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The "Teaching of English" Series

SHAKESPEARE'S
THE TEMPEST

No. 95



ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

*From a pen-drawing by
E. Heber Thompson*

SHAKESPEARE'S
THE TEMPEST

EDITED BY
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*"The reader acts the play
himself in the theatre of
his own mind"*

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS series is planned with one simple aim in view—to make the reading of Shakespeare's plays as easy and straightforward as possible.

Notes are reduced to the smallest compass. First, in order that the reader's imagination may have definite material to work with, the list of the *dramatis personæ* is followed by a suggestion of their dress and appearance; and when practicable, illustrations are given. Second, the text, which is presented without any further preliminary, is accompanied by footnotes which form a Glossary of obsolete or misleading words.

The play may therefore be read at first sight without let or hindrance—without even the delay and distraction which would be caused by turning to a later page for such merely necessary explanations. But there will be many for whom, if not at a first reading yet perhaps at a second, something further may be desirable—a bit of historical information, a paraphrase of a difficult passage, or the clearing up of a confused metaphor. To supply these, and to supply them at the right time, is the object of the brief notes placed immediately after the text.

Fourth, and last, comes a causerie in several divisions: offering, for any who are studiously inclined, a short commentary; marking the place of this particular drama in Shakespeare's career; tracing its importance in his poetic development; estimating its artistic value; and suggesting a number of other questions on which an intelligent student might reflect with pleasure.

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PROLOGUE TO ADVENTURE

How often when we set out in quest of adventure we are, like Sancho Panza, promised an island! And what more could be promised us?—an island people to whom the sea has been a bulwark and a highway, lovers of an England which “is not any common earth,” but “Merlin’s Isle of Gramarye.” For islands have a magic of their own, and we have but to look out to them, across a stretch of troubled water or the limitless expanse of the imagination, to feel the spell of their enchantment. From whatever port we sail, —Drake’s Plymouth, or London docks, or the more sheltered harbour of a fireside chair—the voyage may well take us, southward or westward ho, to islands of the sea which have long been lit for us with the golden sunshine of poetry and romance.

Yet we only half believe in our magic islands. The whole world is charted and measured for us now. There is no longer a cartographer eager to write across the blank spaces of his maps, “Here be dragons,”—though that might be as great a service to his generation as the skilled etching of the line of a river which remains for us a line.

“A magic island.

“Who has actually seen one, I or you or neither?” —It is Mr. Gordon Craig who asks the question.—“Yet an old and troubled mariner once came to me to tell of an island placed beneath the sea—a sunken island: I listened and I could not laugh: he stuttered on confusedly; and on, saying how he had lived down there for seven years; came back, he said, wearied

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with the life, but how came back no one could learn :
'—then I came back,' he kept repeating, and that was all.

"*In such an isle full fathoms five indeed* our fathers lie.

" And he spoke too of bells—bells of coral under the sea ; ' Hark, now I hear 'em,' he would often say, and stop to listen—' Ding . . . d o n g . . . bell.'

" ' And what, . . . what did happen to you there ? ' I came as far as that one day with the old madman—this odd mariner.

" He looked at me and made that steady settling gesture with his whole body which promises the beginning of a long tale, and his eyes opened wider and he paused and drew the air slowly through his nostrils, held it a second—two seconds—looked long at me, and then lowering his eyes went away apparently eased of all his trouble at the perfect remembrance."

When we listen to such a story it is only sometimes that we cannot laugh, but to those who first thronged to see *The Tempest* both the light of poetry and the darkness of superstition were more real than to us, whether they were princes and courtiers in some great palace hall, or the motley crowd in the open circle of the Globe Theatre. There were many there who knew of magic islands. Some perhaps had sighted them, who were just home from adventuring through unknown seas in the little wooden scurvy-ridden sailing ships which outwitted the storms they could not defy. They had seen things beyond their explanation. They had heard strange tales. It was only yesterday that men cast ashore on the Bermudas had found them to be no " desert habitation for divels," but pleasant islands " where all the fairies of the rocks were but flockes of birds, and all the divels that haunted the woods were but heardes of swine." Yet that only proved that the " Ile of Divels " lay elsewhere, and who knew when some shuddering seaman would

PROLOGUE TO ADVENTURE

chance upon it? This half-human monster of the play, Caliban,—they had often seen or heard of his like, brought from either Indies to make a stir on quaysides and fill a booth at fairs, until he died miserably, or went back to his own people full of incredible tales. Ariel too was a familiar wonder, for every county in England had its fairy folk and knew the knavish tricks of elves; and even King James, that enlightened theologian, muttered quotations from his own *Dæmonologic*, concerning witches and enchantment and familiar spirits, as Prospero's potent art sent Ariel on his errands and brought his enemies helpless to his feet. As for the more human actors in the drama, to the eager watchers these were very like themselves, using the same speech, wearing the same clothes. For the gentlemen were resplendent in silk and velvet and starched linen, the embroidered doublet, padded trunks, and long hose set off by the short cloak, white ruff, and plumed and jewelled hat; the mariners wore the rough jerkin and trousers in which they wandered through London streets, or caroused in little riverside taverns; and the "pied ninny," Trinculo, staggered across the scene in the familiar motley of the jester. All these they knew for Englishmen of their own time, given Italian names after the fashion of the stage.

Those first audiences liked *The Tempest* well, gave the players their applause, and praised Master William Shakespeare. And a few, no doubt, feeling the beauty and the wonder of it, saw, as we may see, that even the magic of Prospero was nothing to the magic of the poet. For here, through the sudden turmoil of storm and shipwreck, we come upon the most enchanting of all magic islands, Prospero's isle, a realm of poetry and comedy and romance; and something more—an image of life.

"O brave new world!"

THE FRONTISPIECE

“The Tempest” was acted at Court before the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who is known in history as Elizabeth of Bohemia, on the occasion of her marriage with the Prince Palatine in 1613. (See page 119.) The play was not, however, written especially for this marriage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
FERDINAND, *his son.*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Alonso.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor.*
ADRIAN, } *lords.*
FRANCISCO, }
TRINCULO, *a jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*
MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*
ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*
IRIS, }
CERES, } *presented by Spirits.*
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }
- Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

Scene : On board a ship at sea ; afterwards
various parts of an island.

In this edition a number of stage directions have been added, so that the play may the more readily act itself in the theatre of the reader's mind. The text is that of the Globe Edition.

THE TEMPEST

ACT I

SCENE I

On the maindeck of a ship at sea, near an unknown island. The ship has been caught by a sudden storm, which is driving her ashore. The deep gloom of the sky is lit by flashes of lightning: fireballs gleam and waver along spars and rigging: "a tempestuous noise of thunder" is heard above the roar of wind and waves.

As the Boatswain makes his way along the deck, the Master appears at the rail of the poop.

Master. [Shouting] Boatswain!

Boatswain. [Looking up] Here, master: what cheer?

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

[He goes aft again, blowing his whistle. Mariners run along the deck.]

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. [*The mariners fly to the ropes.*] Tend to the master's whistle. [*To the gale*] Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

3. *Good, Good fellow.*

4. *Yarely, Briskly.*

8. *If room enough, If we have sufficient sea-room.*

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO and others come up from their cabins in alarm.]

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

Boatswain. [*Impatiently*] I pray now, keep below.
[*The Master's whistle sounds.*]

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

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

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. [*Exasperated*] When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not. [*He turns away.*]

20 *Gon.* [*Following*] Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. [*Rounding on him*] 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!—[*Thrusting through the group of*
30 *courtiers*] Out of our way, I say. [*He goes forward.*]

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.

[*The noblemen go below. The Boatswain comes back, shouting orders to the men.*]

Boatswain. Down with the topmast!—yare!—

18. *Roarers, Breakers.*

33. *His complexion is perfect gallows,* He looks a gallows-bird. Cf. proverb: "He who is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE I

lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course. [*A cry is heard from the cabins.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

[SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO return.]

Boatswain. 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!

Boatswain. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noise-maker! 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.

Boatswain. [*Passing them*] Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off.

[*The roar of the breakers is very near. The mariners, drenched and wretched, struggle back along the deck.*]

Mariners. All lost!—to prayers! to prayers!—all lost!

Boatswain. What, must our mouths be cold?

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

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. [*Furiously*] We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal—[*To the BOATSWAIN*] would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

38. *Bring her to try with main course*, Bring her close to the wind with the mainsail.

51. *Lay her a-hold*, etc., Set mainsail and foresail and bring her up to the wind.

54. *Must our mouths be cold?* probably, Must we die?

60 Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape to glut him in.

[The ship strikes the rocks. Above the uproar and confusion many voices are heard, crying out in terror.]

Voices.

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.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *[They go below.]*

Gon. *[Clinging to rigging]* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a dry death.

[In the tumult and panic many leap overboard to escape. Balls of fire flame to and fro about the ship. A great wave breaks on her deck and she heels over. A sudden flurry of mist hides her from sight.]

SCENE II

The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell, which opens upon an upland meadow looking out to sea, and is sheltered by a grove of limes. In their shade stands an oaken bench, curiously carved, upon which MIRANDA is seated.

The curtain that covers the entrance to the cave is lifted, and PROSPERO appears in his magic robe—a long gown of black velvet bearing strange devices. MIRANDA goes to him quickly in great distress.

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,

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE ii

Dashes the fire out. [*Clasping her hands*] 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.
o Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected :

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

Mir. [*Covering her face with her hands*] 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
o Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
[*She looks up*] 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 :

[*With her help he removes his robe and lays it on the bench.*]

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 ; *[They both sit.]*

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 ?

40 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
' Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

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

Mir. *[Hesitating]* '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
50 In the dark backward and abysm of time ?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
' How thou camest 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

35. *Bootless inquisition*, Useless inquiry.

41. *Out*, Fully.

56. *Piece*, Paragon.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II

Was Duke of Milan ; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

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

Pros. Both, both, my girl :
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,⁶⁴
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
70 The manage of my state ; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. [MIRANDA is looking out
over the sea.] Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mir. [Starting] Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
80 How to deny them, who to advance and who
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.

64. *Teen*, Trouble.71. *Signories*, Principalities.81. *Trash*, Check (from outrunning others). Technical term from the training of hounds.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros.

I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 90 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact, like one
 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
 110 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.

90. *Closeness*, Seclusion.

110. *Temporal*, Of the world, practical.

109. *Milan*, Duke of Milan.

112. *Dry*, Thirsty.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE ii

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother :

120 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 dukedōm 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

130 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence

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 :

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

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set

A mark so bloody on the business, but

With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,

Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,

123. *In lieu o' the premises*, In return for the stipulations.

134. *Hint*, Cause.

146. *Butt*, Clumsy boat, a " tub."

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
 150 To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
 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.
 160 Some food we had and some fresh water that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentle-
 ness,
 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.*]
 170 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived ; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 Than other princess' can that have more time
 For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray
 you, sir,

155. *Deck'd, Covered.*

157. *Undergoing stomach, Enduring courage.*

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II

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
180 Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith both 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 :
[*He begins to charm MIRANDA to sleep.*
Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way : I know thou canst not choose.
[*She sleeps.*

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

[*ARIEL appears.*]

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

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 'ld divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
200 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

181. *Zenith*, Highest good fortune.

193. *Quality*, probably, Fellow-spirits.

200. *Distinctly*, Separately.

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
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.
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,
[*Folds his arms.*

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

104. *Neptune*, God of the Sea, carried a trident (three-pronged spear)
as sceptre.

207. *Coil*, Turmoil.

123. *Odd angle*, Out-of-the-way corner.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE ii

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :
 230 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet
 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.
 240 *Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
 and now

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. [*Angrily*] How now ? moody ?
 What is't thou canst demand ?

Ari. [*Boldly*] 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
 250 To bate me a full year.

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

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the
 ooze

229. *Still-vex'd*, Constantly troubled by storms.

229. *Bermoothes*, Bermudas.

234. *Flote*, Flood, sea.

240. *Two glasses*, Two hours (hour-glasses).

252. *Ooze*, Of the sea-bottom.

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?

260 *Ari.* No, sir.

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

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 banished: 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

270 And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 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
 280 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
 groans

261. *Argier*, Algiers.

269. *Blue-eyed*, Haggard-eyed.

274. *Hests*, Commands.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II

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
290 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. [*Humbly*] 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 !
300 What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

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 !

[*ARIEL disappears.* *PROSPERO goes to MIRANDA.*
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,

310 I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,

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

Cal. [*Answering from his den nearby*] There's wood
enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say ! there's other business for
thee :

Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

[*ARIEL appears as a water-nymph.*]

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

[*Whispers to him.*]

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Vanishes.*]

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
self

320 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

[*CALIBAN comes sullenly. MIRANDA draws back
from him.*]

Cal. [*Snarling*] 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

311. *Miss, Do without.*

317. *Quaint, Dainty.*

326. *Urchins, Hobgoblins.*

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II

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

Cal.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
 Thou strokedst me and madest 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

340 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !

For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' 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. Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,

350 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile
 race,

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

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock,
 Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. [*Crouching away*] You taught me language ;
 and my profit on't

360 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language !

Pros. [*Standing over him*] 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 achës, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

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

Pros. So, slave ; hence ! [*CALIBAN goes.*
[*Music is heard.* PROSPERO *draws* MIRANDA
into the cave, and ARIEL reappears, in-
visible to all but PROSPERO, playing and
singing. FERDINAND *follows* ARIEL,
charmed by the music.

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.
[*Spirits take up the burthen*] Hark, hark !
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark :
Bow-wow.

360. *Rid*, Destroy.

