

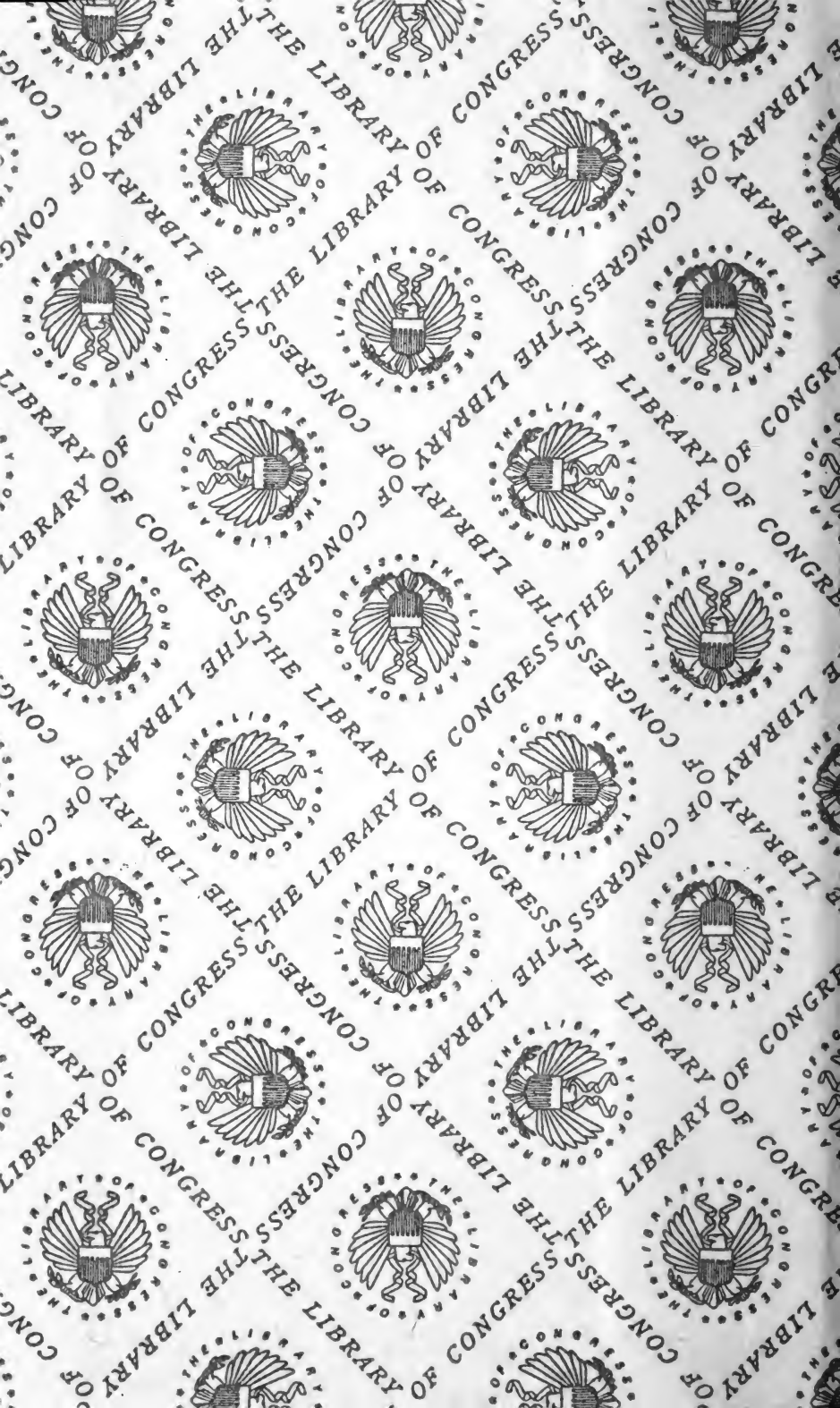
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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Educational Publishers

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

The Lake English Classics

SHAKSPERE'S

THE TEMPEST

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, M.A., Ph.D.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

PR 2833
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no 1

PREFACE

As in the previous volumes of this series, the aim has been to present a satisfactory text of the play, modernized in spelling and punctuation, and to furnish in the introduction and notes comment enough to render it thoroughly intelligible. The first section of the introduction is intended to give the student an idea of the place of the play in the history of the English drama in general, and of Shakspeare's development in particular. The second section deals with the date and sources of *The Tempest*, and discusses Shakspeare's meter and language.

In stating the result of research into the source of the plot, I have dealt with the suggested originals somewhat fully, in spite of the fact that I believe the true source has not yet been discovered. The accounts given here, however, are sufficient to enable the student to judge for himself whether either the German play or the Spanish tale is worthy of further study in this connection. Since the restoration of authenticity to Cunningham's extracts from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court* by Mr. Ernest Law the date of the production of *The Tempest*

can be fixed within the limits of a year, and much of the discussion over the performance of the play at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, with all the attempts to find in it a courtly allegory, can now be dispensed with.

The interest of *The Tempest* is not primarily dramatic. The element of conflict, so essential for dramatic vitality whether in comedy or tragedy, is not powerful enough here to create any great degree of suspense. Before we know of Prospero's danger from Caliban and his fellow-conspirators, or of the risk run by Alonso from the more serious villains of the piece, we are too well assured of the all-sufficient power of the magician to have any real doubt as to the success of his plans; while the course of Ferdinand and Miranda's true love runs smooth to all eyes but their own. Yet the play bears abundant testimony to Shakspeare's mature mastery of technic, both in the (for him) rare observance of the unities of place and time, and in the employment of many devices for the sustaining of interest.

The drawing of character is simpler than in perhaps any other of the later plays. In the case of the heroine this is a natural outcome of her situation; but even the sophisticated Italian courtiers show little trace of any attempt to give them complexity. They are painted with detail enough to justify their parts in the action,

and with that the author seems to have been content.

Yet few of Shakspeare's plays possess a more marked charm than this, a charm derived chiefly from the delightful poetry of the lines, from the mellow wisdom of the speeches of Prospero, and from the definiteness with which the atmosphere of the enchanted island is brought before our imaginations. To create a due appreciation of these elements in the minds of his pupils is the main task of anyone who would teach *The Tempest*.

For further details on the life and work of Shakspeare the following may be referred to: Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer*, and *Shakspeare, His Mind and Art*; Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* (revised edition, 1909); Boas's *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*; and *The Facts about Shakespeare*, by Neilson and Thorndike. For a general account of the English drama of the period, see A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (revised edition, 1899), F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama*, and volumes V and VI of *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, all of which contain abundant bibliographical material. For questions of language and grammar, see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon*; J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*; Onions's *Shakespeare Glossary*, and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. As

usual, Dr. H. H. Furness's *New Variorum* edition of the present play is a valuable compendium of the results of scholarship on the subject.

In the preparation of the present edition I have been much indebted to Mr. H. W. Herington.

W. A. N.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

October, 1913.

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INTRODUCTION

I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theater was built in London. By 1600 Shakspeare had written more than half his plays and stood complete master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the center of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the

**The Drama
before
Shakspeare.**

Lessons, and in the responsive singing and chanting. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi, to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulcher on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest form of the MIRACLE PLAY.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade guilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of

single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chronological order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church toward these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah's wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the orig-

inal aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in general throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personæ* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the MORALITY, in which the action had an allegorical signification, the characters were mainly personifications or highly universalized types, and the aim was the teaching of moral lessons or social or religious reform. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindesay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in

both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints. This freedom was shared by the INTERLUDE, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmer, and the plot had no double meaning. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one, after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of

thought in all departments of scholarship and intellectual speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to characterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister*, was an adaptation of the underplot of the *Eunuchus* of Terence to contemporary English life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come upon a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspeare, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspeare's forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspeare found himself when he came to

London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May

**Shakspeare's
Early Life.**

6th, according to our reckoning).

The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspeare, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Æsop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy of remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's early boyhood the for-

tunes of John Shakspeare kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theaters we are again unable to say, but by 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness

to Shakspeare's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspeare worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of "University Wits" like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. "A world of black-guardism dashed with genius," it has been called and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspeare began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* we have examples of this kind

of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspeare was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theater, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspeare, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspeare's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last

decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this also following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude toward his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface of this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspeare did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theater of his time.

For the theater of Shakspeare's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now a very meager apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions for which it gave occasion. A roughly circular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage-illusion, such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on the theater to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit

The
Elizabethan
Theater.

of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Elizabethan playgoers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practised taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the literary appear to have been relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspeare knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines; one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinter-

**Shakspeare's
Dramatic
Development.**

COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
1590-93. { Love's Labour's Lost..... Two Gentlemen of Verona... Comedy of Errors.....	1, 2, 3 Henry VI. Richard III..... King John..... Titus Andronicus
1594, 95. { Midsummer-Night's Dream... Merchant of Venice.....	Richard II.....	Romeo and Juliet (revised about[1596, 97)
1596-98. { Taming of the Shrew..... Merry Wives of Windsor...	1, 2 Henry IV. Henry V..... Julius Caesar
1599, 1600 { Much Ado about Nothing. As You Like It..... 1601. Twelfth Night.....		
1601, 2. Troilus and Cressida. 1602. All's Well (revised). 1603. Measure for Measure. 1604.		Hamlet (revised 1603) Othello Macbeth King Lear Timon of Athens Antony and Cleopatra Coriolanus
1605, 6. { 1607. Pericles..... 1608. 1609.		
1610, 11. { Cymbeline Winter's Tale..... Tempest		
1612, 13. { Two Noble Kinsmen.....	Henry VIII.....	

pretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of meter and language. The arrangement on page 27 represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rimed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. The extent of Shakspeare's share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main characters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rimes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspeare here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspeare returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible. The plots are marked

by reunions and reconciliations and close in moods of repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspeare's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the meter at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspeare again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspeare's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspeare. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspeare seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode,

and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peaceful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, had died in boyhood; of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

II. *THE TEMPEST.*

The fact that the Folio of 1623, the first collected edition of Shakspeare's works, began with *The Tempest* led many of the earlier critics to infer that the play was composed at the beginning of his career. Modern study of his style and versification, however, have shown that the opposite is the case. The extreme condensation of the language in many passages, the freedom and irregularity, even carelessness, of the syntax, are sure marks of his latest style; and equally significant are the characteristics of the meter—frequent run-on lines, speeches ending in the middle of a line, feminine, light, and weak endings, and the absence of rime in the regular dialogue.¹ These evidences find corroboration in the fact that in writing *The Tempest* Shakspeare made use of certain pamphlets descriptive of the wreck on the Bermudas of Sir George Somers's expedition to Virginia in 1609, two of the narratives being published in the following year. On the other hand, the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*² show that "By the Kings Players: Hallomas nyght,

¹ See page 38 ff.

² *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I*, edited by Peter Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, 1842. The entry was for a time suspected of being a forgery, but is now credited.

was presented at Whithall before the Kinges Majestie a play called the Tempest," the date being November 1, 1611. Thus we have exceptionally precise limits for the period within which the play must have been written—after October, 1610 and before October, 1611. It may well be that this was the last play which Shakspeare completed, a possibility that throws an interesting light upon the Epilogue, and indeed upon the whole of the last scene, in which Prospero, regarded by many as symbolizing the author, bids farewell to his art.

The present text is based on that of the First Folio, the only available source. *The Tempest* was not one of the plays issued in separate quartos before the collected edition was published. The text of the Folio is on the whole good, and few of the difficulties of the play can be laid to corruptions due to printer or copyist.

Whence Shakspeare derived the story which forms the basis of the simple plot of *The Tempest* we do not yet know. Since in all but one or two cases definite sources for his plots have been found, the likelihood is that he did not invent this one. But the stories brought forward as bearing some resemblance to the present play can at most be regarded as belonging to the same family of tales, not as direct ancestors.

Source of
the Text

Source of
the Plot

Two of these deserve special mention. One is a German play by Jacob Ayrer of Nuremberg, who died in 1605. His *Fair Sidea* was not printed till 1618, so that Shakspeare could only have known of it by report, such a report as might be brought over by the English players who visited Nuremberg in 1604 and 1606. In both *The Fair Sidea* and *The Tempest* we have "a prince given to magic, and driven into exile with a daughter who marries the son of his enemy; an attendant spirit; and—most striking of all—the imposition of log-carrying upon the captive prince, and the fixing of his sword in his scabbard." But such a summary of points of likeness gives a false idea of the degree of general similarity between the plays. Ariel is utterly different from the devil in the German play, except that both are supernatural servants; there is nothing in common in the characterization; and the whole tone and atmosphere are as different as possible. The force of the argument from the incident of the sword is weakened by the fact that it is a common magician's trick in popular tales. It is difficult to believe that in Ayrer's play we have anything more than a story some of whose features may go back to an old tale from which, at no one knows how many removes, *The Tempest* may be descended.

Little more can be said for the second analogous version—a Spanish tale published in 1609

in a collection known as *Winter Nights* by Antonio de Esclava. Here the sea, absent from Ayres's scene, plays a large part. A King of Bulgaria, who possesses magical powers, being driven from his kingdom by the Emperor of Greece, sails with his daughter into the middle of the Adriatic, strikes the water with his wand, and descends into a gorgeous palace at the bottom of the sea. After two years, the Princess longs for a fitting mate, so her father brings down the disinherited elder son of his enemy and weds him to his daughter in his sea-palace. While the marriage is being celebrated, the fleet of the younger son of the usurper, who has succeeded his father and is returning from his marriage to the daughter of the Emperor of Rome, is smitten by a tempest just over the magic palace. The exiled King arises and rebukes the Emperor of Greece, who goes home and dies. The disinherited son is sought and found, and he and his bride and father-in-law are restored to their rightful honors. Here again we have clearly only a remote relative of the theme of *The Tempest*.

If we cannot point to a direct source for the main plot of our play, we can show various documents that have contributed details. Mention has already been made of accounts of the Virginian expedition of Sir George Somers. This gentleman, along with Sir Thomas Gates and

Captain Christopher Newport, sailed from Plymouth on June 2, 1609, with a fleet of nine vessels, carrying settlers and supplies to Virginia. In the end of July the fleet was scattered by a storm, and the *Sea Venture*, in which the three commanders sailed, was cast up on one of the Bermudas, where the crew and passengers lived for nine or ten months. By May of 1610 they had built two small vessels in which they reached their destination. In October of the same year, Silvester Jourdan, who had also been in the *Sea Venture*, published a pamphlet called, *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels*; and a fellow passenger, William Strachey, wrote *A true reportory of the wracke*, dated July 15, 1610, which was finally printed by Purchas in 1625, but which may have circulated in manuscript. A third document was compiled, *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia*, and was published late in 1610. These pamphlets, and perhaps, as Mr. Kipling has suggested,¹ talks with some of the returned sailors, provided Shakspeare with both incidents and phrases which he used in picturing the storm with which the play opens and the enchanted island on which the rest of the action takes place. Some of the proper names show traces of reading in other books

¹ See London *Spectator*. July 2, 1898, for an interesting speculation on Shakspeare's method of getting local color.

dealing with travel in the New World, such as Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana* and Eden's *History of Travaile*.

Other passages show the influence of the dramatist's miscellaneous reading. The speech beginning "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," (V. i. 33-50), follows closely Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII, 192-219; and in Gonzalo's account of his ideal state in II. i. 150-167 are traces of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Of the Caniballes," published in the *Essays* in 1603. Such names and titles as those of Alonso, King of Naples, and his son Ferdinand, and of Prospero, Duke of Milan, along with incidents of banishment and usurpation he might have gathered from such a work as Thomas's *Historye of Italie* (1549). It is with mere fragments and analogies like these that we have to be content in our search for the source of *The Tempest*. There seems little hope of reaching the fairly precise and complete account which can often be given of the sources of Shakspeare's material.

It is, indeed, possible that the reason why a definite source may never be found is that there was no definite source. The plot is a very simple one, and its elements are such commonplaces of popular tales of enchanters and princesses as Shakspeare may well enough have put together unaided. Certain it is that the invention of a

plot like this involves no such exercise of imagination as is shown in the parts of the play which are undoubtedly Shakspeare's own,—the creation of the characters, the conception of the prevailing atmosphere, and the superabundant poetry of the lines. No play gives more convincing proof of Shakspeare's easy mastery of his craft at the close of his career.

The Tempest is written mainly in blank verse, which, since Marlowe, had been the standard meter of the English Drama.

Meter.

Prose occurs in the talk of the mariners in the storm (I. i.), in the scene in which Antonio, Sebastian, and the courtiers make fun of Gonzalo (II. i.), and in the scenes between Stephano and Trinculo (II. ii, III. ii, IV. i.). This is in accordance with Shakspeare's practice of using prose for realistic scenes, especially with characters of humbler social station, for repartee, and for low comedy. In the masque in the fourth act, the speeches of the mythological characters are in rimed couplets, a frequent device of Shakspeare's to separate imaginative or artificial passages from the more lifelike dialogue of the main action. A similar use of rime may be noted in the play within the play in *Hamlet*. Rime is also used in the songs and in the Epilogue.

The normal type of the blank verse line has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the

verse accent falling on the even syllables. From this regular form, however, Shakspeare deviates with great freedom, among the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an eleventh syllable, *e.g.*,

If by | your art |, my dear|est fa|ther, you | *have*
Put the | wild wa|ters in | this roar, | allay | *them.*

I. ii. 1, 2.

Sit still |, and hear | the last | of our | sea-sor|row,
I. ii. 170.

The dit|ty does | remem|ber my | drown'd fa|ther,
I. ii. 405.

Be not | afeard. | The isle | is full | of noi|ses,
Sounds and | sweet airs, | that give | delight | and hurt |
not, III. ii. 149, 150.

This is also known as the feminine ending, and it is especially common in *The Tempest* and other plays of Shakspeare's last period. Occasionally the extra syllable occurs in the middle of the line, at the main pause known as the caesura, *e.g.*,

And my | dear fa|ther. || How fea|tures are | abroad|,
III. i. 52.

With all | the ho|nours on | my bro|ther; || whereoñ|,
I. ii. 127.

That now | lies foul | and mud|dy. || Not one | of
them |, V. i. 82.

The extra syllable may be found both at the caesura and at the end of the same line, *e.g.*,

Obey. | and be | atten|tive. || Canst thou | remem|ber,
I. ii. 38.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading. Thus "Prospero" is dissyllabic in such lines as the following:

And Pros|pero the | prime duke, | being so | repu|ted,
I. ii. 72.

in which "being" also may be slurred, or may be treated as two light syllables. Compare also these lines:

But that | the sea, | mounting | to the wel|kin's cheek,
I. ii. 4.

Out of | his cha|rity, who | *being* then | appointed,
I. ii. 162.

3. Sometimes an emphatic syllable, or one accompanied by a pause, stands alone as a foot, without an unaccented syllable, *e.g.*,

Say | again, where didst thou leave these varlets? IV. i.
170.

Good | my lord, give me thy favour still, IV. i. 204,
and perhaps,

Twelve | year since, Miranda, twelve year since, I. ii. 53.
Make the prize light. | One | word more; I charge thee,
I. ii. 452.

