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THE TEMPEST

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THE TEMPEST

by

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Edited by

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INTRODUCTION

I. "THE TEMPEST"

IN every age, certain works of art are typical ; not necessarily the greatest works of that age, they are the most intimate and expressive mirror of its life. *The Tempest* is such a work. All Shakespeare's plays are crammed with topical relevance, a feature which fills them with obscurities. But in *The Tempest* this topical quality is so universal and so much in grain with the play's whole texture that it ceases to have any obscurity worth troubling about, illuminating itself throughout and making us see what the age that produced it was like. It is in detail that the topical is vexing ; when a whole period in its complexity is taken into a work of art, details sink into their proper subordination. We have abundant evidence that the settlement of Virginia excited England, and London especially, as to-day only an outstandingly "sensational" lawsuit excites us ; and the succession of disasters and deliverances caused the excitement to be prolonged. This settlement of Virginia mattered to the people, because it was not a mere spasmodic effort, but because it represented the Elizabethan sea-struggle with Spain at last, after a generation of sterile rapine and destruction, passing into an attempt * to be

* Raleigh's Virginian enterprise was without general support, and his settlement had entirely disappeared before *The Tempest* was written.

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creative. The Empire was being founded ; and there was a nation's will behind it, or, at any rate, a nation's eager interest. Shakespeare was too sensitive to the life of his day to be untouched by what was the common steady topic of several years ; and all the ferment of those beginnings of colonisation stirs in his play. " The entire drama is permeated by the atmosphere of that age of discovery and struggling colonists . . . all the topics and problems it deals with correspond to the colonisation of Virginia—the marvels brought to light by the discovery of new countries and new races ; by the wonderful falsehoods, and still more wonderful truths, of travellers concerning natural phenomena and the superstitions arising from them. Sea perils and shipwreck, the power that lies in such calamities to provoke remorse for crimes committed ; the quarrels and mutinies of colonists, the struggles of their leaders to preserve their authority ; theories on the civilisation and government of new countries, the reappearance of old world vices on a new soil, the contrast between the reasoning powers of man and those of the savage ; and lastly, all the demands made upon the activity, promptitude, and energy of the conquerors." * In fact, *The Tempest* has not had the study it deserves as a history " source-book," as well as fine literature.

The supernatural element to some extent partakes of this topical character. Those who had been wrecked on the " still-vex'd Bermoothes " were plagued by fiends ; and this gave Shakespeare his excuse for introducing his spirits and their magician in a play which was to be performed before a king with whom the supernatural was an obsession. As with

* Brandes, *Shakespeare*, p. 653.

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Macbeth, so with *The Tempest* ; it is hard not to believe that the supernatural comes in as a direct appeal to James the First's besetting belief. It is true that Prospero's magic is the more harmless kind ; he has not sold his soul to the Devil or partaken in the vile and cruel rites of witchcraft, but controls the spirits, is their master. But there are common features in all Shakespeare's pictures of the supernatural. They are brighter than the prevalent mood of such pictures in that age, partly because of a national quality, still more because of a personal. The English " mythology " is altogether less dark and revolting than the Scotch or European. Further, there was a great scepticism in Shakespeare himself, the most emancipated mind of an age which knew a great deal of free-thinking. Mr. Masefield holds that Shakespeare was steeped in superstition. It would be a picturesque belief if we could hold it—Shakespeare the dreaming country lad, haunted by shapes of power and mystery and terror. But it finds little support in his plays. There are witches in *Macbeth* ; and a great deal has been made of them, many pages have been written showing how they are regnant in the action of that play, and how through them Macbeth is the victim of Fate and his deeds all predestined. But—strip away the " Hecate " passages, obviously not by Shakespeare, and there is little of the witch element left in *Macbeth*. That little is by Shakespeare, and it plays a part in the drama, though mainly by externalising Macbeth's own inner thoughts, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says Joan externalised her thoughts and her sound military reasonings in her " Voices." But its part has been greatly exaggerated ; if it were all taken away, the play would be unaffected in essentials. Further, its horror has been

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exaggerated, too ; critics of *Macbeth* cannot have been great readers of witch-literature, or they would have seen what harmless condiments, in comparison with many hell-broth ingredients, the " eye of newt and toe of frog " and the " baboon's blood " are, and how innocuous the rites are. There is very little there that is crudely disgusting, and nothing that is obscene or blasphemous. That was the worst that Shakespeare could do, deliberately out to please James ; and I suppose the supernatural of *The Tempest* was the best that he could do. But at best or worst, both are the work of a man who knew the imaginative value of the supernatural but disbelieved utterly in his own pictures of it. There is no more belief in the supernatural world of *Macbeth* or *The Tempest* than in the fairy world of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is surely worthy of more remark than it has evoked, that a poet living in an age which is alleged to have been grossly superstitious, in comparison with our own, and writing with purpose to please the most credulous bigot of that (or any other) age, should have given us so obviously fanciful and joyous a spirit-world as that of *The Tempest*.

There are no really bad difficulties in the play, and little corruption. Nevertheless, there are places where we shall find it obscure unless our minds are wakeful. For in *The Tempest* there is a swift and masterly carelessness of detail, a constant sliding of one line into the next, with the weakest and least emphatic of syllables concluding a line. The play is brief, and it is the only one by Shakespeare that keeps " the unities," beginning and closing in one place and within a few hours. Probably our text has suffered considerable " cuts." In the First Act, especially, there are many signs of

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shortening ; and from a theatrical producer's standpoint this Act could have done with still more abbreviation. The play's style is often casual, but so successful that no one would criticise it ; it is casual as the batting of a supreme cricketer is casual, when he is wearied with a long innings but his skill is too entirely at home for its seemingly careless slashes to miss their aim. The play is full of beauty ; yet that beauty carries a certain effect of austerity, as *Samson Agonistes* does. It is a beauty which is lyrical, descriptive, movingly imaginative ; but compare it with the loveliness of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and it will be seen to be comparatively unadorned. Even in its greatest flights, it appears careless of diction and metrical neatness:—

You demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites. . . .

To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for. . . .

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air . . .

There is no obscurity in those lines ; yet the obscurity does come in such passages, and comes from the very excess of light. It is not true that all minds lose their imaginative power with age. Often the reverse is true. Some minds grow so crowded with life, with visions leaping and glowing in swift succession, that it is language which cracks and fails and is responsible for much that seems obscurity. The clever young man or woman who has only one thing to say can



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often say it very strikingly. The old man who has a hundred things all worth saying often cannot bring himself to pick and choose few enough, for them to stand out clearly. Shakespeare's mind, in his latest plays, flashes with pictures. Most of all is this the case with *The Tempest*. It is packed with metaphor, often with metaphor merely scrabbled into half-expression, like a chalk-line on a blackboard when the master-mathematician is in a hurry and in his impatience throws half the work on to the imagination of his pupils. In nearly every line of some passages, there are images starting into life, arrested halfway to being personalised, by the swift turn and attraction of the poet's mind elsewhere. In *The Tempest* Shakespeare is wonderfully creative *by the way*. Most of the crabbedness and impressive roughness of its style is due to this rapid alternation and fecundity of thought. The conversation in which Prospero tells Miranda of his old life is an excellent example of this. He is going back into a whole forgotten world, trying to select from it just the necessary minimum of information that will explain the present situation to his daughter. His thought, feeling within itself, slides in this direction, then quickly back again, throwing out this metaphor, then pulling it back for another. It is fortunate that he is in contact with a mind as eager as his own and so excited by sympathy that it pieces out his hints and flashes with its own imaginative insight. Even so, he has reason for continually asking Miranda if she follows him ; for this is the kind of talk he uses :—

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping ; new created

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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 i' the state
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. (*Sharply*) Thou
attend'st not.

Miranda. O, good sir ! I do.

Lest my speaking of " carelessness " should be misunderstood to imply a real want of art, or anything but the instinctively happy poise of a skill which has risen above the need for watchfulness, I would point to the strange elemental music which this play achieves when it treats of elemental things. Ariel's display of " St. Elmo's fire " is described in words that spurt and crackle, as if charged with electric force (I. ii. 197-206) : Prospero's account of his playing with storms is in words that growl and rumble (V. i. 42-50) ; and there is astonishing music shaken out from four letters, *pbdt*, in Alonso's brooding grief :—

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

The metrical accomplishment of the play cannot be too much studied, whether we take the crabbed lines which reveal Prospero's thought and emotions wrestling within him—or those wide sweeping curves, as of

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a bird enjoying its ease and power, which introduce Ariel to us, a childlike spirit of zestfulness :—

All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come—

or the rippling down of the verse into conversational casualness at the end, where Prospero unhurriedly lays by his life, as something which henceforward is to be mainly narrative and the watching of others' lives. We may think we know all about *The Tempest*, yet at each re-reading find we do not. The "speech-rhythms" so admired in the verse of such a modern as Mr. T. S. Eliot have not the *newness* a generation largely educated on Victorian poetry and Shakespeare's earlier, more formal verse find in them. Readers of *The Waste Land* will remember the lines introduced from this play ; following up this clue, they may note how its cadences have increasingly haunted the modern poet. And certainly the casualness achieves its effect, of that "free-from-desire" quality which the Indian sages recommend as life's aim and fulfilment :—

And, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff. . . .

Yet this detached mood, it has to be owned, somewhat disables the play as *drama*. As I write, there has been another revival on the London stage (1934), which has brought down on *The Tempest* a more wrathful criticism than it has previously had. The truth is, it is slow in starting. Act I, Scene 2, up to Ariel's entry merely does the work of the *Prologue* of a Greek play. Most of Act II is mainly satire and descriptive.

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Few plays, with the exacting audiences of the modern theatre, could recover from such a "sticky" start. Yet it does recover, and finely with the dignity of Ariel's challenge to the awakened conscience of the King of Naples, and with Prospero flinging aside the wearying prolixity and testy selfishness of his earlier self.

As I have said, it is in the last two Acts that *The Tempest* moves us so greatly, and seems to show us at moments the face of England's dramatist behind his mask. Mr. Masfield says, of the most supremely conceived passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, that the words were written "when the man must have been trembling." There are such passages in *The Tempest*:—

Sir, I am vexed :
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Why should this affect us so, except that we are made to feel that

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss ?

The personal and prophetic meaning which nearly all readers have agreed in finding in *The Tempest* is most apparent in the last scene of all. Shakespeare is standing on the top of contented hours, turning his gaze homeward. There is a grave buoyancy throughout, as of a successful worker awaiting release. The scene has a grandeur as real, though not stern and awe-inspiring, as that of Milton's farewell in the last

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chorus of *Samson Agonistes*. The scene's characteristic word is "solemn." In l. 40 we have the "solemn curfew"; against l. 57 we have the stage-direction, so emblematic of the whole play, "solemn music"; and, immediately the dialogue recommences, it is a "solemn air" for which Prospero asks. That Shakespeare's thoughts are turning towards release, his life-work over, is very plain. Sir J. C. Squire, challenging the prevailing interpretation of Prospero's abdication of his magic, says that if Shakespeare really did break his wand when not yet fifty, he was the first and last poet in the world who ever did. That is as it may be; but a man is as old as he feels himself, and many men besides poets have known when their end was approaching. Fifty, in Shakespeare's day, was old; and Shakespeare had written nearly forty plays, and had lived a full life besides, which had brought him little happiness. With all to whom literature is a serious occupation there is a progressive forsaking of it, even while the value of their work increases. "I went out of the 'pure literature' line years ago," one of the best of recent writers said to me. Very little "pure poetry" is written by men over thirty years of age. Shakespeare, like all great poets, knew that there are many things in life that must take precedence of literature; and a generation whose own poets learnt this lesson in the bitterest of all wars will understand why a great poet should have turned away from his art, while still apparently only in late middle age.

As we draw near to death, they say that memory lightly overpasses the intervening years of manhood and turns to the freshness of boyhood and opening youth. It is so with Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*. If one legend out of the many concerning him may

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justly claim our acceptance, it is the one that in his earliest days he loved Nature, not according to the game laws, but exceedingly well. The poaching tradition is too attested, and too borne out by passages in his work, to have been without foundation. In *The Tempest*, in IV. i. 185-186, his mind recurs to decoying and bird-liming; in IV. i. 253 *seq.*, the spirits, with the zestful Prospero urging them on, become a presentation of dogs in chase. Why, with a thousand other similes at hand, should Shakespeare have chosen these connected with sport? For one reason only. He is beginning to babble of green fields, and his thoughts are all towards the meadows and woods of Warwickshire. And in that play whose concluding touches may have been given after *The Tempest* was written, *The Winter's Tale*, we see him knee-deep in the flowering pastures and joyously attendant at a session of the petty gods of tilth and husbandry. Literature is good; but it is only a part of life, and often a very minor part. When we consider how poetry has in all ages been the most abiding of the labours and delights of this transitory existence, it is worth observing that Shakespeare should have turned away from it with such unaffected and plainly noticeable buoyancy.

2. THE CHARACTERS

We have grown impatient of much that commentators have written about the "characters" of Shakespeare's plays. "One of the pleasantest characters of the piece is Gonzalo, the shrewd, witty and loyal old courtier." "Gonzalo is humorous common sense incarnated." Gonzalo, as the reader can see

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almost at once and cannot help but keep on seeing, is a tactless old bore, who insists on forcing his desiccated commonplace on a just-bereaved father. That he is dull and vexing is a merit, since Shakespeare meant him to be and shows him in character throughout. When a good dramatist writes a play, we expect the characters to become alive, and to have personalities of their own ; and therefore there is differentiation in Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian, Stephano, and Trinculo. But Prospero, Miranda, and the two non-human persons, Ariel and Caliban, have an interest apart from their place in the drama's action.

Prospero

Prospero has always been felt to bring us nearer to Shakespeare's own thought than any other person in his plays, Hamlet not excepted. That *The Tempest* is Shakespeare's deliberate farewell to his art has been challenged ; but every statement is sure of challenge, if the world keeps an interest in it long enough. To most readers the play has carried its own conviction. And if the play is Shakespeare's farewell, then he is Prospero breaking his wand and resigning his art. This gives the play a pathos and moving power which set it apart, and which—with the magnificent poetry, deeply felt and radiantly expressed—explains why to many this is the best-loved, if not the greatest, of all the plays. This appeal should have exempted it from editorial assumption that Shakespeare was writing a tract, using that heaviest of all literary mediums, allegory ; but it has not exempted it. ↓“ Prospero is almost a personification of wisdom. His character conveys an impression of serenely wise goodness and self-centred detachment from the material interests of

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life . . . as a wise man he obeys the voice of reason, subdues his personal feelings, and deals out to his enemies an impersonal justice, punishing them because it is for their own good"—a pleasant fable now fallen on unbelieving days—"and because right requires that they should be punished, not because he himself has any direct interest in the matter" (Verity). If we turn to the behaviour of this "personification of wisdom," we find many resemblances to that of the fourth-form boy in his worse moods. He bullies the delicate Ariel till he is cowed into muttered acquiescences of terror, under his breath :—

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.

Miranda has the best of reasons for shuddering at the remembrance of Caliban ; but her father, understanding perfectly what is in her mind, brushes her modesty aside (I. ii. 308 *seq.*). Prospero bullies Ferdinand—perhaps the most charming young man in all Shakespeare's plays. He has the excuse here, that he wishes Ferdinand and Miranda to fall in love with each other, and by stirring the latter's pity he rouses her affection also ; but the whole episode is in keeping with his character. He bullies the wretched Caliban, and sends in Ariel to bundle him out of his cave, pinched and smarting ; and when Caliban is stung into uttering sentiments of "rebellion," this offence

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is delightedly seized as the excuse for a fresh twisting of his arm :—

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.