365. *Old*, here probably Rare, grand.

374. *Whist*, Hushed ; " And kissed one another, the wild waves
being silent the while."

375. *Featly*, Gracefully.

376. *Burthen*, Refrain,

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II

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

Fer. [*Amazedly looking around*] 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,
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.
390 No, it begins again.

ARIEL moves away from the cave and sings :

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

400 *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.

[*PROSPERO leads MIRANDA from the cave, un-
seen by FERDINAND. PROSPERO now has
his magic staff.*

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,

400. *Ditty*, Words of a song.402. *Owes*, Owns.

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

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
410 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. [*Seeing her*] Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! [*Approaching*] Vouchsafe
my prayer

May know if you remain upon this island ;
And that you will some good instruction give
420 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. [*With assumed sternness*] How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,
430 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld

420. *Prime*, First, chief.

427. *Single*, Weak, and alone.

429. *Naples*, King of Naples.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II]

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,

I'll set thee free for this. [*To FERDINAND, sternly, leading him aside*] A word, good sir;

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

Mir. [*Aside, watching them*] Why speaks my father so ungently? This

440 Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first

That ere I sigh'd for: pity move my father

To be inclined my way!

Fer. [*Going back to her*] O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you

The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.

[*Both ignore him.*]

[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light. [*To FERDINAND*] One word

more; [*Emphatically*] I charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself

50 Upon this island as a spy, to win it

From me, the lord on't.

Fer. [*Roused*] No, as I am a man.

Mir. [*Going to her father*] There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

434. Control, Confute.

438. Done yourself some wrong, Made an untrue claim.

Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. [*Putting her aside*] Follow me.
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. [*To FERDINAND*] Come ;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. [*Lifting his staff*] Follow.

Fer. [*Stepping back*] No ;

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

[*He draws his sword, 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. [*To MIRANDA, in assumed wrath*] What ? I
say,

My foot my tutor ? [*Advancing on FERDINAND*] Put
thy sword up, traitor ;

Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick

[*Raises his staff*] And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. [*Clinging to him*] Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;

470 I'll be his surety.

Pros. [*Shaking her off*] 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

464. *My foot*, My inferior.

466. *Ward*, Posture of defence.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SCENE II]

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

Pros. [*Turning on FERDINAND*] Come on ; obey :
Thy nerves are in their infancy again

480 And have no vigour in them.

Fer. [*Dazed*] 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
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

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

490 [*Drawing ARIEL aside*] Hark what thou else shalt do
me.

Mir. [*Going quickly to FERDINAND*] 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. [*To ARIEL*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. [*Bowing*] To the syllable.

Pros. [*To MIRANDA*] Come, follow. Speak not for
him.

[*He goes, followed by FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*
ARIEL stands looking after them for a
moment : then vanishes.

ACT II

SCENE I

Another part of the island on the edge of a great wood. ALONSO is seated on a fallen tree, his face buried in his hands ; he is stricken with grief for his son FERDINAND, whom he believes to have been drowned in the wreck. GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and other courtiers are grouped about him, trying in vain to console him for his loss. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO stand a little apart from the rest, talking together in undertones and keeping up a mocking commentary on the conversation.

Gon. [To ALONSO] 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.

10 *Seb.* [Mockingly] He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

5. *Masters of some merchant,* Owners of some merchant ship.

11. *Visitor,* Of the sick

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE I

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. [*Loudly*] A dollar.

Gon. [*Turning on him*] Dolour comes to him, in-
20 deed : you have spoken truer than you purposed.

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

[*GONZALO turns again to the King. ANTONIO
and SEBASTIAN go on talking in undertones.*]

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,—

Ant. Ha, ha, ha !

Seb. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

40 *Ant.* He could not miss't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

15. *Tell, Count.*

19. *Dolour, sorrow.*

42. *Temperance, Temperature.*

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

Adr. The air breathes us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

50 *Ant.* True ; save means to live.

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,—

60 *Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said " widower Æneas " too ? Good Lord, how you take it !

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE I

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

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

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

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

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

100 *Ant.* O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. [To ALONSO] 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. [Raising his head] 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

110 I ne'er again shall see her. [Looking away] O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. [Coming forward] 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,
 120 As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt
 He came alive to land.

Alon. [*Bowing his head*] No, no, he's gone.

Seb. [*Approaching him*] Sir, you may thank your-
 self 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 other-
 wise

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

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. [*Drawing him away*] 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. [*Contemptuously*] Very well.

[*He goes back to ANTONIO, and they again speak
 together, aside.*]

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

0 *Gon.* [*To ALONZO*] It is foul weather in us all, good
 sir,

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE I

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,
 150 And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
 No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
 And women too, but innocent and pure ;
 No sovereignty ;—

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,
 160 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?*Ant.* None, man ; all idle ; knaves.*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age.*Seb.* 'Save his majesty !*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir ?*Alon.* Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing
 170 to me.

142. *Plantation*, Gonzalo uses the word to mean "colonization";
 Antonio takes it to mean "planting." 162. *Foison*, Plenty.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, [*Turning on ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*] 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 !

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

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

[*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.*]

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

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

Gon. [*Drowsily*] 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.

[*Charmed by ARIEL'S music, all lie down and sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.*]

190 *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. [*Coming forward*] 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. ARIEL disappears.*]

173. *Sensible*, Sensitive.

180. *Flat-long*, with the flat of the sword.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE I

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

200 Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent ;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. [*Softly and
meaningly*] What might,

Worthy Sebastian ? O, what might ?—[*Breaking off*]
No more :—

And yet . . . methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee,
and [*Fingering his sword-hilt*]

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. [*Eyering him fixedly*] What, art thou waking ?

Ant. [*Looking away*] Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and surely

210 It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. [*Meeting his look*] Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. [*Beginning to understand*] 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

220 Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb

220. *Trebles thee, Makes thee thrice as great.*

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. [*Quickly and earnestly*] 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

230 Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir :
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
[*Indicating GONZALO contemptuously.*]
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
240 Another way so high a hope that even
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
50 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE I

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

Seb. [*Uneasily*] 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.*" [*Significantly*] Say this
were death

260 That now hath seized them ; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember

270 You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :

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

Seb. But, . . . for your conscience ?

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if '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,
280 No better than the earth he lies upon,

275. *Kibe*, Sore in the heel.

ACT II, SCENE i]

SHAKESPEARE'S

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, [*Pointing to GONZALO*] 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. [*Resolved*] Thy case, dear friend,
 290 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
 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.*]

[*ARIEL appears, invisible to the conspirators.*]

Ari. [*As to Gonzalo*] 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 them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

300 While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-eyed conspiracy
 His time doth take.
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware :
 Awake, awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

[*Both draw their swords.*]

Gon. [*Starting to his feet*]
 Preserve the king.

Now, good angels
 [*They wake.*]

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE I]

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake! [*To ANTONIO*]

Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon.

What's the matter?

Seb. [*Recovering himself*] Whiles we stood here
securing your repose,

³¹⁰ Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
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,
³²⁰ That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

[*All unsheathe their swords.*]

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

For my poor son.

Gon.

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

Alon.

Lead away.

[*They follow GONZALO out, sword in hand.*]

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Vanishes.*]

SCENE II

A desolate stretch of beach, along which comes CALIBAN with a heavy burden of wood. He throws it down with a snarl. 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! [*Thunder.*] His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. [*Looks around apprehensively*] 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
10 And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
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.

[*TRINCULO comes into sight.*]

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.

[*Lies down and draws his cloak over him.*]

Trin. [*Looking around*] Here's neither bush nor
shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another
20 storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : [*Looking up*]
yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like
a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it

5. *Urchin-shows*, Goblin apparitions. 9. *Mow*, Grimace.

22. *Bombard*, Large leathern wine-vessel.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE II

should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. [*Stumbling on CALIBAN*] 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. [*Walking round him*] A strange fish! Were I in England
 30 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! [*Poking him*] 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
 40 again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; [*Does so*] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Draws CALIBAN'S cloak over him.*][*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
 50 Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
 But none of us cared for Kate;

28. *Poor-John*, Dried and salted hake-fish.32. *Make a-man*, probably, Make his fortune.34. *Doit*, Farthing. 40. *Gaberdine*, Long cloak.

For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !
 She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !

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

[*Drinks.*

Cal. [*Groaning under his cloak*] Do not torment me :
 Oh !

Ste. [*Seeing the "monster" and starting back*] What's
 60 the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put
 tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha ?
 [*Advancing very bravely*] I have not 'scaped drowning
 to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been
 said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot
 make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again
 while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. [*As TRINCULO struggles to get farther under the
 cloak*] The spirit torments me ; Oh !

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

Cal. Do not torment me, 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
 80 drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If
 I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take
 too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath
 him, and that soundly.

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

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE ii]

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
 90 you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

[*Forces CALIBAN to drink.*]

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 !
 [Takes away bottle] I will pour some in thy other
 100 mouth. [*Searches for TRINCULO's head.*]

Trin. Stephano !

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

Trin. [*Peering out*] 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 : [*Grasps his ankles*] if any be
 110 Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Drags him clear*] Thou art very Trinculo indeed ! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ?

Trin. [*Getting on to his feet*] 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 ? [*Embracing him*] O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped !

120 *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.

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
130 ashore.

Cal. [*Crawling to his feet*] I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. [*To TRINCULO*] Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. [*Offering the bottle*] Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

140 *Trin.* [*After a long drink*] O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: [*Drinks*] my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. [*CALIBAN touches his feet*] 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. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
150 My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

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

[*CALIBAN stands up, takes the bottle and drinks.*]

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster!

THE TEMPEST

[ACT II, SCENE II

The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. [*Giving back the bottle*] 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.

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. [CALIBAN kisses his feet.]

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

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

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

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

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

Cal. I 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 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

190

At requiring ;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master : get a new man.

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

Ste. O brave monster ! Lead the way.

[They follow him along the shore.]

ACT III

SCENE I

Before PROSPERO'S cell. FERDINAND comes across the meadow, bearing a heavy log, which he lays down near the cave.

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

10 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
ness

Had never like executor. I forget :

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

[He stoops to his log. The curtain which covers the entrance to the cave is lifted, and MIRANDA comes out, with a quick glance behind her. She is followed almost at once by PROSPERO, now invisible to her and FERDINAND.]

Mir. [*Going to FERDINAND*] 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
 20 Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
 He's safe for these three hours.

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

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

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

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

Pros. [*Aside, looking at her tenderly*] Poor worm,
 thou art infected !
 This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
 me
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
 What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda.—[*Turning away*] O my father,
 I have broke your hest to say so !

Fer. [*Going to her*]— Admired Miranda !
 Indeed the top of admiration ! worth
 What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
 40 I have eyed with best regard and many a time

THE TEMPEST

[ACT III, SCENE I

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
 Have I liked several women ; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
 And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
 So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best !

Mir.

I do not know

One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
 50 Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,
 And my dear father : how features are abroad,
 I am 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

60 A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
 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
 70 If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief ! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

46. *Foil*, Defeat.63. *Blow*, Puff up.

Mir. [*In tears*]
To weep at what I am glad of.

I am a fool

Pros. [*Still unseen*]
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 ;
80 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
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.

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

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*MIRANDA goes back into the cave. FERDINAND
takes up his log and carries it away.*]

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. [*He follows MIRANDA.*]

84. *Maid, Servant.*

89. *As bondage e'er of freedom, As ever a bondman accepted freedom.*

91. *A thousand thousand Farewells.*

SCENE II

Another part of the shore. CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are staggering along in drunken good fellowship. STEPHANO stops to put aside, very solemnly, TRINCULO'S protests against his potations of sack.

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

Trin. [*Dignified, but pitying them*] 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, [*Staggering*] the state totters.

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

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. [*Both totter.*]

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

Ste. [*Clinging to him*] We'll not run, Monsieur
20 Monster.

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

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.

10. *Set, Fixed* in a drunken stare.

17. *Standard, Standard-bearer.*

21. *Go, Walk.*

Trin. [*Threatening him*] Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward
30 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 ?

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. [*Regally*] Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if you prove a mutincer,—the next tree ! The
40 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.

[*Proudly succeeds in standing.*]

[*ARIEL appears, invisible to them.*]

Cal. [*Falling on his knees*] 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.

50 *Cal.* [*Snarling at TRINCULO*] Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou :

I would my valiant master would destroy thee !

I do not lie.

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. [*To CALIBAN*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;

THE TEMPEST

[ACT III, SCENE II]

From me he got it. If thy greatness will
 60 Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darrest,
 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?

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. [*Turning on TRINCULO again*] What a pied
 ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

70 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.

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.

80 *Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. [*At STEPHANO'S ear*] Thou liest.

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

Trin. [*Breaking away*] 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. [*Warning TRIN-*
 80 *CULO*] Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time

69. *Pied*, Parti-coloured (motley).

69. *Ninny*, Simpleton.

69. *Patch*, Clown.

I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. [*To CALIBAN*] 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
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
100 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.
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 ?

110 *Cal.* Ay, lord ; I warrant.

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 ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat thee ;
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
head. [*They shake hands very solemnly.*]

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep :

120 Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. [*Aside*] This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry ; I am full of plea-
sure :

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch

THE TEMPEST

[ACT III, SCENE II]

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.

130 *Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. [*Staring round, aghast*] What is this same ?

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

Ste. [*Addressing the air*] If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. [*Groveling on the earth*] O, forgive me my sins !

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

140 [*Collapsing*] Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. [*Very brave again*] 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
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes 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
150 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. [*Still playing, ARIEL moves away.*]

124. *But while-ere,* Only a short while ago.
Tabor, Small drum.

