

莎士比亚全集

[英] 威廉·莎士比亚 著

The Complete Works of

William Shakespeare



世界图书出版公司

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上海·西安·北京·广州

Foreword

Literature masterpieces usually mirror the culture of a country or area in a specific period of time. By reading these masterpieces, we can enjoy the authors' fluent writing styles, vivid and detailed description, which will place us in that specific period's history and culture. For this purpose we present the series of world literature classics to the readers.

The selection was made based on suggestions of many professional literature translators and literary scholars. And these selected books were edited in accord with the original works. Making no abridgements or changes, we attempt to maintain the original style and flavor of these novels.

By reading them, you will have a better understanding of western history and culture, and your English level will be improved a lot before you realize it.

This series of classics will lead you to the wonderful English world!

前 言

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

我们找来了专门研究西方历史、西方文化的专家学者，请教了专业的翻译人员，精心挑选了这些可以代表西方文学的著作，并听取了一些国外专门研究文学的朋友的建议，不删节、不做任何人为改动，严格按照原著的风格，提供原汁原味的西方名著，让读者能享受纯正的英文名著。

随着阅读的展开，你会发现自己的英语水平无形中有了大幅提高，并且对西方历史文化的了解也日益深入广阔。

送您一套经典，让您受益永远！

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THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, *King of Naples*
 SEBASTIAN, *his brother*
 PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan*
 ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*
 FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples*
 GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor*
 ADRIAN }
 FRANCISCO } *Lords*
 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 }
 JUNO } *Spirits*
 NYMPHS }
 REAPERS }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SCENE

A ship at sea; afterwards an uninhabited island

ACT I SCENE I

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

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain

SHIP-MASTER.

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN.

Here, master; what cheer?

SHIP-MASTER.

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

[Exit

Enter Mariners

BOATSWAIN.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare; take in the 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

ALONSO.

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

BOATSWAIN.

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO.

Where is the master, Boatswain?

BOATSWAIN.

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

GONZALO.

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN.

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

GONZALO.

Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN.

None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor: 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

GONZALO.

I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt

Re-enter Boatswain

BOATSWAIN.

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.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo

Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er,
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN.

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

BOATSWAIN.

Work you, then.

ANTONIO.

Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent
noisemaker; we are less afraid to be
drowned than thou art.

GONZALO.

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

BOATSWAIN.

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

Enter Mariners, Wet

MARINERS.

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt*]

BOATSWAIN.

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO.

The King and Prince at prayers!
Let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN.

I am out of patience.

ANTONIO.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopped rascal – would thou might'st
lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO.

He'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[*A confused noise within: Mercy on us!*
We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and
children!
Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!]

ANTONIO.

Let's all sink wi' th' King.

SEBASTIAN.

Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian*]

GONZALO.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown
furze, any thing. The wills above be done,
but I would fain die dry death. [Exit]

ACT I SCENE II

The Island. Before Prospero's cell

Enter Prospero and Miranda

MIRANDA.

If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The freighting souls within her.

PROSPERO.

Be collected;

No more amazement; tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA.

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO.

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA.

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO.

'Tis time

I should inform thee 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 touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul –
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down, for thou must now know further.

MIRANDA.

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay; not yet.'

PROSPERO.

The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.

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
Out three years old.

MIRANDA.

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO.

By what? By any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance?

MIRANDA.

'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

PROSPERO.

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

MIRANDA.

But that I do not.

PROSPERO.

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA.

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO.

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA.

O, the heavens!

What foul play had we that we came from
thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO.

Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved
thence;

But blessedly holp hither.

MIRANDA.

O, my heart bleeds

To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,
further.

PROSPERO.

My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio –
I pray thee, mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel, those being all my study –
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle –
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA.

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or
changed 'em,

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

MIRANDA.

O, good sir, I do!

PROSPERO.

I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so 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 into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie – he did believe
He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing –
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA.

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO.

To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man – my library
Was dukedom large enough of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed – alas, poor Milan! –
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA.

O the heavens!

PROSPERO.

Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA.

I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO.

Now the condition:

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA.

Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PROSPERO.

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

MIRANDA.

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO.

Well demanded, wench!
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roared to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA.

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO.

O! a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA.

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO.

By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA.

Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO.

Now I arise. [*Puts on his mantle*]

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

MIRANDA.

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,
sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO.

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

[*Miranda sleeps*]

Come away, servant; come; I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel

ARIEL.

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

PROSPERO.

Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL.

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

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me; the King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring then like reeds, not hair –

Was the first man that leapt; cried 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO.

Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL.

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO.

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL.

Not a hair perished;
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.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered
labour,

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' 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 wrecked,
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

Past the mid season.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

My liberty.

PROSPERO.

Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL.

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,
served

Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

No.

PROSPERO.

Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL.

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO.

Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL.

No, sir.

PROSPERO.

Thou hast. Where was she born?
Speak; tell me.

ARIEL.

Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO.

O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned 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?

ARIEL.

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO.

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred 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
Imprisoned 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 whelp, hag-born-not honoured with
A human shape.

ARIEL.

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO.

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL.

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO.

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

ARIEL.

That's my noble master!
What shall I do? Say what. What shall I do?

PROSPERO.

Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea; be
subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence!

[Exit Ariel]

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

MIRANDA.