Reverence for Shakespeare has prevented critics from recognising how overbearing Prospero is, and how maliciously he enjoys the infliction of petty suffering, even to the extent of sending a ship through all the torment of imagined and imminent wreck, a suffering more than petty ; and not all the bullying which he practises is due to necessities of the plot. I say “ reverence for Shakespeare,” not because I am thinking of all this as a dramatic fault—it is not, of course ; there was no obligation on Shakespeare to make Prospero the saint that some editors choose to allege him, and Shakespeare has made him something far more vivid and interesting. But it is because Prospero is so obviously the mouthpiece of Shakespeare’s own thought and feeling that critics have shrunk from seeing anything mean and malicious in him, supposing that by seeing it they would be seeing it in Shakespeare himself. The truth is, there are two Prosperos. At the beginning, we have a man who had lost his dukedom, lost it very easily indeed, no one caring to raise a finger to save him to it, and only one—Gonzalo—troubling to save him from death by starvation. No band of faithful friends accompanies him into exile ; there is not even enough love to blossom

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into pity for his infant daughter. Now, in the island, he sits in uncertain empire over subjects who would rebel if they dared ; one of the two whose names are given us declares that they all

do hate him

As rootedly as I—

and there is no reason to doubt Caliban's witness. And then, so subtly and suddenly that we hardly perceive when the change takes place, a spirit intimately resembling Shakespeare's own takes possession of this character, and thrusts the old Prospero aside. In the last two Acts we see a man wise and old before his time, at once too disillusioned and too magnanimous for hate or for revenge, full of a pity for humanity which—as many have pointed out—is half contempt, a contempt extending to himself, for his achievements, mighty though he knows they have been, have left him restless and unsatisfied. From the lips of this great and moving personality comes some of the noblest poetry and deepest wisdom that mankind has ever heard—poetry so imaginative and so glancingly bright in its subtle movements, and wisdom so saddened and yet so courageous, that men have always been sure that they are hearing Shakespeare's own voice. It is no wonder that the earlier Prospero fades from memory, and we think only of what we heard and saw last.

Miranda

Miranda is elemental woman, unspoiled in thought or deed, her actions impulsive and uncontrolled by anything except her instinctive knowledge of her own will. She is right to move with swift directness to the

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fulfilment of that will, for it has no tinge of selfishness—except in so far as the effort of the whole creation to fulfil itself is selfish, and after a fashion too noble for any praise—and no stain of dishonesty. Shakespeare, throughout his career, was attracted by this quality of starry simplicity, and has depicted it in a number of girlish figures whose essential purity has shed even the tarnish of coarse utterances ascribed to their parts in his plays. Those utterances were a fashion of his day; they were the easiest way of drawing a laugh—the quickest way to a reputation for being daring is to set down things which anyone could set down who thought so cheap a triumph worth the trouble of picking up. Of what was a favourite Elizabethan jest, frequently pushed in at the expense of all dramatic propriety, Mr. Robert Bridges has said: “This was a *cliché* of the time, and may be marked ‘*passim*’ in Shakespeare. It was absolutely without significance, and thrust in wherever a fool might expect it.”

Caliban

Caliban moves in us to-day a pity due to our perception of the cruelty that brings forth creatures doomed to be brutish, capable only of service compelled by fear. That pity was in the mind of his creator, and he has dowered this clod with poetry as lovely and as fitting as the cyclamens and lilies which spring from Mediterranean rocks. Caliban's speeches Hazlitt calls “the eloquent poetry of the senses”; they are such poetry as the body might make, if its awareness of sunlight and rain striking upon it could pass into expression, without any intermediate meddling of the intellect. There is no such personalising of the groundwork of physical sensation which underlies

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all our mental life, in any other writer ; there is none even in mythology.

Ariel

As for Ariel, he is wind and fire and air. The fairies of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* are bound to earth by a thousand gossamer threads ; but this Ariel is a voice and a life called out of the emptiness. He is no more moral than Caliban ; yet, like Caliban, by association with men he sees the glimmering coast and confines of a moral world. Both are distinct and memorable persons ; yet rise out of an existence that is in no way human.

3. SOURCES

Whether a play is good or poor, "sources" are of little interest. If the former, they have been transcended into insignificance ; if the latter, there are better ways of spending time than by discussing the weak originals of a weak drama. But there is a reasonableness in glancing at "sources" of Shakespeare's plays, such as there would not be in a similar discussion of a modern play of merit. The custom of his day allowed, and all critics of his work have accepted, a procedure which to-day no playwright who looked for reputation would dare to practise. History, biography, novels were freely dramatised—as they are now (though only for the stage and not as literature). In Shakespeare's case, we recognise that it does not matter where he found the material of plays which have survived their temporary purpose of making a livelihood ; necessity and his own inclination made him, even more than most Elizabethan dramatists, pick up stories instead of inventing them. Our know-

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ledge of his usual practice, tradition of novels now lost which served as "sources" of *The Tempest*, and indications in the text itself, all make it pretty certain that the play followed the outline of stories by other writers. The indications are such remarks as Prospero's telling us that Sycorax was spared "for one thing she did"; Shakespeare has not told us what that thing was, but his audience probably knew. Various stories and dramas, most of them by foreigners, have been alleged as supplying the fable of the play; the most reputable witness, since the oldest, is the poet Collins, who told Warton that the play was "formed on a romance called Aurelio and Isabella." Collins has been proved to be mistaken; but he had probably read some story which gave Shakespeare much of his plot. All we can say is, there plainly was an already existing narrative behind our text; and that narrative furnished Shakespeare with a part—a much smaller part than he generally took from other writers—of his own story. The German play, Jacob Ay rer's *Die Schöne Sidea*, seems to have been based on the same story as that of *The Tempest*. Ay rer died in 1605.

Shakespeare pillaged widely for his details. Caliban one accepts as a twisting of the word *Cannibal*; and one accepts also the suggestion of Dr. Farmer, the eighteenth-century critic, that Montaigne put this, as so many other matters, into Shakespeare's mind, by the title of his chapter, "Of the Cannibals." It was Dr. Farmer, too, who showed that the names Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (as Gonzales), and Antonio, and—most important of all—Setebos, all occur in Eden's *History of Travel*, published in 1577. In picking up his names in this fashion, Shakespeare did only what most imaginative writers have done;

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but so many occurring coincidentally in a play of his and in another man's book make it reasonably certain that he had read the latter. Sycorax so far has dodged all investigators. I agree with the suggestion that the word has something to do with the Greek *Korax* (a raven), and that this connection was present in Shakespeare's mind when he made Caliban say :—

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both !

But the main "sources," undoubtedly, were, first, the sailors' yarns of enchanted isles of devilry which were filling the thought of London in 1610 and immediately subsequent years, and second, Shakespeare's own broodings and experience which have given this play so deeply personal a colouring. These were the tree which held the nest ; the other things were but so many sticks.

4. DATE

The text of *The Tempest* is that of the Folio, 1623. It is exceptionally clear and free from corruption, a state of things indicative of the care and deliberateness with which Shakespeare wrote what has always been felt to be, in a special sense, a personal expression of farewell. There are no really bad difficulties in the play ; even the "pionèd and twillèd" passage is quite clear in its general meaning, and there is little textual corruption.

But 1623, of course, is not the date of composition ; Shakespeare died seven years earlier. The date of composition, with *The Tempest* as with most of his plays, remains guesswork, though guesswork within

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limits. We find our date, as artillery find their mark in war, by "bracketing"; by finding dates both too early and too late. *The Tempest* was certainly written and performed *before* 1614, for (1) it is in a list of plays performed at Court in 1613, during the marriage-festivities of James I's daughter Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine; (2) it is plainly the butt of Ben Jonson's scornful wit in the *Induction* (introduction) to his comedy, *Bartholomew Fair*, which was acted in 1614: "If there be never a Servant-monster in the Fair, who can help it? he says; nor a nest of Anticks? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his Plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and suchlike Drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels." And *The Tempest* was written *after* 1603, for (1) Gonzalo's description of the ideal commonwealth (II. i. 147 *seq.*) is indebted to a book which we know was among Shakespeare's favourite reading, Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was published in 1603. (2) Prospero's speech to Ferdinand, on the insubstantiality of the visions just over, is a rewriting of a passage in the Earl of Stirling's *Tragedy of Darius*, published in 1603:—

Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt;
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant;
All fades and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air.

These limits, 1603 and 1614, are narrowed further by (1) the play's pervadingly topical character, its constant reference—a matter rather of the whole

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atmosphere and action than of isolated passages—to the English settlement of Virginia in 1608, the scattering of the fleet which brought assistance in 1609, and the wreck of the admiral Sir George Somers' flagship on the Bermudas ("the still-vexed Bermoothes," I. ii. 229), and the narrative of the crew's adventures in that sorcery-tormented region. Silvester Jourdain's *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels*, was published in the late autumn of 1610.

(2) The probability that the play was written with a very direct glance towards, even if not for special performance at, the Princess Elizabeth's marriage. Georg Brandes asserts, and at some length argues, that *The Tempest* "was written expressly for the occasion." English editors and critics, as a rule, have put this suggestion aside. There has been justification for scepticism of a theory supported by such poor arguments as have been put forward sometimes for it—*e.g.* that Prospero is a character-study of James the First, or that Prospero's warning to Ferdinand not to anticipate the marriage-day (IV. i. 15 *seq.*) was for the edification of James's daughter and son-in-law. This suggestion is so utterly indelicate and tasteless that its adoption does the grossest injustice not only to Shakespeare but—a much more difficult thing to do—even to James. The real arguments are much stronger. First, there is the marriage-mask of ~~the play~~ and, especially, the fact that with this mask ~~there~~ there would be no Fourth Act to speak of, so that it is implausible in the extreme to suppose the mask a later interpolation, written for the wedding performance. If it is urged that the mask has relevance, since there is a wedding arranged in the play itself, that of Ferdinand and Miranda, this is undeniable; but there is

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no such compelling relevance as to explain or justify a mask occupying almost a whole act in the shortest but one of Shakespeare's thirty-six plays. "The audience must have been in possession of circumstances justifying the introduction of the mask, and those circumstances could not be anything but a wedding." * Further, as Brandes points out, it is hard to think that an old play would have been performed for so splendid an occasion ; and the music of Ariel's songs was composed by the king's musicians. To sum up, this brief, lovely play, so full of music and of rich, elaborate beauty, bears as plain marks of being " occasional " and complimentary as Milton's *Comus*. In the case of *Comus*, we have the external evidence, as well as the references of the Prologue and other passages to the Earl of Bridgewater and his family ; had the external evidence perished, there would have been gainsayers of its special reference, as there are of that of *The Tempest*.

The Tempest, then, was written between 1610 and 1613 ; it was performed at Court, in February 1613, and was so entirely new (as well as recently performed) as to give point to a contemptuous allusion by Ben Jonson in 1614. The natural conclusion is that it was written specially for the Court performance in 1613. Ariel, poised for flight, was recalled for one last service, and that service was *The Tempest* ; a little more than three years later, Shakespeare was dead.

* Brandes, p. 652.

E. T.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<p>ALONSO, King of Naples.</p> <p>SEBASTIAN, his brother.</p> <p>PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.</p> <p>ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.</p> <p>FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.</p> <p>GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.</p> <p>ADRIAN } FRANCISCO } Lords.</p> <p>CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.</p> <p>TRINCULO, a Jester.</p> <p>STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.</p>		<p>Master of a Ship.</p> <p>Boatswain.</p> <p>Mariners.</p> <p>MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.</p> <p>ARIEL, an airy Spirit.</p> <p>IRIS</p> <p>CERES</p> <p>JUNO</p> <p>Nymphs</p> <p>Reapers</p> <p>} presented by Spirits.</p> <p>Other Spirits attending on Prospero.</p> <p>SCENE—<i>A ship at Sea : an island.</i></p>
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ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.*

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 !

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

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men. 10

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 cares these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence ! trouble us not. 18

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. 33
[Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

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

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog ! 41

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur ! hang, you whoreson, 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.

Boats. 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 !

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold ? 51

Gon. The king and prince at prayers ! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

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

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

The washing of ten tides !

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within :* " Mercy on us ! "—

" We split, we split ! "—" Farewell my wife and children ! "—

" Farewell, brother ! "—" We split, we split, we split ! "]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. 61

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

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. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO's cell. Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

Mir. 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 creature in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would 10
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
 The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected.
 No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
 There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day !

Pros. 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, 20
 And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me. So :

[Lays down his mantle.
 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
 comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding "Stay : not yet."

Pros. 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 40
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. '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 ?

Pros. 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 ? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

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

Mir. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pros. 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.

Mir. O the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl : 61
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther.

Pros. 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 70
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 ?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who 80
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
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.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd 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 100
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' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative : hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. 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 109
Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable ; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir.

O the heavens !

Pros. Mark his condition and the event ; then tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother : 119

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. 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 131

Me and thy crying self.

Mir. 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.

Pros. 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.

Mir. Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us ?

Pros. Well demanded, wench :

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set 141

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 boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
 Instinctively have 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, 150
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mir.

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you !

Pros.

O, a cherubin

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

Mir.

How came we ashore ?

Pros. 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,
 Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

Mir.

Would I might

But ever see that man !

Pros.

Now I arise : [*Resumes his mantle.*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
 Here in this island we arrived ; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mir. 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 ?

Pros. 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 questions :
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 am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. 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 : sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast, 199
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the 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.

Pros. 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 210
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 leap'd ; cried, " Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

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

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. 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 badest me,
In troops I have dispersed 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.

Pros. 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 ; 230
 Who, 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.

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

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and
now 240
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

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

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

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out ? no more !

Ari. 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.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250
 From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pros. 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 baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. 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.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
speak; tell me. 260

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
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 279
 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 honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever angry bears : it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo : it was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. 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 ;
 I will be correspondent to command
 And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. 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

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the 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 !

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

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

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

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
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.

Pros. 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.

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

Pros. 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 !

Pros. 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 honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, 331
 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 loved thee
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the 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 ! 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' the island.

Pros. 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.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! would't had been done !
 Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else 350
 This isle with Calibans.

Pros. 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, 361
 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 !

Pros. 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 370
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

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

Pros. 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 :
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear. 380
Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

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

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
 This music crept by me upon the waters, 390
 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. 400
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. 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.

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

Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit. 410

Pros. 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 stain'd
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.

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

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

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess 420
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 ?

Mir. 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.

Pros. How ? the best ? 429
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.

Mir. Alack, for mercy !

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

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*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, 440
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir :
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

Mir. 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 inclined my way !

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

Pros. 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 450
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 thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. 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.

Pros. Follow me.

Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together ; 460
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.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mir. O dear father,

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

Pros. What ? I say,

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

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward, 470
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence ! one word more
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 !
 To the most of men this is a Caliban
 And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections 480
 Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on ; obey :
 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, 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' the earth 490
 Let liberty make use of ; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

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

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

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

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

Ari. To the syllable. 499

Pros. 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,
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. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

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.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One : tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
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. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old cock.

30

Ant. The cockerel.

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.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't.

40

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.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live.

50

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

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

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 vouched rarities are. 60

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 Afric, 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. 72

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. 81

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage ?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp ; 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. 90

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

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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. 100

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 fished 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 110 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 120
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 ;
 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 importuned otherwise
 By all of us, and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost
 your son, 130

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

Alon.

So is the dear'st o' 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, 140
 When you are cloudy.

Seb.

Foul weather ?

Ant.

Very foul.

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

Ant. He'ld 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.

