

### **PROSPERO (speech1)**

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 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.

### **PROSPERO (speech 2)**

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,  
Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell,  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

### **PROSPERO (speech 3)**

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid –  
Weak masters though ye be – I have bedimmed  
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up  
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music – which even now I do –  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

#### **PROSPERO (speech 4)**

Abhorrèd 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  
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race –  
Though thou didst learn – had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

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,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

## Dialogue 1 with MIRANDA

### PROSPERO

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who  
Art ignorant of what thou art; naught knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
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.  
Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul,  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid 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 stopped,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

### PROSPERO

The hour's now come;  
Obey, 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

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

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  
In the dark backward and abyss of time?  
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; and thou his only heir  
And princess no worse issued.

**MIRANDA**

O the heavens!

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

**PROSPERO**

Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly holp 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.

## **Dialogue 2 with ALONSO**

### **ALONSO**

If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation,  
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost –  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! –  
My dear son Ferdinand.

### **PROSPERO**

I am woe for't, sir.

### **ALONSO**

Irreparable is the loss, and patience  
Says it is past her cure.

### **PROSPERO**

I rather think  
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

### **ALONSO**

You the like loss?

### **PROSPERO**

As great to me as late; and supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

### **ALONSO**

A daughter?  
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

### **PROSPERO**

In this last tempest.

### Dialogue 3 with ARIEL

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

My liberty.

**PROSPERO**

Before the time be out? no more!

**ARIEL**

I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise  
To bate 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,  
To do me business in the veins o' the earth  
When it is baked 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?

**ARIEL**

No, sir.

**PROSPERO**

Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

**ARIEL**

Sir, in Algiers.

**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  
To enter human hearing, from Algiers  
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,  
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant,  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
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  
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 hag-born – not honoured with  
A human shape.

**ARIEL**

Yes, Caliban her son.

**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  
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo. It was mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.

**ARIEL**

I thank thee, master.



## Dialogue 4 with ARIEL

**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 leapt, cried, 'Hell is empty  
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 perished.  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,  
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.

**PROSPERO**

Of the king's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

**ARIEL**

Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook where once  
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vexed Bermudas, there she's hid;  
The mariners all under hatches stowed,  
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,  
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean float,

Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked  
And his great person perish.

**PROSPERO**

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

**ARIEL**

Past the mid season.

**PROSPERO**

At least two glasses. 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 promised,  
Which is not yet performed me.

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