4. Short lines, lacking one or more feet, occur, especially at the beginning or end of a speech, *e.g.*,

By Providence divine, I. ii. 159. (Beginning)

To every article, I. ii. 195. (Beginning)

Bound sadly home for Naples, I. ii. 235. (Middle)

Upon thy wicked dam; come forth! I. ii. 320. (End)
 No, it begins again, I. ii. 395. (End)

5. Long lines of twelve or thirteen syllables occur, *e.g.*,

Profes|ses to | persuade | the King | his son's | alive |,
 II. i. 240.

Which since | have stead|ed much; | so, of | his gen- |
 tleness |, I. ii. 165.

These may be regarded as alexandrines, *i.e.*, lines of six iambic feet; but sometimes the extra syllables are due to the occurrence of trisyllabic feet, like the anapests, *i. e.*, feet with two unaccented syllables before the accent, in the following:

Go make | thyself | *like a nymph* | *o' the sea*; | be sub- |
 ject, I. ii. 301.

6. Frequently, especially in the first foot, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, *i.e.*, the accent falls on the odd instead of on the even syllable, *e.g.*,

Wéeping | again the King my father's wreck, I. ii. 390.
Sóunds and | sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not,
 III. ii. 150.

In the following, the trochee occurs after the caesura:

But that the sea, || *móunting* | to the welkin's cheek,
 I. ii. 4.

By accident most strange, || *bóunti*|ful Fortune, I. ii.
 178.

It must be remembered, however, that the pronunciation of many words has changed since Shakspeare's time. Examples are "révénue" in I. ii. 98; "oppórtune" in IV. i. 26; "aches," pronounced "aitches," in I. ii. 370; "súpportable," V. i. 145; "solemnized," V. i. 309. Especially characteristic are the dissyllabic endings in "presci-ence", I. ii. 180; "nupti-al," V. i. 308; "passi-on," IV. i. 143.

Although differences between the language of Shakspeare and that of our own day are obvious to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimate the extent of these differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of meaning, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the idiom of *The Tempest* and that of modern English will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this contrast. Some of the Shakspearean usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that date quite accurate, but now become obsolete.

1. NOUNS. (a) Shakspeare frequently uses an abstract noun with "of" where modern English has an adjective; *e.g.*, in I. ii. 210, "tricks of

desperation"=desperate tricks; in III. iii. 53, "men of sin"=sinful men. Conversely, in V. i. 81, "reasonable shore"=shore of reason.

(b) Abstract nouns are often used in the plural; *e.g.*,

Your swords are now too massy for your *strengths*, III. iii. 67.

Whose *wraths* to guard you from, III. iii. 79.

(c) The plural ending is sometimes omitted in nouns ending in a sibilant; *e.g.*, "princess" for princesses in I. ii. 173, "place" for places in I. ii. 338. In other cases the "s" is written but not sounded, as in

Let us not burden our *remembrances* with, V. i. 199.

2. ADJECTIVES. (a) Double comparatives and superlatives occur; *e. g.*, "more better," I. ii. 19; "more braver," I. ii. 439; "worser," IV. i. 27.

(b) Adjectives are used as nouns, as in "Nay, good, be patient," I. i. 17; "That vast of night," I. ii. 327.

3. PRONOUNS. (a) The nominative is sometimes used for the objective; *e.g.*,

Who.....I have left asleep, I. ii. 231, 232.

Who to advance, I. ii. 80.

Who once again I tender to thy hand, IV. i. 4, 5.

Of *he* or Adrian, II. i. 28.

(b) The neuter possessive is usually "his," rarely "its;" *e.g.*,

I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in *his* knotty entrails, I. ii. 294, 295.
 A foul bombard that would shed *his* liquor, II. ii. 21-22.

Occasionally "it" occurs as a possessive; *e.g.*,
 "of it own kind," II. i. 166.

(c) The modern usage as to personal and reflexive pronouns is often reversed; *e.g.*, "How I may bear me," I. ii. 425, "Myself am Naples," I. ii. 434: "I will discase me," V. i. 85.

(d) The objective case of the personal pronouns is at times used where modern English requires no object; *e.g.*, "I needs must rest me," III. iii. 4.

(e) The ethical dative is commoner than in modern speech; *e.g.*,

Which is not yet perform'd *me*, I. ii. 244.
 To do *me* business in the veins o' the earth, I. ii. 255.

(f) The modern distinctions among the relative pronouns, *who*, *which*, *that*, *as*, is not observed by Shakspeare; *e.g.*,

A brave vessel
Who had, I. ii. 6, 7.
 I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king, I. ii. 341, 342:
 This gallant *which* thou seest, I. ii. 413.
 Grief, *that's* beauty's canker, I. ii. 415 (non-restrictive).
 The elements,
 Of *whom* your swords are temper'd, III. iii. 61, 62.

(g) The relative pronoun is oftener omitted than now, especially after *there is*, *there are*; *e.g.*,

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple, I. ii. 457.
There be some sports are painful, III. i. 1.

(*h*) The possessive pronoun is sometimes used for the possessive adjective when the noun does not follow immediately; *e.g.*,

Yours and my discharge, II. i. 258.
And his and *mine* lov'd darling, III. iii. 93.

4. VERBS. (*a*) A singular verb is often found with a plural subject or with two or more subjects; *e.g.*,

What *cares* these roarers, I. i. 18, 19.
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies, IV. i. 265.
How *fares* the King and's followers? V. i. 7.
All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here, V. i. 104, 105.

(*b*) Plural verbs occur with singular subjects, through the attraction of a neighboring plural; *e.g.*,

Of his bones *are* coral made, I. ii. 397.

(*c*) The "n" is frequently dropped from the ending of the past participle of strong verbs in cases where it is retained at the present day; *e.g.*, "broke," III. i. 37; "spoke," IV. i. 31; and V. i. 201. Cf. also "holp," I. ii. 63, for "holpen," now weak, "helped."

(*d*) "Be" is sometimes used for "are;" *e.g.*,

There *be* that can rule Naples, II. i. 266.
There *be* some sports are painful, III. i. 1.
These *be* brave spirits, V. i. 261.

(e) Verbs of motion are often omitted; *e.g.*,

And away with the rest, IV. i. 247.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art; V. i. 97.

(f) "To" is sometimes used with the infinitive where it is omitted in modern English; *e.g.*,

And would no more endure

This wooden slavery than *to* suffer, II. i. 61, 62.

Conversely, "to" is at times omitted where modern usage requires it; *e.g.*,

To suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth, III. i. 62, 63.

Will't please you taste, III. iii. 42.

(g) The infinitive with "to" is sometimes used for the gerund with another preposition; *e.g.*,

What do you mean

To doat (= by doating) thus on such luggage? IV. i. 230, 231.

I have broke your hest *to say* (= by saying) so! III. i. 37.

(h) Some verbs now only intransitive are at times used transitively; *e.g.*,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,

Fall fellowly drops, V. i. 63, 64.

Hearkens my brother's suit, I. ii. 122.

Cf. the converse in III. iii. 57, "Where man doth not inhabit."

5. ADVERBS. (a) Double negatives are used with a merely intensive force; *e.g.*, "Nor go

neither," III. ii. 23; "nor hath not One spirit," III. ii. 105, 106; "they Will not, nor cannot," III. iii. 15, 16.

(b) The form of the adjective is often used for the adverb; *e.g.*,

With foreheads *villanous* low, IV. i. 250.

You have spoken *truer* than you purpos'd, II. i. 19, 20

(c) Adverbs are sometimes used where modern usage requires an adjective; *e.g.*,

Safely in harbour

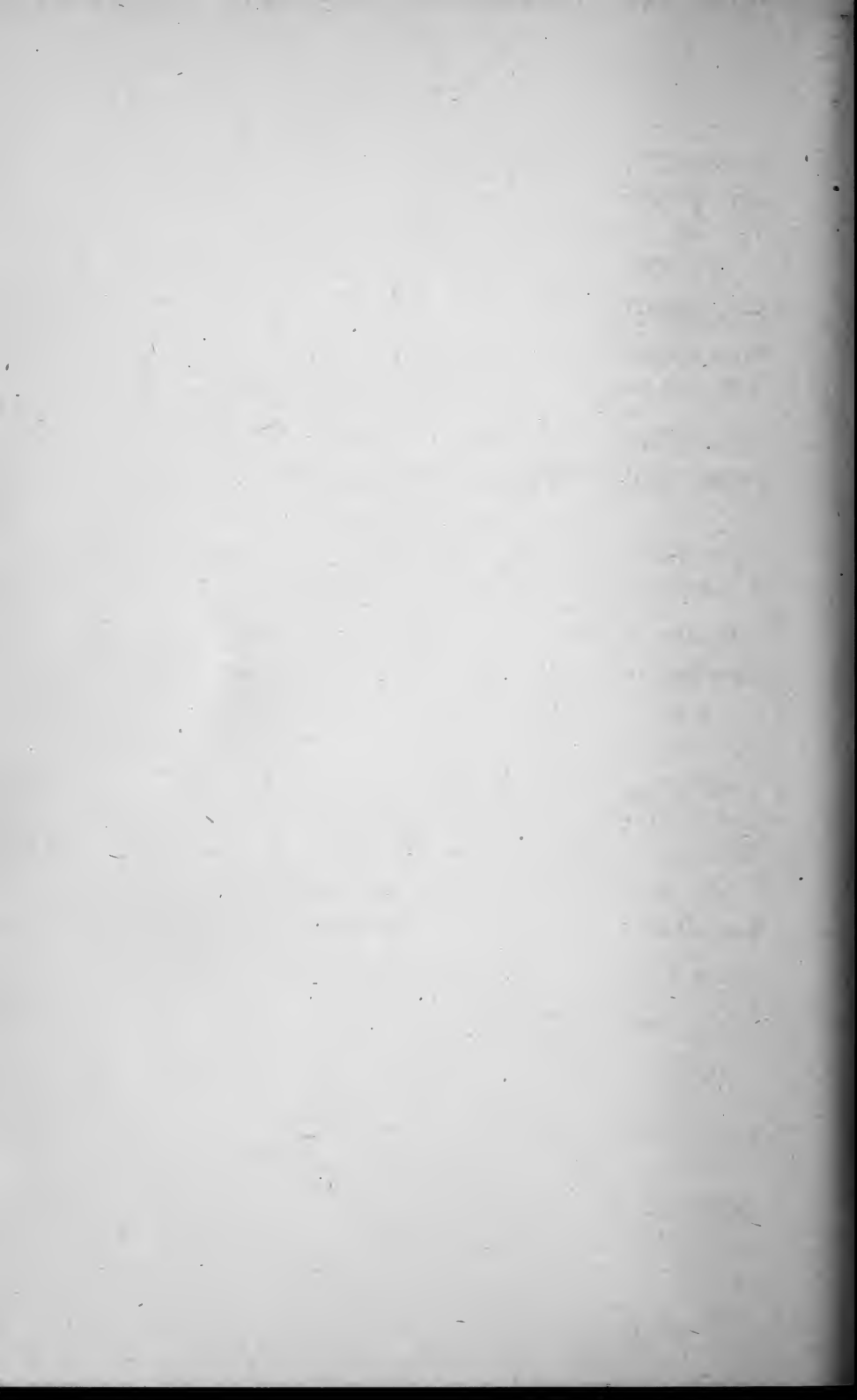
Is the King's ship, I. ii. 226, 227.

You look *wearily*, III. i. 32.

6. PREPOSITIONS. (a) The usage in prepositions was less definitely fixed than it is today. Thus "out on't"=out of it, I. ii. 87; "cause....of joy"=cause for joy, II. i. 1, 2; "to"=for, in "such a paragon to their queen," II. i. 74, 75; "of"=from, in "thrust forth of Milan," V. i. 160.

(b) A preposition is occasionally used where a modern verb takes a direct object; *e.g.*,

Whom I left cooling *of* the air with sighs, I. ii. 222.



THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, } Spirits.
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

[Other Spirits attending on Prospero.]

SCENE: [*A ship at sea;] an uninhabited island.*

THE TEMPEST

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*On a ship at sea:*] *a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Mast. Good; speak to the mariners. Fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

10 *Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the 15 storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not. 20

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of 25 the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, 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.—Cheerly, 30 good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make 35 the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower,
40 lower! Bring her to try wi' the main-course.
A plague (A cry within.)

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

upon this howling! They are louder than
the weather or our office.—Yet again! What
do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown?
45 Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blas-
phemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noise-
50 maker! We are less afraid to be drown'd
than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning though
the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! To prayers, to prayers!
All lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! Let's
assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. 60

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

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou
mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against
it.

And gape at wid'st to glut him. 65

A confused noise within.

Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and
children!

Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we
split!

Ant. Let's all sink wi' the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.* 70

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
sea for an acre of barren ground, long
heath, brown furze, anything. The wills
above be done! but I would fain die a dry
death. *Exeunt.* 75

SCENE II

[*The island. Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, 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 the welkin's
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.

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 souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement. Tell your piteous
heart

There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros.

No harm. 15

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

Mir.

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros.

'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy
hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me. So,
[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes;
have comfort. 25

The direful spectacle of the wreck, 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—

No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
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.

Mir.

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

35 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remem-
ber

A time before we came unto this cell?
40 I do not think thou canst, for then thou
wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? By any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. '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?

Pros. 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 rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st
here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father? 55

Pros. Thy mother was a piece 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.

Mir. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from
thence? 60

Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence,

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you
to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please
you, farther. 65

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd An-
tonio—

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
The manage of my state; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so re-
puted

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 trans-
ported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false
uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
80 How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for overtopping, 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' the 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 out on't. Thou
attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedi-
cated

90 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
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 of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great 95
 As my trust was; which had indeed no
 limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus
 lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact,—like
 one
 Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
 Made such a sinner of his memory
 To credit his own lie,—he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke. Out o' the sub-
 stitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative, hence his ambition
 growing— 105
 Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he
 play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my
 library

Was dukedom large enough—of temporal
 royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
 So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of
 Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,

Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor
115 Milan!—

To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event, then
tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

120 *Pros.* Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy

To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's
suit;

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much trib-
ute,

125 Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother; where-
on,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight

Fated to the purpose did Antonio open

The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of
130 darkness,

The ministers for the purpose hurried
thence

Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further, 135
And then I'll bring thee to the present busi-
ness

Which now's upon's, without the which this
story

Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not

(So dear the love my people bore me) set 140
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
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 the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back
again,

Did us but loving wrong. 150

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

Pros.

O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou
didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt,

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in
me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir.

How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water
that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then ap-
pointed

Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and neces-
saries,

Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir.

Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pros.

Now I arise.

[*Puts on his robe.*]

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.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir, 175

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your rea-
son

For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful For-
tune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 180

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more
questions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dul-
ness, 185

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.

Ari. 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 bid-
ding task

Ariel and all his quality.

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

195 *Ari.* 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. Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly,

200 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more mo-
mentary

And sight-outrunning were not; the fire
and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty
Neptune

Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,

205 Yea, his dread trident shake.

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

Ari. Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mari-
 ners 210
 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 leap'd; cried, "Hell
 is empty,
 And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit! 215
 But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st
 me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the
 isle. 220

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.

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

Ari. Safely in harbour
 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, there she's
 hid;
 230 The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'red
 labour,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the
 fleet,
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
 And are upon the Mediterranean float,
 235 Bound sadly home for Naples,
 Supposing that they saw the King's ship
 wreck'd
 And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more
 work.

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
 240 and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
 me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast prom-
 is'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty. 245

Pros. Before the time be out? No more!

Ari. I prithee,

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

To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. 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 255

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. 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?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak;
260 tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. 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 ter-
rible

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?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,

270 And here was left by the sailors. Thou,
my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, was then her serv-
ant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, 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
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent
 thy groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
 island—

280

Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckl'd whelp, hag-born,—not honour'd
 with

A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban, her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban 285
 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 damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made
 gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

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

Ari. Pardon, master;

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

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

Ari. That's my noble master!

300 What shall I do? say what. What shall I
do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the 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!

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

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

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,

310 I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 't is,
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.

Cal. (*Within.*) There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business
for thee.

315

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

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

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.
Exit.

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

320

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

325

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
urchins

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

Than bees that made 'em.

330 *Cal.*

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou
camest first,

Thou strok'dst me and made much of me,
wouldst give me

335

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
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' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place
and fertile.

340

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
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 me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from
me

The rest o' the island.

Pros.

Thou most lying slave,

345

Whom stripes 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 honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else 350
 This isle with Calibans.

Pros. 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
 One thing or other. When thou didst not,
 savage, 355
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gab-
 ble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy pur-
 poses
 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 360
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

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

Pros. Hag-seed, hence! 365
 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.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[*Aside.*] I must obey. His art is of such
power

375 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence!

Exit Caliban.

*Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing;
Ferdinand [following].*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands.

Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd

The wild waves whist,

380 Foot it featly here and there,

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden (dispersedly). Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark!

Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer 385
 Cry, "Cock-a-diddle-dow."

Fer. Where should this music be? I' the air
 or the earth?

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

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change 400
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burden. Ding-dong.

[*Ari.*] Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
 father. 405

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes. I hear it now above
 me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is't? A spirit?

410 *Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.*

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou
seest

Was in the wreck; and, but he's something
stain'd

415 *With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
mightst call him*

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,

420 *As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit!*

I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction
give

425 *How I may bear me here. My prime re-
quest,*

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!

If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

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

Pros. How? the best? ⁴³⁰
What wert thou, if the King of Naples
heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does
hear me;

And that he does I weep. Myself am
Naples,

Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, be-
held

The King my father wreck'd. 435

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight ⁴⁴⁰

They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A
word, good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong;
a word.

Mir. 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!

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

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
450 [*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers;
but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word
more; I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thy-
self
455 Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple.

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.

460 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
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment till 465
 Mine enemy has more power.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

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

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

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more 475
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
 What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes
 as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish
 wench!

480 To the most of men this is a Caliban,
 And they to him are angels.

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

Pros. Come on; obey.
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again
 485 And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are.
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
 threats,

To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 490 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid. All corners else o' the
 earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
 —Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]

495 Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech. This is un-
wonted

Which now came from him.

Pros. [*To Ari.*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do 500
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. [*To Mir. and Fer.*] Come, follow. Speak
not for him. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I

[*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the mer-
chant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the
miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir,
weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

¹⁰ *Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One. Tell.

15

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purpos'd.

20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

25

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

30

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

35

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! Antonio! So you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't.

40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
45 deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

50 *Ant.* True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

55 *Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

60 *Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

65 *Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the

marriage of the King's fair daughter Clari- 70
bel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such
a paragon to their queen. 75

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower *Aeneas*"
too? Good Lord, how you take it! 80

Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? You make
me study of that. She was of Carthage, not
of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage? 85

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous
harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy 90
next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in
his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands. 95

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments
seem now as fresh as when we were at

100 Tunis at the marriage of your daughter,
 who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

105 *Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
 day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-
 riage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears
 against

110 The stomach of my sense. Would I had
 never

Married my daughter there! for, coming
 thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy removed

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine
 heir

115 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
 Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs. He trod the
 water,

120 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him. His
 bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and
oared

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis
bowed,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone. 125

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she at least is banish'd from your
eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace. 130

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importun'd other-
wise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at

Which end o' the beam should bow. We
have lost your son,

I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have 135

Moe widows in them of this business' mak-
ing

Than we bring men to comfort them.

