authorized version of the Shakespearean text. From that version I have only ventured to deviate where it seemed to me that the carelessness of either copyist or printer deprived a word or sentence wholly of meaning. Editors of Shakespeare have sometimes denounced as corrupt and have partially altered passages which owe their difficulty of interpretation to the presence of some word or phrase rare in Shakespeare's day and long since obsolete. It has been my endeavour to avoid this danger. I have only adopted a change after convincing myself that the characteristics of Shakespeare's vocabulary or literary style failed to justify the original reading.

For the uncertain orthography of the old editions I have substituted the recognized orthography of the present day. But metrical considerations occasionally render the retention of the older spelling necessary, and I have deemed it desirable to adhere to the older forms in the case of a few words which modern orthography has practically shaped anew. The punctuation has been thoroughly revised, and, to increase facilities of reference, I have numbered the lines at shorter intervals than have been adopted hitherto.

In seeking to emend corrupt passages I have carefully considered the suggestions of my many predecessors, and from few of those who have already laboured in the field of textual criticism have I failed to derive some enlightenment. Of the older editors, Theobald, whose edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1733, and Capell, whose edition appeared in 1768, have proved most helpful. Among more modern editions I am chiefly indebted to the work of Delius, Dyce, and the Cambridge editors. A very few of the emendations which I have adopted are now introduced into the text for the first time. My thanks are due to my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel for many useful suggestions.

I have appended a short glossary which I trust will adequately explain the meaning of the obsolete words which Shakespeare employed.

W. J. CRAIG.

Contents.

	PAGE.
THE TEMPEST	1
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	25
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	49
MEASURE FOR MEASURE	78
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS	108
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	128
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST	155
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM	185
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	208
AS YOU LIKE IT	235
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	263
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	292
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL	323
THE WINTER'S TALE	350
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN	383
THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.	411
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.	442
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.	474
THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.	509
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.	543
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.	574
THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.	609
THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.	644
THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII.	686
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA	721
CORIOLANUS	758

	PAGE.
TITUS ANDRONICUS	798
ROMEO AND JULIET	826
TIMON OF ATHENS	860
JULIUS CÆSAR	887
MACBETH	915
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK	941
KING LEAR	983
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE	1021
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	1058
CYMBELINE	1097
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE	1136

Poems.

VENUS AND ADONIS	1164
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE	1177
SONNETS	1199
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT	1221
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM	1225
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC	1227
THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE	1230
GLOSSARY	1233

The Tempest.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
 SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
 PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
 ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
 FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
 GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
 ADRIAN, } Lords.
 FRANCISCO, }
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
 TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
 MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
 IRIS,
 CERES, } presented by Spirits.
 JUNO, }
 Nymphs, }
 Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

Scene.—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.*

Act I.

Scene I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain severally.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. 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! 9

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. 12

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You ma' our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm. 16

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not. 20

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 22

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.— 42

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. 47

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you wnoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench. 53

Boats. Lay her a-board, a-board! 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? 58

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

Seb. I am out of patience. 60

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

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it, 64
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 wth the king. 67 [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 th' welkin's cheek, 4

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 8

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 swallow'd and 12
The fraughting 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,— 16
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, 20
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: 24
[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art 23

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; 32

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, 36
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey 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 40
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off; 44
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 48

That this liveth in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not. 52
Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
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 56

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? 60

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, 64
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,
further.

Pro. My brother and thy uncle, called
Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should

Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself, 68
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed 72
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 trans-
ported 76
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, who t'advance, and who 80
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
'em,

Or else new formed 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state 84
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st
not.

Mira. O, good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me. 88
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother 92
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, 96
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty, 104
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grow-
ing—

Dost thou 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 108
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royal-
ties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates,—
So dry he was for sway,—wi' the king of Naples 112
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens! 116

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 condition. 120
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 tri-
bute, 124

Should presently extirpate me and nine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight 128
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! 132
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will'ry 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 busi-
ness 136

Which now's upon us; without the which this
story
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, 140

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, 144
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 have quit it: there they hoist us, 148
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 cherubin 152
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in
me 156

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 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, 164
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might 168
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
[Resumes his mantle.]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit 172

Than other princes can, that have more time
For valner 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 176

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 180
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; 184

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not
choose.— [MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come! 188

Enter ARIEL.

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

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding
task 192

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, 196
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and boresprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly, 200

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

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

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Nep-
tune 204

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!

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

Ari. Not a soul 208
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners,

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the
vessel,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
dinand, 212

With hair up-starting,—then like reeds, not hair,—
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 nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master. 216

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 dispers'd them 'bout the
isle. 220

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 224
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
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 228
From the still-vev'd Bermoothes; there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the
fleet 232

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
wrack'd, 236

And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most preciousy.