Gon. I' 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 ; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none ; contract, succession, 150
 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 ;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

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

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, 160
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
 Of it 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. God save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to
 me. 170

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 laughed 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.

180

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. 189

[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find 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 200
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,
Worthy Sebastian ? O, what might ?—No more :—
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 210

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
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
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water. 220

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. Prithee, say on :
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

Thus, sir : 230

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
 Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
 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 240
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubt 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 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 251
 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 260

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 : 270
 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 'twere a kibe,
 '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
 And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon, 280
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
 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 got'st Milan, 290
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest ;
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 talk apart.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep thee living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy 300
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 wake.*]

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 310
Like bulls, or rather lions : did't 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,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :
I shaked you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn : there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make further
search 322

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 :
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,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but
For every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which 10

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo !

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 brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. 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. Legged 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 thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again ! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no shelter hereabout : misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

41

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.

[Sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang, 50
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !
She loved 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.
[Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me : Oh !

Ste. What's the matter ? Have we devils here ?
Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of
Ind, 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. 63

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. 71

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee ; 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 before, 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.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now Prosper works upon thee. 82

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 shaking, 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 : O defend me !

Ste. Four legs and two voices : a most delicate 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. 95

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

camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he
vent Trinculos? 107

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 overblown? 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. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is
not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not
sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him. 118

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou
hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither.
I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved
o'erboard, 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 escapedst.

Trin. Swum 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. 130

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 dropp'd 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 show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush. 140

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 afeard 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' th' island ; And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when's 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. 152

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. 160

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 prithee, 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 marmoset ; I'll bring thee To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee 170 Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here : here ; bear my bottle : fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

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

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring ;

180

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

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 odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures : O, 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, 10
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile !
Pray, set it down and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skillless 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
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ; 60
I would, not so !—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to 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.

Mir. 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 70
What best is boded me to mischief ! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em !

Fer. Wherefore weep you !

Mir. 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 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
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.

Mir. My husband, then ?

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

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't : and now
farewell 90
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

Pros. 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*
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

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 isle : we are three of them ; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 9

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither. 20

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him : he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to juttle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ? 30

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ?

Trin. " Lord " quoth he ! That a monster should be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree ! The

poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 43

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou : I would my valiant master would destroy thee ! I do not lie. 50

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed ? Canst thou bring me to the party ? 62

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord : I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest ; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy patch !

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone

He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are. 70

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so ? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time. 80

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too ? A pox o' your bottle ! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers !

Cal. Ha, ha, ha !

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon to sleep : there thou mayst brain him. Having first seized his books, or with a log 92
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books ; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. 100

And that most deeply to consider is
 The beauty of his daughter ; he himself
 Calls her a nonpareil : I never saw a woman,
 But only Sycorax my dam and she ;
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
 As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter
 and I will be king and queen,—save our graces !—
 and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
 like the plot, Trinculo ?

111

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat thee ;
 but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
 head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep :
 Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry ; I am full of pleasure :
 Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch

120

You taught me but while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
 reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.

Flout 'em and scout 'em
 And scout 'em and flout 'em ;
 Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
 picture of Nobody.

130

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee.

Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments 140
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
 I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the
 story. 151

Trin. The sound is going away ; let's follow it, and
 after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I
 could see this taborer ; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island. Enter ALONSO,
 SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRAN-
 CISCO, and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
 My old bones aches : here's a maze trod indeed

Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your
 patience,
 I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
 To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
 Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so
 out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
 Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night ;
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
 Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night : no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

Alon. What harmony is this ? My good friends,
 hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange
 Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; they dance about it with
 gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the King, &c.
 to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were
 these ? 20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
 That there are unicorns, that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island— 30
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind ; for we have
stomachs. 41
Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
'em
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
 find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
 Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
 Although my last : no matter, since I feel 50
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
 Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy ; claps his wings upon the table ; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
 That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up you ; and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves.

[Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.

You fools ! I and my fellows 61
 Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
 And will not be uplifted. But remember—
 For that's my business to you—that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ; 70
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me
 Lingerling perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
 from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
 Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes
 again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying
 out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
 And these mine enemies are all knit up
 In their distractions ; they now are in my power ;
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit 91
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand
 you
 In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !
 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;
 The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
 The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great
guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell. Enter
PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pros. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; who once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros.

Fairly spoke.

31

Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.
 What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
 Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari.

Presently ?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say " come " and " go,"
 And breathe twice and cry " so, so,"
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari.

Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance 51
 Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow !

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
 Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
 Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !
 No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. [Soft music.]

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom-
 groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air ;—the queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I, 71
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;

Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
 My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy
 queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid : I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
 done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Ere Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
 And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state, 100
 Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
 And honour'd in their issue. [They sing :

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you !
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garner never empty, 110
 Vines with clustering bunches growing,
 Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;
 Spring come to you at the farthest
 In the very end of harvest !
 Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits ?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact 120
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
 So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
 Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence !
 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
 There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
 brooks,
 With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
 Answer your summons ; Juno does command : 130
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell 160
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel :
 come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
 pleasure ?

Pros. Spirit,
 We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these
 varlets ?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;
 So full of valour that they smote the air 171
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
 ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears
 That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, 181
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows, 190
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
not

Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with
us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all filth ; at which my
nose is in great indignation. 199

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak
softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 211

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O king Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano ! look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano !

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool ! what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's alone 230
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 239

Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment

for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall lose our time. And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers : help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this. 251

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey !

Ari. Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

Pros. Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark ! hark !

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar ! 260

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell. Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers ?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ; 10
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,
Gonzalo " ;

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT V

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling 21
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel : 30
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid, 40
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command

Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
 I here abjure, and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

*Re-enter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a frantic
 gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and
 ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and
 FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO
 had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO
 observing, speaks :*

A solemn air and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd. 61
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces 70
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
 blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; who, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me : Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell :
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan : quickly, spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry. 90
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss
 thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
 And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
 ment

Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all !
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore, where I have lost—
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—
 My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience 140
 Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
 You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
 And rest myself content.

Alon You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
 To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
 Than you may call to comfort you, for I
 Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed 151
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your
 daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire
 That they devour their reason and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have

Been justled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
 landed, 161

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
 This cell's my court : here have I few attendants
 And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing ;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170
 As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA
 playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the Island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;
 I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

Alon. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about ! 180
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O, wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there here !
 How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
 That has such people in't !

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at
 play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
 And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal ;

But by immortal Providence she's mine :
 I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
 For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,
 But never saw before ; of whom I have
 Received a second life ; and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :
 But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
 Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pros. There, sir, stop :
 Let us not burthen our remembrance with
 A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept 200
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
 gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown !
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
 Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
 Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
 Beyond a common joy, and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
 Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
 In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
 When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands :
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
 That doth not wish you joy !

Gon.

Be it so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
 amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
 Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our king and company ; the next, our ship— 222
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
 Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
 We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricky spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they strengthen
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230
 And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches ;
 Where but even now with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty ;
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
 Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done ?

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou
 shalt be free. 241

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of : some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful
 And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come
 hither, spirit : 251

Set Caliban and his companions free ;
 Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
 sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and
 TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
 take care for himself ; for all is but fortune. Coragio,
 bully-monster, coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
 here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !
What things are these, my lord Antonio ?
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs, 270

And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where should
they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ? 280
How camest thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano !

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool !

Pros. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. 299

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away ; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch

sc. 1]

THE TEMPEST

Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,
chick,
That is thy charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well ! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell ;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands : 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults,
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

NOTES

Act I

Scene 1

This scene has been often praised, as an effective opening, full of characterisation, vigour, and action ; and as a vivid presentment of a storm. Shakespeare has another sea-storm, richer in poetical and imaginative elements than this one, but equally vigorous, and so like it that both scenes are obviously of the same mood and period : that scene (" Pericles," III. 1.) should be read with this one.

The Elizabethan drama was *popular*, and full of noise and action. Shakespeare's plays provide plenty of "bangs," cannon going off ; and trumpets sound frequently. The reader must imagine this first scene as full of crashes for thunder, and flashes for fireballs. As the play proceeds, he will find Prospero changing his robes, and must imagine him making passes with his hands to induce sleep or helplessness. The play appeals abundantly to the senses, as well as the mind ; and the reader may as well have his senses alert from the first.

1. 3. *Good* : Simply an expression of satisfaction at finding the Boatswain.
1. 4. *Yarely* : quickly, briskly (O.E. *gearu*, ready ; cf. *gear*, that which is ready). So, in 6, *yare, yare!* means "hurry up !"
1. 7. *Whistle* : Naval officers, even of high rank, carried whistles in Shakespeare's time.
Blow, till thou burst thy wind : a defiance of the storm. Some commentators take it to be an aside of contempt for the master (captain)—an interpretation which leaves little sense in "if room enough."
1. 8. *If room enough* : the whole purpose of the Boat-

swain's orders is to keep the ship off the rocks and get her out to open sea.

1. 10. *Play the men* : usually interpreted, *Show yourselves men*. In that case, it would almost certainly be, *Play the man*. It means, I think, *Use the men* : "Make the crew rush excitedly about"—the fussy landsman's nervous annoyance at not finding as much bustle as he thinks there should be. Landsmen have a bad reputation with sailors for interference ; and the Boatswain snaps back here. I suggest as a possible reading, *Ply the men*.
1. 16. *What cares these roarers* : Plural nouns and singular verbs together are too common in Shakespeare to be worth comment. Sometimes the explanation is that syntax was less rigid in his day ; more often, it is some sudden change of his thought halfway through a sentence. Often, again, it is a printer's error. *Roarers* : Elizabethan taverns and streets at night were infested by young men on the lookout for some drunken "rag" ; for these, *roarers* was the common term.
1. 29. *He hath no drowning mark* : as is often said, he has the face of a man who is going to be hanged. Gonzalo refers to the proverb, "The man born to be hanged will never be drowned."
1. 30. *Stand fast, good Fate* : keep to your decision. *Good* is Gonzalo's favourite word, and it brings home to us what a soothing, muzzy, ineffective old fellow he is.
1. 31. *Make the rope of his destiny our cable* : let the fact that he is fated to be hanged save both him and us from being dashed on the rocks now.
1. 35. *Bring her to try with main-course* : "see if she will bear the main-course and whether it will be sufficient" (Calver, quoted by Furness, "Variorum"). *Main-course* : main-sail.
1. 36. *A plague* : After these two words, in the Folio, there is a dash. This is almost universally taken as a misprint ; but it may not have been. It may have indicated some good hard swearing, omitted in the printed text because blasphemy was illegal.
1. 37. *Our office* : our job of shouting.
1. 40. *Blasphemous* : "Contrary to the custom of boatswains and sailors, our boatswain has never yet brought

out a single curse or oath" (Nicholson, quoted by Furness, "Variorum"). But see Note on l. 36. Also, *blasphemous* often meant simply abusive or seditious.

- l. 48. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold* : put her as close to the wind as you can.

Set her two courses : try both foresail and mainsail, twice the amount of canvas she is now carrying. They are in danger of running into some headland ; so, at the risk of the ship's overturning, they run up as much canvas as possible, in the hope of escaping the shore. In the Folio, this speech is so unpunctuated that it makes no sense. Holt's punctuation is the one generally adopted.

- l. 51. *Must our mouths be cold?* : Three explanations have been given : (1) must we die ? (2) what, is it as bad as all that ? Has it come to cold, trembling prayer, after hot, hearty cursing ? (3) instead of warm, comforting drink, have we to suck down the chill seawater ? (2) is possible, but (1) seems likeliest.
- l. 54. *Merely* : in the Latin meaning, a common one in Elizabethan English, *entirely* (Latin *merus*, pure, unmixed).
- l. 56. A reference to the law by which pirates were hanged at Execution Dock below high-water mark, and left till three tides had washed over them. Antonio in his exasperation makes the tides ten, instead of three. He regards the Boatswain as a super-pirate.
- l. 64. *Long heath, brown furze* : Hanmer, in the eighteenth century, emended to *ling, heath, broom, furze*. To this it may be objected that *ling* and *heath*, though the names of different plants to-day, were used interchangeably in Shakespeare's time. That is so ; but the emendation is a good one. The Folio has *firs* for *furze* ; but hardly any editor seems to think that *firs* can be meant, though *firs* is so plainly the best reading, as well as the nearest to the first text.

Scene II

The necessary business of putting the audience in possession of the main lines of his story is very difficult for the dramatist. It is hard to do it without being dull and

undramatic, without obviously instructing the audience. This scene interests us in the situation, in what is to come of it, and in the characters of Prospero and Miranda ; and at the same time puts us in the position of knowing all that we need know.

- l. 4. *Welkin* : sky (A.S. *wolcen*, cloud). To-day rather a ridiculous word, which is partly the reason why we dare not sing—

“ Hark ! how all the welkin rings
‘ Glory to the King of Kings ! ’ ”

but prefer

“ Hark ! the herald angels sing
‘ Glory to the new-born King ! ’ ”

- l. 7. *Creature* : commonly emended to *creatures*, or explained as meant to be plural in meaning if singular in form. But as the editors of the new Cambridge Shakespeare (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Dr. John Dover Wilson) point out, it shows how Miranda's mind is preparing for the new comradeship about to enter her life. Her thought is of *one* creature ; she has some vision that springs out of the stuff which underlies her dreams. In the long conversation with her father her mind is remiss and wandering, sometimes recalled with difficulty and only after rebuke.
- ll. 10 *seq.* Almost a criticism of her father ; she hints that he could have saved the ship. See ll. 1-2.
- l. 13. *The fraughting souls within her* : the people who were her *freight*.
- l. 14. *Amazement* : here, bewilderment with terror and pity in it.
- l. 19. *More better* : Double comparatives, like double negatives, are very common in Elizabethan English.
- l. 21. *Thy no greater father* : thy father, no greater than his cell indicates.
- l. 24. His action is symbolical ; he is now just her father, about to tell her of their past.
- l. 27. *The very virtue* : the centre or essence.
- l. 28. *Provision* : arrangement. Perhaps, as some editors suggest, Shakespeare wrote *prevision*, foresight.
- l. 31. *Betid* : happened.
- l. 35. *Bootless inquisition* : resultless inquiry and wonder (*boot* from O.E. *bot*, advantage).

1. 41. *Out* : quite.
1. 45. *An assurance that my remembrance warrants* : a certainty for which my memory can vouch.
1. 53. The omitted first syllable gives this line effective emphasis : *Twèlve/year since, /Mirànd/a, twèlve/year since.*
1. 56. Shakespeare sees—and takes—the chance of making what was the favourite Elizabethan joke. Such lines as these must have been written almost automatically.
1. 64. *Teen* : trouble.
1. 69. *To him put the manage of my state* : gave him the handling of my affairs. *Manage* was a word used chiefly in connection with horses (Lat. *manus*, hand).
1. 71. *Signories* : lordships, petty kingdoms.
1. 73. *The liberal arts* : the arts that liberate the mind, the intellectual arts. Note how the metre, stiffening with Prospero's anger at recollection of his wrongs, grows knit and regular, in comparison with its slack and good-naturedly casual movement hitherto. But at 79 he becomes too indignant to be quite coherent ; see remarks in *Introduction*.
1. 80. *Who* : whom. A common usage in Shakespeare. English grammar is largely the invention of scholars. Shakespeare's liberty was a wide one.
1. 81. *Trash* : lop, cut down. *Trash*, as a noun, was the loppings of a hedge after being pruned, sticks and leaves of no value ; then rubbish, as in its sense to-day. Some commentators think that Shakespeare is mixing up metaphors from hunting—pushing dogs forward and then checking them—and from agriculture.
1. 82. *Or changed 'em, or else new-form'd 'em* : either changed Prospero's officers or else changed their character and loyalty.
1. 89. *Dedicated* : given up.
1. 90. *Closeness* : retirement.
1. 91. *With that which* : by means of study, which.
But by being so retir'd : if it were not that it necessitated retirement. Prospero is giving a grudging recognition of the fact that, after all, he brought the trouble on himself.
1. 92. *O'er-priz'd all popular rate* : ranked far above all popular estimation of it.