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

140 The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-
ness

And time to speak it in. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

145 When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.

150 *Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches,

poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succes-
sion,

155 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

160 *Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth for-
gets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should
 produce
 Without sweat or endeavour; treason,
 felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any
 engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring
 forth, 165
 Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir, 170
 To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing
 to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did 175
 it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
 who are of such sensible and nimble lungs
 that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am 180
 nothing to you. So you may continue and
 laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flatlong.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you 185

would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel [invisible], playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

190 *Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

195 *Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

200 It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them.

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find
not

205

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.

What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No
more:—

210

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be The occasion speaks
thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb.— What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely 215

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,
moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; 220
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
 225 Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so. To ebb
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
 If you but knew how you the purpose
 cherish

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping
 it,

230 You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run
 By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on.
 The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
 A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
 235 Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
 Although this lord of weak remembrance,
 this,

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-
 suaded—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

240 Professes to persuade—the King his son's
 alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd

As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope
 What great hope have you! No hope that
 way is
 Another way so high a hope that even 245
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant
 with me
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
 Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of 'Tunis; she that
 dwells 250
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that
 from Naples
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
 The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-
 born chins
 Be rough and razorable; she that—from
 whom
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some
 cast again, 255
 And by that destiny to perform an act
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to
 come
 In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen
of Tunis;

260 So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which
regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were
death

265 That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were
no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can
prate

As amply and unnecessarily

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

270 A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand
me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember

275 You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. 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.

Seb. But, for your conscience?

Ant. Ay, sir, where lies that? It 'twere a kibe, ²⁸⁰
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel
not

This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be
they

And melt ere they molest! Here lies your
brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon ²⁸⁵

If he were that which now he's like, that's
dead;

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three
inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing
thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who ²⁹⁰
Should not upbraid our course. For all the
rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan, ²⁹⁵

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payest,

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

300 To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter Ariel [invisible], with music and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me
forth—

For else his project dies—to keep them liv-
ing.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware;

Awake, awake!

305

310 *Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels

Preserve the King.

[*Wakes Alon.*]

Alon. Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bel-
lowing

Like bulls, or rather lions. Did't not wake
you?

315

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the
roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo? 320

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hum-
ming

And that a strange one too, which did awake
me,

I shak'd you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes
open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn. There was a
noise,

That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard, .

325

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our
weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

330 *Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done.

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Another part of the island.]

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise
of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and
make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll
nor pinch,
5 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
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,

Sometime 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; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven
tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

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.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brew-
ing; I hear it sing i' the 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; yond same cloud
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What
have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish; he smells like a fish; a very
ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-
the-newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were
I in England now, as once I was, and had
but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there

but would give a piece of silver. There
would this monster make a man; any
strange beast there makes a man. When
35 they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins
like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now
let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this
40 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
45 acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I
will here shroud till the dregs of the storm
be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: [a bottle in his hand].

Ste. "I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—"
50 This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral. Well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*
(Sings.) "The master, the swabber, the
boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate
Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
55 But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

. . .

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!" 60

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my
comfort. *Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me! Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
you put tricks upon's with savages and men 65
of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning to
be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath
been said, "As proper a man as ever went on
four legs cannot make him give ground";
and it shall be said so again while Stephano 70
breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me! Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.
Where the devil should he learn our lan- 75
guage? I will give him some relief, if it be
but for that. If I can recover him and keep
him tame and get to Naples with him, he's
a present for any emperor that ever trod on
neat's-leather. 80

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring
my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if
he have never drunk wine afore, it will go 85

near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

90 *Cal.* Thou dost me yet little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways. Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, 95
cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice; it should be 100
—but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O defend me!

Ste. 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 105
utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

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

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,— 115
be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent
120 Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the
125 dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. 130

Cal. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou
135 cam'st hither,—I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore. 140

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck. I can
145 swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a
150 rock by the seaside where my wine is hid.
How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was
the man i' the moon when time was.

155 *Cal.* I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog
and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will
furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow
160 monster! I afeard of him! A very weak
monster! The man i' the moon! A most
poor credulous monster! Well drawn,
monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the
165 island; And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee,
be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and
drunken monster! When's god's asleep,
he'll rob his bottle.

170 *Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy
subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

Ste. Come, kiss.

175

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! 180

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

185

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberts and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

190

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will

inherit here. Here! bear my bottle. Fel-
low Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

195 *Cal.* (*Sings drunkenly.*)

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

200 At requiring;

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

205 Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. *Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of base-
ness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor mat-
ters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 5
The mistress which I serve quickens what's
dead
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's
crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must
remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them
up,

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says
such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh
my labours,

15 Most busy least, when I do it.

*Enter Miranda; and Prospero [at a distance,
unseen].*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning
had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd
to pile!

Pray, set it down and rest you. When this
burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My
father

20 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

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

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give
me that;

25 I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;

I had rather crack my sinews, break my
back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. 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, 30
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. 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— 35
What is your name?

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

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many
a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a
time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into
bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several
virtues

45 Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
50 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I
seen
More that I may call men than you, good
friend,
And my dear father. How features are
abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
55 Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's pre-
cepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
60 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more en-
dure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak.
The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service; there resides, 65
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
 sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event
 If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
 What best is boded me to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
 grace 75
 On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
 What I desire to give, and much less take
 What I shall die to want. But this is tri-
 fling;
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
 cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, 85
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my
hand.

90 *Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't. And now
farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!
Exeunt [Fer. and Mir. severally].

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
95 For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

SCENE II

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me. When the butt is out, we will
drink water; not a drop before; therefore
bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster,
drink to me.

5 *Trin.* Servant-monster! the folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle:

we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee.

Thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

Trin. Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown 15 me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no 20 standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou 25 beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster! I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou 30 debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, 35 my lord?

Trin. "Lord" quoth he! That a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I
40 prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head.
If you prove a mutineer,—the next tree!
The poor monster's my subject and he shall
not suffer indignity.

45 *Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I
made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it. I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

50 *Cal.* As I told thee before. I am subject to a
tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou. I
55 would my valiant master would destroy
thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth.

60 *Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,

But this thing dare not,—

65

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him thee
asleep,

70

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his
head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy
patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that's
gone

75

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll
not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger. In-
terrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' 80
doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll
go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

85

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another
time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits

90 and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this
can sack and drinking do. A murrain on
your monster, and the devil take your
fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

95 *Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Prithee,
stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough. After a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
100 I' the afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst
brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remem-
ber

First to possess his books; for without them
105 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate
him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls
them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck
withal.

110 And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass? 115

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I war-
rant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter
and I will be king and queen,—save our
Graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be 120
viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue
in thy head. 125

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep.
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleas-
ure.

Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch 130
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em; 135
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by
140 the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
likeness. If thou beest a devil, take't as
thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

145 *Ste.* He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
150 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instru-
ments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometime
voices

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in
dreaming,

155 The clouds methought would open and show
riches

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

160 *Cal.* When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by. I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on. 165

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, etc.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By
your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness 5
To the dulling of my spirits. Sit down, and
rest.

Even here I will put off my hope and keep
it

No longer for my flatterer. He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him
go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next ad-
vantage

Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
15 For, now they are oppress'd with travel,
they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the
top invisible. Enter several strange shapes,
bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with
gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the
King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night. No more.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

20 *Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one
phœnix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

25 And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er
did lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe
me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders—

For, certes, these are people of the island— 30

Who, though they are of monstrous shape,
yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than
of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [Aside.] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present 35

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
expressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a
kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind, for we
have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon.

Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,

Who would believe that there were moun-
taineers

45 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such
men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon.

I will stand to and feed,

50 Although my last. No matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the
Duke,

Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a
harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
55 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this
island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst
men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you
mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang
and drown

Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*]

You fools! I and my fellows 60

Are ministers of Fate. The elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may
as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume. My fellow-
ministers 65

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son,
Alonso, 75

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death

Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard
 you from—

80 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else
 falls

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's
 sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music,
 enter the shapes again, and dance, with
 mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, de-
 vouring.

85 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life
 And observation strange, my meaner min-
 isters

Their several kinds have done. My high
 charms work,

And these mine enemies are all knit up
 90 In their distractions. They now are in my
 power;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is
 drown'd,

And his and mine lov'd darling..

[*Exit above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
 stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous! ⁹⁵

Methought the billows spoke and told me of
it;

The winds did sing it to me, and the thun-
der,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-
nounc'd

The name of Prosper; it did bass my tres-
pass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and ¹⁰⁰

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet
sounded

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

Exeunt [*Seb. and Ant.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time
after, 105

Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech
you

That are of suppler joints, follow them
swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own
life,

Or that for which I live; who once again
5 I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
10 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all
praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acqui-
sition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
15 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minist'red,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren
Hate,

Sour-eyed Disdain and Discord shall be-
strew

20

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take
heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest
den,

25

The most opportune place, the strong'st
suggestion

Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration

When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd

30

Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros.

Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? Here I
am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

35

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this
place.

40 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
45 And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not ap-
proach

50 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.
Exit.

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are
straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;

55 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,

Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and
pertly!

No tongue! all eyes! Be silent. *Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and
pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling
sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them
to keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms 65
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and
thy brown groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o'
the sky, 70

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sov-
ereign grace, *Juno descends.*

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; here peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 75

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my
flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
80 And with each end of thy blue bow dost
crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath
thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
85 And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did
plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
90 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her
son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they
to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and
maid.

But in vain.

Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his ar-
rows,

Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows

100

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[*Enter Juno.*]

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with
me

To bless this twain, that they may prosper-
ous be

And honour'd in their issue. *They sing.* 105

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing.
Spring come to you at the farthest

115 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits?

120 *Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wond'ring father and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!

125 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
 There's something else to do; hush, and be
 mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send
 Iris on employment.*

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding
 brooks,
 With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless
 looks,
 130 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
 land
 Answer your summons; Juno does com-
 mand.
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to cele-
 brate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry. 135
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every
one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well
done! avoid. No more!

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

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd. 145

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir,

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
150 Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-
aces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
155 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 vex'd,—
Bear with my weakness—my old brain is
troubled.

160 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.
Exeunt.

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel;
come.

Enter Ariel.

165 *Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander. When I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I
fear'd

Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets? 170

Ari. 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 bend-
ing

Towards their project. Then I beat my
tabor; 175

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charm'd their
ears

That calf-like they my lowing follow'd
through

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse,
and thorns, 180

Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I
left them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake

O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.

185 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it
 hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.
Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 190 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, loaden with glittering apparel,
 etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.*] *Enter
 Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
 may not
 195 Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
 harmless fairy, has done little better than
 play'd the Jack with us.

. . .

200 *Ste.* Do you hear, monster? If I should take a

displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
 Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore 205
 speak softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
 that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting; yet 210
 this is your harmless fairy, monster!

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
 ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou
 here,

This is the mouth o' the cell. No noise, and 215
 enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this
 island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
 For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have
 bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy
 Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for
 thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

225 *Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

230 *Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

235 *Ste.* 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.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't
240 like your Grace.

Ste. 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;
245 there's another garment for't.

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

Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose our
time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
250 With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. 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.

Trin. And this.

255

Ste. 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.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!
hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

260

With dry convulsions, shorten up their
sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted
make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this
hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

265

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head.

My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and
Time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the
day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

5 *Pros.* I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my
spirit,

How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

10 In the line-grove which weather-fends your
cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The
King,

His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted,

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old
lord, Gonzalo," 15

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so
strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affec-
tions

Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-
ing

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck
to the quick, 25

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance. They being
penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them,
Ariel. 30

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll re-
store,

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit.

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,

35 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 re-
joice

40 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have be-
dimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd
vault

Set roaring war; to the dread-rattling thun-
der

45 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout
oak

With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd prom-
ontory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs
pluck'd up

The pine and cedar ; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
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, 55
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. *Solemn music.*

*Here enters Ariel before: then Alonso, with a
frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebas-
tian and Antonio in like manner, attended by
Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the
circle which Prospero had made, and there
stand charmed; which Prospero observing,
speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand, 60
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves
apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night, 65
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that
mantle

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir

70 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy
graces

Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daugh-
ter.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.

Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.
Flesh and blood,

75 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambi-
tion,

Expell'd remorse and nature, whom, with
Sebastian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,

Would here have kill'd your king, I do for-
give thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their under-
standing

80 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of
them

That yet looks on me, or would know me!
Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

85 I will discase me, and myself present

As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. "Where the bee sucks, there suck I.

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry. 90

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough."

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee; 95

But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches. The master and the
boatswain

Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100

And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return

Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us 105

Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir King,

The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
 110 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
 Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I
 saw thee,
 115 The affliction of my mind amends, with
 which,
 I fear, a madness held me. This must crave,
 An if this be at all, a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how
 should Prospero
 Be living and be here ?

120 *Pros.* First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour
 cannot
 Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
 Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
 Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let
 you
 125 Believe things certain. Welcome, my
 friends all !
 [*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace
 of lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his Highness' frown
upon you

And justify you traitors. At this time

I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
brother

130

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I
know,

Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation,

135

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.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience

140

Says it is past her cure.

Pros. 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.

Alon. You the like loss!

145 *Pros.* 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.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in
Naples,
150 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?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire
155 That they devour their reason and scarce
think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for
certain

That I am Prospero and that very duke
160 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd,
was landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a breakfast nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir; 165
 This cell's my court. Here have I few at-
 tendants,
 And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look
 in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170
 As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
 playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove 175
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merci-
 ful;
 I have curs'd them without cause.

[*Kneels.*]

Alon. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about! 180

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,

That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

185 *Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three
hours.

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal,

But by immortal Providence she's mine.

190 I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have

195 Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers.

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop.

200 Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,
 you gods,
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
 For it is you that have chalk'd forth the
 way

Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his ²⁰⁵
 issue

Should become Kings of Naples? O, re-
 joice

Beyond a common joy, and set it down
 With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife ²¹⁰
 Where he himself was lost, Prospero his
 dukedom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
 When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands.
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
 That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen! ²¹⁵

*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
 amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us.
 I prophesi'd, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blas-
 phemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath
on shore?

220 Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
split—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as
when

225 We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came
you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

230 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of
sleep,

And—how we know not—all clapp'd under
hatches;

Where but even now with strange and sev-
eral noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling
chains,

And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,

235 We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our mas-
 ter
 Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please
 you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from
 them
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Was't well done? 240

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence.
 Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
 trod;
 And there is in this business more than
 nature
 Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege, 245
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business. At pick'd
 leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve
 you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd accidents; till when, be
 cheerful
 And think of each thing well. [Aside to
Ari.] Come hither, spirit. 250
 Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell. *[Exit Ariel.]* How fares
my gracious sir?

255 There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano,
and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but
fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

260 *Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

265 What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen
knave,
270 His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs
And deal in her command without her
power.

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-
devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with
them

To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of dark-
ness I

275

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded
'em?

280

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw
you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

285

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pointing to Caliban.

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions. As you
look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
 295 And seek for grace. What a thrice-doubled
 ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
 And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
 you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

300 *Pros.* Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
 To my poor cell, where you shall take your
 rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I'll
 waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
 make it

Go quick away,—the story of my life

305 And the particular accidents gone by
 Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
 310 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

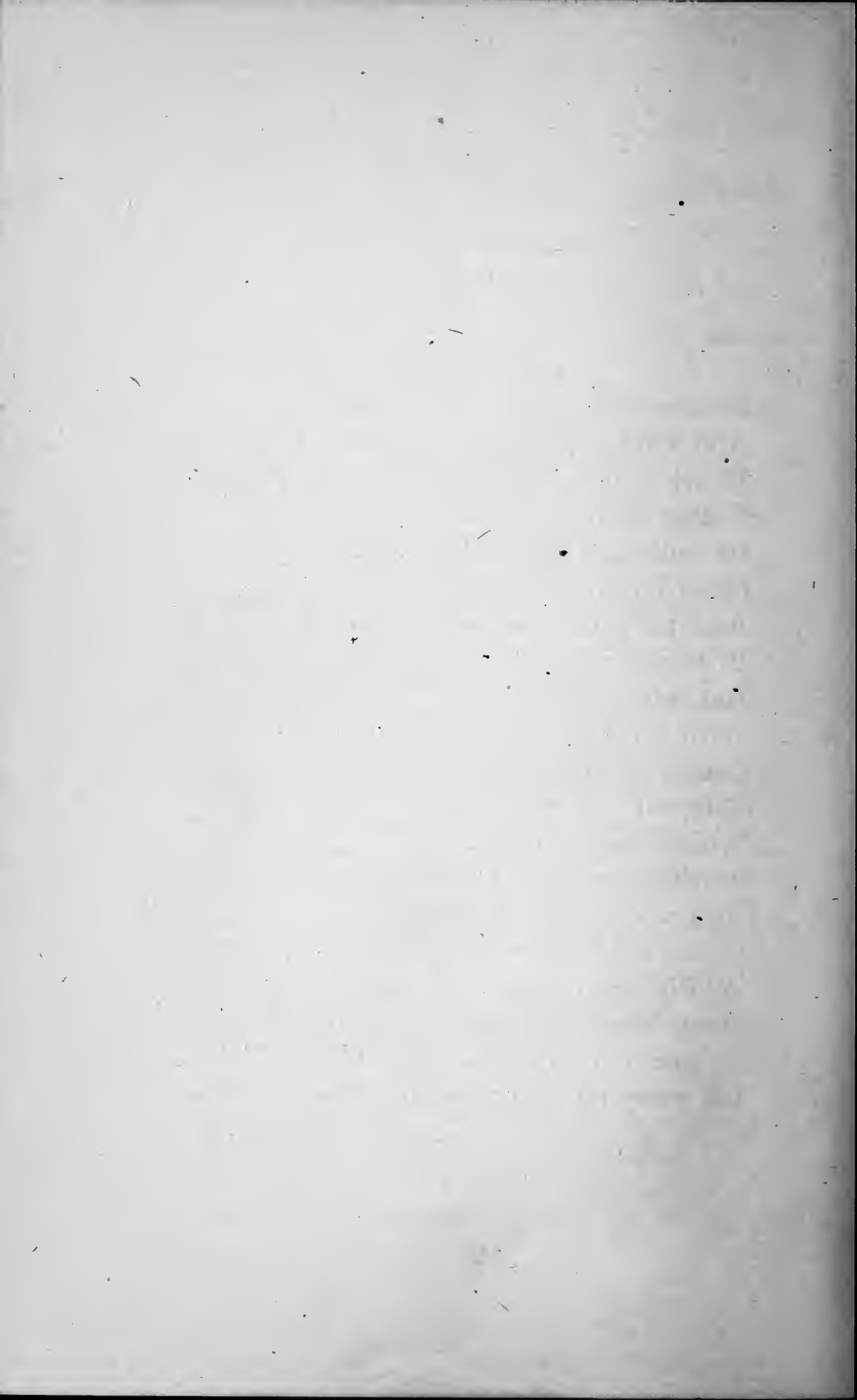
Pros. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch 315
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My
Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you,
draw near. *Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

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 confin'd by you,
5 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
10 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,
15 And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
20 Let your indulgence set me free. *Exit.*



NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

F₁.—The First Folio edition of Shakspeare, 1623.