Trin. [*Getting on his feet*] The sound is going away ; let's follow it, and after do our work.

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

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

[*Very solemnly they follow ARIEL'S music inland.*]

SCENE III

A woodland glade. ALONSO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and the others come wearily from the wood, followed by SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Gon. [*Lying down stiffly*] By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your
patience,
I needs must rest me.

[*They all sit on the grass or on dead boughs, ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN still a little apart from the others.*]

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
10 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

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

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

1. *By'r lakin*, By our Ladykin (the Virgin Mary).

3. *Forth-rights and meanders*, Straight and winding paths.

5. *Attach'd*, Seized.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT III, SCENE iii]

That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to ANTONIO*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

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

[*Solemn and strange music is heard.*]

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

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

[*PROSPERO enters, invisible. Several strange Shapes appear, bringing in a banquet ; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart. The King and the Courtiers start to their feet in alarm.*]

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

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
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—
30 For, certes, these are people of the island—
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.

21. *Drollery, Puppet-show.*

THE TEMPEST

[ACT III, SCENE iii]

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
 60 Their proper selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO draw their
 swords. The others stand aghast.

You fools ! I and my fellows
 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
 70 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
 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
 Lingering perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
 from—

80 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 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. [*Unseen and unheard*] Bravely the figure of
 this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated

65. *Dowle*, Thread of down.

79-82. *Whose wraths*, etc. Only repentance and amended lives can
 deliver you from their wrath.

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
 90 In their distractions ; they now are in my power ;
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his and mine loved darling. [*He vanishes.*]

Gon. [*To the King*] 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.
 100 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. [*Exit, sword in hand.*]

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

[*They follow* ALONSO.
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.*]

86. *With good life*, In most life-like fashion.

87. *Observation strange*, Rare attention.

99. *Bass*, Proclaim with deep voice.

102. *But one fiend*, Let them come but one at a time.

108. *Ecstasy*, Madness.

ACT IV

SCENE I

*Before PROSPERO'S cell. PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and
MIRANDA come from the grove of limes.*

Pros. [To FERDINAND] If I have too austere-
ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third 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,
10 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
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.
Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.

[*They sit on the bench.*]
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

[*ARIEL appears.*]

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
 20 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
 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,
 30 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.

Pros. [*Turning again to FERDINAND*] Look thou be true.

Fer. I warrant you, sir.

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 sounds, and from the air appears*
IRIS, Goddess of the Rainbow, in her shimmering robe.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 40 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;

20. *Rabble*, Band (not contemptuous).

25. *Presently*, Immediately.

36. *Corollary*, Surplus, more than enough

37. *Want*, Lack.

37. *Pertly*, Nimbly.

39. *Ceres*, Roman goddess of agriculture and all the fruits of the earth.

*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,
 50 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
 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.*

[CERES appears.]

*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
 60 My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd 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*

42. *Stover*, Coarse fodder.

43. *Pioned and twilled*, Trenched and ridged (?)

47. *Pole-clipt*, The poles clasped by vines.

49. *Queen of the sky*, Juno, wife of Jupiter.

60. *Bosky*, Bushy, 69. *Scandal'd*, Scandalous.

70 *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.

[JUNO'S chariot, drawn by her team of peacocks,
has descended through the air and come to
rest on the meadow. JUNO steps out and
approaches.]

Cer. *High'st queen of state,*
80 *Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.*
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 bow before FERDINAND and MIRANDA,
and 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,
90 *Vines with clustering bunches growing,*
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !

75. *Hymen*, God of Marriage. 76. *Mars*, God of War.
76. *Minion*, Favourite. 77. *Waspish-headed*, Irritable.
79. *A boy right out*, A mere boy, and no longer God of Love.
88. *Foison*, Abundance.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT IV, SCENE I

*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
100 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 wandring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :*
110 *Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.*

[*Enter certain Nymphs.*]

*You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry :
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.*

[*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with
the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end
whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ;
after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise,
they heavily vanish.*]

101. *Wonder'd*, Wonder-working.

108. *Crisp*, Rippling.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
120 Is almost come. [*To the Spirits*] Well done ! avoid ;
no more ! [*He paces to and fro.*]

Fer. [*Watching him anxiously*] This is strange :
your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
[*PROSPERO pauses in his walk and speaks to*
FERDINAND.]

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
130 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. . . . Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
140 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. }
Mir. } We wish you peace.

[*They go into the cave, the curtain closing behind*
them.]

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

120. *Avoid*, Be gone.134. *Rack*, Wind-driven film of cloud.

[ARIEL *appears.*]

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 ;

150 So full of valour that they smote the air
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 briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
160 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
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. [*Goes into the cave.*]

Pros. [*Pacing to and fro*] A devil, a born devil, on
whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;

158. *Goss, Gorse.*160. *Filthy-mantled, Covered with filthy scum.*

And as with age his body uglier grows,
 170 So his mind cankers. [*Stopping*] I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.

[*ARIEL comes out, laden with glistening apparel.*
 Come, hang them on this line.

[*ARIEL hangs the garments on a tree near the entrance. PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet, and walking with drunken care.*

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 pond-water ; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. [*Threatening CALIBAN*] Do you
 180 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.

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

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.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT IV, SCENE I

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. [*Shakes hands with CALI-*
200 *BAN.*] I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. [*Seeing the garments*] 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. [*Pulling it down*] Thy grace shall have it.

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

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
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? [*Pulls it down.*] Now is the jerkin
under the line: now, jerkin, [*Putting it on*] you are
like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

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

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: [*Gives him a cloak*] 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. [*Gives him a doublet.*

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

206. *Frippery*, Old clothes' shop.

224. *Pass of pate*, Stroke of wit.

229. *Barnacles*. Here, geese. See note, p. 107.

230 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.

[*Gives him a pile of garments.*]

Trin. [*Giving his*] And this.

Ste. [*Throwing the rest at him*] 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 !

[*The three are driven away.*]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

240 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 !

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. [*They go into the cell.*]

233. *Go to*, An expression of impatience (sometimes of disapproval, protest, or incredulity). 242. *Pard*, Leopard.

ACT V

SCENE I

Before PROSPERO'S cell. PROSPERO, wearing his magic robe and bearing his staff, comes out of the cave, followed by 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,
10 In the line-grove [*Points to the trees*] which weather-
fends your cell ;
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

ACT V, SCENE I]

SHAKESPEARE'S

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

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

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

20 *Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
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

30 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel :
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Goes into the grove.*]

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

40 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
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

35. *Neptune*, God of the Sea,—here, the sea itself.

36. *Demi-puppets*, Very tiny beings.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT V, SCENE I

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
 50 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 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, [*He traces a magic circle with his
 staff*] 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 PROS-
 PERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which
 PROSPERO observing, speaks : first to ALONSO, then
 to the others in turn.*]

Pros. A solemn air and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
 60 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. [*He turns away for a moment to
 hide his emotion.*] 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

47. *Spurs*, Roots.63. *Sociable to*, In sympathy with. Gonzalo is weeping.69. *Sir*, Gentleman.

70 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces
 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.—[*Aside*] Their under-
 standing

80 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 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 dances into the cave, and returns at once
 with rapier, hat, and short cloak. PROSPERO
 has laid aside his magic robe. ARIEL sings
 and helps to attire him.*]

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 90 There I couch when owls do cry.
 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 ;

81. *Reasonable shore*, Shore of reason.

85. *Discase me*, Take off my magic robe.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT V, SCENE I

But yet thou shalt have freedom : [*He is now attired as Duke*] 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

100 Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

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

Gon. [*Dazedly*] All torment, trouble, wonder and
amazement

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

Pros. [*Confronting ALONSO*] 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 ;

110 And to thee and thy company I bid
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
120 Be living and be here ?

Pros. [*To GONZALO*] First, noble friend,
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

118. *Thy dukedom*, Homage and tribute from thy dukedom.

123. *Taste*, Experience.

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all !
 [*Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*] 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.

130 For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 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.

140 *Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience
 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,
 150 The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

THE TEMPEST

[ACT V, SCENE I

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. [*Looking at the others*] 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 jstled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke

100 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
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 : [*He goes to the entrance*] 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 ;

70 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

[*PROSPERO draws aside the curtain of his cave
and 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. [*Afraid to believe*] If this prove

A vision of the Island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose. [*The lovers perceive them, and rise.*

154. *Admire*, Wonder,—and wonder overcomes their reason.

164. *Relation*, Story.

Discovers, Reveals.

Seb. A most high miracle !

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

[*Kneels at ALONSO'S feet.*]

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

Mir. [*Half shyly coming forward*] 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 :
190 I chose her when I could not ask my father
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. [*MIRANDA goes to them.*]

Alon. [*Taking her hand*] 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
200 A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. [*Coming forward*] I have inly wept,
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.

THE TEMPEST

[ACT V, SCENE I

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
210 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
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 FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your
hands : [He joins them.]
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be it so ! Amen !

[ARIEL reappears, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.]

Gon. [To ALONSO] O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is
more of us :
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. [To the Boatswain] Now,
blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
220 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—
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 PROSPERO] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit !

Alon. [Glancing at PROSPERO] These are not natural
events ; they strengthen

218. *Blasphemy*, Blasphemer. 223. *Glasses*, Hours.

224. *Yare*, Here means "ready."

From strange to stranger. [*To the Boatswain*] Say,
how came you hither ?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake.
230 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
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
240 And were brought moping hither.

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

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

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
250 These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to ARIEL*] Come
hither, spirit :
Set Caliban and his companions free ;
Untie the spell. [*ARIEL vanishes.*] How fares my
gracious sir ?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

240. *Moping, Dazed.*248. *Single, When you are alone.*248. *Resolve you, Explain to you.*

[ARIEL *reappears, driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*]

Ste. [*Drunkenly*] 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. [*Seeing the others*] If these be true spies which
260 I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. [*Standing amazed*] 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
270 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
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. [*Cowering*] 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

258. *Coragio* (Italian), Courage. 258. *Bully*, Good fellow.

267. *Badges*, engraved with their master's arms, were worn by servants. Perhaps S. and T. are too bemired to be recognized at once.

271. *Without her power*, probably, Beyond the moon's control.

280 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ?
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. [*Moving towards him*] Why, how now, Stephano !

Ste. [*Cringing away*] 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. [*Pointing to CALIBAN*] This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

290 *Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. [*To CALIBAN*] 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. [*Snarling at STEPHANO and TRINCULO*] 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.

[*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO go dejectedly into the cave.*]

300 *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,

THE TEMPEST

[ACT V, SCENE I

Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
 810 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 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

Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to ARIEL*] My Ariel,
 chick,

That is thy charge : then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well !

[*ARIEL vanishes into air. With a gesture
 PROSPERO invites the others into his cell.*

Please you, draw near.

[*They enter, and the curtain closes behind them.*

EPILOGUE

PROSPERO comes forward and speaks.

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 :
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.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. . . . Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption ; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Preface to Shakespeare, 1765.

*I dreamt last night that Shakespeare's ghost
Sat for a Civil Service post.
The English papers of the year
Contained a question on King Lear
Which Shakespeare answered very badly
Because he hadn't studied Bradley.*

G. B.

Punch, 1926.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

ACT I. SCENE I

THE ship has been caught by a sudden, unexpected tempest with an island under her lee, and is in great danger of being blown on to the rocks. The Boatswain and mariners deal with the situation in very seamanlike fashion, without wasting time or words.

When the breakers are heard and the danger is realized, the Ship Master gives the first command to the Boatswain, his chief officer :

Lines 3-4. *Fall to't yarely, etc.* This is no more than a warning. It is left to the Boatswain to do what is necessary. At once he orders

6. *Take in the topsail.* (In Shakespeare's time a sail could not be reefed ; it must be lowered or furled.) Taking in the topsail, a large sail above the mainsail, reduces the ship's speed and prepares for the next order :

37. *Down with the topmast ! . . . lower !* Striking the topmast further lessens the weight of the ship's top-hammer, and so reduces the danger of her overturning when she is brought broadside to the wind.

All this time the ship is driving before the gale, straight for the island. Now, with the order,

38. *Bring her to try with main course,* the Boatswain brings the ship up to the wind—that is, broadside to the wind—by trimming the mainsail, so that she will

THE TEMPEST

not drive so fast towards the shore. The next manœuvre is

51. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold ! set her two courses ! off to sea again ; lay her off !* That is, the helm is put over, and the mainsail and foresail are fully set (hitherto the mainsail has been only partly set), so that the ship is no longer merely drifting ashore, but sailing faster, as close to the wind as she can, and at an angle which may enable her to clear the island.

The Boatswain is rightly confident that the ship is in no danger if she has enough sea-room (line 8)—that is, enough room to manœuvre clear of the island before the wind drives her upon it—but he is fighting powers far greater than those of sea and wind, against which he is accustomed to pit his skill, and through no fault of his own he fails. The ship strikes upon the rocks, and we hear the terrible cry :

We split, we split, we split !

The *New Cambridge Shakespeare* points out that the First Folio “ prints ‘ Bote-swaine ’ fourteen times, and ‘ Boson ’ once (line 13) by inadvertence.” Hence it is argued that “ Boson ” is Shakespeare’s spelling, the compositor having forgotten to substitute the more regular spelling in one case although he has done so in all the others.

58. *Wide-chapped*, wide-jawed.

58. *Lie drowning the washing of ten tides.* Pirates were hanged at low-water mark, and left until three tides had gone over them. The Boatswain deserves to be left for ten tides.

