

MIRANDA You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped,
Concluding "Stay. Not yet."

PROSPERO The hour's now come.

Obeys, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA 'Tis far off. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA But that I do not.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter. And thy father
Was Duke of Milan.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!

What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly helped hither.

MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds

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

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state.
The liberal arts being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature. He, being thus lorded,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

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

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

ARIEL To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

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

ARIEL Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit!
But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

He folds his arms.

PROSPERO Of the King's ship,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARIEL Safely in harbor
Is the King's ship. There she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed. But there's more work.

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

PROSPERO How now? Moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find

Not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO Nor I. My spirits are nimble.

They dropped as by a thunderstroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more.

And yet methinks I see it in thy face

What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN What is it thou didst say?

ANTONIO Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather, wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on.

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee, and a birth indeed

Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance

Professes to persuade the King his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned

As he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope

That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN He's gone.

ANTONIO

Say this were death

That now hath seized them, why, they were no worse

Than now they are. O, that you bore

The mind that I do, what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO 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.

SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir, where lies that?

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
 By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' 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,
 Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me
 And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
 Their pricks at my footfall. 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.

He lies down and covers himself with a cloak.

Enter Trinculo.

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
 any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I
 hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond
 huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed
 his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
 know not where to hide my head. *Noticing Caliban.*
 What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or
 alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient
 and fishlike smell. A strange fish. Legged like a man,
 and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my
 opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an
 islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.
Thunder. Alas, the storm is come again. My best
 way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no
 other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man
 with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the
 dregs of the storm be past.

He crawls under Caliban's cloak.

TRINCULO I should know that voice. It should be—but
he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEPHANO 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.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy,
this is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I
have no long spoon.

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me
and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not
afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull
thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they. *He pulls him out from under Caliban's
cloak.* Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How
cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can
he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke.
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I
hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm
overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's
gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living,
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach
is not constant.

MIRANDA Alas now, pray you,
 Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
 Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.
 He's safe for these three hours.

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

MIRANDA If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that.
 I'll carry it to the pile.

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

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

PROSPERO, *aside* Poor worm, thou art infected.
 This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND 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?

MIRANDA Miranda.—O my father,
 I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration, worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
 Th' 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.