Luce.—*The Tempest*, edited by Morton Luce, London and Indianapolis, 1901.

Liddell.—*The Tempest*, edited by Mark Liddell in "The Elizabethan Shakspeare," New York, 1903.

Schmidt.—*Shakespeare-Lexicon*, by A. Schmidt, 1886.

Var.—*The Tempest*, edited by H. H. Furness in "A New Variorum Shakespeare," Philadelphia, 1892.

Wright.—*The Tempest*, edited by W. A. Wright in Clarendon Press Series, Oxford, 1889.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Caliban. Perhaps an anagram for "cannibal." *Ariel* occurs in Isaiah XXIX., 1-7; also in late Hebrew literature as a prince of angels, and in medieval Christian fiction as a spirit of the air, guardian of innocence. But cf. I. ii. 190-192, and note.

ACT I.

I. i. Nothing shows Shakspeare's mastery of dramatic art more clearly than the opening scenes of his plays. The functions of an opening scene are properly, first, to excite the interest of the audience without delay; second, to introduce some of the principal personages and give information about them. The first object is here attained by a rush of exciting action, and the interest is carried beyond the scene, the audience being left in suspense as to the fate of ship, crew, and passengers.

Note also how the audience is surrounded at once by an atmosphere of the sea, of adventure, of unknown lands, perhaps even of enchantment. Shakspeare is fond of striking thus at the start the key-note of the play.

I. i. The knowledge of seamanship displayed by Shakspeare in this scene has been highly praised by nautical critics.

I. i. 1. Stage-dir. *Enter . . . Boatswain*. Nautical pronunciation, bō-s'n. The spelling *Boson* occurs later in the text of this scene in the First Folio.

I. i. 3. *Good*. The Master does not mean that the cheer is

good. He simply expresses satisfaction that the boatswain is at hand.

I. i. 4. *Yarely*. Readily, actively, briskly. Cf. adjective form in l. 7.

I. i. 7. *Take in the topsail*. The first move to relieve the ship.

I. i. 8, 9. *Blow wind*. Addressed to the storm.

I. i. 9. *Room*. Sea-room, *i. e.*, if there is enough open sea for the ship safely to maneuver in.

I. i. 17. *Good*. Good fellow. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

I. i. 18. *Cares*. For grammatical form, see *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. i. 26. *The present*. The present moment.

I. i. 33. *Methinks*. Originally a dative *me*, with an impersonal verb meaning "seems."

I. i. 34. *Complexion*. External appearance generally. The reference is to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

I. i. 36. *Rope . . cable*. May the halter with which he is destined to be hanged serve as a cable to anchor the ship.

I. i. 37. *Advantage*. Verb.

I. i. 40. *Bring her to try wi' the main-course*. Endeavor, with the main-sail, to lay the ship as close to the wind as possible; an attempt, by a tacking operation, to arrest the leeward drift of the ship (against the shore, where the danger lay) and propel her out to sea.

I. i. 43. *Office*. Here, the work of the sailors.

I. i. 46. *Poa*. A common curse. *O'*. On.

I. i. 47. *Incharitable*. Unfeeling.

I. i. 54. *Lay her a-hold*. The ship, in spite of the last operation drifting nearer and nearer the shore, is brought about on the other tack, command given to lay her again as close to the wind as possible, and, one sail having proved insufficient, to set two.

I. i. 58. *Must our mouths be cold?* Must we die?

I. i. 61. *Merely*. Absolutely, quite.

I. i. 62. *Wide-chapp'd*. Literally, with broad jaws; perhaps, figuratively, loud-mouthed.

I. i. 66. *Glut*. Swallow.

I. i. 67-9. *Mercy on us*, etc. These cries may be meant to constitute the "confused noise within," though in *F*₁ they are printed, as here, in Gonzalo's speech.

I. i. 71. *Furlong* was a square as well as linear measure.

I. i. 72-73. *Long heath, brown furze*. So *F*₁. Hanmer emended to "ling, heath, broom, furze," and he has been followed by many editors.

I. ii. This scene looks backward and forward. Up to the entrance of Ferdinand, it is largely exposition of the past. Note the naturalness with which the exposition is introduced, Prospero finding it necessary to reveal to Miranda her story at precisely this point in her life; note also the skilful breaking-up of his narrative into dialogue.

In addition to this expository service, the scene forecasts the action of the play, in particular the chief dramatic conflict, that between Prospero and his enemies. The end of the scene sets in motion the chief of the sub-plots—the love-story of Ferdinand and Miranda.

I. ii. 1. *Your*. Note that Miranda addresses her father by *you*, and he replies to her by *thou*. The use of the two pronouns in the older language was very similar to that of *Sie* and *du* in modern German; *you* was the pronoun of respect, *thou* of affection. However, this distinction was in process of decay in Elizabethan times.

I. ii. 1. *Art*. Magic.

I. ii. 3. *Stinking pitch*. The pitch is aflame; hence the odor.

I. ii. 4. *Welkin's cheek*, i. e., the surface of the sky.

I. ii. 6. *Brave*. Fine, splendid, beautiful.

I. ii. 7. *Who* for "which." Cf. *Introd.*, p. 44.

I. ii. 11. *Or ere*. "Or" alone is sometimes used in the sense of "before." It is, in fact, identical in origin with "ere." The two together, as here, form a common Elizabethan phrase, in which the second merely emphasizes the first.

I. ii. 13. *Fraughting souls*. Souls who composed her freight.

I. ii. 14. *Amazement*. A much stronger word than today, Overwhelming astonishment, mixed with feelings of horror and terror. *Piteous*. Full of pity.

I. ii. 19. *More better*. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

I. ii. 20. *Full*. Very.

I. ii. 21. *No greater than* "master of a full poor cell."

I. ii. 22. *Meddle*. Probably = mix, mingle.

I. ii. 25. *Lie there, my art*. Prospero's robe is both an instrument and a symbol of his magic power.

I. ii. 27. *Virtue*. Essence, substance.

I. ii. 29. *Soul*. He was going to add "lost," but instead he breaks the construction, and ends the sentence in a different fashion. An anacoluthon.

I. ii. 30. *Perdition*. Loss.

I. ii. 31. *Betid.* Betided, happened. The usual older form of the past participle.

I. ii. 32. *Which . . . cry.* Referring to *creature*. *Which . . . sink.* Referring to *vessel*. For a similar construction, cf. *Macbeth*, I. iii. 60, 61 :

“Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.”

I. ii. 35. *Bootless inquisition.* Profitless inquiry.

I. ii. 41. *Out.* Fully. Cf. IV. i. 101, “And be a boy right out.”

I. ii. 44. *Kept.* Intransitive use. Remained, abided.

I. ii. 53. For meter of this line, see *Introd.*, p. 40.

I. ii. 56. *Piece.* Perfect specimen, masterpiece.

I. ii. 59. *And princess.* Many editors emend “and” to “a.”

I. ii. 63. *Holp.* P. p., for an older “holpen.” “Help” was originally a strong or irregular verb. See *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. ii. 64. *Teen.* Trouble, anxiety.

I. ii. 65. *From.* The emphatic *from*, very common in Shakspeare, denoting separation, not origin. Away from, out of.

I. ii. 66 ff. Note the *anacolutha*, or breaks in construction, in Prospero's speech. Luce remarks, “The broken sentences and rapid transitions partly express emotion and partly the difficulty of making Miranda understand circumstances new to her experience.”

I. ii. 70. *Manage.* Management, administration.

I. ii. 71. *Signories.* States under a Signior or Lord; principalities: referring to the Ghibelline states of northern Italy, whose princes acknowledged obedience to the Holy Roman Emperor, as opposed to the Guelf states, who looked for leadership to the Pope.

I. ii. 77. *Secret.* Mysterious, occult; meaning here, of course, magic.

I. ii. 78. *Attend.* Pay attention to.

I. ii. 80. *Who* for “whom.” See *Introd.*, p. 43.

I. ii. 81. *To trash for overtopping.* “To trash” was to impede the speed of a fleet dog; hence, to restrain those who sought to “overtop,” *i. e.*, to rise too high in the state. “Overtop” does not appear as a technical hunting term. Some editors regard it as a figure from gardening. In this case, either there is a mixture of metaphors, or else “trash” means “lop,” “cut down,” a sense which does not seem to occur elsewhere in Elizabethan English.

I. ii. 83. Prospero's speeches are full of swift transitions.

He first thinks of "key" in the metaphorical sense which we employ in "keys of office." This suggests the key with which one tunes musical instruments.

I. ii. 85. *That*. So that.

I. ii. 87. *Verdure*. Sap, life, vigor. In the inaccurate natural history of Shakspeare's time the ivy was regarded as destroying trees in this manner. *On't*. Of it.

I. ii. 89, 90. *Dedicated to closeness*. Devoted to seclusion.

I. ii. 91. *But by being so retir'd*. Except for the fact that my studies compelled a life of retirement.

I. ii. 92. *O'er-priz'd all popular rate*. Was of more value than the esteem of the vulgar.

I. ii. 94. *A good parent*. "Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it."—Johnson.

I. ii. 97. *Sans*. Without. This French preposition had considerable use in Elizabethan English. *Lord'ed*. Made a lord.

I. ii. 98. *Revenue*. Accented on second syllable. See *Introd.*, p. 42.

I. ii. 99-102. *Like one who having into truth*, etc. The simplest way to read this difficult passage is to consider "into" as equivalent to "unto," and "it" as an anticipatory reference to "lie." "Like one who having made his memory such a sinner against truth as to credit his own lie by the telling of it."

I. ii. 103. *Out o' the substitution*. In consequence of acting as my deputy.

I. ii. 109. *Absolute Milan*. Absolutely, completely Duke of Milan.

I. ii. 110. *Temporal royalties*. Practical powers of royalty.

I. ii. 112. *Dry*. Thirsty.

I. ii. 117. *Event*. Issue, consequences of the compact.

I. ii. 119. *But*. Otherwise than.

I. ii. 123. *In lieu o' the premises*. In return for the things stipulated.

I. ii. 125. *Presently*. At once.

I. ii. 131. *Ministers*. Agents.

I. ii. 134. *Cry it o'er*. "It" is used impersonally, as in "to fight it out." *Hint*. Occasion, cause, motive for action. Distinguish carefully between this customary Elizabethan sense and the modern usage.

I. ii. 138. *Impertinent*. Not pertinent; irrelevant.

I. ii. 139. *Well demanded, wench*. "A very natural question, dear." (Luce.) Cf. French *demandeur*, to ask. *Wench* was in familiar but not vulgar use, and often expressed, as here, affection.

- I. ii. 140. *Provokes*. Calls forth, suggests.
- I. ii. 144. *In few*. In few words; in short.
- I. ii. 146. *Butt*. A large cask, especially for wine. See II. ii. 125. Perhaps here used contemptuously for the miserable hulk on which Prospero and Miranda were set, "a mere tub of a boat." Some think, however, this is a genuine nautical term, now lost to us, for some type of boat.
- I. ii. 148. *Have*. A sudden shift to the vivid historical present of narration. It may be a misprint in F_1 for *had*. *Hoist*. Continuation of the historical present, or a past tense, either (1) for *hoised*, past of the now obsolete verb *hoise*, to carry off, to make away with, to heave away; or (2) contracted past of *hoist*.
- I. ii. 151. *Did us but loving wrong*. All the wrong they did us was to express their pity by sighing in sympathy with us.
- I. ii. 152. *Cherubin*. *Cherubim* (of which this is a by-form, derived through the French or Italian) is a Hebrew plural, misunderstood as a singular, and often used as such. An English plural, *cherubins*, was even formed from it.
- I. ii. 155. *Deck'd*. Covered. Others believe it a northern dialect word, usually spelled "deg(g)" or "dag(g)," meaning "to sprinkle clothes."
- I. ii. 156. *Which*. Referring to smile and fortitude in ll. 153, 154.
- I. ii. 157. *An undergoing stomach*. Courage to endure.
- I. ii. 162. *Who*. Either a nominative absolute, or another case of anacoluthon.
- I. ii. 165. *Steaded much*. Been of much use. *Gentleness*. Kindness.
- I. ii. 169. *Now I arise*. Prospero here assumes his magic garment in order to cast a sleep upon Miranda (see I. ii. 185-6).
- I. ii. 172. *Profit*. An infinitive after *made*; or perhaps a noun, in which case *can* (l. 173) means "have acquired."
- I. ii. 173. *Princess*. A plural. See *Introd.*, p. 43.
- I. ii. 179. *Now my dear lady*. Who is my auspicious mistress *now* (whereas formerly she was ungracious).
- I. ii. 181. *Zenith*. The point in the heavens directly overhead, where planets were supposed to be at the height of their power over human destiny, according to the old astrology. "The climax of my fortunes depends upon my taking advantage of this auspicious moment."
- I. ii. 182. *Influence*. Another astrological term. The power exercised upon Prospero by his "auspicious star."

I. ii. 183. *Omit.* Neglect. Cf. with this whole passage the celebrated words of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 218-221:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

I. ii. 185. *Dulness.* Drowsiness.

I. ii. 187. *Come away.* Come here, come to me.

I. ii. 189. *Grave.* Reverend.

I. ii. 190-1. *Be't to fly,* etc. Note that the references here and in l. 255 show that Ariel was at home in all four elements. See note to *Dramatis Personae*, "Ariel."

I. ii. 193. *Quality.* Peculiar and characteristic power. Some interpret as "confederates, profession."

I. ii. 194. *To point.* In every detail, to the very letter.

I. ii. 198. *I flam'd amazement.* Ariel's description corresponds to the natural phenomenon known as "St. Elmo's fire," a light which is sometimes seen to play about the masts of a ship during a thunderstorm. It is said to be especially common in the Mediterranean.

I. ii. 200. *Distinctly.* In different and distinct fires; separately.

I. ii. 203-4. *Crack* was a much stronger word than today, meaning a loud report. The figure in the passage is of the heavens bombarding the sea.

I. ii. 206. *Trident.* The three-pronged scepter wielded by Neptune (identified with the Greek Poseidon), the classical god of the sea. *Brave.* Fine, splendid. See I. ii. 6, note.

I. ii. 207. *Constant.* Self-possessed. *Coil.* Turmoil, confusion.

I. ii. 209. *Of the mad.* Such as madmen feel.

I. ii. 210. *Tricks of desperation.* For idiom, see *Introd.*, pp. 42, 43.

I. ii. 213. *Up-staring.* Standing on end.

I. ii. 218. *Sustaining.* Probably, that bore them up in the water. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 176-7:

"Her clothes spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:"

I. ii. 222. *Cooling.* Really a verbal noun, not a participle, hence the "of" following. Verbal nouns in this construction formerly had a preposition preceding, "a," the worn-down form of an older "on," meaning "in the act of." Cf. "a bat-fowling" (II. i. 189).

- I. ii. 223. *Odd angle*. Out-of-the-way corner.
- I. ii. 224. *This sad knot*. Folding his arms with a melancholy gesture.
- I. ii. 226. *Safely*. For grammar, see *Introd.*, p. 47.
- I. ii. 228. *Dew* was regarded as efficacious in magic. See ll. 321-4. Gathered at midnight, it would be especially potent.
- I. ii. 229. *Still-vear'd*. Constantly agitated (by storms). *Bermoothes*. The Bermudas. One of the several variant spellings of the word. *Stow's Annals* (ed. Howe, 1631, p. 1020) speaks of "that dreadfull coast of the Bermodes, which Iland[s] were of all Nations, said and supposed to bee enchanted and inhabited with witches, and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous Thunder, storme, and tempest, neere vnto those Ilands, also for that the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous, of Rockes, that few can approach them, but with vnspcakable hazard of ship-wrack." (Wright.)
- I. ii. 231. *With a charm*, etc. The mariners are asleep from the effects of the charm and the weariness from the labors they have suffered.
- I. ii. 234. *Float*. A now obsolete word for flood, wave, sea.
- I. ii. 240. *Glasses*. Presumably hour-glasses, though at sea the glass is usually a half-hour; but see V. i. 223, and note.
- I. ii. 242. *Is there more toil?* Ariel's spirit of rebellion, and the opposition which it meets from Prospero, are very skillfully made by Shakspeare the occasion for an account of Ariel, Sycorax, Caliban, and their relations to Prospero.
- Pains*. Tasks to perform, labors.
- I. ii. 243. *Remember*. For transitive use, see *Introd.*, p. 46.
- I. ii. 244. *Me*. Ethical dative. See *Introd.*, p. 44, and cf. ll. 250 and 255, below. *Moody*. Sulky. The spirits employed by magicians as their servants or familiars are represented in medieval magic-lore as chafing under the restrictions thus imposed and longing ever for freedom. Indeed, only by the most powerful charms could they customarily be forced to yield obedience. Ariel does not appear to rest under any spell of Prospero's, but he is true to the nature of his kind in forgetting his obligations and rebelling under his servitude; hence the harshness which Prospero finds it necessary to use.
- I. ii. 250. *Bate me a full year*. Abate, reduce (my time of servitude by) a full year.
- I. ii. 252. *Ooze*. Soft mud at the bottom of a body of water.

- I. ii. 258. *Envy*. Malice. A common Elizabethan meaning.
- I. ii. 261. *Argier*. Old name for Algiers.
- I. ii. 266. *One thing she did*. Perhaps a reference to a detail in Shakspeare's undiscovered source.
- I. ii. 269. *Blue-ey'd*. With dark circles about the eyes. Cf. *As You Like It* (III. ii. 393), among the marks of a lover, "a blue eye and sunken."
- I. ii. 273. *Abhorr'd*. To be abhorred, abhorrent.
- I. ii. 274. *Hests*. Commands. *Behest* is from the same root plus a common prefix.
- I. ii. 280. *Strike*. Used of the sound of the wheels striking the water.
- I. ii. 281-2. *Litter*. *Whelp*. Note the use of words properly applicable to beasts.
- I. ii. 295. *His*. For use instead of modern *its*, see *Introd.*, p. 43.
- I. ii. 297. *Correspondent*. Agreeing, hence obedient.
- I. ii. 298. *Spiriting*. Spelled in F_1 "sprytting," and doubtless to be so pronounced. "Spirit" in the meter of this play seems commonly monosyllabic. *Gently*. "Without or grudge or grumblings"; willingly.
- I. ii. 307. *Heaviness*. Drowsiness. The sleep has really been produced by Prospero's magic. See II. 185, 186.
- I. ii. 311. *Miss*. Do without.
- I. ii. 313. *Proft*. Help, are of use to.
- I. ii. 316. *When?* An expression of impatience.
- I. ii. 317. *Quaint*. Fine, dainty.
- I. ii. 321. *Wicked*. Baneful. *Dew*. See note on I. ii. 228.
- I. ii. 322. *Raven's feather*. The raven was a bird of ill-omen.
- I. ii. 323. *South-west*. In England, south and south-west winds were conceived as bringing, with their heat and fogs, disease and even pestilence.
- I. ii. 326. *Urchins*. Originally the word meant hedge-hogs; then elves who might assume the form of hedge-hogs. The latter is the sense here.
- I. ii. 327. *For that vast*, etc. During that desolate period of the night in which they may work.
- I. ii. 328. *Exercise*. Practice their torments.
- I. ii. 334. *Water with berries*. Possibly this was suggested by a passage in one of Shakspeare's sources. Strachey's *True Reportory* (see *Introd.*, p. 36). Strachey says the Bermudas were "full of Shawes of goodly Cedar...the Berries whereof, our men seething, straining, and letting stand some three or foure daies, made a kind of pleasant drinke."