1. 94. *Like a good parent.* Editors quote Johnson's remark: "A father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it." Cf. the unkind opinion usually held of parsons' children. Augustine Birrell said in their support that the "Dictionary of National Biography" is the best justification of a married clergy—still, only a small proportion of the people in the "Dictionary" are there because of surprising excellence of character.
11. 97 *seq.* Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's comment on Shakespeare's later style comes in appropriately here: "nouns scurry to do the work of verbs, adverbs and adjectives form fours, sentences sweat and groan like porters with three thoughts piled on one back, and not one dares mutiny, any more than Ariel dares it against Prospero's most delicate bidding" (Cambridge University Press, "Tempest," 1921).

Sans: without. This French preposition was common in Elizabethan English; the language has since dropped it.

Lorded: established as lord.

1. 99. *But what my power might else exact*: He made an oppressive and illegal use of Prospero's power, to get funds over and above the lawful revenue.
1. 100. *Into truth*: unto truth, against truth. *By telling of it*: refers, by an ungrammatical anticipation, to "his own lie," in l. 102. The new Cambridge editors suggest reading *minted truth*; by constantly *telling* (*i.e.* counting, a still common use of the verb) false coinage, he at last *minted* it as the accepted currency of his own belief. Coining, of course, was a royal prerogative. The emendation is ingenious, but unconvincing.
1. 101. He made his memory a sinner against truth, since it firmly believed the lie he had so often repeated to it.
1. 102. *To credit*: the explanatory infinitive once so common in English. It explains in what respect his memory was a sinner. To-day, we should insert *as* before *to*.
1. 103. *Out o'*: because of.
1. 107. "To make the acting and nominal dukes one and the same person, with no difference between them." *Screen* also suggests that he had to keep up some pretence that he was acting on behalf of the real duke.

1. 109. *Me* : as for me ; or, perhaps, for me.
1. 112. *Dry* : thirsty.
1. 117. "Notice the terms he made with the King of Naples, and what happened as a consequence."
1. 118. "Miranda, who is fifteen years old, and has been brought up on the island, wanders to the notion of her grandmother's possible adultery in a reply which is out of character, and untrue to the situation. This was a *cliché* of the time, and may be marked '*passim*' in Shakespeare. It was absolutely without significance, and thrust in wherever a fool might expect it" (Robert Bridges, "Shakespeare").
1. 123. *In lieu o' the premises* : in return for the prearranged conditions.
1. 132. *Crying*. It is customary to quote Coleridge on this adjective. "The power of poetry is, by a single word perhaps, to instil that energy into the mind which compels the imagination to produce the picture. Here, by introducing a single happy epithet, '*crying*,' in the last line, a complete picture is presented to the mind, and in the production of such pictures the power of genius consists." The adjective *is* good, of course ; but its excellence is not above what is a commonly attained level, in poetry or in efficient literature of any kind. This throwing up hands of amazement, when confronted by quite ordinary merit, has brought much of our older criticism into a contempt which it does not deserve.
1. 134. *Hint* : mention.
1. 138. *Impertinent* : beside the point.
1. 139. *Wench* : a more respectable term in Shakespeare's time than now.
1. 144. *In few* : in few words.
1. 148. *Quit* : Verbs whose stem ends in *-t* in olden English often use the present form as a past tense. Thus *quit* and *hoist* for *quitted* and *hoisted*. The dental inflexion is absorbed by the dental which ends the stem. But *hoist* here may be the present tense, used in vivid narrative.
1. 151. *But loving wrong* : unlike Prospero's enemies, who acted in hatred.
1. 152. *Cherubin* : variant for *cherub*, angel. The form is

by mistake for *cherubim*, the Hebrew plural, used as a singular.

- l. 155. *Deck'd* : adorned. But the first meaning is to cover or overspread (cognate with Lat. *tego*, cover) ; this is probably the meaning here. Many unconvincing emendations have been suggested. The best is the latest. "Shakespeare probably wrote 'eckt' [*eked*, increased] with an over-sized initial, and the compositor took it for 'dekt' " (Q. and J. D. W.). The speech is very poorly expressed.
- l. 156. *Which* : Miranda's smiling.
- l. 160. The conversational looseness of such blank verse lines as this, as well as the conceits of ll. 150-151 and 155, shows Shakespeare writing out of a leisured carelessness. It is not good poetry or good verse ; but it does not lessen the effectiveness of this long, kindly, and tender exposition, and it contributes to the general impression the play leaves, of Shakespeare's laying by his art once for all. His singing-ropes are already hanging loosely on him.
- l. 179. *Now my dear lady* : now friendly to me.
- l. 187. He saw Ariel approaching, at l. 169 ("Now I arise"), but evidently signed to him to wait. This is the real opening of the play. Hitherto has been Prologue and Expository.
- l. 194. *To point* : exactly.
- l. 198. The crew have been treated by Ariel to a very fine display of the phenomenon known as "St. Elmo's fire."
- l. 207. *Coil* : disturbance.
- l. 209. *A fever of the mad* : an excitement such as madmen feel.
- l. 218. *Sustaining* : Editors suggest that the word means that the garments sustained the salt water without being damaged, or else that they kept their wearers from sinking, by buoying them up. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote *unstaining*—i.e. not receiving any stain.
- l. 223. *Odd angle* : out-of-the-way corner.
- l. 224. Ariel imitates Ferdinand's action.
- l. 229. *Still-vex'd Bermoothes* : always-stormy Bermudas. Shakespeare uses the Spanish pronunciation, picked up from sailors' conversation. Our newspapers to-day constantly report hurricanes there.

- l. 230. As we find from V. i. 231, Ariel has shut the sailors down.
- l. 231. *Suffer'd labour* : the toil they had suffered.
- l. 234. *Flote* : sea. Cognate with *flood*.
- l. 240. *Glasses* : hour-glasses—that is, hours.
- l. 241. *Preciously* : carefully, busily.
- l. 242. *Pains* : trouble.
- l. 250. *Bate* : deduct.
- l. 252. *The ooze* : the sea's bottom, not its surface.
- l. 253. Prospero pauses ; and looks at him searchingly and severely. This pause fills up the line.
- l. 258. *Envy* : bad temper.
- l. 261. *Argier* : Algiers.
- l. 264. *Terrible* : too terrible (for recounting). Shakespeare has spared us the revolting and filthy details which were probably in the original story.
- l. 266. *For one thing she did* : Shakespeare is careless here. He is taking over his story from a source which has since been lost, and he omits this detail. We do not know why Sycorax's life was spared. It may have been because she was pregnant ; but there seems to be something else intended here.
- l. 268. *Ay, sir* : Said while Prospero is still speaking ; the terrified Ariel is anxious to agree with his angry master. These two words could be printed as part of the previous line without making it a real alexandrine ; they huddle into the same time as that taken by *this true*.
- l. 269. *Blue-eyed* : Again, perhaps a detail taken over from Shakespeare's source, and left unexplained here. Or perhaps merely abuse.
- l. 271. *As thou report'st thyself* : sarcasm ; Ariel is being mutinous.
- l. 274. *Grand hests* : lordly commands. Prospero speaks with a touch of scorn.
- l. 288. *Howl* : in sympathy and pity.
- l. 293. Notice how these muttered replies, a word or two and no more, help us to see the delicate spirit shrinking before his master's bad temper. Prospero's behaviour may be partly justified as due to his excitement on finding danger of mutiny in the agent on whose co-operation success depends. Not that we need be at pains to justify Prospero, so long as he is a vivid and

convincing person. The "hero" of a play need not be a saint.

1. 298. *Spiriting* : work as your spirit-servant.
1. 299. The sudden return of buoyancy to Ariel. He is a childlike character.
1. 311. *Miss* : spare. Prospero ignores her protest. See remarks in the Introduction.
1. 317. *Quaint* : neat, dainty. There is no trace of the modern vulgar use of the word to mean "queer". (O.F. *coint*, from Lat. *cognitus*, known. Its Elizabethan meaning is said to have come from a false etymology, deriving it from Lat. *comptus*, adorned.)
1. 321. Ariel's commission results in Caliban's hasty emergence. Prospero not only shows a strange insensitiveness to his daughter's feelings, but he continues to show, as in the scene just over with Ariel, a pleasure in petty bullying and exercise of his authority. This weakness is often found in characters who are intellectual, but inefficient away from their books. This scene with Caliban is so spirited that we need not trouble as to whether Prospero behaves like a Christian. In his response to Caliban's delightful cursing, he details with gusto a lot of mean tortures that he has thought out.
1. 326. *Urchins* : probably here, goblins ; but especially, goblins who took the form of hedgehogs.
1. 327. *That vast* : that long, long stretch of night. Some have emended to :—
 Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work
 All exercise on thee.
1. 328. Thou shalt be covered with blisters as thickly as a honey-comb with cells.
1. 330. *I must eat my dinner* : He was doing this when Ariel bundled him into Prospero's presence. Caliban's speech has a dignity and simple poetry that win for him more sympathy than Shakespeare can afford to let him have ; so it is immediately stripped from him, by Prospero's revelation of his offence.
1. 334. *Water with berries in't* : coffee, some suggest. The East India Company were just learning of it.
1. 337. All the vigour of that age of exploration is in these lines. We can see adventurers pacing over newly found islands, looking for the best sites and best water.

1. 347. School editions almost invariably strike out the nature of Caliban's offence. I submit that this is not merely unnecessary squeamishness, but weakens the whole play. Prospero's treatment of Caliban becomes unpardonable, just revolting and contemptible cruelty.
1. 351. *Abhorred slave* : this speech is Miranda's in the Folio. But is given in our text to Prospero, following the almost unanimous practice of editors, who take it from her and give it to her father. It is objected that it is out of character on Miranda's lips, that it is shocking in its severity coming from her, that she was only an infant when she came to the island, and could not have been Caliban's teacher. Strong reasons ; but other things placed in her mouth are out of character (as we have seen), and we must remember that she was not a modern young lady, but lived when speech was vigorous and free in both sexes, that her severity had the most terrible provocation, and that Caliban's offence could not have been committed until the child had been some years in the island. Further, when Stephano tells Caliban (II. II. 139) that he is the man in the moon, the latter replies, "My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush."
1. 353. *Capable* : receiving, taking (the print of).
1. 357. I interpreted your meaning, and gave you words for it.
1. 364. *The red plague* : a kind of sore.
Rid you : get rid of you.
1. 369. *Old cramps* : probably, cramps already experienced by you. Or the intensive use, common in Shakespeare and in the slang to-day, as when we speak of "a gay old time !"
1. 370. *Aches* : pronounced as *aitches*, two syllables.
1. 373. *Setebos* : mentioned in a book (Eden's "History of Travel") of Shakespeare's time, as the chief deity of the Patagonians.
1. 375. For this song, we have to imagine a company of invisible nymphs advancing to meet the sea-waves—their partners in the dance—then curtseying to the waves and kissing them into silence. Partners in Shakespeare's time kissed in some dances ; kissing was

a much commoner and less significant custom than it is now.

- l. 377. There is a question of punctuation here. Should it be
 Courtsied when you have, and kissed—
 or The wild waves whist—
 or Courtsied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist ?

The latter interpretation is borne out by Milton's form of recalling the passage, in his "Nativity Hymn" :—

"The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kissed."

There the waves are kissed by their partners. Further, there is a deeper loveliness in this interpretation.

- l. 379. *Featly* : daintily (F. *fait*, Lat. *factus*, made).
 l. 380. *Burthen* : refrain.
 l. 392. *Its*. This word came in after Shakespeare's death. He must have written *his* ; the "Tempest" was printed first in 1623, and the printers changed the *his* here to *its*.
 l. 396. A drowsy boy in my class once read this line as "Of his bones are fossils made."
 l. 406. *Owes* : possesses.
 l. 407. Lift your eyes. *Advance* is often used with an implication of uplifting, as in "advance your standards."
 ll. 421-422. Grant that my prayer to know may be answered.
 l. 431. *Single* : alone. His father and companions are all dead (he thinks).
 l. 437. As we hear nothing else of the Duke of Milan's son, some have supposed that here is another item taken over by Shakespeare from his original, but not worked into his own plot. *Brave* : fine, splendid. So in *braver*, the next line, and elsewhere.
 l. 439. *If now 'twere fit to do't* : Prospero is wondering if the time has come to take control of Ferdinand, as a beginning of the process by which all the party of his enemy come under his wishes. Three lines further, he suddenly decides that it has, and he puts on a show of roughness to Ferdinand.

At the first sight They have changed eyes : they have fallen in love at first sight, and exchanged looks of admiration.

- l. 442. Sarcastic : you have claimed more than is your due, by asserting that you are King of Naples.
- l. 444. She counts Caliban as a man.
- l. 449. Prospero's reason for his interference has struck many readers, as it did Coleridge, as inadequate. But it is doubtful if Prospero knows why he acts as he does. It must be remembered that Shakespeare's characters are very like living men and women in this respect, that they often have to think out their course of action even while they are carrying it out ; passing from one deed to another, without being very clear as to why they do this or that. But the reason seems a fairly good one. See note on III. i. 39 *seq.*
- l. 462. *Muscles* : mussels.
- l. 464. *Entertainment* : treatment.
- l. 467. *Gentle* : of noble blood, free from all cowardice. Miranda warns her father, and (as his answer shows) annoys him.
- l. 468. *Foot* : dependent, inferior—*i.e.*, Miranda.
- l. 470. *Come from thy ward* : give up thy attitude of defence.
- l. 477. Since the subject at the back of Prospero's (and Shakespeare's) mind is singular, "he," the thought drags the grammar with it, and we get "there is" for "there are."
- l. 479. Compared with most men.
- l. 483. *Nerves* : muscles (Lat. *nervus*, sinew).
- l. 487. *Nor* : the negative idea in the speaker's mind changes *or* into *nor*. Thought is constantly bursting into grammar in this way—cf. 477.

Act II

Scene I

Pope deleted the first part of this scene, as not good enough to be by Shakespeare. Probably most readers go through Gonzalo's stupidities and the conspirators' witticisms with weariness ; but this is partly because humorous literature in any case has a higher mortality than any other kind (except perhaps didactic literature), partly because the scene that has just finished is so full of interest and of many-sided beauty. However dull

all these jokes may be, we must admit that the world has plenty of people like the conspirators and like Gonzalo, and that the scene effectively shows us the boredom which comes after the excitement of danger, and out of which discontent and revolt often spring. It is as if Shakespeare wished to remind us that we cannot spend all (or much of) our lives in the company of Mirandas and Ferdinands.