Shakespeare must often have seen the bodies of pirates so executed at Wapping Old Stairs.

ACT I. SCENE II

Line 25. *Lie there, my art.* Prospero is addressing his mantle, which represents his magical power. Simi-

ADDITIONAL NOTES

larly, he rises and puts on his mantle (line 169) when he ceases to be the father and prepares to act as the enchanter.

90-92. *The bettering of my mind*, etc. "The improvement of my mind with those studies which—except that they necessitated a life of such retirement—exceeded in value all that is commonly held in esteem."—Craig.

100-102. *Who having into truth*, etc. This difficult and much emended passage probably means that he who lies long enough will come to believe his own lie.

103-104. *Out o' the substitution*, etc. From acting as deputy and performing all the external duties of kingship.

173. *Princess*, princesses. The Folios have "Princesse," the regular Shakespearean plural of the word.

182. *Influence*, power. This is one of the many references in Shakespeare's plays to the popular belief that the positions of the stars controlled the fates of men. The "science" which claimed to be able to record and interpret the influence of the stars was known as astrology.

198. *I flamed amazement*, etc. This description may owe something to a passage in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598:

I do remember that in the great and boisterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppes of our maine yard and maine maste a certaine little light, much like the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the *Cuerpo santo*, and said it was S. Elmo, whom they take to bee the advocate of Sailors. . . . This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top, and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once.

St. Elmo's Fire (which is due to electricity in the air) is still called *corposant* by old sailors.

THE TEMPEST

334. *Water with berries in't*. Suggests coffee, reports of which had already been brought to England by travellers from the east.

347-358. *Abhorred slave*, etc. In the Folios this speech is given to Miranda, but most editors, following Dryden, assign it to Prospero. Which arrangement seems to you to be the right one?

369. *Setebos*. It is thought that Shakespeare took this name from Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, which describes how Magellan captured two giants in Patagonia, and "they rored lyke bulles and cryed upon theyr greate devyll *Setebos* to helpe them."

371. *Ariel's Song*. See Note on the Music for the play, page 149.

433. *His brave son*. No son of Antonio's appears in the play, or is mentioned again. "Must not Ferdinand have believed he was lost in the fleet that the tempest scattered?"—Coleridge. The *New Cambridge Shakespeare* regards this as evidence that the play has been revised and shortened.

447-448. "Prospero's interruption of the courtship has often seemed to me to have no sufficient motives; still his alleged reason—*lest too light winning Make the prize light*—is enough for the ethereal connections of the romantic imagination, though it would not do for historical."—Coleridge.

ACT II. SCENE I

Line 76. *How came that widow in?* Dido, Queen of Carthage, lost her husband Æneas not by death, but by his desertion. The story was often told by Elizabethan writers. Tunis was ten miles from Carthage.

85. *The miraculous harp*, of Amplion, whose music caused the walls of Thebes to erect themselves.

86. *He hath raised the wall*, by making the long destroyed city of Carthage into the existing Tunis.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

93. *Ay*, probably addressed to Adrian. Some editors give it to Alonso, as a sigh.

125. *Your eye, who hath cause . . .* Probably, "your eye, which has good cause to water with tears the grief you feel at the loss of Claribel."

130. *Should bow*, "she" understood, or possibly Shakespeare wrote "sh 'ould," (=she should).

146. *I' the commonwealth . . .* Shakespeare seems to have taken this description from the following passage in Montaigne's essay *Of the Caniballes*, published in John Florio's English translation in 1603, and reprinted in 1610 :

It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie ; no use of service, of riches or of povertie ; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle ; no respect of kindred but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.

184. *Bat-fowling*. Catching birds at night with the aid of a lantern or flare. When beaten out of their nesting-places they flew to the light and were netted or knocked down. Bat=club.

325. *Done—son*. The only instance in this play of the rhyming tag with which Elizabethan dramatists often marked the end of a scene.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Line 6. *Nor lead me . . .* Will-o'-the-wisp and other sprites led folk astray in the dark. Compare Puck's tricks in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. and III. i.

THE TEMPEST

29. *Were I in England now . . .* Such shows of strange and monstrous creatures were common in Elizabethan England: e.g. in 1632, the Master of the Revels issued a licence for a man "to shew a strange fish for halfe a year." Indians were brought from America by Raleigh, Frobisher, and others.

Shakespeare is fond of this device of making "foreign" characters poke fun at English ways. (Can you think of other instances?) Mr. Bernard Shaw has copied it and used it to very good purpose.

85. *Trembling* was a sign of possession by the devil.

88. *Give language to you, cat.* "Good liquor will make a cat speak."—Proverb.

104. *No long spoon.* "Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon."—Proverb.

150. *And thy dog and thy bush.* "Moonshine" has the same equipment in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There were many traditional "explanations" of the surface markings on the moon.

"What a picture is unfolded to us of summer nights on the Enchanted Island. . . . On the shore, overlooking the yellow sands, where fairies foot it featly, sits the young instructress (Miranda) deciph'ring for the misshapen slave at her feet the features of the full orb'd moon."—Furness.

181. *Scamels.* One of the famous Shakespearean word puzzles. Ingenious editors have offered scores of emendations, ranging from "shamois" to "squirrels." The most likely is "sea-mells," sea-mews. But Verity says that "scamel" still survives in Norfolk dialect as a name for a small bird, the Bar-tailed Godwit.

189. *No more dams I'll make for fish.* "When Raleigh's first governor of Virginia, Ralph Lane, detected in 1586 signs of hostility among the natives about his camp, his thoughts at once turned to the dams or weirs. Unless the aborigines kept them in

ADDITIONAL NOTES

good order starvation was a certain fate for the colonists, for no Englishman knew how to construct and work these fish dams, on which the settlement relied for its chief sustenance."—Sir Sidney Lee.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Line 15. *Most busy lest.* The most famous textual problem in the play. Many emendations have been offered. Almost certainly the meaning is, "Most busy when idlest." See page 137.

21. *Safe.* Note the dramatic irony. Prospero is, of course, invisible to Miranda.

37. *Admired Miranda.* "Miranda" means "one to be admired."

ACT III. SCENE II.

Line 2. *Bear up, and board 'em.* Put up the helm and board the enemy ship.

133. *The picture of Nobody.* One of the innumerable topical allusions which limit very slightly our understanding of the plays.

A picture of a man with head, arms, legs, and no body is known to have appeared on the signboard of John Trundle, a bookseller and publisher; at the head of a ballad, *The Well-spoken Nobody*; and on the title page of a comedy, *No-body and Some-body.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

A banquet. Faust and many other wizards were reputed to have shown their powers by providing wonderful banquets.

Line 23. *Phoenix.* A fabulous bird which was said to

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sit upon a wonderful tree in Arabia. It lived five hundred years and then destroyed itself upon a burning pyre of aromatic woods, from the ashes of which a new Phoenix sprang. Both bird and tree were unique.

26. *Travellers ne'er did lie.* "Travellers' tales" were proverbial for exaggeration, and very many were told and printed in Shakespeare's time.

44-45. *Mountaineers Dew-lapp'd like bulls.* Probably men with goitre,—particularly common in the Alps. *Dew-lap* is loose skin which hangs from the necks of cattle, etc.

48. *Putter-out of five for one.* Before setting out on long voyages Elizabethan travellers sometimes "put out" a sum of money with a banker on condition that they received several times as much (usually five times) if they returned, and forfeited the money if they did not—an interesting sidelight on the dangers of travel.

Harpy. The Harpies of classical myth were hideous winged monsters, like birds with women's heads and great talons. In the *Æneid* they carry off the food of the Trojans at a feast.

Device. Suggests the stage mechanism of the masques.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Line 3. *Third.* This may mean a third part of his life, of which his magic art and his dukedom are presumably the other two parts, or "third" (Folio) may be a misprint for "thrid," thread or fibre.

39. *The Masque.* "This Masque has an allegorical force, each goddess being invoked in view of her particular attributes and gifts—Juno to grant happiness in the married state and the blessing of children, and Ceres wealth and prosperity."—Verity.

See the section on "Court Masques and Plays."

ADDITIONAL NOTES

43. *Pioned and twilled brims*. Another well-known textual crux. Of the many interpretations which editors have offered these two seem best.

(1) "Trenched and ridged." "Pioned" explained as "trenched" on the theory that it is cognate with "pioneer," military sapper and miner (*cf.* "pioner," *Hamlet*, I. v.); and "twilled," hypothetically derived from French *touiller* (besmear), taken to mean "ridged." This would mean that the line referred to trenches dug to drain fields, the banks of the trenches being "trimmed" with flowers by April.

(2) "Covered with peonies and reeds." In this interpretation "pioned" is alleged to be "peoned" or "peonied," and "peony" to be a Warwickshire dialect name for the marsh-marigold; and "twill" to be "reed," from the term "twill" used for the reed on which weavers wound their cotton.

45. *Broom groves*, groves of broom, which plant may possibly have been an emblem of disappointed love.

53. *Peacocks*, sacred to Juno, drew her chariot.

64. *Donation*. "W. J. Lawrence plausibly suggests that at the Court performance of 1612-13 the goddess made an actual 'donation' of some kind to the betrothed royalties present, and that Juno's words 'go with me,' etc. (ll. 81-82), were the signals for the players to approach the Princess and her Elector with their gift. If so, the song was doubtless sung during this presentation."—*New Cambridge Shakespeare*.

66. *Venus and her son*. The Goddess of Love and Beauty, and Cupid, the boy God of Love, who carried a bow and a quiver of arrows (l. 77). These arrows he shot into the hearts of men and women. Some, which were of gold, kindled love; others, tipped with lead, caused disdain for a lover. He often went blind-folded ("blind," l. 69) and shot his arrows at random.

Venus's car was drawn by doves (l. 73), and sparrows were sacred to her and Cupid (l. 78). Her chief temple

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was at Paphos, in Cyprus (l. 72). One of her lovers was Mars (l. 76).

68. *Dusky Dis my daughter got.* Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, was carried off by Pluto (also called Dis), God of Hades, the underworld of the dead. Ceres refused to let the earth bear fruit, and Jupiter sent Mercury to Hades to bring back Proserpina, who was, however, compelled to spend one third of every year (winter) in the lower world.

126-136. *Our revels now are ended,* etc. Dr. A. C. Bradley has pointed out, in his great book on *Shakespearean Tragedy*, that this speech, one of the most hauntingly beautiful and most famous in the plays, is dramatic as well as poetical. "We seem to see here the whole mind of Shakespeare in his last years. That which provokes in Prospero a 'passion' of anger, and, a moment later, that melancholy and mystical thought that the great world must perish utterly and that man is but a dream, is the sudden recollection of gross and apparently incurable evil in the 'monster' whom he had tried in vain to raise and soften, and in the monster's human confederates. It is this . . . that troubles his 'old brain,' makes his mind 'beat,' and forces on him the sense of unreality and evanescence in the world and the life that are haunted by such evil." For note on the "source," see page 138.

145. *When I presented Ceres.* Apparently Ariel played the part of Ceres in the Masque.

201. *O King Stephano! O peer!* An allusion to a popular ballad which contained the lines:

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne.

216. *Jerkin under the line,* etc. A complicated series of the puns which Elizabethans loved and regarded as one of the highest forms of wit. Apparently the references are as follows:

ADDITIONAL NOTES

(1) Being taken off the line (lime-tree), the jerkin is now under the line.

(2) "Under the line" was a phrase used at tennis, the wager on a game being put under the line of the net so that the winner could take it, as Stephano now takes the jerkin.

(3) "The line" appears to refer also to the Equator, "under" which tropical fevers sometimes caused baldness, so that *lose your hair* has a double meaning. Probably the jerkin was made of fur which would be worn bald in time. (Some editors interpret "line" not as "lime-tree" but as "clothes-line," and claim support from this pun because in Shakespeare's time a clothes-line was usually made of hair.)

(4) "Under the line" is said to have been a slang phrase for hanging: the clothes are hanging now—and King Stephano may be one day!

219. *By line and level*, a carpenter's term meaning "exactly," "methodically," continues the pun.

226. *Put some lime upon your fingers* (bird-lime), so that the garments will stick to them. The last instalment of the pun.

219. *Do, do*, may be a commendation of Stephano's wit or an encouragement to steal more of the garments. The *New Cambridge Shakespeare* reads "Do-de," as an indication from Trinculo that he is shivering after his bath, and quotes *King Lear* (III. iv.): "Tom's a-cold. O! do-de, do-de, do-de."

229. *Barnacles*. "There are in the north parts of Scotland . . . certaine trees, whereon doe grow certaine shellfishes . . . which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese."—Gerarde's *Herbale*, 1597. A typical instance of the kind of "unnatural history" which was widely accepted in Shakespeare's time and is often alluded to in his plays.

245. *Shortly shall all my labours end*. "How often

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this thought occurs! We may well be pardoned for thinking it personal (that is, Shakespeare's) as well as dramatic. So also does 'freedom' as the goal of Ariel's existence."—Morton Luce.

ACT V. SCENE I

Line 33. *Ye elves of hills . . .* For a note on the "source" of this beautiful passage, see page 139.

41. *Weak masters though ye be.* "Though your mastery of supernatural powers be but weak." But see page 138.

45. *Rifted Jove's stout oak with his own bolt.* Rifted, cleft. The oak was sacred to Jove and the thunderbolt was his weapon.

174-175. *For a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, And I would . . .* "Even if you were to wrangle (contend, dispute) with me for a score (pun: wager, twenty) of kingdoms, yet I would . . ."

