

# Act I

## SCENE i: On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.<sup>1</sup>

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN. Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER. Good; speak to th' mariners: Fall to't,<sup>2</sup> yarely,<sup>3</sup> or we run ourselves aground. Bestir,<sup>4</sup> bestir. *Exit.*

Enter MARINERS.

5 BOATSWAIN. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle.—Blow,<sup>5</sup> till thou burst thy wind, if room<sup>6</sup> enough!

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

10 ALONSO. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play<sup>7</sup> the men.

BOATSWAIN. I pray now keep below.

ANTONIO. Where is the master, bos'n?

BOATSWAIN. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

15 GONZALO. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers<sup>8</sup> for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

20 BOATSWAIN. None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor; 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,

◀ *Where is this scene set? What danger are the characters facing?*

◀ *What does the boatswain want the noblemen to do? Why is he rude? What does he point out about the limits of kingly power?*

### ACT I, SCENE i

1. **Boatswain.** Petty officer in charge of the deck crew on a ship
2. **to't.** To it
3. **yarely.** Smartly, quickly
4. **Bestir.** Stir into action
5. **Blow.** He is addressing the storm
6. **room.** Space to maneuver the boat
7. **Play.** Ply, or urge to work
8. **roarers.** Loud, turbulent waves

► *What comforts  
Gonzalo?*

25 give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself  
ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it  
so hap.<sup>9</sup>—Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.  
*Exit.*

GONZALO. I have great comfort from this fellow.  
Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him, his  
complexion is perfect gallows.<sup>10</sup> Stand fast, good Fate,  
30 to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable,<sup>11</sup>  
for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to  
be hang'd, our case is miserable.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast! Yare! lower,  
lower! bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*]  
35 A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the  
weather, or our office.

*Enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

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

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

BOATSWAIN. Work you then.

ANTONIO. Hang, cur!<sup>12</sup> hang, you whoreson, insolent  
noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou  
art.

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

BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses  
off to sea again! Lay her off.

*Enter* MARINERS *wet.*

50 MARINERS. All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!  
*Exeunt.*

BOATSWAIN. What, must our mouths be cold?

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

9. **hap.** Happens

10. **Methinks . . . gallows.** Referring to the old proverb "He that is born to be  
hanged will never be drowned"

11. **make the rope . . . our cable.** May the rope that will hang him anchor our  
ship.

12. **cur.** Dog

SEBASTIAN. I am out of patience.

ANTONIO. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

55 This wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning.

The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO. He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut<sup>13</sup> him.

[A confused noise within.] "Mercy on us!"—  
"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—  
60 "Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"  
*Exit* BOATSWAIN.

ANTONIO. Let's all sink wi' th' King.

SEBASTIAN. Let's take leave of him. *Exit with* ANTONIO.

GONZALO. Now would I give a thousand furlongs<sup>14</sup> of  
65 furze,<sup>15</sup> any thing. The wills above be done! but I would  
fain<sup>16</sup> die a dry death. *Exit.*

SCENE ii: An island. Before Prospero's cell.

*Enter* PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIRANDA. If by your art,<sup>1</sup> my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's<sup>2</sup> cheek,  
5 Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer. A brave vessel  
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her)  
Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

13. **glut**. Swallow

14. **furlong**. Unit of measure equal to one eighth of a mile

15. **furze**. Prickly evergreen shrub

16. **fain**. Rather, gladly

ACT I, SCENE ii

1. **art**. Magic

2. **welkin's**. Sky's

◀ *What is happening to the ship? What do Antonio and Sebastian expect will happen to them? What does Gonzalo long for?*

◀ *What does Miranda ask her father to do? What does she think caused the tempest? What has made Miranda suffer?*

Words  
For  
Everyday  
Use

**al • lay** (a lā´) *vt.*, calm

10 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<sup>3</sup> souls within her.

PROSPERO. Be collected:  
No more amazement. Tell your piteous<sup>4</sup> heart

15 There's no harm done.

MIRANDA. O woe the day!

PROSPERO. No harm:  
I have done nothing, but in care of thee  
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter), who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better

20 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

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

PROSPERO. 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,  
*Lays down his mantle.*

25 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—

30 No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid<sup>5</sup> to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit  
down,  
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA. You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
35 And left me to a bootless inquisition,<sup>6</sup>  
Concluding "Stay: not yet."

