

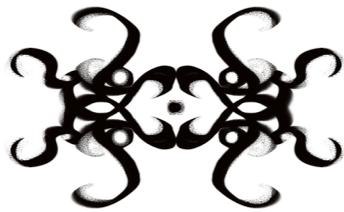
William Shakespeare

The Tempest



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THE TEMPEST,
OR THE
E n c h a n t e d I s l a n d .
A COMEDY.



Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo Duke of Savoy, and Usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua.

Ferdinand his Son.

Prospero tight Duke of Millain.

Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzalo a Noble man of Savoy.

Stephano Master of the Ship.

Mustacho his Mate.

Trincalo Boatswain.

Ventoso a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

Miranda (Daughter to Prospero) that never saw man.

Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on Prospero.

Several Spirits Guards to Prospero.

Caliban Monster of the Isle.

ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, Attendants.

GONZALO: Beseech your Grace be merry;
you have cause, so have we all, of joy for our strange scape:
then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONZO: Prithee peace! you cram these words
into my Ears against my stomach, how can I rejoyce,
when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish?

ANTONIO: Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the billows under him,
and ride upon their backs; he trod the Water,
whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted the most swoln surge that met him,
his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept,
and oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore, I do not doubt he came alive to land.

ALONZO: No, no, he's gone, and you and I, Antonio, were those who caus'd his death.

ANTONIO: How could we help it?

ALONZO: Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou betrayedst thy Brother Prospero, and
Mantua's Infant, Sovereign to my power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force anothers right;
then lost we Ferdinand, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

ANTONIO: Indeed we first broke truce with Heav'n; You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the waves have lost an only Son; I did usurp my Brother's fertile lands, and now Am cast
upon this desert Isle.

GONZALO: These, Sir, 'tis true, were crimes of a black Dye, But both of you have made amends
to Heav'n,
By your late Voyage into Portugal, Where, in defence of Christianity, Your valour has repuls'd the
Moors of Spain.

ALONZO: O name it not, Gonzalo. No act but penitence can expiate guilt, Must we teach
Heaven what price to set on Murthers? What rate on lawless power, and wild ambition? Or dare
we traffick with the Powers above, And sell by weight a good deed for a bad? [Musick within.]

GONZALO: Musick! and in the air! sure we are shipwrackt on the Dominions of some merry
Devil.

ANTONIO: This Isle's enchanted ground, for I have heard Swift voices flying by my Ear, and
groans Of lamenting Ghosts.

ALONZO: I pull'd a Tree, and Blood pursu'd my hand; O Heaven! deliver me from this dire dare
place, and all the after actions of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty. Hark! [A Dia-
logue within sung in parts. The sounds approach us.



1.
D. Where does proud Ambition dwell?
2.
In the lowest Rooms of Hell.
1.
Of the damn'd who leads the Host?
2.
He who did oppress the most.
1.
Who such Troops of damned brings?

CHORUS: Oh no! *[uneasily their Crowns, &c.]*

ALONZO: See where they come in horrid shapes!

Enter the two that sung, in the shape of Devils, placing themselves at two corners of the Stage.

ANTONIO: Sure Hell is open'd to devour us quick.

1ST DEVIL: Say Brother, shall we bear these mortals hence?

2ND DEVIL: First let us shew the shapes of their offence.

1ST DEVIL: We'll muster then their crimes on either side: Appear! appear! their first begotten, Pride.

[Enter Pride.]

PRIDE: Lo! I am here, who led their hearts astray,
And to Ambition did their minds betray.

[Enter Fraud.]

FRAUD: And guileful Fraud does next appear,
Their wandring steps who led,
When they from virtue fled,
And in my crooked paths their course did steer.

[Enter Rapine.]

RAPINE: From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

[Enter Murther]

MURDER: There long they cannot stay,
Down the deep precipice they run,
And to secure what they have done,
To murder bend their way.

After which they fall into a round encompassing the Duke, &c. Singing.

*Around, around, we pace
About this cursed place,
Whilst thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.*

*[All the spirits vanish.
[Dance.]*



CALIBAN: I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO: [*to Trinculo*] Here. Swear then how thou escapedst.

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

STEPHANO: Here, kiss the book.

[Trinculo drinks.]

Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO: O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO: The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now, mooncalf, how does thine ague?

CALIBAN: Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

CALIBAN: I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANO: Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

[Caliban drinks.]

TRINCULO: By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.

I afeard of him? A very weak monster.

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

CALIBAN: I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island, and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO: By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster. When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN: I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO: Come on, then. Down, and swear.

[Caliban kneels.]

TRINCULO: I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster. I could find in my heart to beat him—



STEPHANO: Come, kiss.

TRINCULO: —but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster.

CALIBAN: 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.

TRINCULO: A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

CALIBAN, [standing]

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
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?

STEPHANO: 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.

CALIBAN: [sings drunkenly]

Farewell, master, farewell, farewell.

TRINCULO: A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN: [sings]

No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master. Get a new man.
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom,
high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO: O brave monster! Lead the way.

They exit.

