

The Tempest 4.1

PROSPERO: [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the SPIRITS*] Well done. Avoid. No
more.

FERDINAND: This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA: Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.

PROSPERO: You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed. 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,
The cloud-capped 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 vexed.
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA: We wish your peace.
Exeunt

PROSPERO: Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel. Come.

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL: Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO: Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL: Ay, my commander. When I presented 'Ceres.'
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO: Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL: I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
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 unbacked colts they pricked their ears
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO: 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.

ARIEL: I go, I go.

Exit

PROSPERO: A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaded with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet

CALIBAN: Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO: Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy,
has done little better than played the jack with us.

TRINCULO: Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which my nose is in
great indignation.

STEPHANO: So is mine. -- Do you hear, monster? If I should take a
displeasure against you, look you--

TRINCULO: Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN: Good my lord, give me thy favor still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak softly.
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO: Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEPHANO: There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO: That's more to me than my wetting. Yet this is your
harmless fairy, monster!

STEPHANO: I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my
labor.

CALIBAN: Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO: Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO: O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano,
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN: Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.

TRINCULO: Oho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery. O
King Stephano!

STEPHANO: Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll have that
gown.

TRINCULO: Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN: The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,
And do the murder first. If he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO: Be you quiet, monster. -- Mistress Line, is not this my
jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line.-- Now, jerkin, you are like to
lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO: Do, do. We steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

STEPHANO: I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment for't. 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.

TRINCULO: Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and
away with the rest.

CALIBAN: I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time
And all be turn'd to barnacles or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO: 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.

TRINCULO: And this.

STEPHANO: Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, in shape of
dogs and hounds, hunting them about;*

PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

PROSPERO: Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL: Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO: Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL: Hark, they roar.

PROSPERO: Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lies 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.

Exeunt