Naples was a great chess-centre in Shakespeare's time.

184. *'Tis new to thee.* "It seems to me that no other line brings out with such clearness and pathos the contrast between Miranda and her father; the contrast between all-hopeful youth and sad experience."—Verity.

If you were playing the part of Prospero, how would you speak this line? Say it aloud.

EPILOGUE

This appeal to the audience to applaud was by no means unusual, and was probably copied from the Latin comedies.

Prologues and Epilogues were frequently written by authors other than the dramatists, and some critics have argued that this is not Shakespeare's, but there is no real reason for doubting his authorship.

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The Epilogue may be an apology to James I. (who was present at the Court performance of 1611) "for dabbling in magic." James's *Dæmonologie* (1597) was a fanatical denunciation of witches and enchanters as "detestable slaves of the devil."

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

I.—COURT MASQUES AND PLAYS

MUSIC and dancing, with the colour and pomp of pageantry, were the delight of England in the days of Elizabeth and King James. At the courts of both the Master of the Revels was a person of importance, and Sir Edmund Tylney, Master from 1560 to 1610, filled his office well. How complicated were the activities which he had to control towards the end of the century we may gather from a summary left by one of his clerks :

“ The Office of the Revells comprising all maskes, tryumphes, Plaies, and other shewes of Disporte, with Banquetting howses and like devises to be used for the Amusemente of the Queens Maiesties most roiall Court and her highness recreacion and pastyme. . . . The conninge of the office resteth in skill of device, in understanding of historyes, in judgment of comedies, tragedies, and showes, in sight of perspective and architecture, some smacke of geometry and other things ; wherefore the best help is to make a good choice of cunnynge artificers severally, according to their best quality.”

At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign Tylney may not have been very busy, though he had to arrange such diversions as acrobatic performances, jousts, fireworks, and crude plays, but his power and importance continually increased until he came to have

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not only charge of all Court entertainments, but control of the London theatres and of the licensing of plays for performance and publication. At Court he had much to do in the winter season, and was occupied chiefly in arranging masques and plays.

Masques developed from the old English love of processions and masquerades, with an added Italian element of courtly intrigue. They grew in popularity and elaboration throughout the Tudor period, and reached their climax at the beginning of the Stuart period, when Ben Jonson, poet and dramatist, collaborated with Inigo Jones, painter, architect, and stage-engineer, to delight the Court of James I.

One of their early successes was *The Masque of Queens*, performed in 1609, and this began with an "anti-masque," in which the actors were probably professionals. The first scene was "an ugly hell, which, flaming beneath, smoked into the top of the roof," and from this "with a kind of hollow and infernal music" appeared eleven witches, hideously dressed, who danced and then invoked their dame. She appeared "naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted." After they had danced again the dame proposed to blast by evil magic the masque which was just beginning :

Darken all this roof

With present fogs : exhale Earth's rot'nest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.

Their horrid charms failed, and after another dance "full of preposterous change and gesticulation" there was a sudden crash of music at which they and their hell disappeared. Then came the masque proper. The House of Fame appeared, with Bel-Anna, Queen of the Ocean (Queen Anne herself) and eleven other

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“ famous queenes ” (her ladies) “ sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid and circled with all store of light.” Heroic Virtue, dressed as Perseus, presented the queens to the audience, and Fame came to honour them. Descending from the throne, they entered the hall in three triumphal chariots to whose wheels the witches were bound, and there they danced with the audience. They then went back to the House of Fame, and the masque ended with a song.

Masques much more elaborate than this were to come, and the poet was slowly ousted by the “ stage-carpenter,” Inigo Jones, who did his best to produce strange devices. Dragons appeared with men inside to move them ; clouds descended and opened for goddesses to come forth ; great shells and sea-monsters moved across tumbling seas ; caves, forests, streets, and palaces were represented. There was nothing here of the bareness which we associate with the Elizabethan public theatres. Mechanical devices and lighting effects were used as much as possible, and at great expense.

Very often the whole masque was an allegory ; its gods and nymphs and heroes appeared only to pay an elaborate compliment to the king or some one else, and masques written for weddings invoked blessings on bride and bridegroom as do Juno and Ceres in *The Tempest*.

It is plain that the masques were not primarily plays, but spectacles which formed part of “ an indoor revel of dancing.” The rank of the masquers made them unwilling to do much acting or learn long parts (hence there were few words), but they could all dance well and were fond of it, and King James liked to watch them. Indeed on *Twelfth Night*, 1618, he shouted across the hall : “ Why don’t they dance ? What did you make me come here for ? Devil take you all : dance ! ” The goal was “ a masked ball, not

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an opera," and the masquers always danced with the audience.

The chief importance of the masques to those interested in English drama is that their staging was much nearer to modern methods than anything else of the time. Inigo Jones, who brought many ideas from Italy, was largely responsible, for he was not content with a single painted setting but introduced methods of changing scenery and giving an appearance of perspective. And since so many masques were produced at the beginning of the Stuart period, at Court and noblemen's houses and the Inns of Court, their methods must have affected the performances of plays in these places, and even in the public theatres.

The short masque in *The Tempest*, like others included in the plays of the time, is not a masque in the full sense but only a fragment. It may have been given with much splendour, however, when the play was performed to grace the two Court weddings of 1611 and 1613. We can picture the beautiful robes of the goddesses, Juno's peacock-chariot descending from the clouds, and the nymphs and "reapers properly habited" dancing until, "to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they heavily vanished."

Plays contributed as much as masques to the entertainment of the Court, for at Whitehall, Windsor, Greenwich, or elsewhere, a dozen or more were performed every winter, and others were arranged for weddings and similar occasions. No doubt there was much to be done before the audience gathered in the great hall of the palace, wherever the Court might be held. The Office of Works had to build seats for the noble guests, a throne in the centre for the sovereign, and at one end of the hall the stage itself. For the rest the Office of the Revels was responsible, and its records show what elaborate care was taken in choosing plays and players for Court performances, providing them with most expensive dresses and properties

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where necessary, arranging for "tiring rooms" and "music house," and making other preparations.

The stage seems to have much the same as that of the public theatres; an outer stage, probably with no front curtains, and an inner stage at the back, which was curtained and used for scenes that needed more elaborate setting. In *The Tempest*, no doubt, this was Prospero's cave, and perhaps also the deck of the ship in the opening scene. Most elaborate properties were available for this stage when they were needed—houses, "cities," altars, wells, woods, and hollow trees—made for the most part of timber and painted canvas. No expense was spared in making the costumes of the actors as magnificent as possible, and apparently they wore the dress of their own day, no matter what age or nation they represented. For the afternoon performances at the public theatres daylight was the only illuminant; here the play began about ten o'clock at night and the scene was lit by a constellation of lanterns, torches, and candles.

Now "the lights in the banqueting house are out"; revelry and revellers are gone; the art of the actors and the Revels Office is lost to us; but *The Tempest* remains with its beauty still fresh and undimmed by the three centuries that have passed. Consciously or unconsciously, Shakespeare wrote "for all time," and we can enjoy his work without knowing anything of his theatre. Yet he wrote first for his own age, and everything we can learn of the conditions under which he worked will, if rightly used, deepen our appreciation of his genius as a dramatist.

II.—SOURCES, DATE, AND TEXT OF "THE TEMPEST"

I. *Sources*.—Shakespeare did not invent the plots of his plays; he took stories, characters, and incidents

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from any source which appealed to him—older plays, for instance, or English chronicles, Plutarch's *Lives*, or Italian tales, and like other dramatists of the age he seems often to have preferred subjects which were familiar to his audience. Nowadays this would be condemned as intolerable plagiarism ; but in Shakespeare's time it was the accepted custom, and it does not detract in the least from his excellence as a poet and dramatist, for comparison between his plays and his "sources" makes his indebtedness appear insignificant beside his wonderful transmutation of the raw material.

"Sources" have been discovered for all his plays except *Love's Labour's Lost*, the plot of which was probably his own invention, and *The Tempest*. For the plot of the latter no source has been certainly identified, though various works with some resemblance to it have been discovered. *Die Schone Sidea* (The Fair Sidea) is the nearest of these—a crude comedy by Jacob Ayrrer of Nuremberg (died 1605). In this play a deposed prince who is a magician takes refuge in a forest, with his daughter the "Fair Sidea" and an attendant spirit. In the forest he meets his enemy's son, Engelbrecht, charms his sword so that it cannot be drawn, and forces him to carry logs. Eventually Engelbrecht marries Sidea, and their parents are reconciled. Both this play and *The Tempest* may have had a common origin, or *The Fair Sidea* may have appeared in some lost English adaptation, or Shakespeare may have heard the story of the play, for English actors visited Nuremberg in 1604 and 1606. In any case, the resemblance is limited to plot ; the characterization, humour, poetry, and beauty of *The Tempest* are Shakespeare's.

It is possible that the play owes a little to the *History of Witold*, a tale of a fourteenth-century Lithuanian prince which appears in old English chronicles ; to *Las Noches de Invierno* (The Winter

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Nights), a collection of stories by Antonio de Esclava, published in Madrid in 1609; to *Li Tre Satiri*—an old Italian scenario; or to Thomas's *Historye of Italye* (1561), in which characters named Prospero, Antony, Ferdinando, and Alonso appear in somewhat similar relationship. It is equally possible that Shakespeare heard the story told, for the main idea is one which appears frequently in fairy tales and legends.

Whatever the source of the main plot, however, it seems certain that the immediate suggestion of *The Tempest*, and of the island setting to which so much of its charm is due, came to Shakespeare from a sea story of his own time. Nine ships under Sir George Somers sailed for the new colony of Virginia, with settlers and provisions, in 1609, and the *Sea Adventure*, with Somers and Sir Thomas Gates on board, having been separated from the other ships by a storm, was wrecked on the Bermudas. After various adventures, including an attempt by three of the sailors to set up a kingdom of their own (*cf.* Caliban's conspiracy), the shipwrecked party built two boats and succeeded in reaching Virginia.

Their adventures caused much excitement in London, and several accounts appeared in 1610. Shakespeare may have read these, and may have talked with members of the expedition. From verbal resemblances it seems likely that he was acquainted with at least two of the accounts: *A True Repertory of the Wrecke . . .* by W. Strachey, and *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels*, by S. Jourdan.

Other sources to which Shakespeare was indebted for some passages in the play are given on pages 101 and 138-9.

2. *Date.*—*The Tempest* was almost certainly written in 1610-11. Its performance on November 1, 1611, was recorded in *The Booke of the Revells* (now in the Public Record Office) by the following entry :

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By the
Kings players

Hallomas nyght was presented att
Whithall before y^e Kinges Ma^{tie} a
play called the *Tempest*.

This document, published by Peter Cunningham in 1842, was long regarded as a forgery, but its authenticity has now been established by Mr. Ernest Law: *Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries*, 1911.

An almost certain upward limit (1610) for the date of composition is given by the internal evidence of indebtedness to the stories of the wreck on the Bermudas; and all the characteristics of the play, in metre, style, and thought, indicate that Shakespeare wrote it late in his career. It is generally accepted as his last complete play, though he contributed to *Henry VIII.* (1612-13), which was finished by Fletcher, and probably to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

There is an interesting jibe at *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* in Ben Jonson's play *Bartholomew Fair* (1614):

If there be never a Servant monster i' the Fayre, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques. He is loth to make Nature afraid in his Playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries.

3. *Text.*—*The Tempest* was printed for the first time (as far as we know) in the "First Folio" of 1623—a collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, edited by his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell. They put it at the beginning of the volume, perhaps because it was their friend's last play, and it has kept that place in most collected editions.

Unlike most other plays in the volume, *The Tempest* is divided into acts and scenes throughout; and stage directions are given in such detail and beauty that they are almost certainly Shakespeare's, and suggest that he could not be present at rehearsals—probably because he had already retired to Stratford. (Usually

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he did not give many stage directions in his plays, because he could give verbal instructions to the players.) The play was most probably printed from the prompt copy used by the company, and the text contains a number of errors and obscurities, the most interesting of which are dealt with in the notes.

There has been much discussion about the text of the play. The most important theories which have been advanced are given below; but it must be remembered that they are *theories*, not facts.

(a) That the play as we have it has been abridged, chiefly by Shakespeare himself, for performance at a Court wedding (probably Princess Elizabeth's—see below), and to make room for the insertion of the masque. *The Tempest* is one of the shortest of the plays.

(b) That for this abridgment, or on another occasion, the play has been recast from an earlier form in which it had much the same structure as *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*, beginning with scenes showing Prospero's banishment, etc., and that the chief incidents of these "pre-wreck scenes" have been packed into the expositions of Act I., Scene ii. (which is nearly a quarter of the present play) and of Act II., Scene i.

(c) That the masque was not written by Shakespeare but by Beaumont, Chapman, or some other dramatist.

Any one interested in this question should see the edition of *The Tempest* (1921), by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch and J. Dover Wilson (*New Cambridge Shakespeare*); Sir E. K. Chambers's criticism of this edition in *The Integrity of "The Tempest"* (*Review of English Studies*, April 1925), and W. J. Lawrence's essay, *The Masque in "The Tempest"* (*Fortnightly Review*, June 1920). Study of these would be a good introduction to modern textual criticism of Shakespeare.