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO.

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

MIRANDA.

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

PROSPERO.

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.

CALIBAN.

[Within] There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO.

Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph

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

ARIEL.

My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit

PROSPERO.

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

Enter Caliban

CALIBAN.

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!

PROSPERO.

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 pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
first,

Thou strok'dst me and made 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 loved
thee,

And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile.

Cursed 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 o' th' island.

PROSPERO.

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have
used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged
thee

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

CALIBAN.

O ho, O ho! Would't had been done.
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA.

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied 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

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
Deservedly confined into this rock, who hadst
Deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN.

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!

PROSPERO.

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
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.

CALIBAN.

No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey. His art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO.

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;
Curtsied when you have and kissed,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it fealty here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

[*Burden dispersedly: Bow-wow.*]

The watch dogs bark.

[*Burden dispersedly: Bow-wow.*]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND.

Where should this music be? I' 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 wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

[*Ariel's Song*]

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.

FERDINAND.

The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO.

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

MIRANDA.

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

PROSPERO.

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

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA.

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

PROSPERO.

[*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND.

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?

MIRANDA.

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND.

My language? Heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO.

How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND.

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, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wrecked.

MIRANDA.

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND.

Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Ferdinand*] A
word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a
word.

MIRANDA.
Why speaks my father so ungently?
This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

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

PROSPERO.
Soft, Sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's pow'rs; but
this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Ferdinand*] 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.

FERDINAND.
No, as I am a man.
MIRANDA.
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO.
Follow me.
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 mussels, withered roots, and
husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND.
No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*]

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

PROSPERO.
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 possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA.
Beseech you, father!

PROSPERO.
Hence! Hang not on my garments.
MIRANDA.

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

PROSPERO.
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,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish
wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

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

PROSPERO.
Come on; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND.
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, nor 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
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO.
[*Aside*] It works. [*To Ferdinand*] Come on. –
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Ferdinand*]
Follow me.
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA.
Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO.
[*To Ariel*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL.
To th' syllable.

PROSPERO.
[*To Ferdinand*] Come, follow. [*To Miranda*]
Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II SCENE I

Another part of the island
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, and Others

GONZALO.

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,
 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.

ALONSO.

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN.

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO.

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by
 and by it will strike.

GONZALO.

Sir –

SEBASTIAN.

One-Tell.

GONZALO.

When every grief is entertained that's offered,
 Comes to th' entertainer –

SEBASTIAN.

A dollar.

GONZALO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
 should.

GONZALO.

Therefore, my lord –

ANTONIO.

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO.

I prithee, spare.

GONZALO.

Well, I have done; but yet –

SEBASTIAN.

He will be talking.

ANTONIO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

The old cock.

ANTONIO.

The cock'rel.

SEBASTIAN.

Done. The wager?

ANTONIO.

A laughter.

SEBASTIAN.

A match!

ADRIAN.

Though this island seem to be desert-

ANTONIO.

Ha, ha, ha!

SEBASTIAN.

So, you're paid.

ADRIAN.

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible –

SEBASTIAN.

Yet –

ADRIAN.

Yet –

ANTONIO.

He could not miss't.

ADRIAN.

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

ANTONIO.

Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN.

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

ADRIAN.

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN.

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO.

Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO.

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO.

True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN.

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANTONIO.

The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN.

With an eye of green in't.

ANTONIO.

He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN.

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO.

But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost
 beyond credit –

SEBASTIAN.

As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO.

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.

ANTONIO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO.

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

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN.

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

ADRIAN.

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

GONZALO.

Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

What if he had said 'widower Aeneas' too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN.

'Widow Dido' said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO.

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN.

Carthage?

GONZALO.

I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO.

His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN.

He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANTONIO.

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN.

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

ANTONIO.

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

GONZALO.

Ay.

ANTONIO.

Why, in good time.

GONZALO.

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.

ANTONIO.

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN.

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO.

O, widow Dido! Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO.

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

ANTONIO.

That 'sort' was well fished for.

GONZALO.

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO.

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?

FRANCISCO.

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 oared Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt He came alive to land.

ALONSO.

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN.

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; Where she, at least, is banished from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO.

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN.

You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weighed between lothness and obedience at Which end o' th' 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 your own.

ALONSO.

So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

GONZALO.

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.

SEBASTIAN.

Very well.

ANTONIO.

And most chirurgically.

GONZALO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

Foul weather?

ANTONIO.

Very foul.

GONZALO.

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord –
ANTONIO.

He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN.

Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO.

I' th' 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; 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;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty –

SEBASTIAN.

Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO.

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

GONZALO.

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,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN.

No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO.

None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

GONZALO.

I would with such perfection govern, sir,

T' excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN.

Save his Majesty!

ANTONIO.

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO.

And-do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO.

Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO.

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.

ANTONIO.

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO.

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

ANTONIO.

What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN.

An it had not fall'n flat-long.

GONZALO.

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

SEBASTIAN.

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

ANTONIO.

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO.

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

ANTONIO.

Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio]

ALONSO.

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find

They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN.

Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

ANTONIO.

We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

ALONSO.

Thank you wondrous heavy!

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel]

SEBASTIAN.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO.

It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN.

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO.

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might! No more!

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be; th' occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN.

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO.

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN.

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