



The Tempest 1.2 – cut

MIRANDA: If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

PROSPERO: Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA: O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

PROSPERO: My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
He did believe he was indeed the duke;
Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough.
The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us.

MIRANDA: How came we ashore?

PROSPERO: By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, did give us,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Here in this island we arrived.

MIRANDA: And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO: By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep;
MIRANDA sleeps

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL: All hail, great master!

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

ARIEL: I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement:

PROSPERO: My brave spirit!
But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL: Not a hair perish'd;

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

ARIEL: My liberty.

PROSPERO: Before the time be out? no more!

ARIEL: Remember I have done thee worthy service;

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

ARIEL: No.

PROSPERO: Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, she did confine thee.
When I arrived 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
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 spiriting gently.

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

ARIEL: That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO: Go make thyself invisible to every eyeball else.

Exit ARIEL

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,
I do not love to look on.



PROSPERO: 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.

PROSPERO: Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Thou poisonous slave, come forth!
Enter CALIBAN

CALIBAN: I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me.

PROSPERO: Thou most lying slave, I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN: O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.

PROSPERO: Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick,
I'll rack thee with old cramps,
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 power.

PROSPERO: So, slave; hence!
Exit CALIBAN
Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, FERDINAND following

ARIEL (sings): Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND: Where should this music be? I' the air or the earth?

PROSPERO: Say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA: What is't? a spirit?

PROSPERO: No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA: A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

FERDINAND: The goddess on whom these airs attend!

PROSPERO: [Aside] At the first sight
They have changed eyes.
[To FERDINAND] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIRANDA: This is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND: I'll make you the queen of Naples.

PROSPERO: [Aside] They are both in either's powers;
but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

MIRANDA: There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

PROSPERO: He's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: Follow.

FERDINAND: I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
Draws his sword and is frozen by Prospero's magic

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

PROSPERO: Put thy sword up, traitor;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA: Sir, have pity;

PROSPERO: Silence! What!
An advocate for an imposter! Hush!

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

PROSPERO: [to Ferdinand] Come on; obey.

FERDINAND: My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
He drops his sword.

PROSPERO: [Aside] It works. [To FERDINAND] Come on.

MIRANDA: Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech.

PROSPERO: [To Ariel] Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL: To the syllable.

PROSPERO: Come, follow.
Exeunt