1. 1. Gonzalo throughout speaks like a fool ; he receives more commendation from Prospero than he deserves. Alonso, mourning for the loss of his son, shows great self-control.
1. 2. *Our escape* : the fact that we have escaped.
1. 3. *Hint* : cause.
1. 5. "The owners of some merchant-vessel, and the merchant who owned the cargo." As Mr. Verity remarks, the use of *merchant* in two meanings in one line is awkward. But perhaps it is, "those who finance a trader, and the trader himself."
1. 11. *The visitor* : Gonzalo, who is like a district-visitor calling to give consolation to a bereaved person.
1. 12. He is getting ready for a fresh attack on Alonso.
Wit : intellect, mind.
By and by : very soon.
1. 13. *Strike* : the "repeater" watches used to strike.
1. 15. *Tell* : count. Gonzalo, by saying, "Sir," has struck *one* ; listen, and see what time it is.
1. 16. "If you give way to every trouble that comes along." The word "entertain" suggests to Sebastian an inn, with griefs "entertained" at so much a head, a dollar each. Antonio and Sebastian, of course, are speaking in asides. But Gonzalo catches this remark.
1. 19. Shakespeare never misses a chance to pun. Puns in Elizabethan plays are "thrust in wherever a fool might expect" them. They are rather out of favour now. In any case, whatever may be said—and it is a great deal—for good puns, those which the characters in Elizabethan plays make are mostly poor ones.
1. 30. *The old cock* : There are many indications that Gonzalo looked like a bird ; perhaps he had a beaky nose and tousled hair, or hair like wings either side of a bald scalp. See l. 140, where they mockingly take up

- his remark about *foul* (*fowl*, a common Elizabethan pun) *weather* : 184, where they are going to go *bat-fowling* : and 265, where he is called a *chough* (I have taken the suggestion for this note from the edition of Sir A. Quiller-Couch and Dr. J. Dover Wilson).
1. 33. Antonio and Sebastian make a bet, the loser to laugh out loudly, as to whether Gonzalo or Adrian is going to speak next.
 1. 40. "He had to say 'yet.'"
 1. 41. *Subtle* : fine, pure.
 1. 42. *Temperance* : temperature.
 1. 43. Such names as "Temperance" (this, of course, as a girl's name) were becoming common among the Puritans.
 1. 44. Adrian's pompous words and manner suggest a sermon to Antonio and Sebastian, and they think at once of the habits of preachers.
 1. 47. Contradiction for "cussedness"—bad-tempered fun.
 1. 52. *Lusty* : vigorous.
 1. 55. "With streaks and spots of green in it."
 1. 56. "He is remarkably observant." Sarcasm, of course.
 1. 65. The pockets must have gathered a certain amount of sand or rubbish. Or does Shakespeare drag in the word *pocket*, to make a chance for a pun in the next line?
 1. 71. Sarcasm. See l. 122.
 1. 74. *To their queen* : for their queen. "We have Abraham to our father" (Luke iii. 8).
 1. 75. Gonzalo here adds this crowning pedantry—of dragging in an allusion to Dido—to the exhibition of incredible folly, bad taste, and irrelevance which he and his fellow-bore are giving.
 1. 76. The only reason discoverable for Antonio's annoyance is that he is one of those superstitious people who are distressed if anyone uses an "ill-omened expression" when they are in difficulty. "Don't talk of *widows* now, when we are all of us wondering if we shall ever see our wives again."
 1. 79. "How seriously you take it!" Sebastian is laughing at him.

1. 80. *You make me study of that* : you make me wonder about that. This is spoken aloud, not as an aside. *Study*, in the English Midlands, still means *think*.
1. 82. Tunis is near Carthage, and is its modern successor.
1. 85. *The miraculous harp* : either Amphion's, to whose music the walls of Thebes built themselves, or Apollo's, to which the walls of Troy rose. Gonzalo has recreated the old, forgotten city of Carthage.
1. 93. *Ay* : the Folio gives this to Alonso. But we cannot imagine that Antonio would have been so openly insulting to the king, in the next line. It is better to take it as Gonzalo hearing something said and turning to ask what it was. Or he may be beginning a new speech, getting no further than "I" (which is how "Ay" is spelled in the Folio).
1. 94. Openly derisive. "We'll explain it in due time." Or, on the second explanation of the *Ay*, just before, it is Antonio drawing attention to the fact that the watch of Gonzalo's wit (12) is striking punctually a second time.
1. 98. *Rarest* : fairest.
1. 99. *Bate*. Please make an exception of Dido.
1. 103. That was a happy qualification of the statement. *Well fished for* : he managed to hunt out the right word.
1. 105. "You force me to hear this nonsense, against my will."
1. 106. *The stomach of my sense* : the inclination of my common sense.
1. 108. *Rate* : opinion, reckoning.
1. 122. These words show almost incredible lack of feeling and decency.
1. 126. The reading is almost certainly corrupt. It seems ill-tempered and sarcastic consolation. You have at any rate got rid of *one* person who, if she knew her brother was drowned, would have cause to add her grief to that which wets your eye.
1. 129. *Weigh'd* : hesitated, like a pair of almost equally balanced scales.
1. 130. The construction is mixed. Either omit *at*, or understand *she* before *should*.
1. 132. *Moe* : more.

- l. 133. The speaker assumes that the fleet is destroyed, as well as the ship he was in.
- ll. 136-137. "Is wanting in tact and fitness of occasion."
- l. 139. Spoken like a good surgeon (Greek *cheir* + *ergein*, to work with the hands).
- l. 143. All this "witty" talk is very wearisome, but it is meant to be. A great deal of similarly "smart" talk is heard in every age, whose chief ingredient is a bad-tempered discontent.
- l. 146. This passage is considered to have some bearing on the date of the play. See Introduction, p. xxviii.
- l. 149. *Letters* : literature.
- l. 162. This use of *it* as a possessive occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare; cf. "King John," II. I. 160 :—
"Do, child, go to it grandam, child."
Foison : abundance. A "pouring out" (Lat. *fusio*).
- l. 172. *Minister occasion* : give an excuse for amusement.
- l. 173. *Sensible* : sensitive. Gonzalo's dignity is hurt, so he hits back at the two who have been laughing at him, instead of at the King, who has just rebuffed him.
- l. 176. "In this kind of silly humour I am nothing, compared with you two."
- l. 179. "That was a dazzling retort !"
- l. 180. "If it had not fallen so pointlessly." *Flat-long* : flatly, and not with the edge. *Long* is the adverbial suffix we have in *head-long*, not the adjective *long*.
- l. 181. "Ah, you're clever chaps. You could work wonders, if you were given enough time." But it seems rather unnecessary to annotate what is just bad temper.
- l. 184. *Bat-fowling* : bird-catching as practised on dark nights. A long torch was pushed into bushes; the birds roosting there were knocked down with "bats" (clubs), as they were dazed by the light.
- l. 185. This, of course, is mock-deprecation of Gonzalo's anger.
- l. 186. "I won't make a fool of myself for such silly provocation as yours."
- l. 193. *Omit* : neglect, put by.
Heavy offer : sleep's offer of its heavy self.
- l. 206. *What thou shouldst be* : king instead of Alonso.
The occasion : this chance of murdering Alonso.

- l. 208. *Dropping* : it comes so easily, like ripe fruit falling.
- l. 210. *A sleepy language* : "You are talking in your sleep." There has been no premeditation of murder ; and Sebastian forces Antonio to speak plainly.
- l. 215. "You are letting your chance go by."
Wink'st : this verb is often used in Shakespeare to mean *sleep*.
- l. 216. "You are noisy enough, for a sleeper."
- l. 219. *If heed me* : if you are going to take my suggestion seriously.
Which to do Trebles thee o'er : if you act as I suggest, it will make you three times as great as you are.
- l. 220. Probably Sebastian means that he is neutral and passive—non-committal, but willing to listen ; rather like a pool waiting for a stone to be thrown into it.
- l. 222. My natural laziness makes it easier for me to sink than to rise.
- l. 223. "If you only realised how much the suggestion appeals to you, even while you pretend to put it by."
- l. 224. "In pretending to make light of it, you are finding how attractive it is."
- l. 225. "Men whose fortunes are on the down-grade generally owe their bad luck to their timidity or laziness."
- l. 228. *Setting* : set look.
- l. 232. "Who, when once dead, will be as little remembered as he now remembers."
- l. 234. "He is a *counsellor*, giving advice and guidance is the only job he has."
- l. 237. *As he that sleeps here swims* : he points to Alonso.
- l. 238. "That 'no hope' that Ferdinand is still alive gives you 'great hope' in another direction—hope to be King."
- l. 241. "Ambition itself cannot see anything higher, and be sure it sees it"—*i.e.* the throne of Naples is the highest prize that can be clearly seen ; anything higher is just vague imagining.
- l. 246. *Ten leagues beyond man's life* : ten leagues away from any habitable and inhabited place.
- l. 247. *Note* : news. Pope says *letter*.
Unless the sun were post : The sun is the only thing

- common to her realm and Naples. The moon, of course, is also common ; but then, the distance from Naples to Tunis is too great for the " man in the moon " to traverse in a score of years.
1. 249. *That* should be omitted ; it is a repetition from 246.
 1. 250. *Cast* : cast up. But Shakespeare's mind seizes the word's theatrical sense and follows it up. " We were cast for the parts in a play to which all that is just over was prologue."
 1. 251. " We were evidently saved because we were destined to kill Alonso."
 1. 253. *Discharge* : business, action.
 1. 258. *Us* : the cubits.
 1. 260. *No worse* : no worse off.
 1. 265. *Chough* : jackdaw. To-day the word is used only for the red-billed crow, the Cornish chough, a bird that has been driven from all its inland haunts, and within the last twenty years has ceased to breed even on the Cornish cliffs. (It still nests on the coast of Pembrokeshire.) " I could teach a jackdaw to talk as sensibly."
 1. 269. *Tender* : receive. " Are you pleased with your luck ? "
 1. 272. *Feater* : neater.
 1. 275. *Kibe* : chilblain, or any sore on the foot.
 1. 276. *Put me to my slipper* : force me to use a slipper.
 1. 278. *That stand* : if they stand.
Candied : literally, white. " If there were twenty consciences between me and Milan, their fate should be that of snow, they should melt, before I let them stop me from getting what I wanted."
 1. 283. *Doing thus* : he illustrates by a thrust of his sword.
 1. 284. *Wink* : sleep.
 1. 285. *This ancient morsel* : this piece of old age. An emendation, approved by Johnson but not necessary, is *moral* for *morsel*.
 1. 286. " Who should not live to denounce us."
 1. 288. " They'll say it is the time for any job that we say should be done."
 1. 294. The two do not trust each other, and (295) Sebastian shrinks, at the last moment.

- 1. 298. *Thee* : a correction of the Folio *them*.
- 1. 301. *Time* : chance.
- 1. 320. *Verily* : understand some such verb as *said*. But probably we should read *verity* : "that's the truth."

Scene II

- 1. 3. *Inch-meal* : bit by bit. Cf. *piecemeal*.
- 1. 5. *Urchin-shows* : goblin - appearances, especially as hedgehogs.
- 1. 6. *Like a firebrand* : making themselves will-o'-the-wisps.
- 1. 9. *Mow* : make faces (F. *moue*, pouting).
- 1. 11. *Mount* : thrust bristling up.
- 1. 13. *Wound* : entangled, wound about.
- 1. 18. *Bear off* : keep off.
- 1. 21. *Bombard* : leather liquor-vessel.
That would shed his liquor : about to burst.
- 1. 27. *Poor-John* : salt hake.
- 1. 28. *As once I was*. Shakespeare proceeds to "pull the leg" of his English audience.
- 1. 29. *Painted* : i.e. outside the showman's tent, much as our cinema posters are displayed now.
- 1. 30. *Make a man of me*, by making my fortune.
- 1. 32. *Doit* : farthing (*duit*, a Dutch coin).
- 1. 33. *Dead Indian*—that is, an American Indian. More than one Elizabethan captain brought Indians to England. *Dead*, to balance *lame* (beggar); there is probably some contemporary reference which we have lost. There has been great search for this particular "dead" Indian, but we have not found him.
- 1. 38. *Gaberdine* : a long frock or cloak (Span. *gabardina*)
- 1. 42. Stephano enters, bringing the blessings of civilisation to Caliban, in the form of strong drink. Hazlitt's comment on this scene comes in well presently, when they grow jubilant with liquor : "These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play; but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison." But Hazlitt's judgment is not quite fair. They show courage, Stephano especially, and good-nature and cheerful-

ness. In Act V. i. 256, Stephano, hunted by invisible foes, urges that each look after the others, and keeps up his pluck. It was not simply by drunkenness that the Elizabethan sea-dog overran the world.

1. 44. *At a man's funeral* : in reference to what he has just sung :—

Here shall I die ashore.

1. 48. *Mall* : Mary.

1. 58. *Put tricks upon's* : play tricks upon us.

1. 61. *Four legs*. Trinculo and Caliban are under the same cloak. Stephano is being witty.

1. 70. *Neat's-leather* : ox-hide.

1. 74. *Fit* : of ague. See 66. *After the wisest* : in the wisest manner.

1. 77. *I will not take too much for him* : sarcasm, of course. Stephano exults in his prize.

1. 81. *Trembling*. Stephano is swaying with drunkenness.

1. 84. *Cat*. Steevens refers the reader to the proverb that good liquor will make a cat speak.

1. 90. *Delicate* : remarkable, gifted.

1. 99. *Long spoon* : referring to the saying that "who sups with the devil should use a long spoon."

1. 106. *Siege* : hindquarters, seat.

Moon-calf. The moon was held responsible for many things, for evil spells and witchcraft, lunatics, and such abortions and shapelessnesses as poor Caliban.

1. 114. Stephano feels sickish.

1. 146. *Well drawn* : a tribute to Caliban's powers of suction (from Stephano's bottle).

1. 166. *Crabs* : crab-apples.

1. 167. *Long nails* : This passage helps the reader to realise how adroitly Shakespeare by the figure of Caliban provided for the childlike love of strange sights that possessed the Elizabethans. With Caliban—a "fish," a creature with flapping, finny hands and long claws—and with harpies and Ariel as a sea-nymph, he has provided a whole circus in "The Tempest."

1. 169. *Marmoset* : now a species of Central American monkey. But the word was in English long before America was discovered, for any sort of small monkey.

1. 171. *Scamels* : a great deal of discussion and emenda-

tion has been given to this word. It is alleged to be a Norfolk name for the bar-tailed godwit—a bird which is only a rare visitor. Some favour *seamells*, said to be *seamews*. By way of throwing my stone on the cairn of emendations, I suggest that it should be *clam-shells*. The problem is of little importance.

1. 183. *Get a new man* : defiance addressed to the absent Prospero.

Act III

Scene 1

1. 1. *Painful* : toilsome.
1. 2. *Delight . . . sets off* : the delight “off-sets” the labour and compensates for it. *Baseness* : mean work.
1. 3. *Are nobly undergone* : bring credit when undertaken. *Most* : very.
1. 4. *Point to rich ends* : lead to results that are well worth while.
1. 11. *Upon a sore injunction* : under strict orders.
1. 15. This half-line—*Most busy lest, when I do it*—has called for much discussion and emendation. The *Second Folio* has *Most busy least*, which—according to those who adopt the reading—means “I am least busy (“Most busy in the least degree”—Verity) when I indulge in these thoughts.” But the words have to be put on the rack to yield that meaning. Many editors read *Most busiest*, “These thoughts come most busily while I do my task.” This reading brings us on to an easy highroad of simple meaning, but by an arbitrary cut across country. Mr. G. H. Cowling (“*Arden Shakespeare*”), quoting Mr. W. F. Trench, explains that Ferdinand breaks off, seeing Miranda approach : “Most busy lest, when I do it—” That seems to me the best explanation. We do not know what he was going on to say ; perhaps (these thoughts are) “most busy lest when I am at this wretched task I suddenly grow resentful.”
1. 21. It should not escape the reader how much enjoyable if simple fun is provided by such scenes as this—Prospero standing “invisible” (but not to the audience) while his faithless daughter urges Ferdinand to idleness.