- I. ii. 338. *Brine-pits*. "Salt springs with salt deposits." (Luce.)
- I. ii. 340. *Toads, beetles, bats*. Animals considered allied to the powers of evil, and constantly associated with witchcraft. Cf. the witches' charm in *Macbeth*, IV. i.
- I. ii. 342. *Sty*. Pen, confine.
- I. ii. 346. *Human care*. Humane care, kindness. Modern English has developed two words, "human" and "humane." The one word had both sets of meanings in Elizabethan English.
- I. ii. 351-362. *Abhorred slave*, etc. F₁ gives this speech to Miranda.
- I. ii. 352. *Which*. Who. See *Introd.*, p. 44.
- I. ii. 353. *Capable*. Apt to receive impressions.
- I. ii. 358. *Race*. Hereditary nature.
- I. ii. 363. *On't*. "Of it" or "from it." See *Introd.*, p. 47.
- I. ii. 364. *Red plague*. Old medical books speak of three kinds of plague sores—red, yellow, and black. *Rid*. Destroy.
- I. ii. 365. *Learning*. "Learn" for "teach," now a vulgarity, was in good use in the time of Shakspeare. *Hag-seed*. Offspring of a hag.
- I. ii. 366. *Thou'rt best*. An old impersonal construction, "(To) thee (it) were best," misunderstood and made over, a nominative pronoun ("thou") replacing the old dative.
- I. ii. 367. *Malice*. Malignant thing. Abstract for concrete.
- I. ii. 369. *Old cramps*. Cramps such as old people suffer. Cf. "aged cramps," IV. i. 262. Some editors think that "old" here, as often, has simply an intensive force, as in the modern children's "mean old thing," etc.
- I. ii. 370. *Aches*. Two syllables. This word, when a noun, was pronounced like the name of the letter "h," "aitches."
- I. ii. 373. *Setebos*. Mentioned in Eden's *History of Trav-aile*, 1577, in a translated account of the voyages of Magellan, as the chief deity of the Patagonians. Shakspeare may have seen this work. See *Introd.*, p. 37.
- I. ii. 375. Stage-dir. *Invisible* to Ferdinand, but not to the audience. He was perhaps dressed in some garment suggesting invisibility. Cf. l. 302 above.
- I. ii. 379. *Whist*. Silent. Probably an absolute construction, "the wild waves being silent." This interpretation implies that the preceding line refers to the ceremonial curtsey and kiss before an Elizabethan dance; but the text, following F₁, has no comma after *kissed*, so that it may mean "kissed into silence."

I. ii. 380. *Foot it, i. e.*, dance. For *it*, cf. I. ii. 134, note. *Featly*. Nimbly, gracefully.

I. ii. 381. *Burden*. In old music, the burden was the bass or under-song. Here the word seems to carry much its modern sense of refrain.

I. ii. 382. *Dispersedly, i. e.*, the several parts by different persons or from different corners of the stage.

I. ii. 392. *Passion*. Grief—a common meaning. The word is used for strong emotion of any kind.

I. ii. 393. *Its*. A rare pronoun in Shakspeare. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

I. ii. 397. *Are*. Plural by attraction of preceding plural, "bones." See *Introd.*, p. 45.

I. ii. 399. *That doth fade*. That is subject to decay.

I. ii. 405. *Remember*. Recall, commemorate.

I. ii. 406. *Nor no sound*. On the double negative, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

I. ii. 407. *Owes*. Owns, possesses. "That belongs to the earth."

I. ii. 408. *Advance*. Lift up. Cf. IV. 177.

I. ii. 409. *Yond*. Yonder.

I. ii. 411. *Brave*. Fine, handsome. See note on I. ii. 6. *Wench*. See note on I. ii. 139.

I. ii. 413. *Which*. Whom. See *Introd.*, p. 44.

I. ii. 414. *But*. Except that. *Something*. Somewhat. Adverb.

I. ii. 415. *That's*. Which is. See *Introd.*, p. 44. *Canker*. Canker-worm, which destroys flowers.

I. ii. 419. *It goes on, i. e.*, Prospero's plan; or perhaps "it" is impersonal: "Things are progressing."

I. ii. 422, 423. *Vouchsafe my prayer may know*. A slight confusion of the prayer with Ferdinand, the one who prays.

I. ii. 423. *Remain*. Dwell.

I. ii. 425. *Bear me*. Conduct myself, behave. On personal for reflexive pronoun, see *Introd.*, p. 44. *Prime*. First (hence, chief). An antithesis to "last" in the next line.

I. ii. 426. *Wonder*. Cf. the meaning of the name, "Miranda," and note on III. i. 37.

I. ii. 429. *The best*. Highest in rank. Ferdinand, believing his father drowned, considers himself the King of Naples. This explains II. 433, 434.

I. ii. 432. *Single*. Ferdinand plays on several Elizabethan meanings of this word. (1) One and the same; that is, "I and the King of Naples are the same." (2) Solitary. (3) Poor, weak, feeble; — this in mild self-disparagement.

- I. ii. 433-6. *He does hear me*, etc., because I myself am King of Naples.
- I. ii. 434. *Naples*. King of Naples. Cf. I. 109 above, and note.
- I. ii. 435. *Never since at ebb*. That is, a flood-tide of weeping has ever since been in his eyes.
- I. ii. 437, 438. *His brave son*. Not elsewhere mentioned, unless he be Francisco of II. i. 116-125 and III. iii. 40. Or he may be a survival from a lost source.
- I. ii. 439. *More braver*. On the double comparative, see *Introd.*, p. 43. *Control*. Challenge, dispute your claim.
- I. ii. 441. *Chang'd*. Exchanged. *Eyes*. Looks of love. *Delicate*. Finely skillful.
- I. ii. 443. *Some wrong*. Ironical.
- I. ii. 448. *Not gone forth, i. e.*, not granted. "If you are still heart-whole."
- I. ii. 451. *Uneasy*. Difficult.
- I. ii. 453. *Attend*. See note on I. ii. 78.
- I. ii. 454. *Ow'st not*. Have no right to. Cf. I. 407, above.
- I. ii. 463. *Fresh-brook*. Wanting in flavor.
- I. ii. 465. *Entertainment*. Treatment.
- I. ii. 468. *Gentle and not fearful*. Either well-born and not timid (and so perhaps dangerous); or mild and not terrible (and so not requiring such harsh treatment).
- I. ii. 469. *My foot my tutor?* Shall my foot teach my head? *i. e.*, shall my inferior (Miranda) tell me what to do?
- I. ii. 471. *Ward*. Position of defence. Technical term in fencing.
- I. ii. 472. *Stick*. Magician's wand.
- I. ii. 478. *There is*. For grammar, see *Introd.*, p. 45.
- I. ii. 479. *Wench*. See note on I. ii. 139.
- I. ii. 480, 481. *To*. In comparison with.
- I. ii. 484. *Nerves*. Sinews.
- I. ii. 487-489. We should expect "and" instead of "nor" (I. 488), but the text as it stands is really a case of double negative, *but* in I. 489 being equal to "no more than."
- I. ii. 492. *Liberty*. Men who are free. Abstract for concrete. See note on I. ii. 367.
- I. ii. 494. *It*. Cf. note on I. ii. 419.
- I. ii. 496. *Me*. See *Introd.*, p. 44.

ACT II.

II. i. The function of this scene is chiefly the unfolding of character, particularly that of the two bad men of the play,

and the creation of suspense as to the success of Prospero's plans, on account of the murderous plot.

II. i. 3. *Hint of.* Occasion for, cause of. Cf. I. ii. 134.

II. i. 5. The owners or officers of some merchant vessel, and the merchant (to whom the cargo belonged).

II. i. 8, 9. *Weigh . . . with.* Balance . . . against.

II. i. 11. *Visitor.* Gonzalo is contemptuously called the "visitor," *i. e.*, the parish visitor, who gave consolation to the sick and distressed.

II. i. 15. *Tell.* Count.

II. i. 16. *Entertain'd.* Received, made welcome.

II. i. 18. *Dollar.* Sebastian pretends to understand by "entertainer" an inn-keeper, and so interrupts with "a dollar," the payment for the entertainment received.

II. i. 19. *Dolour.* Grief.

II. i. 28. *Which, of he or Adrian.* This idiom seems to be a confusion of two constructions: "which of the two, he or Adrian"; "which, he or Adrian."

II. i. 33. *Laughter.* With perhaps a punning reference to "laughter" or "lawter," meaning "a setting of eggs," suggested by the poultry terms "cock" and "cockerel" above.

II. i. 35. *Desert.* Uninhabited.

II. i. 36. *Ha, ha, ha!* The laughter with which Sebastian pays his bet, Antonio having won through the cockerel Adrian's having spoken first.

II. i. 40. *He could not miss't.* After the "though" of l. 35, Adrian could not fail to say "yet," to which Sebastian has so obligingly prompted him.

II. i. 42. *Temperance.* Temperature.

II. i. 43. *Temperance.* A proper name, like Charity, Faith, Prudence, etc., of a kind favored for Puritan women.

II. i. 41-44. *Delicate.* As used by Adrian (l. 42); delicious; by Antonio (l. 43), lovely. *Subtle.* As used by Adrian (l. 41), fine, or perhaps nice, exact; by Sebastian (l. 44), sly, cunning.

II. i. 45. *Deliver'd.* Set forth, explained.

II. i. 52. *Lush.* Rank, luxuriant. *Lusty.* Vigorous.

II. i. 55. *Eye.* Slight shade, tinge. Sebastian perhaps hints that Gonzalo himself is the only green thing on the landscape.

II. i. 67. *Pocket up.* Keep silence about.

II. i. 75. *To.* For. See *Introd.*, p. 47.

II. i. 77. *A pox o' that!* A petty curse. The story of Dido and Aeneas in Virgil was familiar to the Elizabethans.

II. i. 82. *Of that.* About that. See *Introd.*, p. 47.

II. i. 84. *Tunis . . . Carthage.* The modern city of Tunis was built near the site of the ancient Carthage.

II. i. 87, 88. *The miraculous harp.* Stories of the raising of city walls by music were connected with Apollo (Troy), Amphion (Thebes), and Orpheus.

II. i. 97. *In good time.* Indeed.

II. i. 103. *Bate.* Except (verb).

II. i. 105. *Doublet.* The close-fitting jacket constituting a part of the ordinary Elizabethan men's costume.

II. i. 107. *In a sort.* In a way. *That sort.* There is a play here on the meaning of *sort* in l. 106, and the meaning "group," here "catch" of fish.

II. i. 110. *Stomach.* Appetite, inclination. *Sense.* Sensibility. "When I have no desire to hear them."

II. i. 112. *Rate.* Estimation, opinion.

II. i. 113. *Who is.* For "she is."

II. i. 115. *Of Milan.* Milan had been subject to Naples (see I. ii. 111-116), hence Alonso's kingship extended over the former duchy.

II. i. 123. *His.* Its. See Introd., p. 43.

II. i. 130. *Who.* The antecedent is either "eye" (for Elizabethan use of "who" for "which," see Introd., p. 44) or the "you" contained in "your."

II. i. 133. *Weigh'd.* Either balanced, hung uncertain, or considered, pondered.

II. i. 133, 134. The difficulty here is as to the subject of *should bow.* Some understand "she"; others, taking "end" as subject, connect *at* with *weigh'd*, in the sense of "debated upon." The general sense is clear, that, torn between unwillingness to go and obedience to her father, she hesitated as to which impulse to obey.

II. i. 136. *Moe.* More. "Mo(e)" was used as a comparative of "many"; "more" as a comparative of "much." But "more" was even in the time of Shakspeare beginning to drive out "moe."

II. i. 138. *Dear'st.* Heaviest, most grievous part. "Dear," in Elizabethan English, not only had its modern senses of "beloved," "high in price," but also meant "affecting one closely." Cf. "dearest foe," *Hamlet*, I. ii. 182; "dear groans," *Love's Labor's Lost*, V. ii. 874.

II. i. 141. *Time.* The fitting time.

II. i. 143. *Chirurgeonly.* Like a surgeon.

II. i. 144. *Good sir.* Addressed to Alonso.

II. i. 146. *Plantation.* Colonization. Taken by Antonio and Sebastian in the modern sense of "planting."

- II. i. 150 ff. Gonzalo's description of his ideal commonwealth follows closely a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, pub. 1603, Book I., Chap. XXX., "Of the Cannibals." See *Introd.*, p. 37.
- II. i. 151. *Traffic*. Commerce.
- II. i. 153. *Letters*. Learning.
- II. i. 154. *Use of service*. Employment of slaves or bond-servants. *Succession*. Inheritance of property.
- II. i. 155. *Bourn*. Explained by *bound of land* following. *Tilth*. Tillage, cultivation of the land.
- II. i. 163. *Endeavour*. A stronger word than now. Labor.
- II. i. 164. *Engine*. Implement of war.
- II. i. 166. *It*. Possessive. See *Introd.*, p. 44. *Foison*. Glossed by *abundance* following.
- II. i. 169. *Idle*. Antonio puns on the word in the sense of frivolous, good-for-nothing.
- II. i. 171. *To excel*. As to excel. *The golden age*. According to classical myth, a period of universal happiness, when men lived in peace and amity, free from bodily infirmities and the necessity of toil.
- II. i. 173. *Nothing*. Nonsense.
- II. i. 176. *Minister*. Provide.
- II. i. 177. *Sensible*. Sensitive. *Nimble*. Quick to respond.
- II. i. 184. *An*. If. *Flatlong*. On the flat side of the sword.
- II. i. 185. *Brave*. Fine (ironic).
- II. i. 186. *Sphere*. According to the old Ptolemaic astronomy, the sun, the moon, and the planets were set in concentric transparent shells or "spheres," by whose revolutions they were carried round.
- II. i. 189. *Then*. When there was no moon. *Bat-fowling*. A method of capturing birds at night by holding torches or other lights and beating their roosts. When the dazed birds fly to the light, they are easily caught in nets or killed with sticks ("bats").
- II. i. 190. *Good my lord*. This inversion of adjective and possessive pronoun is very common.
- II. i. 191, 192. *Adventure my discretion*. Risk my reputation for discretion.
- II. i. 193. *Heavy*. Sleepy.
- II. i. 194. *Go sleep, and hear us*. Probably a very feeble joke, the point lying in the absurdity of telling Gonzalo to hear when asleep. But the text may be corrupt.

II. i. 198. *Omit. Neglect. Heavy offer.* Offer of heaviness, inclination to sleep.

II. i. 205. *Sink.* For transitive use, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

II. i. 206. *Nimble.* Lively.

II. i. 211. *Speaks thee.* Declares, proclaims thee, *i. e.*, the greatness of thy destiny.

II. i. 220. *Wink'st.* Shutteth thine eyes. In l. 289, the noun "wink" means "sleep."

II. i. 221. *Whiles.* An adverbial genitive of the noun "while." It is preserved with an excrescent "t" in our "whilst."

II. i. 224. *If heed me.* Ellipsis of pronoun, "you." *Which to do, i. e.*, to heed me.

II. i. 225. *Trebles thee o'er.* Makes thee three times as great as thou now art. *Standing water.* Like the sea between tides, making no motion in either direction. But the sense of stagnant water is commoner, and may be intended here.

II. i. 226. *To flow, i. e.*, to advance your fortunes. *To ebb.* To lose ground, drift backwards.

II. i. 228-230. Liddell plausibly suggests that these lines, down to *invest it!* are an aside to the audience. Taken thus, they expose Sebastian's cherishing of the scheme he pretends to mock, making it attractive to himself while pretending to strip it of attraction.

II. i. 231. *So near the bottom run, i. e.*, let themselves sink, let the waters of their fortunes run low.

II. i. 233. *Setting.* Set or fixed look.

II. i. 234. *A matter, i. e.*, something serious.

II. i. 235. *Throes thee much to yield.* Costs thee many throes to bring forth.

II. i. 236. *This lord.* The context seems to refer to Gonzalo, but Francisco spoke the persuading speech (II. i. 116-125). *Remembrance.* Memory.

II. i. 238. *Earth'd.* Buried.

II. i. 239, 240. *Only professes to persuade.* His only profession is to persuade. A contemptuous sneer at Gonzalo's office of "counsellor," with perhaps an insinuation that he over-rated his powers of persuasion.

II. i. 245-247. "This is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful."—Johnson.

II. i. 251. *Ten leagues beyond man's life.* Ten leagues farther than the distance a man can travel in his whole lifetime. An intentional exaggeration.

II. i. 252. *Note.* Information. *Post.* Messenger.

II. i. 254. *She that*— Anacoluthon. *That* is replaced by *whom* in the new construction. *From whom.* Coming back from whom.

II. i. 255. *Cast again, i. e.,* cast up again by the sea.

II. i. 256. *By that destiny.* The lucky fate of being saved from the sea.

II. i. 257, 258. *What [is] to come [is]* for you and me to discharge or execute. "Yours," "hers," "theirs," etc., were sometimes used for "your," "her," "their," if separated from their nouns. Cf. III. iii. 93, note.

II. i. 263. *Us.* The cubits (l. 261). *Keep.* Intransitive sense. Remain, stay.

II. i. 266. *Be.* See *Introd.*, p. 45.

II. i. 269, 270. *I . . . could make a chough,* etc. "I could make (prove) myself as wise a prater as he." The chough is a jackdaw, a bird that could be taught to speak. Cf. "choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough."—*Al's Well*, IV. i. 21, 22.

II. i. 273, 274. How much satisfaction do you find in contemplating your good fortune?

II. i. 277. *Feater.* More gracefully, becomingly.

II. i. 280. *Kibe.* Chilblain.

II. i. 281. "It would compel me to wear a slipper."

II. i. 282. *Deity, i. e.,* conscience.

II. i. 300. *Fall it.* Let it or make it fall. For transitive use, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

II. i. 302. *You, his friend.* Gonzalo.

II. i. 305. *Open-ey'd.* Wakeful.

II. i. 306. *His time doth take.* Seizes his opportunity.

II. i. 310. *Sudden.* Quick, prompt.

II. i. 312. *Drawn.* With your swords drawn.

II. i. 314. *Securing.* Guarding. Cf. II. i. 201-202.

II. i. 321. *A humming.* Ariel's song above.

II. i. 325. *Verily.* On adverb for adjective, see *Introd.*, p. 47.

II. i. 330, 331. The "rhyme-tag," that is, a couplet to mark the conclusion of scenes or to indicate exit speeches, is very common in Elizabethan drama.