3. **fraughting.** Filling

4. **piteous.** Full of pity

5. **Betid.** Happened

6. **bootless inquisition.** Useless inquiry

► *Of what does  
Prospero say  
Miranda is ignorant?*

► *What does  
Prospero reveal  
about the ship and  
the storm?*

Words  
For  
Everyday  
Use

**cell** (sel) *n.*, small room or cubicle  
**per • di • tion** (pər dish'ən) *n.*, loss, ruin

**PROSPERO.** The hour's now come.  
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.  
 Obey,<sup>7</sup> 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.

**MIRANDA.** Certainly, sir, I can.

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

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

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

**MIRANDA.** But that I do not.

**PROSPERO.** Twelve year since,<sup>8</sup> Miranda, twelve year  
 since,  
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
 55 A prince of power.

**MIRANDA.** Sir, are not you my father?

**PROSPERO.** Thy mother was a piece<sup>9</sup> of virtue, and  
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
 Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir  
 And princess no worse issued.<sup>10</sup>

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

**PROSPERO.** Both, both, my girl.

◀ *What position did Prospero once hold?*

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7. **Obey.** Listen  
 8. **Twelve year since.** Twelve years ago  
 9. **piece.** Masterpiece  
 10. **no worse issued.** No less noble by blood

► *Who was responsible for the “foul play” that bereaved Prospero of his dukedom? What authority did Prospero give Antonio? Why did he give him this authority?*

► *Does Prospero accept any responsibility for what happened to his dukedom? Why, or why not?*

By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence,  
But blessedly holp<sup>11</sup> hither.

**MIRANDA.** O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' th' teen<sup>12</sup> that I have turn'd you to,  
65 Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

**PROSPERO.** 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 lov'd, and to him put  
70 The manage of my state, as at that time  
Through all the signories<sup>13</sup> 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,  
75 The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt<sup>14</sup> in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

**MIRANDA.** Sir, most heedfully.

**PROSPERO.** Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
80 How to deny them, who t' advance and who  
To trash for overtopping,<sup>15</sup> new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
85 To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure<sup>16</sup> out on't. Thou attend'st not!

**MIRANDA.** O, good sir, I do.

**PROSPERO.** I pray thee mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
90 To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retir'd,

11. **holp.** Helped

12. **teen.** Sadness, trouble

13. **signories.** Cities

14. **rapt.** Completely absorbed in

15. **trash for over-topping.** Keep from becoming overly powerful

16. **verdure.** Vigor; energy

Words  
For  
Everyday  
Use

**per • fid • i • ous** (pər fid'ē əs) *adj.*, treacherous; faithless

O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
 Awak'd an evil nature, and my trust,  
 Like a good parent, did beget<sup>17</sup> of him  
 95 A falsehood in its contrary, as great  
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,  
 A confidence sans<sup>18</sup> 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' th' substitution,  
 And executing th' outward face of royalty  
 105 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—  
 Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO. To have no screen between this part he  
 play'd  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan<sup>19</sup>—me (poor man) my library  
 110 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties<sup>20</sup>  
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates<sup>21</sup>  
 (So dry he was for sway)<sup>22</sup> wi' th' King of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
 115 The dukedom yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)  
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA. O the heavens!

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

MIRANDA. I should sin  
 To think but nobly of my grandmother.

120 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

17. **beget**. Bring into being

18. **sans**. Without

19. **Absolute Milan**. Actual duke of Milan

20. **temporal royalties**. Royal duties

21. **confederates**. Conspires or makes alliance with

22. **dry . . . sway**. Eager for peace

◀ How many times has Prospero accused Miranda of not listening? Does Miranda seem to be listening? What does this reveal about how Prospero feels when speaking of his lost dukedom?

◀ With whom did Antonio align himself to gain the dukedom? What did he promise this person?