Ari. Is there more toll? 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? 244
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd 248
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 252
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir. 256
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she
born? speak; tell me. 260
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O! was she so? I must,
(Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sy-
corax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible 264
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she
did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir. 268
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate 272
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, 276
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 280
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island,—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born,—not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban her son. 284
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the
breasts 288

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 292
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an
oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master; 296
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting 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? 300
Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph of the
sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shap'd,
And hither come in't: go, hence with dill-
gence! [Exit ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. [Waking.] The strangeness of your
story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never 308
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 312
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, thou tortoise! when? 316
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! 320
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! 324
Pro. For this be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps.

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
urchins

Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd 328
As thick as honeycomb, 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, 332

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 336

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' 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! 340
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 o' th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, 344

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have
us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child. 348

Cal. Oh ho! Oh 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, 352
Being capable of all ill! I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like 356

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast
thou 360

Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd 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, 364

For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly 368
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!—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such
power, 372

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.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands: 376

Curtisied when you have, and kiss'd,—

The wild waves whist,—

Foot it feately here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. 380

Hark, hark!

[*Burden:* Bow, wow, *dispersedly.*]

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burden:* Bow, wow, *dispersedly.*]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer 384

[*Cry,* Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? 't' th' air,
or th' earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack, 388

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. 392

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: 396

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: 400

[*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 ad-
vance, 405

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. 408

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

As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st,

Was in the wrack; and, but he's something
stain'd

With grief, — that beauty's canker, — thou
might'st call him 412

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

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

Pro. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see, 416
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; 420
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; 424
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? 428

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 wrack'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan,

And his brave son being twain.

Pro. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control
thee, 436

If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight [*Aside.*]
They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To FER.*] A word,
good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word. 440

Mira. [*Aside.*] 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. [*Aside.*] O! if a virgin, 444
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

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

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning 448

Make the prize light.—[*To FER.*] One word more:
I charge thee

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thy-
self

Upon this island as a spy, to win it 452
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To FER.*] Follow me.— 456
[*To MIRA.*] Speak not you for him; he's a
traitor.—[*To FER.*] 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 460

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for 464
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What! I say,

My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy
ward, 468

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 472

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!

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

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish
wench! 476

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. [*To FER.*] Come on; obey: 480
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, 484
The wrack 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' th' earth 488
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. [*Aside.*] It works.—[*To FER.*] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To FER.*]
Follow me.—

[*To ARIEL.*] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort ; 492

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 496
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. [*To FER.*] 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
cause,

So have we all, of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common : every day some sailor's wife, 4
The masters of some merchant and the mer-
chant,

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 8
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithce, 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
wit ; by and by it will strike. 13

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One : tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
offer'd, 16

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have
spoken truer than you purposed. 20

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Pie, what a spendthrift is he of his
tongue ! 25

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet—

Seb. He will be talking. 28

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

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel. 32

Seb. Done. The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match !

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha ! So you're paid. 37

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet— 40

Ant. He could not miss it.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench. 44

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

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly. 48

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

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to
life. 52

Ant. True ; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks !
how green ! 56

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. 61

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed
almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are. 64

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
freshness and glosses ; being rather new-dyed
than stain'd with salt water. 68

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 Afric, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to
the King of Tunis. 75

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. 80

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 ! 84

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 ? 88

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous
harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd 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. 96

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

Alon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time. 100

Gon. [To ALON.] 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. 104

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. 109

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage? 112

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, 116

Who is so far from Italy remov'd, 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: 120
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 124

'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 128
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African; 132
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

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

By all of us; and the fair soul herself 136
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam should 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 141
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-ness 144

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Seb.

Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, 148
When you are cloudy.

Seb.

Foul weather?

Ant.

Very foul.

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

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb.

Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine. 153

Gon. I the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; 156

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; 160

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty,—

Seb.

Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning. 165

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, 169

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects? 172

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

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

Seb.

Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Ant. And,—do you mark me, sir? 176

Alon. Prithee, 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. 183

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. 188

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. 192

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? 197

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

(All sleep but ALONSO, SEB., and ANT.)

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

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find 200

They are inclin'd 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, 204
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 205

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd 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, 212

Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No
more:—

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be. The occasion speaks
thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown 216
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? 220

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,
moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, 223
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather: wink'st
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 228
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! 231

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. Prithce, say on: 236
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 241

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king, his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd 245
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
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 a hope that even 249

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 252

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— 256
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable: she that, from whom?
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again,

And by that destiny to perform an act 260
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 266
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 272

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