II. ii. For the present, the characters are divided into a number of groups, who hold the stage in turn. This scene has to do with the "low comedy" group, Trinculo and Stephano, with Caliban (who is henceforth allied with them). For the development of the action, the scene introduces a new

element of suspense—a new danger coming upon Prospero, the nature of which is not fully revealed until III. ii.

II. ii. 3. *By inch-meal*. Inch by inch. Cf. "piecemeal."

II. ii. 5. *Urchin-shows*. Appearances of elves. Cf. I. ii. 326, note.

II. ii. 6. *Like a firebrand*. The *ignis fatuus*, Will-o'-the-Wisp, or Jack-o'-Lantern, the natural phosphorescent phenomenon observed at night over marshy places.

II. ii. 9. *Mow*. Make grimaces.

II. ii. 10. *Hedgehogs*. See note on "urchins," I. ii. 326.

II. ii. 11. *Mount*. For transitive use, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

II. ii. 13. *Wound*. Wound round with.

II. ii. 18. *Bear off*. Ward off.

II. ii. 22. *Bombard*. A large leathern vessel for liquors. *His* for *its*. See *Introd.*, p. 43.

II. ii. 29. *Poor-John*. Dried and salted hake.

II. ii. 31. *This fish painted, i. e.*, as a sign outside of a booth at some fair.

II. ii. 34. *Make a man, i. e.*, his fortune. In l. 34 the phrase is punned on in the sense of "passes for a man."

II. ii. 35. *Doit*. A small Dutch coin.

II. ii. 36, 37. *A dead Indian*. Indians brought to England by Frobisher and other adventurers attracted much attention.

II. ii. 39. *Let loose*. Give up.

II. ii. 41. *Suffered*. Suffered death. See l. 122 below. Cf., with same meaning, "suffered under Pontius Pilate" in the Apostles' Creed.

II. ii. 43. *Gaberdine*. A long cloak.

II. ii. 46. *Shroud*. Take shelter. *Dregs*. Last drops. The figure of the bombard (see II. 21, 22) is still in Trinculo's mind.

II. ii. 50. *Scurvy*. Vile.

II. ii. 52. *Swabber*. Sailor who washes down decks with a swab or mop.

II. ii. 56. *Tang*. Shrill sound, twang.

II. ii. 65. *Put tricks upon's*. Play tricks with us, attempt to impose upon us.

II. ii. 68-69. *Proper*. Fine. *Went*. Walked. *On four legs*, meaning, of course, on crutches.

II. ii. 69. *Give ground*. Yield, retire in the fight.

II. ii. 75. *Should he learn*. Can he have learned.

II. ii. 77. *Recover*. Restore.

II. ii. 80. *Neat's leather*. Cow-hide.

II. ii. 83. *Fit, i. e.*, fit of the ague. See l. 74, above. *After the wisest*. In the most sensible manner.

II. ii. 85, 86. *Go near to remove.* Come near removing.

II. ii. 87, 88. *I will not take too much for him.* Stephano's attempt at ironical humor.

II. ii. 91. *Trembling.* Regarded as a sign of being possessed by spirits or devils.

II. ii. 93. *Come on your ways.* A common phrase, meaning simply, "Come along!"

II. ii. 95. *Cat.* "Alluding to the old proverb that 'good liquor will make a cat speak.'"—Steevens, quoted in Var.

II. ii. 98. *Chaps.* Jaws.

II. ii. 102. *Delicate.* Ingeniously contrived; with humor lent by its other sense of exquisite, and by Stephano's appreciation of the value of the ingenious arrangement.

II. ii. 107. *Amen!* That's enough for that mouth!

II. ii. 112. *I have no long spoon.* Referring to the well-known proverb (*Com. of Errors*, IV, iii. 64, 65): "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."

II. ii. 120. *Moon-calf.* Abortion, monstrosity, supposed to be formed by the influence of the moon.

II. ii. 130. *Constant.* Steady.

II. ii. 137. *Sack.* "The generic name of Spanish and Canary wines."—Schmidt.

II. ii. 143. *Here, etc.* Stephano addresses this speech to Trinculo, not noting Caliban's interruption.

II. ii. 146. *Kiss the book.* He gives him the bottle, in place of the Bible, to swear upon.

II. ii. 154. *When time was.* Once upon a time.

II. ii. 156. *Thee and thy dog and thy bush.* All distinguished by the Elizabethans on the face of the moon. Cf. *M. N. Dream*, V. i. 136, 137.

II. ii. 162. *Well drawn.* A fine draught of wine!

II. ii. 163. *Sooth.* Truth.

II. ii. 185. *Crabs.* Crab-apples.

II. ii. 186. *Pig-nuts.* Earthnuts.

II. ii. 188. *Marmoset.* A variety of small South and Central American monkey.

II. ii. 190. *Scamels.* Most probably a misprint for "seamel(l)," a variant form of "sea-mew." The young sea-mews were considered delicacies. A diminutive form of "scams," a local name for the shell-fish *limpet*, has also been proposed, and many other emendations even less likely.

II. ii. 194. *Inherit.* Take possession. Cf. IV. i. 154.

II. ii. 201. *Trenchering.* Caliban's drunken coinage from "trencher" (wooden platter); or perhaps a collective form.

ACT III.

III. i. This scene of exalted sentiment, carrying forward the love-plot, is in effective contrast with the low comedy of the preceding.

III. i. 1. *Be.* See *Introd.*, p. 45. *Sports* [which] *are painful.* On omission of the relative, see *Introd.*, p. 44. *Painful.* Requiring pains or labor. *Labour.* Object of *sets off.*

III. i. 2. *Sets off.* Counterbalances.

III. i. 3. *Are nobly undergone.* It is noble to undergo.

III. i. 6. *Which.* Whom. See *Introd.*, p. 44. *Quickens what's dead.* Makes a living, joyous thing of this lifeless task.

III. i. 11. *Upon a sore injunction.* Under penalty of severe punishment.

III. i. 13. *Executor.* Performer. *I forget.* He had stopped in his task.

III. i. 15. One of the most famous difficulties in Shakspeare. The general meaning seems to be that my busiest moments become least toilsome when I refresh myself with sweet thoughts about Miranda. But the text may be corrupt.

III. i. 21. *Safe.* "Safe out of the way." (Verity.) Of course, the audience sees Prospero at the back and knows he is not "safe." An example of "dramatic irony."

III. i. 31. *Worm.* Creature. Here expressing pity. *Thou art infected.* You have caught the disease of love.

III. i. 32. *Wearily.* For adverb instead of adjective, see *Introd.*, p. 47.

III. i. 37. *Broke.* Past part. On form, see *Introd.*, p. 45. *Admir'd.* Admirable, to be regarded with wonder. A play on Miranda's name, which means the same thing.

III. i. 42. *Several.* Separate, different. *Virtues.* Good qualities, not necessarily moral.

III. i. 45. *Ow'd.* Owned, possessed.

III. i. 46. *Put it to the foil.* Foiled, defeated it.

III. i. 51. *More than I may call men.* Phrased so as to exclude Caliban.

III. i. 52. *How features are abroad.* "What people look like in other lands." Features was used of the general appearance of people, not alone of the face.

III. i. 53. *Skilless.* Ignorant.

III. i. 59. *Condition.* Rank.

III. i. 62. *Wooden slavery.* Referring to his enforced task of piling logs. *Than to suffer.* The "to" is omitted before the first infinitive, "endure," but supplied with the second, "suffer"—a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

III. i. 63. *Flesh-fly*. "Blow-fly"; flies the maggots of which feed on flesh. *Blow*. To deposit eggs upon. On omission of the "to," see *Introd.*, p. 46.

III. i. 69. *Kind event*. Favorable outcome. Cf. I. ii. 117.

III. i. 70. *Invert*, etc. Turn the best fortune destined to my lot to misfortune.

III. i. 72. *What*. Whatever, anything.

III. i. 77. *That* agrees with "me" implied in "mine."

III. i. 79. *To want*. For lack of. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

III. i. 80. *It*. Miranda's modesty forbids her to speak out the word "love."

III. i. 84. *Your maid*. Double meaning of "your servant" and "virgin for your sake." *Fellow*. Parallel to "wife" (I. 83).

III. i. 87. *Thus humble*. Ferdinand kneels.

III. i. 89. *As bondage*, etc. "As a prisoner was ever desirous of freedom."

III. i. 93. *Who*. For they. Cf. II. i. 113. *Withal*. With it.

III. i. 94. *Book*. Book of magic.

III. ii. continues II. ii., and reveals, in the plot of Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, a danger threatening the success of Prospero's plans, but one which Ariel is prepared to avert. Note how the low comedy scenes are distributed between more serious or more emotional scenes.

III. ii. 1. *Tell not me*. Trinculo has made the suggestion that they be more sparing with the wine.

III. ii. 3. *Bear up*. Bring the vessel into the direction of the wind. The "enemy" Stephano contemplates attacking is, of course, the bottle.

III. ii. 10. *Set*. Fixed in a drunken stare.

III. ii. 19. *Standard*. Standard-bearer or ensign. Trinculo, in his bad pun, makes "standard" mean "stander." "He's too drunk to stand."

III. ii. 20. *List*. Please, desire.

III. ii. 22. *Run*—from the enemy; continuing Stephano's military phraseology.

III. ii. 23. *Nor go neither*. Nor walk. On the double negative, see *Introd.*, p. 46. *Lie*. In both senses.

III. ii. 30. *In case*. In condition, able. *Justle*. Jostle.

III. ii. 31. *Debosh'd*. Debauched.

III. ii. 38. *Natural*. Idiot.

III. ii. 42. *The next tree!* You'll be hanged on the next tree!

III. ii. 48. *Marry*. A very common Elizabethan oath, originally by the virgin Mary.

III. ii. 54. *Thou jesting monkey*. Addressed to Trinculo, whom Caliban conceives to have spoken. The same situation recurs at ll. 73-75. Ariel so contrives that his interruptions are not heard by Trinculo.

III. ii. 65. *This thing*. Trinculo.

III. ii. 70. *Yield*. Hand him over. *Thee*. Dative.

III. ii. 73. *Pied ninny*. Party-colored fool. Alluding to Trinculo's jester's motley.

III. ii. 77. *Quick freshes*. Fresh springs.

III. ii. 81. *Stock-fish*. Beat thee as a stockfish (dried cod) is beaten before it is boiled.

III. ii. 91. *Murrain*. Plague. Now restricted to diseases of animals.

III. ii. 102. *Paunch*. Rip his belly up.

III. ii. 103. *Wezand*. Wind-pipe.

III. ii. 105. *Sot*. Fool. *Nor hath not*. On double negatives, see *Introd.*, p. 46.

III. ii. 107. *Burn but his books*. Only burn his books.

III. ii. 108. *Utensils*. Accented on first syllable.

III. ii. 109. *Deck*. Adorn. *Withal*. With (governing "which").

III. ii. 110. *That*. Demonstrative. *To consider*. Active infinitive for passive. The phrase *that . . . to consider* is subject of "is." Or we may understand "which is" after *that*.

III. ii. 112. *Nonpareil*. One without an equal.

III. ii. 113. *She*. Used for the grammatically correct "her," as often when the preposition is remote.

III. ii. 130. *Troll*. Sing the parts in succession. *Catch*. A part-song in which the words of one part are made to answer, or *catch*, the other. Cf. the "catch" in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 59 ff.

III. ii. 131. *While-ere*. Erewhile, a while before, a short time since.

III. ii. 137. Stage-dir. *Tabor*. A small drum often attached to a flageolet or pipe.

III. ii. 140. *Nobody*. Probably some topical allusion. A cut prefixed to an old comedy, *No-body and Some-body*, showed the picture of a man all head, arms, and legs; with, literally, "no body." Other figures of "No-body" are known.

III. ii. 142, 143. *Take't as thou list*. "Take my remarks in what manner you please."

III. ii. 157. *Cried*. Cried out, demanded.

III. ii. 166. *Lays it on*. Plays vigorously.

III. iii. continues II. i., and marks the turning point of the action with regard to Prospero's chief enemies. Through the

agency of Ariel, Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian are shown their guilt, punished, and driven to distraction. Preparation is made for the repentance of Alonso and the submission of the others.

III. iii. 1. *By'r lakin*. Contracted from "by our ladykin" (little lady), originally an oath by the virgin Mary.

III. iii. 3. *Forth-rights and meanders*. Straight and winding paths, like those in an artificial maze.

III. iii. 4. *Me*. For personal instead of reflexive form, see *Introd.*, p. 44.

III. iii. 5. *Attach'd*. Seized (the regular Elizabethan meaning). Cf. legal use of the word.

III. iii. 7. *Put off*. Dismiss.

III. iii. 10. *Frustrate*. Vain.

III. iii. 12. *For*. Because of.

III. iii. 14. *Thoroughly*. Thoroughly.

III. iii. 16. *Nor cannot*. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

III. iii. 17. *Stage-dir. On the top*. On the balcony at the rear of the Elizabethan stage.

III. iii. 19. *Marvellous*. Adjective for adverb. See *Introd.*, p. 47.

III. iii. 20. *Kind keepers*. Loving guardians.

III. iii. 21. *Drollery*. A puppet-show. A "living" drollery, one in which the actors were living persons, not wooden figures.

III. iii. 22. *Unicorn*. A fabulous horse-like animal with one long, straight horn in the center of his forehead.

III. iii. 23. *Phoenix*. The well-known mythical bird, which every five hundred years builds for itself a funeral pyre and is consumed thereon, only to rise re-created from the ashes. According to the orthodox version of the story there is but one, which lives in Arabia on a special tree.

III. iii. 25. *Does . . . want credit*. Lacks belief, is not believed in.

III. iii. 30. *Certes*. Certainly.

III. iii. 31. *Monstrous*. Not human.

III. iii. 31, 32. *Who . . . their manners are*. Anacoluthon.

III. iii. 33. *Oúr human generation*. The race of men.

III. iii. 36. *Muse*. Wonder at.

III. iii. 38. *Want*. Lack.

III. iii. 39. *Praise in departing*. Don't utter praises until you see how your entertainment is going to end. A proverbial expression.

III. iii. 45. *Dew-lapp'd*. With loose skin and flesh hanging from the throat, which laps up the dew.

III. iii. 46. *Wallets of flesh.* Probably an allusion to the disease called goitre, which is of frequent occurrence in Alpine regions.

III. iii. 47. *Whose heads stood in their breasts.* A tribe answering this description is told of in *Hakluyt's Voyages*. Such books of travel were very popular in the time of Shakspeare, when imaginations were stirred by the tales of explorations in the New World.

III. iii. 48. *Each putter-out of five for one.* Each traveler. The reference is to an Elizabethan system of insurance. A man on going upon a journey might leave with a banker a sum of money on condition that if he returned safely he was to receive five times the amount deposited; the banker, meantime, having the use of the money, and the chance of keeping it if the traveler did not return.

III. iii. 49. *Stand to.* Fall to work. *Feed.* Not confined to animals in Shakspeare's day.

III. iii. 52. Stage-dir. *Harpy.* In classical mythology, a monster having a woman's head and body, and a bird's wings, tail, legs, and claws. In the *Aeneid*, III. 225, Aeneas narrates the breaking-up of a feast of the Trojans by harpies. *With a quaint device.* By an ingenious mechanism.

III. iii. 54. *Hath to instrument.* Uses as its instrument.

III. iii. 56. *You.* A second object of "belch up," the far-removed "whom" (l. 53) being forgotten.

III. iii. 57. *Inhabit.* Now used only transitively. See *Intro.*, p. 46.

III. iii. 60. *Proper.* Own.

III. iii. 61. *Elements.* Materials.

III. iii. 62. *Whom* for "which." See *Intro.*, p. 44. *Temper'd.* Compounded.

III. iii. 64. *Still-closing.* Ever closing after being cut through.

III. iii. 65. *Dowle.* Downy feather. *Plume.* Plumage (on Ariel's head in his shape of harpy).

III. iii. 66. *Like.* Alike with me.

III. iii. 67. *Massy.* Massive; large and heavy. *Strengths.* See *Intro.*, p. 43, and "wraths," l. 79, below.

III. iii. 70. *Supplant.* Remove; as in III. ii. 58.

III. iii. 71. *Requit.* Contracted past participle for "requited." *It.* The pronoun "it" (as frequently in Shakspeare) has no antecedent, referring to the general idea "exposure," implied in the preceding clause. Cf. the "it" of III. i. 15.

III. iii. 79. *Whose.* Antecedent, "they" (l. 76), *i. e.*, the powers.

III. iii. 80. *Falls*. On singular verb with plural subject, see *Introd.*, p. 45.

III. iii. 81. *Is nothing but*. There is no remedy except.

III. iii. 82. *Clear*. Blameless.

III. iii. 82. *Stage-dir. Mocks and mows*. Mocking gestures and grimaces. Cf. II. ii. 9.

III. iii. 83. *Bravely*. See note on I. ii. 6.

III. iii. 84. *Devouring, i. e.*, when it seemed to devour the banquet.

III. iii. 85. *Bated*. Excepted, left out. Cf. I. ii. 250.

III. iii. 86. *With good life*. In a very life-like manner.

III. iii. 87. *Observation strange*. Rare attention (to their parts). Cf. IV. i. 7 for "strangely" in same sense. *Meaner ministers, i. e.*, those inferior to Ariel.

III. iii. 88. *Kinds, i. e.*, of task.

III. iii. 89, 90. *Knit up in*. Tied up, entangled in, *i. e.*, under the influence of.

III. iii. 92. *Whom* for "who" is thought of as the object of *suppose*, hence the form. Or there may be a confusion of two constructions, "who, they suppose, is," and "whom they suppose the."

III. iii. 93. *Mine* for "my." See note on II. i. 257, 258.

III. iii. 95. *Monstrous*. Preternatural.

III. iii. 99. *Did bass my trespass*. Uttered my sin in its deep bass voice.

III. iii. 100. *Therefore*. For my trespass.

III. iii. 101. *Plummet*. Lead for sounding depths of water. See V. i. 56.

III. iii. 102. *Muddled*. Note the freedom with which the Elizabethans made one part of speech do duty as another.

III. iii. 105. *To work*. With the intention of producing its effect.

III. iii. 106. *Gins*. Begins. *Bite the spirits*. Note the same metaphor in the word "remorse," literally "a biting back."

III. iii. 108. *Ecstasy*. In Elizabethan English, any state of being beside one's self, out of one's mind, by whatever emotion produced.

ACT IV.

The two chief sub-plots of the play are brought to a conclusion in this act: namely, the Ferdinand-Miranda love-story, and the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against Prospero's life. The last act is thus left to Prospero, to

deal—in what temper, the playwright still keeps in suspense—with his enemies.

The masque in this act is quite in keeping with the spectacular nature of the play.