Words  
 For  
 Everyday  
 Use

**pre • rog • a • tive** (prē rāg'ə tiv) *n.*, right or privilege

► *Whose army marched into Milan? Who let the army into the city?*

► *Why didn't the traitors kill Prospero and Miranda? What did they do to them?*

PROSPERO. Now the condition.  
The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,  
Which was, that he, in lieu o'<sup>23</sup> the premises  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
125 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan  
With all the honors on my brother; whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open  
130 The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness  
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

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

PROSPERO. Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon 's; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.<sup>24</sup>

MIRANDA. Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO. Well demanded, wench;  
140 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst<sup>25</sup> not,  
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,<sup>26</sup>  
145 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast, the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,  
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh  
150 To th' winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

23. **in lieu o'**. In exchange for

24. **impertinent**. Irrelevant

25. **durst**. Dared

26. **bark**. Ship

Words  
For  
Everyday  
Use

**in • vet • er • ate** (in vet'ər it) *adj.*, firmly established  
**ex • tir • pate** (ek 'stər pāt') *vt.*, destroy



MIRANDA. Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO. O, a cherubin<sup>27</sup>  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
155 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen<sup>28</sup> groan'd, which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA. How came we ashore?

PROSPERO. 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,  
165 Which since have steaded much;<sup>29</sup> so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes<sup>30</sup> that  
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA. Would I might  
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO. Now I arise. *Puts on his robe.*  
170 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow:  
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princess' can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

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

PROSPERO. Know thus far forth:  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune

◀ *Who helped Miranda and Prospero survive to reach shore? What did this person give them? What does this information reveal about this character?*

◀ *What reason does Prospero give Miranda for raising the storm?*

27. **cherubin.** Angel; sweet, innocent child

28. **burthen.** Burden

29. **steaded much.** Been very useful

30. **volumes.** Prospero's books of magic

(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies  
 180 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith<sup>31</sup> doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose influence  
 If now I court not, but omit,<sup>32</sup> my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.  
 185 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,  
 And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA *sleeps*.

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

*Enter* ARIEL.

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

PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit,  
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

195 ARIEL. To every article.  
 I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,  
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
 I flam'd amazement:<sup>33</sup> Sometime I'd divide,  
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
 200 The yards and boresprit, would I flame distinctly,  
 Then meet and join. Jove's<sup>34</sup> lightning, the precursors  
 O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks  
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune<sup>35</sup>  
 205 Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO. My brave spirit!  
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil<sup>36</sup>

31. **zenith.** Height of fortune

32. **omit.** Fail to take advantage of

33. **flam'd amazement.** Struck terror by appearing as flames also called St. Elmo's Fire

34. **Jove's.** Jove was the Roman god of the heavens and of lightning.

35. **Neptune.** Roman god of the sea who caused earthquakes with his trident

36. **coil.** Uproar

► *What caused the tempest?*

Words  
 For  
 Everyday  
 Use

**pres • ci • ence** (presh'əns) *n.*, foreknowledge  
**aus • pi • cious** (ôs pish' əs) *adj.*, favorable

Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL. Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad,<sup>37</sup> and play'd  
210 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel.  
Then all afire with me, the King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),  
Was the first man that leapt; cried, "Hell is empty,  
215 And all the devils are here."

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

ARIEL. Close by, my master.

PROSPERO. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL. Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before; and as thou badst<sup>38</sup> me,  
220 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.<sup>39</sup>

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

ARIEL. Safely in harbor  
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,<sup>40</sup> there she's hid;  
230 The mariners all under hatches stowed;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ed labor,  
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet  
(Which I dispers'd), they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean float<sup>41</sup>  
235 Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrack'd,  
And his great person perish.

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

◀ *What happened aboard the ship?*

◀ *What happened to the people who jumped off the ship?*

◀ *Whom did Ariel leave in "an odd angle of the isle"?*

◀ *What has happened to the mariners aboard the king's ship? What do the people aboard the rest of the king's fleet of vessels believe?*

37. **felt** . . . **mad**. Felt as madmen feel

38. **badst**. Bade, urged

39. **arms** . . . **sad knot**. Arms crossed sadly

40. **Bermoothes**. Islands of Bermuda, known for their storms

41. **float**. Flood, sea

► *What does Ariel want from Prospero? Why does Ariel believe that he deserves this? Why won't Prospero do this for Ariel?*

ARIEL. Past the mid season.

240 PROSPERO. At least two glasses.<sup>42</sup> The time 'twixt six  
and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

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

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

ARIEL. My liberty.

PROSPERO. Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL. I prithee,<sup>43</sup>  
Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise  
250 To bate<sup>44</sup> me a full year.

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

ARIEL. No.

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

ARIEL. I do not, sir.

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

260 ARIEL. No, sir.

PROSPERO. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak.  
Tell me.