1. 31. Such lines are not strict alexandrines. We must suppose that the first two syllables of the second speaker overlap the last two of the other, both speaking at one time.
1. 32. *Visitation* : attack (of compunction and pity). The word carries on the suggestion of *infected* in the previous line.
1. 37. *Miranda* means what is to be wondered at, admired (Lat. *mirandus*, feminine *miranda*, gerund of *mirari*, to wonder).
1. 39. *What's dearest to the world* : whatever the world most values. This frank speech suggests a reasonableness in Prospero's interference with the course of true love. For twelve years he has lived only for Miranda ; he is now an old man, and the achievement of her lasting happiness is all he has to live for. Again and again, we see his fears lest his hopes should fail, and her lover prove inconstant. The temporary restraint would do Ferdinand no harm. He was a king's son, accustomed to gardens warded by dragons unwatchful and complaisant. He is attractive and noble, as well as susceptible ; but Prospero's solicitude is wise, as well as touching.
1. 42. *Several* : different.
1. 44. *With so full soul* : either (1) referring to " Have I liked," or (2) " Never was any with so complete a perfection that she had not some defect."
1. 46. *Foil* : defeat. Suggested by *quarrel*.
1. 52. *Features* : the *whole* appearance, not face alone.
1. 57. *To like of* : to like. *Of* is a very intrusive preposition, constantly occurring in colloquial English, as in " What are you a-doing of? "
1. 59. *Therein* : in doing this, thereby.
1. 62. Something has fallen out. Perhaps the line ran " This wooden slavery, but for you, than suffer."
1. 63. *Blow* : make to swell and putrefy.
1. 69. *Event* : result.
1. 70. *Invert . . . mischief* : turn into bad luck the best fortune that awaits me.
1. 72. *What else* : whatever else there is.
1. 87. The emotion of this beautiful scene passes beyond words ; and Ferdinand kneels.

- 1. 89. *As bondage e'er of freedom* : as gladly as a prisoner would receive his freedom.
- 1. 91. *Sc. farewells.*
- 1. 93. *Who* : they in the previous line. Prospero had planned this.
- 1. 96. *Appertaining* : belonging to the scheme he was carrying out.

Scene II

- 1. 1. *Tell not me.* Stephano grandly repels a suggestion that they go steady with the wine.
- 1. 2. *Bear up and board 'em.* Probably a reference to the "enemy" —'em, Prospero and his forces, whatever they are—Caliban has already tempted Stephano to attack Prospero.
- 1. 9. *Set* : glazed with drunkenness.
- 1. 15. *This light* : the sun.
- 1. 16. *Standard* : standard-bearer. Trinculo points to Caliban's reeling condition, which makes him unable to stand, which is a *standard's* reason for its name.
- 1. 19. *Lie.* Shakespeare rarely misses a chance to pun on the different meanings of *lie* ; the joke slipped in mechanically. So here : " You'll lie too drunk to stir, and yet though lying you'll say nothing."
Dogs : a reference to the proverb, " Let sleeping dogs lie."
- 1. 26. *Justle* : jostle. With the law-respecting English, it has always been the height of reckless courage to assault a constable (O.F. *jouster*—Fr. *jouter*—to joust, tilt ; Low Latin *juxtare*, to approach ; Lat. *juxta*, near —*le* is the frequentative suffix).
Deboshed : debauched.
- 1. 34. *Natural* : idiot. There is a contrast with *monster* ; though so exceptional as to be a portent, he is yet a natural, a fool.
- 1. 48. Caliban, of course, supposes it is Trinculo who has spoken.
- 1. 58. *This thing* : Trinculo.
- 1. 66. *Pied* : referring to Trinculo's jester's garb, his variegated coat (Fr. *pie*, Lat. *pica*, magpie).
Ninny : fool (Ital. *ninno*, a child).

- Patch* : a common name for a jester, from his patched or pied coat.
1. 70. *Quick freshes* : fresh springs that were *quick* or living, *i.e.* perennial.
 1. 74. *Stock-fish* : dried cod, which was beaten before being boiled to make it tender.
 1. 82. *Hearing*. Ariel is supposed to have been audible to Caliban and Stephano, but not to Trinculo. Shakespeare takes rather a liberty in asking us to suppose this.
 1. 83. *Murrain* : the well-known cattle-plague (ultimately from Lat. *mori*, to die).
 1. 86. *Stand farther off* : perhaps said to Trinculo, but more probably to Caliban, who may have brought his unpleasant person sidling up nearer to Stephano and the bottle.
 1. 88. *Enough* : that is, more.
 1. 93. *Paunch* : stab him in the paunch, or stomach.
 1. 94. *Wezand* : windpipe, weasand (O.E. *wasend*). The relish which Caliban finds in thinking of different ways of disposing of Prospero has gone into these lines ; they show us what he had brooded over, in his cave in the rock.
 1. 96. *Sot* : fool (F. *sot*). Now a particular kind of fool, a drunkard.
Nor hath not : double negatives, like double possessives and superlatives, are too common in Shakespeare to need a note.
 1. 99. *Utensils* : things for use ; the clothes and hangings which later bring this conspiracy to grief.
 1. 100. *Withal* : as often in Shakespeare, simply *with*. Understand *it*, after *deck*.
 1. 101. *That* : the thing.
 1. 103. The length of this line, whether designedly or not, admirably conveys Caliban's admiration and wonder—as though he had spread his hands out while speaking.
 1. 109. *Save our graces* : God save our graces !
 1. 120. *Catch* : part-song.
 1. 121. *While-ere* : erewhile, a little while before.
 1. 122. *Do reason* : anything in reason.
 1. 130. *The picture of Nobody* : a topical allusion, we do not know to what. Editors say, the picture of a man with head, arms, legs, but no body, that was prefixed to

An anonymous comedy, "Nobody and Somebody," printed some time before 1600. But there are other explanations suggested; and, in any case, the passage seems to allude to something nearer the play's date than the comedy "Nobody and Somebody" was.

- l. 132. *Take't as thou list*: either a pot-valiant defiance of the devil, or an admission of helplessness in coping with diabolic action. Probably defiance.
- l. 134. *He that dies pays all debts*: death is the worst that can happen to us, and settles everything. So, like a valiant man, I defy death, which is all the unseen can do to me.
- l. 145. *That*: so that.
- l. 150. *By and by*: very soon. Our natural procrastination has made both *by and by* and *presently* move away from their meaning of *at once*, to *after some delay*. Such a passage as this shows us *by and by* in transition to its modern meaning; Stephano is half-inclined to postpone what he fears may be a dangerous enterprise.

Scene III

- l. 1. *Lakin*: ladykin, or little lady—i.e. the Virgin Mary. As Verity notes, the exclamation survives from pre-Reformation times.
- l. 2. *My old bones aches*: either a printer's error, or *bones* is collective in sense.
- l. 3. *Forth-rights*: straight stretches. *Meanders*: windings (from the River Meander, in Asia Minor).
- l. 5. *Attach'd with*: gripped by.
- l. 13. *Advantage*: opportunity.
- l. 14. *Thoroughly*: thoroughly.
- l. 20. *Give us kind keepers*: send us good guardian angels.
- l. 21. *Drollery*: puppet-show. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," referring to this play, speaks of "tales, tempests, and such like drolleries."
- l. 25. *What does else want credit*: for whatever else seems incredible.
- l. 32. *Gentle-kind*: gently kind, courteous.
- l. 33. *Generation*: race. But the word is nearer to its first meaning than it usually is now—those generated from humankind.

- ll. 32-34. mean "than you will find (the manners of many, nay, any of the human race."
- l. 36. *Muse* is generally explained as transitive—a very uncommon use. A full-stop after *muse*, and an exclamation-mark after discourse give a natural reading, by a simple emendation in punctuation.
- l. 39. *Praise in departing*: wait till the end of the entertainment, before you praise your host!
- l. 44. *Mountaineers Dewlapp'd like bulls*: a reference to *goitre*, prevalent in the Alps and other mountainous regions (in England, it is sometimes called "Derbyshire neck"). *Dewlaps* are the loose skin hanging from the neck of cattle and some breeds of dog.
- ll. 46-49. A reference to a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's "Discoverie of Guiana": "Next unto Arui there are two rivers Atoica and Caora, and on that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuri affirm the same: they are called Ewaipanoma: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders." The reference is none too friendly or respectful to so great a man as Raleigh. But there are indications, faint but in the aggregate convincing enough, that Shakespeare, who was a friend of the Earl of Southampton (the second in the Earl of Essex's faction and involved in that noble's ruin, though not executed), shared the resentment of Raleigh's supposed part in Essex's death, which did the former such harm. Raleigh went into his long imprisonment in the Tower (1603-1616) as the most unpopular man in England. All through his imprisonment he kept in touch with Guiana, sending out ships which almost beggared him and brought back disappointing results to those friends who ventured money in these enterprises. The next lines after these, in "The Tempest," seem to sneer at those explorers who got men to risk their money in voyages which brought back merely wonderful stories.

- l. 48. *Each putter-out of five for one* : every adventurer who insures himself. More accurately, it would be "each putter-out of one for five." The reference is to Elizabethan insurance methods : adventurers, before setting out, deposited a sum, for which they received fivefold if they returned, the banker keeping it if they did not return. The fact that such a system was found profitable by the bankers shows us how great were the risks in travelling then. *Will bring us Good warrant of* : every returned traveller now vouches for these wonders.
- l. 52. (Stage Direction) *With a quaint device* : with a clever piece of stage-machinery.
- l. 54. *To instrument* : as instrument.
- l. 56. *You* : object repeated.
- l. 60. *Proper* : own.
- l. 61. *Elements* : ingredients.
- l. 62. *Temper'd* : wrought.
- l. 65. *Dowle* : feather. Derivation uncertain, but it may be connected with *down*.
- l. 69. A slow, pausing line, with warning in its cadence.
- l. 71. *Requit*. See note on I. II. 148. (This is by analogy from *quit* for *quitted* ; *requite* is a compound from *quit*.)
- l. 79. *Whose* : referring to *powers*, 73.
- l. 80. *Falls* : the sense governs the grammar. In 79, Ariel is thinking of the *powers*, with their *wrath* personified separately ; here, of their wrath collectively.
- l. 81. *Is nothing* : there is nothing, there is no means.
- l. 82. *Clear* : sinless.
- l. 86. *With good life* : in lifelike fashion.
- l. 87. *Observation strange* : exceptional carefulness.
- ll. 95-102. A superb example of sound echoing sense, the verse clothing the thought as an athlete's actions clothe his impulse. The alliteration is to a great extent concealed, but is none the less effective ; in the *b's* and *t's* and *d's* is the very boom and swell of the sea, the hiss of waves is in the recurrent *s's*, and the *n's* of *organ*, *pronounced*, *name*, add sonority to the idea of surging music which the verse invokes. And *plummet* is a word whose sound renders the splash of a heavy weight dropping into the depths.
- l. 99. *Bass* : sound deeply.

1. 102. *But one fiend at a time* : if they will come one at a time.
1. 108. *Ecstasy* : madness (Gk. *ekstasis*, standing outside oneself).

Act IV

Scene I

1. 1. *Punished* : as often, ill-treated. Thus, a boxer takes or gives *punishment*—i.e. knocking about ; a batsman *punishes* a bowler.
1. 3. In the Folio *Third* : The other two-thirds were his wife and himself. Generally emended to *thrid*, thread, as here, though the change is hardly necessary.
1. 7. *Strangely* : exceptionally well. *Strange* is a word whose meaning has narrowed.
1. 9. *Off* : the adverb strengthens *boast*. We visualise Prospero holding his rich jewel *off*, at arm's length, as it were, that her lustre may be the clearer seen. The Folio reads *her of* ; the new Cambridge edition prints *hereof*.
1. 12. *Against* : even though against.
1. 14. *Purchas'd* : won (Fr. *pourchasser*, to acquire by following, by chasing).
1. 18. *Aspersion* : blessing (Lat. *aspergere*, sprinkle). The word is now used always in a bad sense, to mean calumny : *sanctimonious* (16) has similarly suffered. The thought of a rain (of blessing) being sprinkled on their marriage—*aspersion*—leads on to the thought of *weeds* in 21.
1. 23. *Hymen* : the god of marriage. As you hope for the god of marriage to light you to your nuptial chamber.
As : that.
1. 27. *Our worser genius* : our attendant evil spirit.
1. 30. *Founder'd* : lamed.
1. 37. *Rabble* : band.
1. 41. *Vanity* : trifle, empty show.
1. 42. *Presently* ? now ?
1. 43. *Twink* : wink, twinkling.
1. 47. *Mop* : grimace. Cognate with *mope*.
1. 50. *Conceive* : understand.
1. 51. What seems Prospero's over-officiousness in a matter which might, after his first warning, have been left in silence, irritates modern readers.

1. 56. *Liver* : to-day we prefer to suppose the heart to be the seat of passion.
1. 57. *Corollary*—superfluity—more spirits than necessary, a garland and embellishment of spirits (Lat. *corollarium*, money to buy a garland).
1. 58. *Pertly* : smartly, quickly. In its modern use, another good word gone wrong.
1. 59. Commentators remind us that at incantations, as at sacrifices in Ancient Greece and Rome, strict silence was enjoined. Cf. 126. But perhaps Prospero's chief thought is a fear lest the "vanity of his art" be wasted on spectators too busy talking.
1. 60. *Leas* : now pasture or fallow ; here tilled fields.
1. 61. *Vetches* : in the Folio *fetches*. There is one word—*fox*, feminine *vixen*—in whose case this old war of dialects over *f* and *v* has resulted in a drawn battle.
1. 63. *Stover* : fodder, hay. Shakespeare is probably thinking of the drying hay stacked in the fields in summer.
1. 64. One of the most famous difficulties in Shakespeare. But the context makes the general meaning quite clear, as "borders of fields, with ditches and ridges of earth." Hedges were not common till well on in the eighteenth century ; but fields had boundaries, which were commonly banks (*twilled* or *ridged*, as *twill* cloth), with ditches draining them (*pioned* ; cf. *pioneer*, one who saps or digs). The passage clearly refers to marshy fields. This explanation is reinforced by the next two lines ; the *chaste crowns* are primroses, April's characteristic flowers, and also flowers that love to grow on banks beside ditches. Cf. Arnold's lines :—

" In the hidden brookside gleam

Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime."

The *cold nymphs* are coy maidens, not water-nymphs ; and the primroses belong to them, either because their lovers offer garlands of primroses, or because the flowers have always been associated with thoughts and legends of chastity, coldness, shrinking purity.

For their interest, other explanations may be glanced at. Hanmer read *peonied and liliated* ; but the peony is not a British wild flower, except in the island of Steep Holm, in Severn estuary, where it must be naturalised,

and the only lilies that grow beside our streams are the iris, snowflake and fritillary. The last, though never a very common flower, was once more widely spread than to-day; Matthew Arnold's enthusiasm gave it a commercial value, so that the Thames fritillaries, almost the last in England, nearly all get sold in Oxford streets. His lines are:—

“ I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields.”

Some have alleged, without adopting Hanmer's emendation, that *peony* is a Warwickshire name for the king-cup; they have brought no satisfactory proof. Others have suggested *quilled*, i.e. reedy, for *twilled*; a good suggestion. Others, again, have suggested *tulip'd* for *twilled*; which would be an excellent reading if Shakespeare were a Dutch poet.