IV. i. 3. *Third*. The three parts of Prospero's life are his daughter, his dukedom, and his art.

IV. i. 4. *Who* for "whom." See *Intro.*, p. 43.

IV. i. 7. *Strangely*. Rarely, wondrously. Cf. III. iii. 87.

IV. i. 9. *Boast her off*. "Set forth her merits boastfully." (Wright.) "Off" acts as an intensive to the verb.

IV. i. 12. *Against an oracle*. "Even though an oracle declared otherwise."

IV. i. 14. *Purchas'd*. Gained, won. "Purchase" has been highly specialized in modern usage; formerly it meant "to acquire in any way except by gift or inheritance."

IV. i. 16. *Sanctimonious*. Holy.

IV. i. 18. *Aspersion*. Sprinkling.

IV. i. 23. *Hymen*, the god of marriage.

IV. i. 26. *Opportune*. Accent on second syllable. See *Intro.*, p. 42. *Suggestion*. Prompting to evil, temptation. Cf. II. i. 292.

IV. i. 27. *Worser*. A double comparative. See *Intro.*, p. 43. *Genius*. Spirit presiding over the destiny of a person. A man was often conceived as having both a good and an evil genius. *Can*. Is capable of.

IV. i. 30, 31. *Or . . . or*. Either . . . or. *Phoebus Apollo*, the god of the sun. For possessive without 's, cf. Phoenix, III. iii. 23. *Foundered*. Lamed. "When I shall think that day will never come to an end."

IV. i. 31. *Fairly*. Honorably, nobly. *Spoke* for "spoken." See *Intro.*, p. 45.

IV. i. 33. *What*. A common exclamation used in calling a person.

IV. i. 37. *Rabble*. Simply "crowd," without modern opprobrious meaning.

IV. i. 41. *Vanity*. Trifle.

IV. i. 42. *Presently*. Immediately. Cf. I. ii. 125.

IV. i. 43. *Twink*. Wink of the eye; twinkling.

IV. i. 47. *Mop and mow*. A favorite alliterative phrase, both members of which mean "grimace." Cf. II. ii. 9, and note.

IV. i. 51. *Dalliance*. Fondling; exchange of caresses.

IV. i. 56. *Liver*. Regarded as the seat of the passions. "Her chaste breast against mine cools my passion."

IV. i. 57. *Corollary*. Surplus: more than enough (spirits to act the play).

IV. i. 58. *Want*. Be lacking in. *Pertly*. Briskly.

IV. i. 59. *No tongue*. Strict silence had to be observed at incantations. Noise of any kind broke the charm. Cf. ll. 126, 127, below.

IV. i. 59. Stage-dir. *Iris*. Goddess of the rainbow and the messenger of Juno.

What follows is the most complete example in Shakspeare of the incidental masque, introduced into a drama to give spectacle and variety. The independent masque, as written, e.g., by Ben Jonson, was, of course, a much longer and more elaborate composition.

IV. i. 60. *Ceres*, the Roman goddess who presided over agriculture and the fruits of the earth. *Leas*. Fields. Ordinarily, meadows.

IV. i. 63. *Thatch'd*. Covered. *Stover*. Coarser kinds of hay suitable for winter fodder.

IV. i. 64. *Banks with pioned and twilled brims*. River banks whose edges are covered with peonies and reeds. *Pione* is an old form for "peony"; and *twill* = reed. But the peony does not grow wild in England, nor does it blossom in April; while there is some difficulty in proving that *twill* was used for sedge or reed, the *plant*. Accordingly, some editors interpret as a reference to the banking and ditching of land in early spring for drainage. *Pioned* would then mean "dug deep" (cf. "pioneer," originally the digger preceding an army), and *twilled*, "ridged" (cf. the ridges on "twilled" cloth). Emendations proposed for *twilled* are tilled, llied, willowed, etc.

IV. i. 65. *Spongy*. Wet, rainy. *Hest*. See note on I. ii. 274.

IV. i. 66. *Cold*. Void of passion, chaste. *Brown groves*. Brown is often used in earlier English for dark, shady, without implying precise color. The Folio reading, of which this is an emendation, is "broome groves," but broom is too small a shrub to give shade to jilted lovers.

IV. i. 68. *Lass-lorn*. Having lost his love. *Pole-clipp'd*. With the poles embraced or twined round ("clipp'd") by the vines.

IV. i. 70. *The queen o' the sky*. Juno, referred to in l. 77 as "the wife of Jupiter."

IV. i. 71. *Watery arch*. The rainbow.

IV. i. 74. *Peacocks* were sacred to Juno and drew her chariot. *Amain*. Swiftly.

IV. i. 76. *Many-coloured*. An allusion to Iris's character as goddess of the rainbow.

IV. i. 78. *Saffron wings*. The epithet is applied to Iris in Phaer's translation of Virgil (*Aeneid*, IV. 700).

IV. i. 81. *Bosky*. Covered with bushes or underwood. *Acres*, generally for "field, land." "Bosky acres" are contrasted with "unshrubb'd down," *i. e.*, bare hill tract.

IV. i. 85. *Estate*. Bestow, settle.

IV. i. 89. *Dusky Dis*. "Dis" is another name of the god Pluto, who presided over the gloomy under-world; hence the classical epithet, "dusky." *My daughter*. Persephone or Proserpine. The story of her abduction by Pluto is one of the most celebrated in Greek mythology. *That* = by which; or *Dis* may be taken as a dative.

IV. i. 90. *Her blind boy*. Cupid. *Scandal'd*. Scandalous.

IV. i. 93. *Paphos*. A town in the island of Cyprus sacred to Venus.

IV. i. 94. *Dove-drawn*. Doves were sacred to Venus and drew her chariot.

IV. i. 95. *Wanton*. Lustful.

IV. i. 98. *Hot*. Passionate. *Minion*. Darling, *i. e.*, Venus, the beloved of Mars.

IV. i. 99. *Waspish-headed*. Irritable.

IV. i. 100. *Sparrows* were birds associated with Venus and Cupid.

IV. i. 101. *Right out*. Outright.

IV. i. 106 ff. Juno speaks her blessing as the goddess presiding over marriage; Ceres in her character as goddess of the plenteous harvest.

IV. i. 108. *Still*. Always.

IV. i. 110. *Foison*. Abundance. Cf. II. i. 166.

IV. i. 111. *Garners*. Granaries.

IV. i. 114, 115. *Spring*, etc. The idea is that spring shall follow immediately upon the harvest; there shall be no winter.

IV. i. 119. *Charmingly*. Through the power of a magic charm. *Bold*. So bold as.

IV. i. 123. *So rare a wond' red father and a wise*. A father so rarely endowed with wonders and so wise. *Wise*. Some copies of F_1 appear to read "wife," and some editors prefer this reading. The letter "f" and the old-style long "s" are frequently almost indistinguishable in print.

IV. i. 128. *Winding*. F_1 has "windring," which some regard as meant for "wandering."

IV. i. 129. *Harmless*. Innocent.

- IV. i. 130. *Crisp*. With rippled surface.
- IV. i. 132. *Temperate*. Chaste. Cf. l. 66, above.
- IV. i. 138. *Country footing*. Country dancing.
- IV. i. 138. *Stage-dir. Enter certain Reapers*, etc. The masque was ordinarily divided into two parts, "masque" and "anti-masque," the former with dignified and noble figures, the latter a grotesque or otherwise contrasting foil thereto. The dance of nymphs and reapers constitutes here the anti-masque. *Heavily*. Gloomily, mournfully.
- IV. i. 142. *Avoid*. Be gone.
- IV. i. 143. *Passion*. Strong emotion.
- IV. i. 145. *Distemper'd*. Put out of normal temper, discomposed, agitated.
- IV. i. 146. *Mov'd sort*. Disturbed, agitated manner.
- IV. i. 148. *Revels*. The technical term for masques and similar entertainments.
- IV. i. 148. *Our revels now are ended*, etc. A very famous passage; one of the supreme poetical achievements of our literature. Note the beauty of the images, the majesty of the rhythm, including the masterly arrangement of pauses, the splendor of the vowel and consonant music.
- IV. i. 154. *Inherit*. Possess.
- IV. i. 156. *Not a rack*. Not a film of cloud.
- IV. i. 157. *On*. Of. See *Introd.*, p. 47.
- IV. i. 158. *Rounded with*. Either (1) "surrounded by"; *i. e.*, its beginning and end a sleep; or (2) "rounded out with," "completed by."
- IV. i. 164. *With a thought*. Quick as a thought.
- IV. i. 166. *Meet with*. Encounter, cope with.
- IV. i. 167. *Presented*. Represented, acted the part of.
- IV. i. 176. *Unback'd*. Unridden, not broken.
- IV. i. 177. *Advanc'd*. Lifted up. Cf. I. ii. 408.
- IV. i. 178. *As*. As if. *So I charm'd*. I so charmed.
- IV. i. 182. *Filthy-mantled*. Covered with a filthy scum.
- IV. i. 184. *Bird*. A term of endearment, like "chick" (V. i. 316).
- IV. i. 186. *Trumpery*. Showy trash.
- IV. i. 187. *Stale*. Decoy; a live or stuffed bird by which hunters entice others to enter the snare.
- IV. i. 189. *Nurture*. Education and good breeding.
- IV. i. 192. *Cankers*. Grows malignant or venomous.
- IV. i. 193. *Line*. Lime or linden tree. Cf. the "line-grove" in V. i. 10. Some editors believe that a hair clothes-line is meant.
- IV. i. 194. *The blind mole* possesses very acute hearing.

IV. i. 198. *Play'd the Jack.* Played the knave.

IV. i. 206. *Hoodwink.* Cover up from sight.

IV. i. 217. *Mischief.* Harm, injury. A stronger word than today.

IV. i. 218. *I* for "me." Note again faulty grammar owing to the fact that the original structure of the sentence is forgotten.

IV. i. 222. *O King Stephano! O peer!* An allusion to a well-known ballad, "Take thy old cloak about thee," a stanza of which, as quoted in *Othello*, II. iii. 92-95, runs:

"King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown."

IV. i. 226. *Frippery.* An old-clothes shop. "This is no 'trash' such as is kept at an old-clothes shop; we know the kind of thing sold there."

IV. i. 231. *To dote.* By doting. See *Introd.*, p. 46. *Let's alone.* If reading of F_1 , here adopted, is correct, the verb of motion is omitted (see *Introd.*, p. 46). "Let us go alone." Caliban gives over Trinculo as hopeless, and, turning to Stephano, proposes that they proceed alone. But Stephano is equally interested in the finery. Emendations which have met with much favor are: (1) let's along; (2) let't alone.

IV. i. 235. *Mistress line.* Stephano in mock courtesy thus addresses the lime-tree (see note on l. 193, above), after which he removes the garment from its place, so that it is then "under the line."

IV. i. 236. *Jerkin.* A jacket or short coat.

IV. i. 237, 238. *You are like to loose your hair*, etc. The joke seems to be based on a punning identification of the line or lime-tree and the equinoctial line. Especially in the days of slow sailing vessels, persons voyaging through the hot equatorial regions were likely to contract fevers which caused them to lose their hair. Or, the allusion may be to the customary celebration among mariners on crossing the equator (passing "under the line"), during which unpopular members of the crew are subjected to a mock shaving. For other suggestions, see *Var.*

IV. i. 239. *Do, do.* Go on, keep it up. *By line and level.* Trinculo adds his pun on "line." Here = plumb-line. A phrase borrowed from the carpenter's trade, meaning "according to rule, systematically." *An. If. Like.* Be pleasing to.

IV. i. 244. *Pass of pate*. Thrust of wit, witty sally.

IV. i. 246. *Lime*. Bird-lime.

IV. i. 249. *Barnacles*. Probably Caliban is thinking of "barnacle geese," not the shellfish. In medieval natural history, the notion prevailed that the shellfish grew on trees, dropped into the sea, and there matured into the species of geese variously known as "brant geese," "tree geese," or "barnacles."

IV. i. 250. *Foreheads*. In Elizabethan times, a low forehead was regarded as a deformity, while a high one was a feature of beauty. *Villainous*. Adjective form for adverb. See *Introd.*, p. 47.

IV. i. 259. *Hark*. A cry to set on the dogs.

IV. i. 262. *Aged cramps*. Cramps such as old people suffer. Cf. I. ii. 369.

IV. i. 263. *Pard*. Leopard. *Cat o' mountain*. A name given to the smaller varieties of the leopard.

IV. i. 265. *Lies*. On singular verbs with plural subjects, see *Introd.*, p. 45.

ACT V.

V. Prospero now has complete power over his enemies, but in a spirit of exalted magnanimity he foregoes his vengeance and pardons them, at the same time renouncing his use of magic. His dukedom is restored, his daughter's happiness is assured, and the play closes in an atmosphere of repentance and forgiveness.

V. i. 2. *Crack not*. Do not break; *i. e.*, hold fast, are still potent.

V. i. 2, 3. *Time goes*, etc. Time does not bend even under the burden of so rapid a succession of events.

V. i. 4. *On*. Close upon, approaching. *Sixth hour*. See I. ii. 239-241, also II. 136 and 223, below. Note that the events of the play are represented as transpiring in about three hours, or little more than the time needed for their performance on the stage.

V. i. 7. *Fares*. Singular verb with compound subject. See *Introd.*, p. 45.

V. i. 8. *Gave in charge*. Ordered.

V. i. 10. *Line-grove*. Grove of lime or linden trees. See IV. i. 193, note. *Weather-fends*. Protects from the weather.

V. i. 11. *Your release*. Released by you.

V. i. 17. *Eaves of reeds*. Eaves of a thatched roof.

V. i. 18. *Affections*. Feelings.

V. i. 22. *Myself*. See *Introd.*, p. 44.

- V. i. 23. *Relish*. Taste; here, feel.
- V. i. 24. *Passion*. Emotion. Noun, object of "relish." *Kindlier*. More naturally, more in accordance with my and their kind (*i. e.*, human nature).
- V. i. 25. *Their high wrongs*. Great wrongs inflicted by them.
- V. i. 27. *Rarer*. Finer, nobler.
- V. i. 33. *Ye elves of hills*, etc. In this passage (down to l. 50), Shakspeare is following in general the invocation of the enchantress Medea in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii., 197-219, as Englished by Arthur Golding, and often using Golding's very words. There are indications that in some places he is translating the original direct, not following Golding. See *Introd.*, p. 37.
- V. i. 34. *Printless*. Leaving no print.
- V. i. 35. *Neptune*. The sea personified.
- V. i. 36. *Demi-puppets*. Literally, creatures only half as large as puppets—a reference to the diminutive fairies or elves.
- V. i. 37. *Green sour ringlets*. So-called "fairy rings," circles of ranker grass common in meadows.
- V. i. 39. *That rejoice*, because at curfew the spirits might leave their prisons and range abroad. Cf. *King Lear*. III. iv. 120: "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock" (*i. e.*, cock-crow).
- V. i. 41. *Weak masters*. Weak when left to yourselves, though powerful to aid when ruled and directed by me.
- V. i. 53. *Their senses that*. The senses of those whom. Cf. III. i. 77 and V. i. 214.
- V. i. 54. *I'll break my staff*. These lines (and indeed the whole speech) have been thought by many to be of autobiographic significance—a symbolic expression of Shakspeare's farewell to the stage. See *Introd.*, p. 33.
- V. i. 59. For the use of music to restore an unhinged mind, cf. *Lear*, IV. vii.
- V. i. 59. *Unsettled fancy*. Disturbed imagination. Cf. the story of David and Saul, *I. Sam.*, xvi. 14-23.
- V. i. 61. *You*. Addressed to the whole party, the first lines probably to Alonso.
- V. i. 63. *Sociable to*. Sympathizing with. *Shew*. Appearance. Gonzalo is weeping.
- V. i. 64. *Fall*. Let fall. See *Introd.*, p. 46. *Fellowly*. Fellow-like, companionable.
- V. i. 67. *Chase*. Dispel. *Ignorant fumes*. Fumes causing ignorance. According to Elizabethan physiology, the befud-

dling of the sense worked by Prospero's magic is caused by vapors or fumes which rise to the brain and derange its working. *Mantle*. Envelop. Cf. IV. i. 182.

V. i. 68. *Clearer*. Probably proleptic. "Reason thus made clearer."

V. i. 70. *Graces*. Favors, acts of kindness.

V. i. 71. *Home*. Thoroughly; to the utmost.

V. i. 75 ff. *You*. Prospero addresses his brother by the stern and formal "you," but as soon as he has forgiven him (l. 78), employs the more tender "thee." A similar dramatic distinction in ll. 130-132 below. On "you" and "thou," see I. ii. 1, note.

V. i. 76. *Remorse*. Pity. *Nature*. Natural feeling. *Whom*. Objective for nominative. Cf. *Introd.*, p. 43.

V. i. 81. *Reasonable shore*. Shore of reason. The mind, bereft of its reason, is compared to mud flats when the tide is out.

V. i. 85. *Discase*. Remove my magic robes.

V. i. 86. *Sometime*. Formerly. *Milan*. Duke of Milan. Cf. I. ii. 109.

V. i. 96. *So, so, so*. Very good; that will do (referring to Ariel's assistance in attiring him).

V. i. 101. *Presently*. At once. Cf. I. ii. 125.

V. i. 102. *I drink the air*. "An expression of swiftness of the same kind as 'to devour the way' in 2 *Hen. IV.*: I. i. 47." —Johnson, quoted in *Var*.

V. i. 103. *Or ere*. Before. See I. ii. 11, note.

V. i. 105. *Inhabits*. Dwells. On singular verb with compound subject, see *Introd.*, p. 45.

V. i. 111. *Whe'er*. A common contraction, for metrical purposes, from "whether."

V. i. 112. *Trife*. Delusion. *Abuse*. Deceive.

V. i. 117. *An if*. If *if*, one conjunction merely reinforcing the other. Cf. "or ere," I. ii. 11, and V. i. 103.

V. i. 118. *Thy dukedom I resign*. Antonio had made it a fief of Naples. See I. ii. 111-127.

V. i. 119. *My wrongs*. Wrongs inflicted by me. Cf. "their high wrongs," l. 25, above.

V. i. 124. *Subtleties*. Illusions; literally, quaint devices of confectionery or pastry. This metaphor from cooking is perhaps suggested by the verb "taste," and may be used by Prospero with some thought of the magic banquet of III. iii. 17-52. But *taste* can mean merely "experience," and there may be no conscious figure here.