ARIEL. Sir, in Argier.<sup>45</sup>

42. **two glasses.** Two o'clock

43. **prithee.** Pray thee, beg thee

44. **bate.** Abate, lessen the span of Ariel's service

45. **Argier.** Algiers, capital of Algeria

Words  
For  
Everyday  
Use

**ma • lig • nant** (mə lig'nənt) *adj.*, having evil influence;  
harmful

PROSPERO. 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  
265 To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st was banish'd; for one thing she did  
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL. Ay, sir.

PROSPERO. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with  
child  
270 And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant,  
And for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests,<sup>46</sup> she did confine thee,  
275 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  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island  
(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp<sup>47</sup> hag-born) not honor'd with  
A human shape.

ARIEL. Yes—Caliban her son.

285 PROSPERO. 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 arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL. I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak

◀ Who used to live on the island? Whom did this person bring with her?

◀ What did Sycorax do to Ariel? Why?

◀ Who else serves Prospero? How does Prospero seem to feel about this person?

◀ Why must Ariel serve Prospero?

46. **hests.** Commands

47. **whelp.** Term of contempt for a child

Words  
For  
Everyday  
Use

**un • mit • i • ga • ble** (un mit 'ə gə 'bəl) *adj.*, absolute;  
unstoppable

► *What does Prospero promise to do?*

295 And peg thee in his knotty entrails till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

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

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

ARIEL. That's my noble master!

300 What shall I do? Say what? what shall I do?

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

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

*Exit* ARIEL.

305 Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well,  
Awake!

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

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

MIRANDA. 'Tis a villain, sir,

310 I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO. But as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CALIBAN. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

315 PROSPERO. Come forth, I say, there's other business for  
thee.

Come, thou tortoise, when?

*Enter* ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

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

ARIEL. My lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

PROSPERO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil  
himself

320 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

CALIBAN. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

► *How does Miranda feel about Caliban? Why do Miranda and Prospero need Caliban?*

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen<sup>48</sup>  
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er!

- 325 **PROSPERO.** For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have  
cramps,  
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up; urchins<sup>49</sup>  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
330 Than bees that made 'em.

- CALIBAN.** I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,  
Thou strok'st me and madest much of me, wouldst give  
me  
Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
335 To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.  
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms  
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<sup>50</sup> me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

- PROSPERO.** Thou most lying slave,  
345 Whom stripes<sup>51</sup> may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee  
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honor of my child.

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

- MIRANDA.** Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
355 One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble<sup>52</sup> like

◀ *What does Caliban say about the island?*

◀ *How did Prospero once treat Caliban? What did Caliban do for Prospero? How does Prospero treat Caliban now?*

◀ *Why did Prospero begin to treat Caliban more harshly?*

◀ *What did Miranda teach Caliban?*

48. **fen.** Swampy land

49. **urchins.** Hedgehogs; evil spirits in the shape of hedgehogs

50. **sty.** Keep, as in a cage or pen

51. **stripes.** Whip lashings

52. **gabble.** Chatter

► *What does Miranda say about Caliban's "race"?*

► *How does Caliban feel about what Miranda has taught him? Why might Caliban find Prospero's and Miranda's teachings unprofitable?*

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

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

CALIBAN. You taught me language, and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red-plague rid you  
365 For learning me your language!

PROSPERO. Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
370 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN. No, pray thee.  
[*Aside.*] I must obey. His art is of such pow'r,  
It would control my dam's<sup>53</sup> god, Setebos,<sup>54</sup>  
And make a vassal<sup>55</sup> of him.

PROSPERO. So, slave, hence!  
*Exit CALIBAN.*

*Enter FERDINAND; and ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing.*

ARIEL'S SONG

375 Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,  
The wild waves whist:<sup>56</sup>  
Foot it featly<sup>57</sup> here and there,  
380 And, sweet sprites, the burthen<sup>58</sup> bear.  
Hark, hark!  
*[Burthen, dispersedly, within.]* Bow-wow.  
The watch-dogs bark!  
*[Burthen, dispersedly, within.]* Bow-wow.  
385 Hark, hark, I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer;<sup>59</sup>  
*[Cry, within.]* Cock-a-diddle-dow.