1. 66. *Broom-groves*: not very good, as the broom does not make groves. Perhaps *broom* should be *brown*.
1. 68. *Clipt*: embraced, as the poles are by the vines which climb them. *Clipt* in Elizabethan English means *embrace*. In this line, *Being* is two syllables, and *vineyard* three.
1. 71. *Watery arch*: Iris the rainbow.
1. 74. The peacock drew Juno's chariot.
1. 78. *Saffron*: taken from Virgil's description of Iris in flight (*Aeneid*, IV. 700). *Saffron* in strict usage implies, as here, yellow with a deep reddish tinge, as in the saffron or autumnal crocus. The word is used in this passage probably because rainbows are so frequent above the sunset of a stormy day.
1. 81. *Bosky*: bushy.
1. 85. W. J. Lawrence (quoted by Q. and J. D. W.) suggests that at this point a wedding-presentation was made to the royal bride and bridegroom.
1. 86 *seq.* Most of this mask is thin work, and in places, as here, childish. Hence some have thought it an interpolation, for some special court-performance; but the style is that of Shakespeare's slacker mood. The piece is no worse than most Elizabethan masks; Jonson's, the best, are poor as literature, except in patches. For this mask, the fairest verdict seems Hartley Cole-

ridge's : " There is not much either of melody or meaning in this mask. Prospero, when his spell enforced attendance of the spirits, should have provided them with smoother couplets and sager discourse . . . there are lines in it which smack of the poet. Iris, in her invocation to Ceres, is delightfully agricultural. The second verse is a harvest in itself. The third might have been written on Latrigg before it was ploughed." (The lines which he praises are 60 *seq.*)

1. 89. *Dis* : a name of Pluto, god of the underworld. Jupiter consented that he should carry off Proserpine, Ceres' daughter, to be his wife ; and he broke out of the ground as she was playing in the meadows of Enna, in Sicily, and took her.
1. 90. *Blind boy* : Cupid, god of love, and son of Venus.
1. 97. *Mars's hot minion* : Venus, according to a scandalous story beautifully told by Homer. The lyric which the goddesses chant is so lamentably bad that one would welcome proof of interpolation by another hand.
11. 113-114. I have no doubt that the new Cambridge edition has at last found the meaning of this couplet—nonsense hitherto. *Spring* means *offspring*, the new life which is to be born to the royal couple in the autumn. There is no sense in shirking this meaning ; the mask, if no other part of " The Tempest," was obviously written for the wedding of the King's daughter. Our forefathers were franker than we were until recently.
1. 117. Gracious words : possibly earned by the "pageant" qualities of the mask. But in his present happiness Ferdinand would not find fault with anything.
1. 120. *Confines* : abodes. But the word suggests what our forefathers believed—that the most active part of the spirit-world (evil spirits) was under penal sentence and imprisoned for most of the time, and the whole spirit-world under very strict discipline.
1. 122. *Wonder'd* : wonderful, endowed with wonders. In Folio, " So rare a wonder'd father and a wise." The line may be corrupt, as it is natural to imagine Ferdinand thinking here of Miranda, " the wonderful." I suggest:
So rare a wonder's father—and a wise—

- l. 122. Or "wise" may be emended to "wife" as in our text. Prospero silences Miranda who is about to speak.
- l. 127. *Windring* : an admirable "portmanteau" word, apparently the printer's amalgamation of *winding* and *wandering*.
- l. 129. *Crisp* : rough with winds and local gusts.
- l. 131. *Temperate* : perhaps gentle ; more probably, *chaste*, such nymphs as might fitly preside at such a "contract of true love."
- l. 137. *Footing* : dancing.
(Stage Direction). *Properly habited* : in the dress proper to their occupation. *Heavily* : perhaps a misprint ; otherwise, sadly, dejectedly.
- l. 144. *Distemper'd* : uncontrolled, not temperate.
- l. 147 *seq.* This magnificent passage is Shakespeare's transfiguration of another fine passage, in Count Stirling's "Darius" (published, 1604) :—
" Let Greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken ;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those glorious halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air."
- l. 155. *Rack* : cloud.
- ll. 158-162. One of the most beautiful examples of a thing always beautiful and touching. It is Age apologising to Youth ; Age, that has come to grievous knowledge, dreading to break in upon the happiness of Youth, fearing to be painfully irrelevant in the midst of such blessedness. There is something so inverted in this humility of gray hairs, conscious that their day is over and that they lag superfluous in a pageant where Youth and Hymen are masters, that it is hard to read this speech without emotion. For to this we must all come at last. And, as others have apologised to us, so we, when age and knowledge have tired and "vex'd" our brains, must apologise in turn to the fresh, bright generation treading on our heels.
- l. 163. *With a thought* : now, as soon as I think of you here.

1. 163. *I thank thee*: Dr. Dover Wilson makes the attractive emendation (new Cambridge edition) of *thank* to *think*. "Come with a thought! I think thee, Ariel! Come!" The suggestion is already famous, as it deserves to be; but it is likelier to convince scholars than poets. Prospero thanks Ferdinand only, and turns to summon Ariel. Or, he thanks Ariel for his prompt appearance on being thought of (see Ariel's own past words).
1. 170. *I told you, sir*: Ariel has not done so, in the play as we have it. This is one of several indications—the play's shortness is another—that "The Tempest" was printed from a prompt-copy, and passages omitted.
1. 179. *Goss*: gorse.
1. 183. A touch of stupid coarseness, disfiguring the dainty Ariel and very unconvincingly put in his mouth.
1. 185. *Trumpery*: showy rubbish (F. *tromper*, deceive).
1. 186. *Stale*: decoy (cf. steal).
1. 192. *Line*: lime (tree).
1. 194. *Foot fall*: better as two words to get the hushed movement of Caliban's voice and words.
1. 196. *Jack*: jack-o'-lantern. Ariel has led them into a filthy pool, as if he were a will-o'-the-wisp.
1. 205. *Hoodwink*: blindfold, and so, cover. But what Caliban is thinking is, the sight of Miranda will "hoodwink" Stephano, not the mischance; Stephano will think no more of trials which befell by the way to such a wonder.
1. 216. *Good mischief*: murder of Prospero.
1. 221. Trinculo is remembering the old song:—
 "King Stephen was a worthy peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown;
 He held them sixpence all too dear—
 With that he called the tailor lown."
 ("The Old Cloak.")
1. 225. *Frippery*: old clothes shop (F. *friperie*, old clothes).
1. 234 seq. It is hard that we should be expected to make more sense out of these words than Stephano put into them. Editors suggest that "line," after first meaning lime or linden tree, then means equator; and that "losing your hair" refers to fevers that come when people cross the equator, and cause the hair to fall out. This explanation seems needlessly elaborate; Shake-

- speare's audiences had not the time for his jokes that we have, and his point had to be something that was taken at once. There may be some personal reference here which we have lost ; perhaps to some well-known actor or character of the day. We need only suppose that such a person wore a leather suit (jerkin) and became bald, to believe that the remark (to us meaningless) drew a laugh three centuries ago.
- l. 238. *By line and level* : like carpenters, by rule.
 - l. 243. *Pass of pate* : rapier-thrust from that brain of yours.
 - l. 244. *Put some lime upon your fingers* : make some of this fine stuff stick to your hands, enrich yourself with it.
 - l. 260. *Cat o' mountain* : wild cat. Later used for the Canada lynx (*catamount*).

Act V.

Scene I

- l. 3. *Goes upright with his carriage* : Time is walking very well, so far as I am concerned ; Time carries himself well. Some interpret, " Time is carrying out very well the work I have given him " ; my affairs are prospering.
- l. 10. *Weather-fends* : shelters from wind.
- l. 24. *Passion* : suffer ; a verb.
- l. 33 *seq.* Another passage which Shakespeare found elsewhere and touched into immortality. In Golding's translation of Ovid's " *Metamorphoses* " (published 1565) occur these lines :—
*" Ye Airs and Winds : ye Elves of Hills, of Brooks, of Woods alone,
 Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approach ye everyone,
 Through help of whom (the crooked banks much wondering at the thing)
 I have compellèd streams to run clean backward to their spring.
 By charms I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas plain,
 And cover all the Sky with clouds and chase them thence again.
 By charms I raise and lay the winds and burst the Viper's jaw,*

And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.

Whole woods and forests I remove : I make the Mountains shake,

And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.

I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O light-some Moon,

I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon. Our sorcery dims the Morning fair, and darks the Sun at noon."

That incantation is Medea's, seeking to prolong the life of Jason's father. It was Warburton who first drew attention to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Golding. Golding's lines are beautiful ; but out of them Shakespeare has made one of the supreme passages of poetry. The lines that I have italicised (following Brandes) do not represent the whole of "The Tempest's" indebtedness to this passage.

Wordsworth recalled Prospero's speech of renunciation in the close of his "Immortality" Ode :—

"And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves—"
where he says farewell to his own old magic.

1. 35. *Chase and fly* : as when they were partners with the waves, dancing to Ariel's singing.
1. 36. *Demi-puppets* : tiny living dolls. Affectionate contempt ; Prospero has become quite gracious.
1. 37. *Green sour ringlets* : "fairy rings"—the small circles of rank, deep-green grass, caused by fungoid growths.
1. 50. *Rough magic* : he is tired of mastery.
1. 51. *Required* : asked for.
1. 52. Prospero makes a sign that he wants music, either here or five lines later.
1. 53. *That* : refers to those on whom the charm is to work. "On the senses of those for whom this airy charm is."
1. 54. *This airy charm* : this music.
1. 59. *Fancy* has always a stronger meaning in Shakespeare than to-day.
1. 60. *Boil'd* : overheated.
1. 61. This short, suddenly snapped line tells us that Alonso had excitedly come forward, to be brought up

by magic. The line, like the King of Naples, stops abruptly. There are many short lines in Shakespeare which are due to loss of part of the text ; but there are very many too expressive to be anything but deliberate.

- l. 63. *Even sociable to* : in exact sympathy with.

Show : appearance.

- ll. 74-75. I suggest a punctuation which gives a better reading :—

Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine ! That entertained ambition
 Expelled remorse and nature !

- l. 76. *Remorse* : simply pity, as often in Shakespeare.

- l. 81. *The reasonable shore* : the shore of reason.

- l. 88 *seq.* As might have been expected, this beautiful song has vexed editors. There has been argument whether a cowslip may be said to have a "bell" ; then it has been alleged that owls cried only in winter, a statement abandoned after research and much questioning of farmers and rustics. We next come to the bat ; it is not a migratory creature, so some commentators have changed "summer" into "sunset," an emendation which had Macaulay's approval. It must have been a member of the same commentator clan who changed "sleep" into "sheep" in Wordsworth's line :—

"The winds come to me from the fields of sleep."

Furness asks a good question : "What has natural history to do with 'The Tempest,' where all is unnatural history?" In any case, this song of Ariel's is as natural as it is charming.

- l. 96. These three "so's" may be a misprint for "go, go, go." Or, more likely, are his directions to Ariel, who is helping him to attire himself, with hat, rapier, etc.

- l. 112. *Trifle* : "a thing of naught," a phantom.

- l. 118. *Thy dukedom I resign* : my suzerainty usurped over it.

- l. 128. *Justify* : prove.

- l. 140. It is too great to be solaced by patience.

- l. 145. *Late* : recent.

- l. 146. *Dear* : deeply felt, great.

- ll. 146-148. I have lost my only child ; you still have a child, your daughter Claribel.

- l. 155. *Devour their reason* : the meaning is clear enough,

but the metaphor is not a happy one. Perhaps a misprint for "give o'er" (? due to a mis-hearing of the line). They doubt the evidence of their reason.

1. 163. *Day by day* : for day after day. It will take some time.
1. 170. *A wonder* : one of the many plays on Miranda's name.
1. 195. *A second life* : life renewed and enriched by the gift of Miranda.
1. 196. *Hers* : her father.
1. 213. So ends a scene which shows how a fairy tale can carry more pathos than many a tragic history. It contains such packed things as Prospero's pregnant "'Tis new to thee," of the world that looks so differently to him and to his child ; and his hasty checking of Alonso from thoughts that will make him too break down in tears (ll. 198-200). Even Gonzalo the garrulous at last says in ten words more than in the whole of the rest of his part in the play :—
 "and all of us ourselves
 When no man was his own" (ll. 212-213).
1. 218. *Blasphemy* : blasphemer.
1. 219. The boatswain's swearing had made Providence desert them.
1. 223. *We gave out split* : we gave up as split.
1. 225. Ariel's childlike pleasure in his work is very engaging.
1. 238. *Trice* : in a moment (Span. *tris*, a glass-cracking).
1. 244. *Conduct* : conductor.
1. 246. There is a mental tempest in this play ; and its imagery implies as much. Three times is mental process spoken of as "beating," as though the mind were a bird facing the buffetings of the wind : I. ii. 176, IV. i. 162, and here. *Infest* : trouble. The meaning is very close to that of the Lat. *infestus*, hostile, vexing.
1. 248. *Single* : either (1) of every single one of these happenings ; or (2) alone with you.
1. 249. I will clear up for you each of these happenings in a way that will make them seem probable. The syntax is unusually mixed, even for "The Tempest."
1. 250. *Accidents* means *happenings* ; so *happen'd* is unnecessary.

- l. 262. *Fine* : either (1) finely dressed, in his ducal robes ; or (2) clever.
- l. 267. *Badges* : their livery, as servants.
- l. 271. A very obscure line. It is not clear whether the two her's refer to the moon or to Sycorax. The meaning seems to be, Sycorax could tamper with the moon's control of nature, without the moon being able to check this. This makes *her* refer to the moon both times, and *power* mean authority or sanction.
- l. 280. *Gilded* : suggested by *grand*. A common Elizabethan term for being drunk. "This golden liquor which has made them so rich." It does not seem to have been noticed by editors that the line is a scornful reference to the fact that these drunken louts are incongruously garbed in Prospero's showy rubbish.
- l. 284. *Fly-blowing* : flies will not touch a pickled or salted thing.
- l. 288. *A sore one* : he puns on the two meanings of sore.
- l. 290. *Disproportion'd* : clumsy and unnatural.
- l. 293. *Trim it handsomely* : behave circumspectly and well. Yet there is an unwonted humanity in these words to poor Caliban. Prospero has found more than his dukedom (cf. ll. 211-212).
- l. 308. *Nuptial* : now generally plural, *nuptials*.
- l. 311. "Othello's occupation's gone" : Miranda's happiness is secured.
- l. 315. They are to overtake the fleet that had lost them.
- ll. 317-318. In words that are almost a gesture—and with tenderness in their brevity—Prospero dismisses Ariel, and bids his old simple human life gather round him again.

Epilogue

Cf. Shelley's "To Jane, with a guitar," and note what life and beauty he has put into the same metre :—

"Ariel to Miranda—Take
This slave of music."

Prospero's appearance on the stage, in his ducal robes, would be impressive enough to render good poetry unnecessary. This Epilogue, possibly not by Shakespeare, is poor ; but that does not matter. The play

is over ; the writer probably never dreamed the Epilogue would be printed.

- II. 4-5. An appeal for applause. The fiction is, Prospero cannot get away home unless the audience graciously signify (" in the usual way ") that they think the dramatist has done rather well.
- I. 15 *seq.* Strangely pious and (at first sight) irrelevant. Perhaps editors are right when, following Warburton, they suggest that Prospero is here the wizard, aware that his magic was grievous sin, asking people to pray with him for his forgiveness. But, if so, this is the only hint in the play that Prospero's magic had anything harmful in it ; and witchcraft was too serious a thing in James the First's reign for Shakespeare to have represented the hero of a play as an evil magician. What seems possible is that here we have Shakespeare himself leaving his life's work and letting his own thoughts break through—a vague, enigmatic gesture, whose significance he hardly knows himself, and certainly does not care if the audience know. The spectators would feel that they had heard some excellent sentiments ; something sound and fine about prayer. " Never mind what it meant ! it was good stuff—let's all clap ! "

" From that day forth the Isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen.

Some say 'tis buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
About its savage rocky shores,
Nor e'er is known to sleep."