Whether it was written or abridged for a Court wedding or not, *The Tempest* was certainly performed

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at Court on November 1, 1611, and repeated in the spring of 1613, when the marriage of James I.'s daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Prince Frederick, Elector Palatine, was celebrated with prolonged festivities. Of the fourteen plays then performed, six at least were Shakespeare's, and one was *The Tempest*. It is very fitting that his most romantically beautiful play should have been acted before "Elizabeth of Bohemia," grand-daughter of Mary Queen of Scots, and mother of Rupert of the Rhine, for she is one of the most romantic figures in history.

III.—THE PLACE OF "THE TEMPEST" IN SHAKESPEARE'S ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT

The patient work of generations of scholars, and that fine criticism which ranks close to creative art, have done much to help the lover of Shakespeare's work towards a clearer understanding and deeper enjoyment of it. And next to the slow correction of the text, research has done nothing more important than establishing the approximate order in which the plays were written, for this enables us to appreciate the development of Shakespeare as an artist and the varying moods in which he worked.

Exactly when his dramatic work began we do not know and may never discover, but he went to London about 1585 and soon began revising other men's plays, such as *Titus Andronicus* and 1 *Henry VI*. From this he went on to imitate the successful dramatists of the time, Marlowe, Greene, and others, whom he soon surpassed. His comedy progressed from the artificiality of *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost* to the lyrical beauty of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (all written by 1595), through *The Taming of the Shrew*, and others, to *As You Like It* (? 1598-1600), and to the greatest of all English romantic comedies,

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Twelfth Night (? 1600). His earlier history plays, *Richard III.*, *King John*, and *Richard II.*, were soon followed by his last and best work in this kind, *Henry IV.*, Parts I. and II., and *Henry V.*, all written before 1600. *Romeo and Juliet* (? 1594-5) remained his only tragedy until he wrote *Julius Cæsar* in 1599, and this play is the culmination of the "middle period" of his activity. It ranks with *Twelfth Night* as a perfect example of the first maturity of his powers, and a comparison of these plays with earlier work will show how splendid was the dramatist's progress. The stage puppets of the first plays have given place to characters who are living people; the issues of the plays are those of real life; and the style, too, has changed. Rhyming couplets and stanza forms have almost disappeared from the dialogue; plays upon words and quibbles of speech are noticeably fewer; the blank verse is freed from the regularity which sometimes made it stiff and monotonous; prose is used whenever it is needed, often in fine dramatic contrast with the verse; words no longer bulk more than ideas, and the thought achieves clear and splendid expression.

With *Julius Cæsar*, however, begins a great change in the dramatist's work—a change from the pure fancy and romance, the easy, tolerant good humour, the sympathetic observation of common life, which accord so well with his increasing success, to the graver mood of the tragedies which are his supreme achievement: *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. To this period of the great tragedies (1600-? 1608) belong also the bitter and ironic "comedies," *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*; the last Roman tragedy, *Coriolanus*; and Shakespeare's part in the hastily written and badly constructed tragedy of *Timon of Athens*.

It is impossible not to feel that the deepening gloom of these plays reveals some change in Shakespeare him-

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self. Outwardly his life went on more prosperously than ever : his reputation and his income increased together ; he restored the fortunes of his family and established himself as a country gentleman in the largest house in Stratford-on-Avon ; but in his inner life he suffered some profound and tragic spiritual experience which is reflected in these tragic plays, and which brought him, through travail of spirit, to his supreme position above all the poets who have brooded upon the mystery of human life.

There is no likelihood that we shall ever know what happened. We can only see the results in his work, in the new type of tragedy—" the tragedy of character "—which he gave us, and in which he has never been equalled. These great plays, with their passages of sublime poetry, are exalting and purifying, like all high tragedy. They bring joy into pain as they reveal to us through suffering and failure, even through sin and despair, the greatness of the spirit of man. But bitterness and pessimism, of which we have terrible glimpses in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, grew in Shakespeare until even his great faith in human nature was destroyed. We feel that only a man who had lost all faith and hope and love, in the cynicism which destroys everything and creates nothing, would have written the frightful invectives of *Timon of Athens*.—" I am Misanthropos and hate mankind."

From the dark horror of these years, in which he " took upon himself the burden of the human race," only a man of extraordinary strength and sanity could have recovered at all : even Shakespeare recovered only in part. There can be no doubt, however, that a change in him is reflected in his last plays, *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* (1608-11).

These " romances," as they have been named, have many resemblances in thought and expression. They are too grave to be called comedies, too happy to be

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called tragedies, and despite passages of bitterness they have a pervading mood of quiet happiness and peace, and a deep delight in the beauty of nature. Humour reappears, though it is less exuberant. Fancy has free rein. Written just before or just after Shakespeare retired from London to live with his wife and daughter at Stratford, these plays deal with the same or similar themes ; repentance, forgiveness, and reconciliation, the reunion of parents with long-lost children, the hope that the sins and failures of one generation may be atoned for by the next.

The "romances" are very similar too in style and metre. The clearness of expression, the even balance of thought and speech, which marked *Julius Cæsar* and the other plays written in the last few years of the sixteenth century, became impossible to Shakespeare in his great tragedies. The growing pressure and complexity of his thought showed itself in broken phrases and packed, unfinished metaphors ; but far more important than the increase in defects and obscurities was the progress to passages of the most sublime beauty. In poetic as well as dramatic power the tragedies are Shakespeare's greatest work. This change in style brought corresponding changes in metre, for the verse became more free and irregular until at times the pattern of the iambic pentameter was almost lost. These developments are carried still further in the romances, where the blank verse depends more and more on emphasis and sentence rhythm, less and less on line structure and regularity of pauses. There is steady increase in the number of un-stopped lines, in which the sense carries on into the next line ; light endings—unstressed monosyllables such as "and" or "if" at the ends of lines ; and double or feminine endings—that is, extra syllables at the ends.

Something of the change in Shakespeare's last plays must be attributed to outside influences,—the changing taste of his audience, and the first

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successes of Beaumont and Fletcher, those famous collaborators whose romantic comedies and tragicomedies became so popular in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. But these influences must not be exaggerated. The change is in Shakespeare himself. The romances have many poetic beauties, many defects in characterization and clumsy crudities of structure, while the dramatist's lifelong disregard for probability of plot is here carried to extremes. His carelessness is more apparent too, so that it has been suggested that he was weary or indifferent. Yet he was obviously trying new experiments in technique, and *The Tempest* is a masterly solution of the problems of dramatic structure which he had failed to solve in *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*. This type of romantic comedy is lower, as a type, than any other which Shakespeare had followed since his early years of experiment, but his genius has made *The Tempest* one of his greatest plays.

The Tempest was written to be enjoyed as an entertainment, for Shakespeare was an actor and a theatre manager, intimately concerned with stage effect and with pleasing his audience. If we wish we can read it lightly, as King James's courtiers listened lightly, and pass on. But if we do only this our enjoyment will be very limited and incomplete, for *The Tempest* was written also to please its author. He had run through the whole gamut of experience, and all his previous work in both comedy and tragedy finds its climax in this, his last comment upon human life. His work is difficult, but only as all great literature is difficult. We cannot expect to appreciate in one reading, or in two, all that he has to say to us, but by mental effort which is soon repaid a hundred times over, by studying the plays and thinking about them, we can come to a steadily increasing enjoyment and understanding which will be deepened still more by a growing knowledge of life.

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IV.—SHAKESPEARE'S LATER YEARS

By the patient collection of petty details from many sources, Shakespeare's biographers have provided us with some knowledge of the facts of his outer life. We know that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April 1564, probably on the 23rd of the month, and that his father, John Shakespeare, was then a well-to-do tradesman, dealing in meat and hides and corn, who presently fell into difficulties and debts.

In 1582, at the age of eighteen, William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, who was then twenty-six. About 1585 he left Stratford for London, almost if not quite penniless, and tradition maintains that he became in turn call-boy, actor, reviser of plays, and playwright. At least he had won some reputation as a dramatist by 1592, and thereafter we can trace his career in increasing detail.

By 1600 he had an established position as a leading member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of Players, and as the greatest and most popular dramatist of the day. His income, which was considerable, was derived more from his shares in the Globe Theatre and the Blackfriars "Private" Theatre than from his plays and poems; he was richer than most actors, though a few were much richer than he. He seems to have had considerable ability in business, and to have used it for the steady advancement of his estate. In 1599 he secured for his father the grant of a coat of arms, which made him formally a "gentleman," and was particularly valuable at a time when actors as a class were still despised. In the same year he completed the purchase of New Place, the largest house in Stratford, and so more than restored the reputation of his family.

From this time until about 1611 he seems to have

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divided his time between London and Stratford. We may picture him directing rehearsals at the theatres ; or joining in the famous " wit combats " with his friend Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street ; or riding to Stratford by way of Oxford, where he used to stay at the Crown Inn, Carfax, kept by John Davenant ; or entertaining his country friends at a well-supplied table at New Place. We have traditions of his doings and his jests, but our assured knowledge is all too slight. We do not even know exactly when he retired from active life in London, but it was about 1610-11 that he settled down to the life of a country gentleman at Stratford, with his wife and one remaining daughter, Judith. He was then only forty-six, but perhaps his health was failing after the strenuous activity and mental suffering of the past ten years, and apparently he felt that his work was done, though he still kept his shares and interest in the theatres.

Of his few years in retirement we know nothing beyond details which seem to indicate that he took a full share in the social and civic life of Stratford. He died on April 23, 1616, at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in the chancel of his parish church, where, before 1623, was set up the monument to him which still exists.

These bare facts show us very little of the man himself. Contemporary references show little more. " Sweet Mr. Shakespeare " and " friendly Shakespeare " he was called by those who knew him ; " his demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes : besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that approves his art." Ben Jonson wrote of him : " I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any. Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature." We know

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too that his friends ranged from the greatest writers of the day to country tradesmen, that he was in favour at Court, and that he enjoyed the friendship of at least one great lord, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who proved a generous patron. It is reported that Queen Elizabeth gave him "many gracious marks of her favour." It seems certain that he valued highly the good things of life, and won "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Yet it is not through these few facts that we can get to know him best, but through the great plays which are his enduring monument. "That short and troubled time of passage, during which he was hurried onward at an ever-increasing pace, blown upon by hopes and fears, cast down and uplifted, has gone like a dream, and has taken him bodily along with it. But his work remains. He wove upon the roaring loom of time the garment that we see him by; and the earth at Stratford closed over the broken shuttle."

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1. The first scene of *The Tempest* is one of the best of Shakespeare's opening scenes. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's comment goes to the heart of the matter: "*If you are an artist and are setting out to tell the incredible, nothing will serve you so well as to open with absolute realism.* If you want, for instance, to tell the incredible story of Robinson Crusoe, you put your hands in your pockets and begin—'I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family though not of that country; my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled in Hull.' So if you want to tell how Alice met with the most impossible adventures, you give the child an ordinary kitten, set her on a hearth-rug in an ordinary room, take her to an ordinary looking-glass, and *walk her through it.* So the trick is done; and so, past the realistic shoutings and cursings of our Bo'sun—past the realistic trepidation and runnings to-and-fro of our passengers—we come to shore on the island."

There is a special interest in this scene, too, because it is the most technical which Shakespeare ever wrote, and because its seamanship is so good. He has dealt accurately with a subject on which a landsman very rarely escapes absurd blunders.

This does not mean that Shakespeare had been a sailor—he may never have been to sea—but he had exceptional powers of assimilating knowledge from all sources. In that great age of sea adventure he

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had many opportunities to talk with men who knew the ways of ships ; and exploration, colonization, and trade with the most distant parts of the world must have been common subjects of conversation among London merchants and courtiers.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has given us, as his contribution to *A Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, an imaginary but very suggestive description of a scene in which a sailor's rambling tale of shipwreck on the Bermudas provides Shakespeare with many ideas for *The Tempest*. If you have opportunity, read J. M. Synge's preface to *The Playboy of the Western World*, and Lady Gregory's notes to *Seven Short Plays*.

2. The exposition of a play—introducing the characters, explaining the situation, and describing previous events—is always a difficult problem to the dramatist, for it must not be too obvious that explanations are being made and the audience must be interested quickly. Why was the problem particularly difficult in *The Tempest*? How has Shakespeare solved it? What do you think of his methods?

3. A play which deals with pardon for past wrongs, reconciliation of old enemies, and restoration of a child long mourned as lost, deals necessarily with the happenings of a period of years. In *Pericles* (his only in part) and *The Winter's Tale* Shakespeare showed the story in action, from beginning to end, and with no great success in solving the problems of dramatic structure which such a story involves. But in *The Tempest* these same problems are solved in masterly fashion and we are shown only the conclusion, the climax, of the story.

By what means is this contrived?

4. Much has been written, to little purpose, about the "Three Unities," especially by the so-called "classical" critics of France and England in the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries. From a misunderstanding of a passage in Aristotle's *Poetics*, and deduc-

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tions from Greek dramatic practice, it was sometimes maintained that a playwright *must* observe these Unities: Unity of Time—limiting the time of action of a play to twenty-four hours or less; Unity of Place—limiting the scene to one spot, or at least a small area; Unity of Action—limiting the plot to one story, with no sub-plot. Observation of these “laws” often strengthens a play, but they are not essential. Shakespeare “obeyed” them only in *The Comedy of Errors*, which is based on a Latin comedy, and *The Tempest*. How far does he observe the Unities in the latter play?

5. *The Tempest* has always been one of the most loved of Shakespeare’s works by the general public as a stage play, and by all lovers of literature for the beauty and delicacy of its poetry. “It combines the profound and inexhaustible intellectual suggestiveness of *Hamlet* with the enchanted scenery, the piquant invention, the lyrical loveliness of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.” There is also an extraordinary tribute to the ethical suggestiveness of the play, its varying stimulus for many different minds, in the large number of attempts which have been made to interpret it as allegory.