53. **dam's.** Mother's

54. **Setebos.** Ancient South American god

55. **vassal.** Servant

56. **whist.** Quieted

57. **Foot it featly.** Move carefully

58. **burthen.** Chorus or refrain of a song

59. **chanticleer.** Rooster



FERDINAND. Where should this music be? I' th' air, or th'  
earth?

It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon  
390 Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the King my father's wrack,  
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,  
395 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
400 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.<sup>60</sup>  
[Burthen, within.] Ding-dong.  
405 Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong bell.

FERDINAND. 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. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
410 And say what thou seest yond.<sup>61</sup>

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

PROSPERO. No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath  
such senses  
As we have—such. This gallant which thou seest  
415 Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief (that's beauty's canker),<sup>62</sup> thou mightst call  
him  
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

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

◀ Why was Ferdinand weeping? What was the effect of Ariel's music on the storm? on Ferdinand's emo-

◀ What does Ariel say about Ferdinand's father? How has the sea changed him?

◀ What does Miranda think of Ferdinand when she sees him for the first time?

60. **knell.** Sound of a funeral bell

61. **yond.** Beyond; yonder

62. **canker.** Worm that eats and destroys flowers

► Is Prospero happy that Miranda finds Ferdinand so pleasing? What do you think Prospero is planning?

► What does Ferdinand think of Miranda when he sees her for the first time?

► How does Miranda feel about Ferdinand?

► How does Ferdinand feel about Miranda?

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

Ferdinand. Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe<sup>63</sup> my pray'r  
May know if you remain upon this island,  
425 And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here. My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is (O you wonder!)  
If you be maid, or no?

MIRANDA. No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

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

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

Ferdinand. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,  
435 And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,<sup>64</sup>  
Who with mine eyes (never since at ebb) beheld  
The King my father wrack'd.

MIRANDA. Alack, for mercy!

Ferdinand. Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of  
Milan  
And his brave son being twain.<sup>65</sup>

Prospero. [Aside.] The Duke of Milan  
440 And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight  
They have chang'd eyes.<sup>66</sup> Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good sir,  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.

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

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

63. **Vouchsafe.** Keep safe

64. **Naples.** King of Naples

65. **twain.** Two

66. **changed eyes.** Looked at each other lovingly

PROSPERO. Soft, sir, one word more.  
 [Aside.] They are both in either's pow'rs; but this swift  
 business  
 I must uneasy<sup>67</sup> make, lest too light winning  
 Make the prize light.<sup>68</sup>—One word more: I charge thee  
 That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
 455 The name thou own'st not, and hast put thyself  
 Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
 From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND. No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a  
 temple.  
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
 460 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO. Follow me.  
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,  
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.  
 Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
 The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks  
 465 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND. No,  
 I will resist such entertainment till  
 Mine enemy has more pow'r.  
*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

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

PROSPERO. What, I say,  
 470 My foot my tutor?<sup>69</sup> Put thy sword up, traitor,  
 Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience  
 Is so possess'd with guilt. Come, from thy ward,  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
 And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA. Beseech you, father.

475 PROSPERO. Hence! hang not on my garments.

67. **uneasy.** Challenging

68. **light.** Little valued; easy

69. **My foot my tutor?** Someone younger presumes to tell me how to behave?

◀ Why does Prospero treat Ferdinand harshly and take him captive?

Words  
 For  
 Everyday  
 Use

**u • surp** (yoo zerp) *vt.*, take or assume power by force  
**man • a • cle** (man'ə kəl) *vt.*, restrain by tying or  
 chaining up

► *What does Prospero say about Ferdinand's appearance? Do you think that Prospero is telling the truth? Do Prospero's comments change the way that Miranda feels about Ferdinand?*

► *Why isn't Ferdinand disturbed by his imprisonment and by the loss of his family and friends? To what does Ferdinand compare this experience?*

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

PROSPERO. Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
An advocate for an imposter? Hush!  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
480 Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

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

PROSPERO. [To FERDINAND.] Come on; obey:  
485 Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND. So they are.  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
490 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO. [Aside.] It works. [To FERDINAND.] Come on.—  
495 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To FERDINAND.] Follow  
me.  
[To ARIEL.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA. Be of comfort.  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted<sup>70</sup>  
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO. Thou shalt be as free  
500 As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

ARIEL. To th' syllable.

PROSPERO. [To FERDINAND.] Come, follow. [To MIRANDA.]  
Speak not for him. *Exeunt.*

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70. **unwonted.** Rare, unusual