(" The Enchanted Island."

A ballad based upon " The Tempest,"
and written a few years after it.)

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has kindly given permission to reprint the following poem, which embodies an interesting theory of the origin of *The Tempest*. A party of sailors have made their way back to England after being shipwrecked in the West Indies, and have tramped from Dover to London, telling the tale of their adventures to earn food and a bed along the road. At a Southwark theatre—the Globe, as we see from the jest in the seventh stanza—one of the company pays them liberally for an evening of the tallest stories they can tell him. He is, of course, William Shakespeare.

THE COINER

(Circa 1611)

(RUDYARD KIPLING)

(To be sung by the unlearned to the tune of “King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,” and by the learned to “Tempest-a-brewing.”)

*Against the Bermudas we foundered, whereby
This Master, that Swabber, yon Bo'sun, and I
(Our pinnace and crew being drowned in the main)
Must beg for our bread through old England again.*

For a bite and a sup, and a bed of clean straw
We'll tell you such marvels as man never saw,
On a Magical Island which no one did spy
Save this Master, that Swabber, yon Bo'sun, and I.

*Seven months among Mermaids and Devils and Sprites,
And Voices that howl in the cedars o' nights,
With further enchantments we underwent there.
Good Sirs, 'tis a tale to draw guts from a bear!*

THE TEMPEST

*'Twixt Dover and Southwark it paid us our way,
Where we found some poor players were labouring a play ;
And, willing to search what such business might be,
We entered the yard, both to hear and to see.*

*One hailed us for seamen and courteous-ly
Did take us apart to a tavern near by
Where we told him our tale (as to many of late),
And he gave us good cheer, so we gave him good weight.*

*Mulled sack and strong waters on bellies well lined
With beef and black pudding do strengthen the mind ;
And seeing him greedy for marvels, at last
From plain salted truth to flat leasing we passed.*

*But he, when on midnight our reckoning he paid,
Says, " Never match coins with a Coiner by trade,
Or he'll turn your lead pieces to metal as rare
As shall fill him this globe, and leave something to spare. . . ."*

*We slept where they laid us, and when we awoke
'Was a crown or five shillings in every man's poke.
We bit them and rang them, and, finding them good,
We drank to that Coiner as honest men should !*

For a cup and a crust, and a truss, etc.

APPENDIX

I. THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon. His father, one of the leading citizens of the town, was a glover who also traded in agricultural produce and possibly did some farming. It is assumed that he gave his son the ordinary education of a boy of his class at the local grammar school. Nothing is definitely known of the early life of the dramatist, however, until his marriage at the age of eighteen to Anne Hathaway, a woman some eight years older than himself. About 1584 he left Stratford and came to London. Here he must soon have joined a company of players, but there is no record of his activities until 1592, in which year it appears from a satirical comment made on him by Robert Greene that he was becoming well known as a playwright. His first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, appeared in 1593; it was followed by *Lucrece* in the next year. Both these poems were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. We next hear of him as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of actors (who became "the King's men" after James's accession), and he probably remained in association with them for the rest of his working life. From 1599 the company occupied the Globe Theatre on the Bankside in Southwark. As an actor Shakespeare is said to have taken the parts of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. As a playwright he was the mainstay of the company; for about fifteen years he provided them on the average with two plays a year. His growing prosperity was indicated by his purchase, in 1597, of New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. About 1610 he left London and went to live as a retired gentleman at his Stratford home. He died there in 1616.

THE TEMPEST

2. THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS

In the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623 no indication was given of the dates when they were first produced. Even in the case of the previously issued Quartos of some of the separate plays the dates on the title-pages are not to be taken as those of the earliest productions. The dating of Shakespeare's works is therefore a matter for conjecture based on such indirect evidence as is available. The following list gives an order which would be generally accepted :—

1590—1596

Henry VI, Pts. I, II, and III
Richard III
Comedy of Errors
Titus Andronicus
Taming of the Shrew
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Love's Labour's Lost
Romeo and Juliet
Richard II
Midsummer Night's Dream

1596—1600

King John
Merchant of Venice
Henry IV, Pts. I and II
Much Ado About Nothing
Henry V
Julius Caesar
Merry Wives of Windsor
As You Like It
Twelfth Night

1600—1608

Hamlet
Troilus and Cressida
All's Well that Ends Well
Measure for Measure
Othello

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Macbeth
King Lear
Antony and Cleopatra
Coriolanus
Timon of Athens

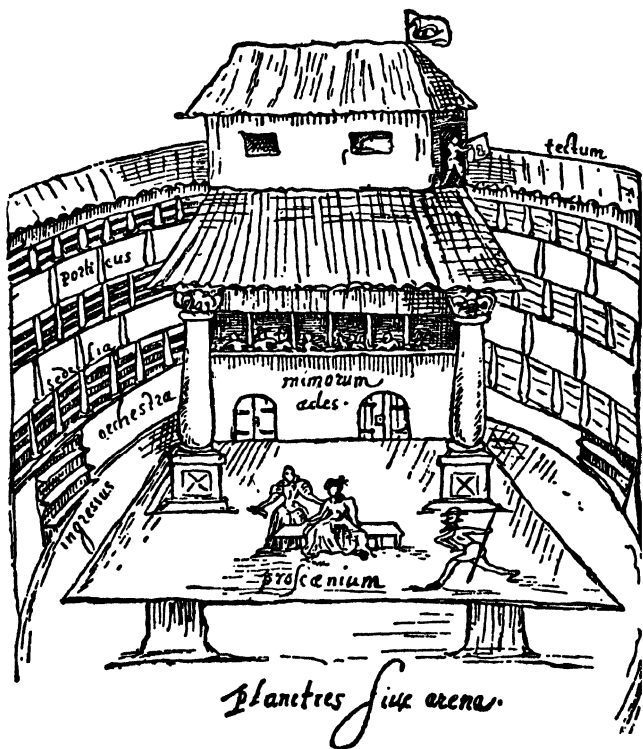
1608-1613

Pericles
Cymbeline
Winter's Tale
Tempest
Henry VIII
Two Noble Kinsmen

3. THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Shakespeare's plays were originally acted under conditions very different from those of to-day. Playhouses were new institutions—the first of them had been built in Shoreditch in 1576—and the technique of play-production was in its infancy. Moreover, as the first theatres were by no means like those we know in plan and construction, the dramatists necessarily employed methods that would seem strange to their present-day successors.

In general form the public theatres of Shakespeare's time resembled the galleried inn-yards in which companies of actors had previously set up a temporary stage for their performances. The stage was a rectangular platform projecting into the "yard," which was open to the sky. There were no seats on the floor around the stage: the "groundlings" stood and enclosed the actors on three sides. More expensive accommodation was provided in tiers of galleries running right round the building. The topmost gallery had a thatched roof. Fashionable young gallants were allowed seats on the stage itself. The plays were performed in daylight, usually in the afternoon. There were some differences between the "public" and the "private" theatres: the private theatres, like the Blackfriars, were roofed, used artificial light, and were attended by a better-class audience. No painted scenery was used; but some indication of the place represented might be given by such movable properties



THE DE WITT DRAWING OF THE SWAN THEATRE

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as a bed or a single small tree symbolising a wood. The stage itself was sheltered by a roof. In the floor there was a trap-door through which ghosts and apparitions rose and descended. This is the explanation of the stage direction "Descends" in connection with the apparitions in *Macbeth*, IV. 1. The main stage could not, of course, be curtained off.

At the back of the platform were two doors through which the actors entered. In the space between these doors was hung a curtain which, when drawn, revealed an inner stage. In this recess Ferdinand and Miranda would have been shown playing their game of chess, and the play-scene in *Hamlet* would have been performed. It could serve also for Lear's hovel, Prospero's cell, or the tomb of the Capulets.

Above the inner stage was a balcony forming part of the lowest gallery running round the house. This upper space could be used for the sleeping-rooms of Macbeth's castle, for Juliet's balcony, or the room in Shylock's house from which Jessica throws down the casket to Lorenzo. The stage direction "Enter Above" frequently found in the old texts means that the actors are to come on to this gallery.

The De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre, here reproduced, is the only clear contemporary pictorial evidence of what one of the Elizabethan playhouses looked like. Even this is probably incorrect in some of the details. The original rough sketch of the theatre made by John de Witt for his *Observationes Londinenses* is lost, but a copy of it made by Arend van Buchell of Utrecht survives.

With regard to the actors who performed on the Elizabethan stage, all that need be said is that they included no women in their companies. Female parts were played by boys. At one time a company consisting entirely of boys—members of the choir of the Chapel Royal—was very popular.

The peculiar conditions of the Elizabethan theatre must be taken into account when we are examining Shakespeare's stage-craft. They explain, for instance, the frequent change of scene which is a characteristic of the plays of the time. The audiences did not demand realism: they were prepared to use their imagination and accept the simplest symbolism as a means of suggesting the place of action. The extreme example of Shakespeare's free treatment of place and time is seen in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he has a

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succession of very short scenes located in a variety of widely separated places. The typical modern dramatist would not deal with his material in this way. He works with the knowledge that a change in the supposed place demands a change in scenery, which takes time and may cause an undesirable break in the action. Moreover, every additional "set" required adds considerably to the expense of production. There is good reason, therefore, why a modern play should differ considerably in shape from an Elizabethan play.

The absence of scenery and lighting had other minor but interesting results. The dramatist was compelled, for example, to introduce into the dialogue indications of time and place that would now be superfluous. A famous instance occurs in *Julius Caesar*. In the Orchard Scene the audience is to suppose that it is night. Brutus therefore opens with the remark :—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.

And throughout the scene the darkness of night is insisted on by the speakers. Similarly, the second act of *Macbeth* begins at night. Hence, when Banquo enters, he is preceded by a torch-bearer, and he talks about the moon and the stars. Again, the description of Macbeth's castle put into the mouth of Duncan and Banquo is introduced not merely for the sake of the lyrical touch very welcome at this point, but in order to give the spectators information which could not be conveyed to the eye by a stage-picture of a castle.

Since the actors were playing on an open platform-stage, they had to aim at different effects of grouping from those obtained in the modern theatre, where the proscenium acts like a picture-frame entirely separating performers from spectators. Processions and dancing were freely introduced, and the elaborate costumes worn by the actors gave colour to the scene. The fact that the performers were immediately surrounded by spectators obviated to some extent the difficulty experienced nowadays in speaking the soliloquies and the asides that were a regular part of the old stage convention. There was an intimacy between players and audience

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that made it seem not unnatural for a character to allow his private thoughts to be overheard.

Owing to the absence of a curtain for the main stage, the dramatist had to take special measures when he required a scene to end with a definite break in the action. He had to arrange for all his characters to leave the stage. The problem was most serious at the end of the play. The final scene of *Hamlet* illustrates the difficulty. A modern playwright would bring down the curtain at the climax, that is, when Horatio, bending over the body of his dead friend, says :—

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

But, on the Elizabethan stage, if the play had ended here, the dead would have had to rise and walk off. To obviate this absurdity, Fortinbras and the English ambassadors are brought in, and the scene is prolonged for Fortinbras to say :—

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage . . .

There is a dead march, and the soldiers carry the bodies of Hamlet and the other dead off the stage.

It may be noted, finally, that the first theatres were used not only for dramatic performances but also for bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and athletic contests. The public liking for exhibitions of bodily skill to some extent influenced the fare provided by the playwrights. Shakespeare, for example, indulged his audiences with the wrestling match in *As You Like It*. This was a genuine contest. Similarly, the broadsword fight at the conclusion of *Macbeth* was a real trial of skill between combatants accustomed to their weapons.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act I

1. The first 186 lines of Scene II., up to Ariel's entry, are expository and do the work of the Prologue of a Greek drama. Rewrite them as a Prologue, in not more than 40 lines blank verse, keeping as close to Shakespeare's text as possible, and beginning :—

I am that Duke of Milan, twelve year since

A Prince of power—

and ending :—

Approach, my Ariel ; come !

2. Show how, in this First Act, Shakespeare provides mask and pageant elements appealing to the senses of his audience.

3. Express the following passage clearly in your own words :—

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'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound.

4. How are Miranda's simplicity and lack of experience indicated in this First Act ?

5. How are the contrasted natures of Ariel and Caliban brought out in their first speeches after appearance ?

Act II

1. What dramatic purpose do you think Shakespeare intended the first 180 lines of Scene I. to serve ? Do they achieve it ?

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2. Paraphrase the following lines :—

Sebastian. But, for your conscience—

Antonio. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if it were a kibe,
'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,
And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
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.

3. "Both in characterisation and incident the Second Act is satire rather than drama." Do you think this criticism justified ?

4. Show how the contemporary element in this Act—the allusions which went home to the first audiences—lessens its appeal to us to-day.

Act III

1. Give the context, and explain the meaning of :—

(a) All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

(b) and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

2. Caliban asserts of his fellow-servants and Prospero :—
they all do hate him

As rootedly as I.

What do you think would have happened if the marauding party led by Caliban had managed to get hold of Prospero's books and burn them ?

3. What incidents and experiences of the minor characters influence Prospero's mood in this Act and begin to change it to softness and pity ?

4. Trace the beginnings and growth of Caliban's disillusionment with the new gods he has found in Trinculo and Stephano.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act IV

1. Are you satisfied that we have the right reading in the following passages?—

- (a) Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims.
- (b) You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the windring brooks.
- (c) So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

2. What signs are there in this Act of "The Tempest" having been written for a special occasion?

3. Paraphrase the following lines :—

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;
At which, like unbacked colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Act V

1. Assuming the following lines to be in part Shakespeare's description in symbolism of what he had himself done, translate them into a straightforward prose statement of his life's achievement :—

I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art.

2. Write, in prose or verse, a brief exchange of farewell

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speeches between Prospero and Ariel, when the latter, after giving the fleet safe convoy, finally goes back to the elements.

3. Imagine Caliban's reflections as he sees the ship which takes his master away disappearing over the sea-horizon of his island.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. WHY is "the commercial theatre"—as distinct from amateur producers—shy of producing "The Tempest" ?

2. Contrast the characters of Caliban and Ariel.

3. Do the thoughts put into Caliban's mind by Browning, in his "Caliban on Setebos," seem to you in character ?

4. "Gonzalo is humorous common sense incarnated." Discuss this statement.

5. "The scenery is autumnal throughout, and the time is that of the autumn equinox with its storms and shipwrecks. With noticeable care all the plants named, even those occurring merely in similes, are such flowers and fruit, etc., as appear in the fall of the year in a northern landscape. The climate is harsh and northerly in spite of the southern situation of the island and the southern names. Even the utterances of the goddesses, the blessing of Ceres, for example, show that the season is late September—thus answering to Shakespeare's time of life and frame of mind" (Brandes). Show how the *mood*, or *psychological climate* of "The Tempest" is autumnal, despite the presence of Ferdinand and Miranda.

6. "Like Prospero, he had sacrificed his position to his art, and, like him, he had dwelt upon an enchanted island in the ocean of life" (Brandes). Do you think this statement justified by what we know of Shakespeare's life? To what extent does Prospero seem to express Shakespeare's own mind ?

7. "There are many things in life that must take precedence of literature." Discuss this statement, and indicate any things which seem to you more important. How far do you think Shakespeare would have agreed with you, judging by "The Tempest" ?

8. Take any passage in the play which seems to you to

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show special metrical skill, and show how the rhythm fits the sense.

9. For what reasons would it be appropriate if "The Tempest" were the last play that Shakespeare wrote?

10. A mask is primarily to display dancing, a pageant is for scenery and show, a drama for the expression of character in action. Show how "The Tempest" partakes of the qualities of all three.