There is very little probability that Shakespeare meant it as an allegory—“the literary method of creative minds below the first rank,” “a clumsy man’s way of introducing Sunday on a week day,” as Mr. John Masefield calls it—though the play may very well have implications which its author did not fully realize as he wrote. Some of the interpretations are absurd; some are interesting. The literature connected with the play includes a melodramatic sequel, *The Virgin Queen* (1797), by F. C. Waldron; a philosophical sequel, *Caliban* (1878), by Renan; and an attempt to show that Shakespeare anticipated Darwin’s theories, *Caliban, or the Missing Link* (1873), by Daniel Wilson! To these, but in a different class,

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must be added *Caliban upon Setebos*, by Robert Browning, a poetic monologue in which Caliban expresses his thoughts upon his god.

There is one interpretation of the play, and one only, which has appealed strongly to nearly all lovers of Shakespeare—that Prospero represents Shakespeare; and that in this play, almost certainly his last, the great magician was consciously bidding farewell to the stage. If you accept the idea that Shakespeare meant Prospero to represent himself, which speeches of Prospero's assume a special meaning?

6. A curious section of Shakespearean literature is the many adaptations which have been made of his plays. Until the end of last century it was usual to "improve" his plays for performance. In the eighteenth century, for instance, *King Lear* was nearly always played with a "happy ending," and the adaptations of the Restoration period include *The Enchanted Island* (1667), a version of *The Tempest* made by John Dryden and Sir William Davenant. In this the whole play is degraded for clever theatrical effect—Miranda, for instance, being matched by a man who has never seen a woman. For us this play is chiefly interesting because Dryden's prologue to it contains his famous tribute:

But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.

7. A reasoned estimate of a character in a play can be formed only after full consideration of—

- (a) What he does;
- (b) What he says;
- (c) What other characters say about him.

Under the last heading it is essential that the speaker's feelings towards him should also be considered. Sincere praise from an enemy, for instance, is of more value than sincere praise from a friend,

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while an enemy's detraction is always open to suspicion.

8. "The temper of Prospero, the grave harmony of his character, his self-mastery, his calm validity of will, his sensitiveness to wrong, his unfaltering justice, and with these, a certain abandonment, a remoteness from the common joys and sorrows of the world, are characteristic of Shakespeare as discovered to us in all his latest plays. Prospero is a harmonious and fully developed *will*."—E. Dowden: *Shakespeare; His Mind and Art*.

"Prospero was as usual an insufferable bore. That cruel egotist has some beautiful lines to speak . . . but I have never seen a performance of *The Tempest* which did not make it quite clear why Prospero's brother had kidnapped him and sent him adrift on a ship which even the rats had deserted. No ordinary court could be expected to tolerate Prospero."—E. A. Baughan: *A review in the Daily News*, January 8, 1926.

Prospero's "sense of preternatural power makes him arbitrary, tetchy, and impatient of opposition."—William Hazlitt.

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part.

Prospero (V. i. 26-27).

Consider these opinions carefully, examine them by the method given in Section 7, and then write a character sketch of Prospero, supporting your statements by references and quotations.

9. Miranda is unique, a woman who has seen no one of her own sex and no man except her father, and she is one of the most charming of Shakespeare's heroines. The simplicity of her life, so different from the complex life of courts and cities, has given her simplicity of character and grace of body and mind. She is the Eve of the island Paradise, all tenderness and modesty,

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and her charm is heightened for us by the surroundings, and by contrast with both Ariel and Caliban. "I will add but this concerning her—yet I think it her last secret and the last secret of the play: She is good."

10. What do you think of Miranda's behaviour in the wooing scenes? What false impression of her would a bad actress be most likely to give?

11. Ferdinand comes from a very different world, the court of Naples, and even his own father is not very scrupulous. Does he show himself worthy of Miranda?

12. There are no more wonderful creations of Shakespeare's imagination than Ariel, the spirit of the air, and Caliban, the creature of earth. Surely if such beings ever existed they would be as Shakespeare has made them!

Ariel is like "the swiftness of thought personified," with such ease can he penetrate earth, air, and sea, change his shape as he wills, or go invisible. He is leader of the "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves" whom Prospero's magic commands. How often he brings music and song!—and his songs, like so many of Shakespeare's, are almost pure music, for they do not so much communicate thought as create a mood. Follow his course carefully through the play, and then try to describe him. (It is a little like trying to photograph a rainbow!) Notice particularly why Sycorax imprisoned him in the cloven pine; his description of the wreck; Prospero's modes of addressing him; his reference to Alonso and the courtiers in Act V., Scene i., lines 7-19; his treatment of Caliban and Stephano and Trinculo, and his method of awakening the sleeping sailors; and the reward he so desires from Prospero.

13. In Caliban, Shakespeare has apparently combined suggestions of the half human monster, the slave, and the "noble" savage to whom civilization

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brings ruin because he learns only its vices—from such forerunners as Stephano. Apparently he has some resemblance to a fish (from his long, finny arms) as well as to an ape. The name “Caliban” is probably formed, by metathesis, from “Canibal” (cannibal), which is itself a form of “Caribal” (Caribes)—a fierce West Indian tribe.

Caliban is one of Shakespeare's masterpieces, and the amount written about him is adequate testimony to his fascination. Savage, deformed, vindictive, horrible, he has yet strange poetry and dignity in him. Re-read those of his speeches which are in blank verse, and notice the difference between his earthy grossness and the vulgarity of Stephano and Trinculo.

14. Write a defence of Caliban.

15. Contrast Caliban with Ariel, or with Stephano and Trinculo.

16. Ariel and Caliban are always disappointing when seen on the stage. Why?

17. Examine carefully the way in which Antonio and Sebastian approach and develop the plan of assassination in Act II., Scene i. Compare this with the conspiracy formed by Stephano and the others in Act III., Scene ii.

18. Write a character sketch of Gonzalo, having first collected material under the headings given in Section 7 above.

19. “Trinculo the jester is adequate and makes a good foil; but he makes little more; nor, do I think, did Shakespeare *desire* to do any more. . . . Stephano himself is, I dare to say, a masterstroke of invention. I may be thought to speak extravagantly here, for his share in the action is not of first-rate importance. But let us consider his value in contributing *solidarity* to our trust in a play which throughout the artist had to watch against its becoming too ethereal, too pure and good ‘for human nature's daily food,’ and floating off into sheer phantasy. But an unmistakable

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British seaman turned loose to stagger through our isle of magic with a bottle ! The scheme wanted but that : a priceless British mariner, staggering through all but to stare, and against Ariel's fine-drawn melodies hiccoughing back : ' The master, the swabber, the bo'sun, and I . . . ' Truly I see the beginnings of what they call ' our world-wide empire ' in Stephano. Let the reader mistake me not ; I see them also in Andrew Marvell's mariners, rowing, ' where the remote Bermudas ride,' and chanting

In the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note.

But I detect them also in this unholier drunken figure, bewildered, yet positive that all is to be risked. . . . That, with his immortal advice in extremity, ' Every man shift for all the rest,' gives the man's measure.'—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

20. Who is the most ignoble figure in the play, and why ?

21. The editors of the *New Hudson Shakespeare* have calculated that Prospero speaks 652 lines, Ariel 192, Caliban 174, Stephano 157, Gonzalo 156, Miranda 150, and Ferdinand 140.

Comment on these figures.

22. In the past many attempts have been made by critics to identify Prospero's island with Lampedusa, the Bermudas, and other islands which can be found on the map. What comment would you make on this ?

23. Is the attraction of *The Tempest* due in any considerable degree to interest in the story ?

24. A play is sometimes divided into EXPOSITION, in which the situation is explained ; COMPLICATION, in which " the plot thickens " ; CRISIS or CLIMAX, the height (and turning-point) of the action ; RESOLUTION, or falling action ; and DÉNOUEMENT, or final

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“ untying ” of the tangled threads of the plot. Try to divide *The Tempest* in this way.

25. State in one sentence what you think is the main theme, the central idea, of *The Tempest*. (This should be given in abstract terms ; e.g. the theme of a play might be “ a conflict between friendship and patriotism.”)

26. What features of the play seem to indicate that it was written for performance at a wedding ?

27. Write a letter to a friend who has complained to you that “ *The Tempest* is spoilt by all that fairy tale rubbish in it.”

28. The *New Cambridge Shakespeare* maintains that a scene has been deleted between Act IV., Scene i., and Act V., Scene i. Write an outline account of this scene as you imagine it.

29. There are in *The Tempest* several instances of dramatic irony—a very effective device which consists in giving a character speeches which have a fuller or different meaning for the audience than for the speaker, because the audience knows something of which the speaker is ignorant. Find three or four instances.

30. Is the “ happy ending ” of this play forced or natural ?

31. Do you agree with the statement that running through *The Tempest* is “ the thought that the true freedom of man consists in service ” ? Examine the play carefully, with special reference to Ariel, Caliban, Ferdinand, Miranda, Prospero, and Antonio, before you write your answer.

32. A modern critic has said that the disappearance of the “ aside ” from our drama is a gain, and that of the soliloquy a loss. Do you agree with this ? What are the arguments against the soliloquy ? What are its merits ?

Do you think that there is any connection between the abandonment of “ aside ” and soliloquy, and the

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change to the modern "picture stage" from the Elizabethan stage in which the audience were on three sides of the actors?

33. Some of the most interesting variants of the text of the play are given below. The First Folio reading is given first, because this must obviously be the basis of the text of *The Tempest*. Where passages in the Folio are puzzling or obviously wrong, editors have tried to correct them—that is, to find what Shakespeare really wrote. Some of these emendations have been made by dangerous guesswork, especially in the eighteenth century, and some by a scientific study of Elizabethan English and of Shakespeare's handwriting. Recent discoveries have proved that part of a manuscript play, *Sir Thomas More*, now in the British Museum, is in Shakespeare's handwriting or in writing extremely similar, so that it is now possible to write a doubtful word as Shakespeare wrote it, in the spelling which he most probably used, and see from this what mistakes the printer would be most likely to make. (Shakespeare wrote in the old English style, which is very different from our own.) Many N.C.S. emendations are based on this.

Study carefully *in its context* each of the variants given below, and say which you think the more likely to be correct and (if this is not the same) which you prefer.

Globe=Globe Edition, generally accepted as the standard text, and used in this edition. N.C.S.=*New Cambridge Shakespeare*, now in process of publication. The other names are those of editors.

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FOLIO READINGS

EMENDATIONS

I. i., line 67.

Long heath, Browne firrs.

("Long heath" was an Elizabethan name for a plant, but "heath" may be the "barren ground.")

long heath, brown furze
(Globe).

long heath, brown fir
(N.C.S.).

ling, heath, broom, furze
(Hanmer).

(Harrison's description of England contains the list: "brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling.")

I. ii., line 59.

And Princesse; no worse issued.

And princess no . . .
(Globe).

A princess, no . . . (Pope).

I. ii., lines 211-212.

And quit the vessell;
Then all afire with me the
King's sonne Ferdinand.

. . . the vessel, Then all a-
fire with me: the King's
son, Ferdinand (Globe).

II. i., line 35.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd
(Capell).

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! — So,
you're paid (Theobald).

III. i., line 15.

Most busie lest, when I doe
it.

(Does "it" refer to "forget" or to "labours"?)

busy lest . . . (Globe).

busie-less . . . (Theobald).

busiest . . . (Holt).

busy-idlest . . . (N.C.S.).

(Suggesting "bizyydlest" as Shakespeare's spelling, misread as "bizzye lest" by printer because "e" and "d", "z" and "y" were very similar in old English writing.)

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FOLIO READINGS

IV. i., line 101.

Wise. Wife.

(Some copies have one,
some the other.)

IV. i., line 142.

I thank thee, Ariel.

V. i., line 41.

Masters.

V. i., lines 145-146.

Supportable . . . deere losse.

(Note the metre of line
145.)

V. i., line 174.

Yes, for a score . . .

EMENDATIONS

Wise (Later Folios, Dyce,
etc.).

Wife (Globe).

I think thee, Ariel (N.C.S.).

(Arguing that "think" is
better sense, and that
Shakespeare's badly-made
down-strokes made his
"think" look like
"thank.")

Ministers (N.C.S.).

(Careless down-strokes
making "ministers" look
like "maisters".)

Insupportable . . . dear loss
(Later Folios).

Support, able . . . dere less
(N.C.S.).

(Dere=pain, injury.)

Yet, for a score . . . (N.C.S.).

(On ground that Shake-
speare often made his final
"s"—the old English form
—and "t" much alike.)

34. Two of Prospero's most beautiful and most famous speeches (Act IV., Scene i., lines 126-136; and V. i., lines 33-50) are said to owe something to the following passages:—

(1) From *The Tragedie of Darius*, by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling; published in 1603, but probably written earlier:

Let greatness of her glascie scepters vaunt ;
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soone brus'd soone broken :

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And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With furniture superflouslie faire :
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

(2) From Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (Medea's incantation, Book VII., 197-206), published in 1567 :

Ye Ayres and windes : ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of
Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euery-
chone
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much won-
dring at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to
their spring.
By charmes I make the calme Seas rough, and make ye
rough Seas plaine,
And couer all the Skie with Cloudes and chase them
thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the
Vipers iaw.
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees
doe draw.
Whole woods and Forestes I remoue : I make the Moun-
taines shake,
And euen the Earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to
quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues, and thee, O light-
some Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy peril soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes ye
Sun at Noone.

Write a short critical essay, comparing these extracts, in both style and matter, with the passages in the play, and attempt to estimate Shakespeare's indebtedness.

35. Thomas Gray, the poet, once said of Shake-

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spare that "every word in him is a picture." Quote from *The Tempest* half a dozen brief phrases which are notable examples of this vivid pictorial quality.

36. Where does Shakespeare use (a) prose, (b) rhyme in *The Tempest*. What is his reason in each case?

37. Quote from memory three or four passages in the play which have impressed you with their poetic beauty, and add any comment that you wish.

38. Turn to the quotation from Coleridge which is given as a note to Act I., Scene ii., lines 447-8, and comment on the distinction which he draws between the demands of "the romantic imagination" and "the historical."

39. By careful study and comparison of the representative extracts which are given below, a good deal may be learned of the development of Shakespeare's style and his verse.

(1) *Early work*

Ægeon. A league from Epidamnum had we sailed,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none :
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;

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To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other :
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried toward Corinth, as we thought.

The Comedy of Errors, I. i. (1591-3).

Helena. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment :
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too ?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, III. ii. (1594-5).

(2) *Work of Shakespeare's "Middle period"*

Captain. True, madam : and to comfort you with
chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Twelfth Night, I. ii. (? 1598-1601).

Casca. Are you not moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :

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But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Julius Cæsar, I. iii. (1599).

(3) *Latest work*

Antonio. 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-swallowed, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

The Tempest, II. i. (1611).

Find two other passages from this play, for further comparison.

40. One of the best ways of getting to know and love a play of Shakespeare's is to act in a full dress performance of it, or even better perhaps, to produce it. Failing this, a great deal of enjoyment may be had from more or less impromptu form-room acting, which certainly gives players and audience an opportunity of using their imaginations in Elizabethan fashion. Another way is to imagine yourself playing Prospero, say, or another leading character in one of the important scenes, and decide exactly how you would speak your "lines," what movements and gestures would be most natural and expressive, and what would be your attitude and position with regard to the other characters at various stages of the action.

In this, as indeed in all silent reading of poetry, you should "read aloud in your mind"—hear the sound of the words as well as follow the thought—because

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it is impossible to appreciate all the beauty and meaning of poetry unless you hear the sound.

If you would rather be producer than actor, erect the stage in your mind, picture your stage setting, and then let the play go forward. At first you may have to treat the players like puppets, showing them where to stand and when to move, but after you have had practice at this they will sometimes come to life and play out a scene without your help. This gives a new and vivid reality to the play, and is much more interesting and exciting than the cinema.

41. "It is in the highest degree unphilosophic to call language or diction the dress of our thoughts. . . . It is the incarnation of our thoughts."—William Wordsworth.

What connection is there between this and what has been said in the previous section about the sound of poetry?

42. If you were playing in an amateur performance of *The Tempest*, which part would you like to take, and why?

43. Charles Lamb once said that "the *Lear* of Shakespeare cannot be acted." Would you say the same of *The Tempest*?

44. Methods of staging Shakespeare's plays have varied enormously. In his own day performances at the Globe and other public theatres were given in daylight, with no scenery, no front curtain, and no intervals. The audience was on three sides of the stage. The players wore expensive Elizabethan dresses, and there were movable properties on the stage—a grassy bank, for instance, or a well-head. The curtained recess under the gallery at the back could be more elaborately "set," and in *The Tempest*, no doubt, it served as Prospero's cell. The gallery was probably used by the Master of the Ship, and by Prospero and Ariel for their "invisible" entrances.

It is unlikely, however, that these popular perform-

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ances remained as bare as they are commonly imagined. They must surely have been influenced by the elaborate lighting, scenery, and effects of the Court productions, and it is hardly credible that—even with the partial break in stage tradition under the Commonwealth—the modern “ picture stage ” appeared after the Restoration (1660) without any preliminary developments in that direction.

Shakespearean productions became more and more elaborate up to the end of last century, when the play was sometimes lost in expensive scenery and “ historically accurate ” costumes ; but lately there has been a return to simplicity, and amateurs especially have found the advantages of a stage simply hung with curtains.

Arrange a debate, or write an essay, on the subject : That it is better to perform Shakespeare’s plays with scenery than with a curtained stage. Think this over carefully, and remember that scenery should never be an end in itself, but simply a means of helping the audience to appreciate the play.

FURTHER READING

45. *Shakespeare's Workmanship*. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. Every one who has read *The Tempest* should read the three chapters on it in this book. Here is criticism worthy of its subject.

Essays and Lectures on Shakespeare. S. T. Coleridge. Notes on *The Tempest*.

46. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Both this play and *The Tempest* gain in interest from being read together, especially if some comparison, mental or written, is made between them with regard to their poetry and humour and the very different parts played by the fairies.

47. *The Winter's Tale*. Compare this with *The*

ON THINKING IT OVER

Tempest, with special reference to the resemblances in theme and plot and the differences in structure.

48. *A Guide to the Study of Shakespeare's Plays*. Geoffrey H. Crump. (Harrap, 2s.) *Shakespeare: The Man and his Stage*. Greening Lamborn and G. B. Harrison. (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.) Two excellent small books.

49. *Caliban on Setebos*. R. Browning. (In several volumes of selections.) *Shakespeare*. Herbert Trench. *I Like to Think of Shakespeare*. E. K. Chambers. (Both in *Poems of To-day, Second Series*.) *Elizabeth of Bohemia*. Henry Wootton. (In *The Golden Treasury*.)

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION

50. A Court Performance of *The Tempest*.
51. The Poetry of Caliban.
52. The Music and Songs in *The Tempest*. (Study the songs carefully and see how far each is really dramatic—that is, contributes to atmosphere, action, and characterization.)
53. Elizabeth of Bohemia.
54. Magic Islands.
55. Witches and Wizards.
56. Travellers' Tales.
57. Man's Power over Nature.
58. Civilization and the Savage.
59. Shakespeare's Use of Rhyme, Blank Verse, and Prose.
60. Shakespeare's Clowns.

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SIMPLER EXERCISES

ACT I

61. What do you think of the behaviour of (a) the Boatswain, and (b) the passengers, in the first scene?

62. Imagine that you are Miranda, and describe the wreck as she saw it, using the details given in the play and adding to them as you wish.

63. Scene ii., which is very long—nearly a quarter of the play—can be divided dramatically into four sections. Make the division for yourself: then write down the first three lines of each section, and a short title for each section.

64. Why does Miranda think Ferdinand is a spirit when she sees him first?

ACT II

65. What do you learn about the characters of Antonio and Sebastian from their talk “aside” at the beginning of Scene i.?

66. Why does Antonio want to murder Alonso?

67. Compare Trinculo with Stephano.

68. Do you think that Caliban is a baser creature than the other two?

69. What is Gonzalo's outstanding fault?

ACT III

70. Do you like Ferdinand and Miranda? Why does Prospero treat them in this way?

71. Why does Caliban hate Prospero?

72. Why should Caliban sometimes speak in verse when Trinculo and Stephano always speak in prose?

ON THINKING IT OVER

73. Several of Caliban's speeches are very beautiful poetry. Which of these do you like best?

74. Scene iii. shows how different Alonso is in character from the other two "men of sin." What is the difference? What do you think of Antonio and Sebastian now?

ACT IV

75. Show that the masque is very suitable to the occasion.

76. What is troubling Prospero's "old brain"?

77. Why does Prospero have the clothes brought out and hung on the "line"?

ACT V

78. Why does Prospero not take revenge on his enemies when they are in his power?

79. Is there any speech of Prospero's in this act in which you feel that Shakespeare himself may be speaking? If so, what meaning do you think it has for Shakespeare?

80. What is the last thing that Ariel has to do for Prospero? What do you think that Ariel will do when set free?

GENERAL

81. What references are there in the play to Elizabethan sailors' adventures and discoveries in the New World?

82. Compare Ariel with Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

83. Which do you think the most amusing incident in the play? Describe it briefly.

84. Find the passage which shows that Prospero's island is not one of the Bermudas.

85. There are several references in the play to the

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belief that a noise broke a magic spell. Find as many of these as you can, and make a list of them.

86. Give three adjectives to describe the character of each of the following: Prospero, Miranda, Gonzalo, Antonio, Caliban, Stephano.

87. Describe the character of Prospero, or Gonzalo, or Caliban.

88. Write a title for each of the Acts in the play.

89. Draw and paint a picture to illustrate any incident in the play, and write underneath the lines referring to it; or, if you find figures too difficult, paint the scene "before Prospero's cell."

90. Draw a picture of an Elizabethan stage, copied from the illustration in *Richard II.* in this series, or from any other reliable source.

MODEL THEATRES

If you like making models you would enjoy constructing a model theatre of wood and cardboard. It can be as simple or as elaborate as you please, and may be of two kinds:

1. *A Modern Stage*, with a painted stage-setting for any scene in *The Tempest*, and painted cut-out figures—and electric lighting from "pea bulbs" and a pocket-lamp battery if you wish!

2. *An Elizabethan Public Theatre*. This is more difficult and much more interesting, and will enable you to realize more clearly than anything else the conditions under which Shakespeare and his company usually worked. The necessary information can be collected from such learned volumes as *Shakespeare's England*; or can be found ready to hand, with full instructions and diagrams, in a book which makes a useful addition to the school library: *The Bankside Stage Book*. (H. W. Whanslaw. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., 5s.)

ON THINKING IT OVER

FORM ROOM ACTING

When you have read the whole of *The Tempest*, and studied it a little, you may like to try this way of acting some of the scenes.

Elect leaders from the form, and make each of them responsible for one of the scenes you wish to act—say Act I., Scenes i. and ii. ; II., ii. ; III., iii. ; and V., i. Having decided how many players are needed for each scene, the leaders, taking turns, choose their companies from the form, and then each company prepares a “performance” of its scene, to be given with the rest of the form as audience. The leader should act as “producer” in the preliminary rehearsal or rehearsals, and assign parts and positions on the “stage” and suggest movements, etc. ; and before the performance he should give a brief account of what has happened in the earlier scenes which are not being given.

The performances can be very simple, with all the actors reading their parts, or they can be more elaborate, with some or all of the parts learned by heart and costumes improvised or borrowed. In any case a few wooden daggers and swords, a table for the banquet, a log for Ferdinand, and other simple “properties” are a great asset. Scenes acted in this way, with spirit, can be made very enjoyable—especially if the actors remember the poetry as well as the humour of the play.

MUSIC FOR THE PLAY

A selection of unison and part songs from *The Tempest*, edited by R. Dunstan, is published by Novello & Co. for use in schools.

THE TEMPEST

The same firm publishes Purcell's settings for "Come unto these yellow sands," and "Full fathom five thy father lies"; and Sir Arthur Sullivan's settings for "Where the bee sucks," and "Honour, riches, marriage, blessing."

These details are taken from Roy Mitchell's *Shakespeare for Community Players*, and any one interested should refer to that invaluable book for particulars of other settings and of incidental music.

A collection of *Songs from Shakespeare's Plays*, edited by J. Maskell Hardy, has just been published by Messrs. Curwen & Sons.

It is a good plan to learn some of the songs. Shakespeare meant them to be sung. Music formed part of nearly all theatrical entertainments in his time, for the art was much more widely loved and practised in England then than it has ever been before or since.

A NOTE FOR AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETIES

The following books will be found of great value to actors and producer :

"*Let's do a Play!*" (Rodney Bennett. Nelson, 3s. 6d.) A complete guide to play and concert production, formal and informal, which deals in a thoroughly practical way with all the problems of rehearsal, acting, stage-management, scenery, lighting, make-up, etc., etc., and shows exactly how to make the best of limited resources and difficult conditions. Fully illustrated. The last 140 pages contain a very varied selection of plays, sketches, and poems by well-known modern writers.

The Bankside Costume Book. (M. Stone. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., 3s.) Illustrated instructions for making all Shakespearean dresses.

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THE SPINSTERS OF LUSHE. Philip Johnson. Comedy (1). 6 women. Period: 1812. Drawing-room. Royalty £1, 1s. B

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THE THEATRE. H. F. Rubinstein. Comedy (1). About 30 men and women; many can be doubled. Modern dress. Dress circle. Royalty £1, 1s. B

One volume. Full acting notes.

THREE MODERN PLAYS AND A MIME.

OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC. John Pearmain. Farce (1). 2 men, 3 women. Any dress. Simple setting. All parts read from script. Extremely amusing. Royalty 5s. B

PANDORA'S BOX. Rosalind Vallance. A play in verse and mime (1). Chorus, and 3 actors who do not speak. Simple Greek dress. Curtains or open air. Royalty 7s. 6d. A

THE SPELL. Mary Kelly. Drama (1). 2 women. Modern dress. Cottage. Very powerful. Royalty 2s. 6d. B

THE DICKENS OF GRAY'S INN. H. F. Rubinstein. Comedy (1). 4 men, 1 woman. Dress of 1828. Lawyer's office. Royalty 15s. B

One volume. Full acting notes.

THE THRICE-PROMISED BRIDE. Cheng-Chin Hsiung. B
Fresh and very delightful comedy (1). 6 men, 4 women (or less). Chinese dress. Simple interior. Royalty £1, 1s.
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- APRIL SHOWER. Philip Johnson. Comedy (1). 6 women. Dress of 1815. Drawing-room. A further incident in the lives of the Spinsters of Lushe. Royalty £1, 1s. B
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