V. i. 127. *Pluck*. Draw down.

- V. i. 128. *Justify*. Prove.
- V. i. 130-132. *You . . . thy*. See note on I. 75, above.
- V. i. 136. *Whom*. Attracted into accusative by "us." Cf. I. 76, above.
- V. i. 139. *Woe*. Sorry, grieved.
- V. i. 142. *Of whose soft grace*. By whose kind favor.
- V. i. 145. *Supportable*. Note transposition. Accent seems to be on first syllable. See *Introd.*, p. 42.
- V. i. 146. *Dear*. Grievous. See note on II. i. 138.
- V. i. 154. *Encounter*. Meeting. Cf. III. i. 74. *Admire*. Wonder. Cf. III. i. 37, note.
- V. i. 155. *Devour their reason*. A violent figure, probably suggested by their open-mouthed amazement.
- V. i. 156. *Do offices of truth, i. e.*, see truthfully.
- V. i. 160. *Of*. From. See *Introd.*, p. 47.
- V. i. 164. *Relation*. Narration.
- V. i. 171. *Stage-dir*. *Discovers*. Reveals (by drawing the curtain of the inner stage).
- V. i. 196. *Hers, i. e.*, her second father.
- V. i. 213. *His own*. His own master; *i. e.*, had control of his senses.
- V. i. 216. *Is*. See *Introd.*, p. 45.
- V. i. 218. *Blasphemy*. Abstract for concrete. Cf. "diligence" (I. 241), "conduct" (I. 244), and "malice" (I. ii. 367).
- V. i. 219. *Swear'st grace o'erboard* because divine grace would not protect a ship where such blasphemy was being uttered.
- V. i. 223. *Three glasses*. Three hours by the hour-glass, as is made clear by I. ii. 239-241 in connection with II. 4 and 136, above. See note on I. ii. 240. *Gave out*. Declared.
- V. i. 224. *Tight and yare*. Without leak and ready (to sail).
- V. i. 226. *Tricksy*. A term of affection. Pretty, neat, fine.
- V. i. 230. *Dead of sleep*. Like dead men from sleep; or dead asleep.
- V. i. 232. *Several*. Different.
- V. i. 234. *Moe*. More. See II. i. 133, note.
- V. i. 236. *Her*. F₁, "our." *Freshly*. In her fresh condition. Adverb instead of predicate adjective.
- V. i. 238. *Cap'ring to eye her*. Dancing with joy at the sight. See *Introd.*, p. 46.
- V. i. 240. *Moping*. Bewildered.
- V. i. 244. *Conduct of*. Conductor of, responsible for.
- V. i. 246. *Infest*. Annoy, disturb.
- V. i. 248. *Single*. Alone. *Resolve you*. Explain to you.

V. i. 249. *Which to you shall seem probable.* Which (explanation) shall seem probable to you.

V. i. 250. *Accidents.* Events. Cf. I. 305, below.

V. i. 258. *Coragio.* One of the numerous Italian terms in vogue.

V. i. 259. *True spies.* Honest or trustworthy observers. Cf. "true," I. 268, below.

V. i. 262. *Fine,* in his court garments.

V. i. 267. *Badges.* The silver badges bearing the master's crest worn by servants at this time.

V. i. 268, 269. *Knave, his mother.* "Knave his" may be a possessive. This construction is frequent in earlier English. Or it may be another anacoluthon.

V. i. 271. *Deal in her command.* Wield the moon's powers. *Without her power.* Either (1) without the moon's authorization; or (2) beyond the moon's control.

V. i. 272. *Demi-devil.* See I. ii. 319, 320.

V. i. 279. *Reeling ripe.* Ripe, that is, drunk enough, for reeling.

V. i. 279, 280. *Should they find.* Can they have found. Cf. II. ii. 75.

V. i. 280. *Gilded.* A polite slang phrase for "made drunk."

V. i. 281, 282. *Pickle . . . pickle.* A pun on the slang and the literal meanings.

V. i. 284. *Fear fly-blowing.* Cf. III. i. 63, note. He counts on the briny swamp he has been in as a preservative.

V. i. 288. *Sore.* With double meaning, (1) smarting, (2) severe.

V. i. 302. *Waste.* Spend.

V. i. 305. *Accidents.* Cf. I. 250, note.

V. i. 310. *Retire me.* Retire is used by Shakspeare reflexively, by us only intransitively. See *Introd.*, p. 46.

V. i. 313. *Take.* Charm. *Deliver all.* Tell everything. Cf. II. i. 45.

V. i. 316. *Chick.* Term of endearment, like the "bird" of IV. i. 184.

EPILOGUE.

Epilogue, 10. *Help of your good hands.* The noise of the clapping would dissolve the spell. Cf. IV. i. 59, note; and IV. i. 126.

Epilogue, 18. *Mercy itself.* The All-merciful.

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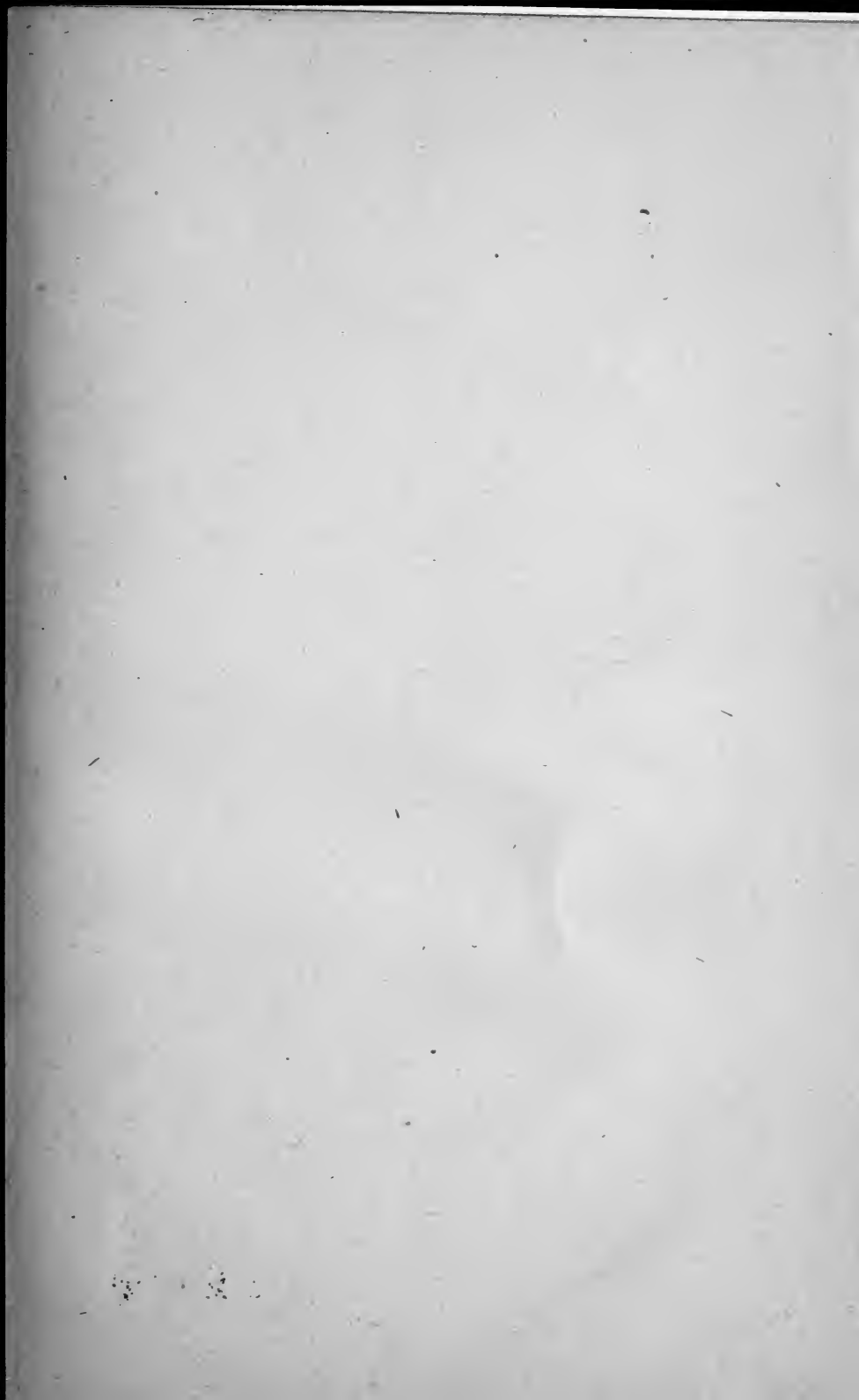
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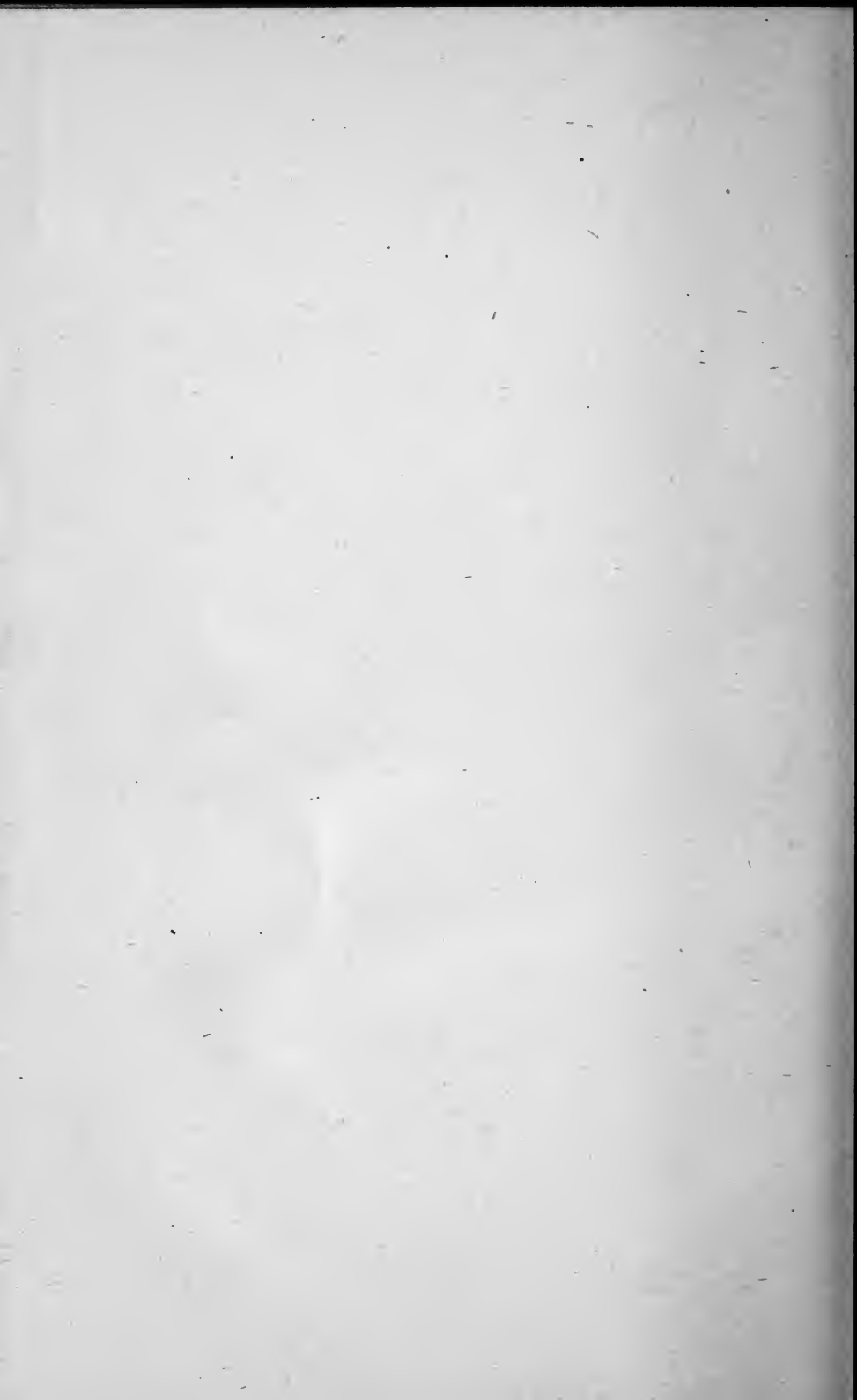
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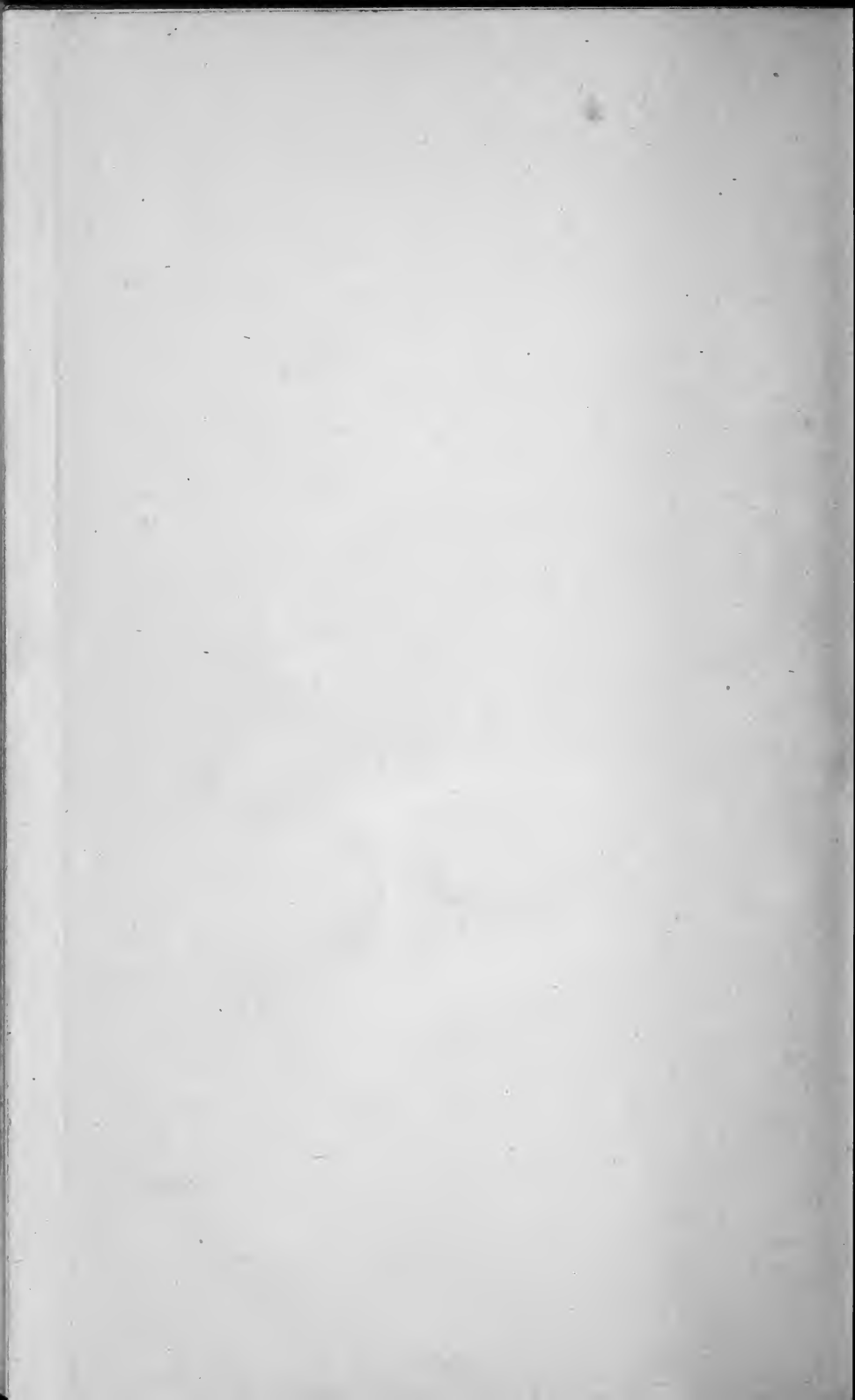
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Zenith, I. ii. 181.

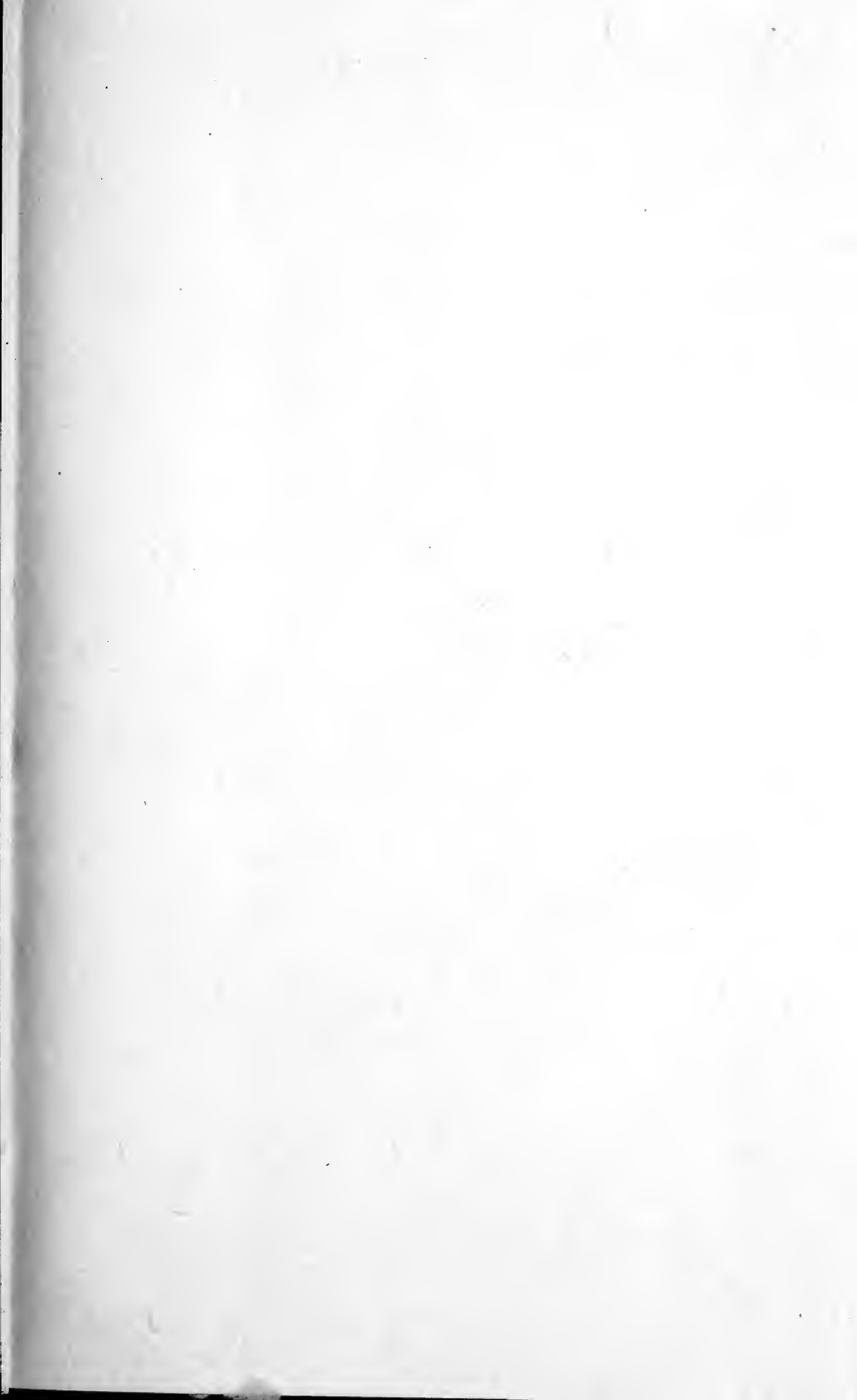
W 32 #

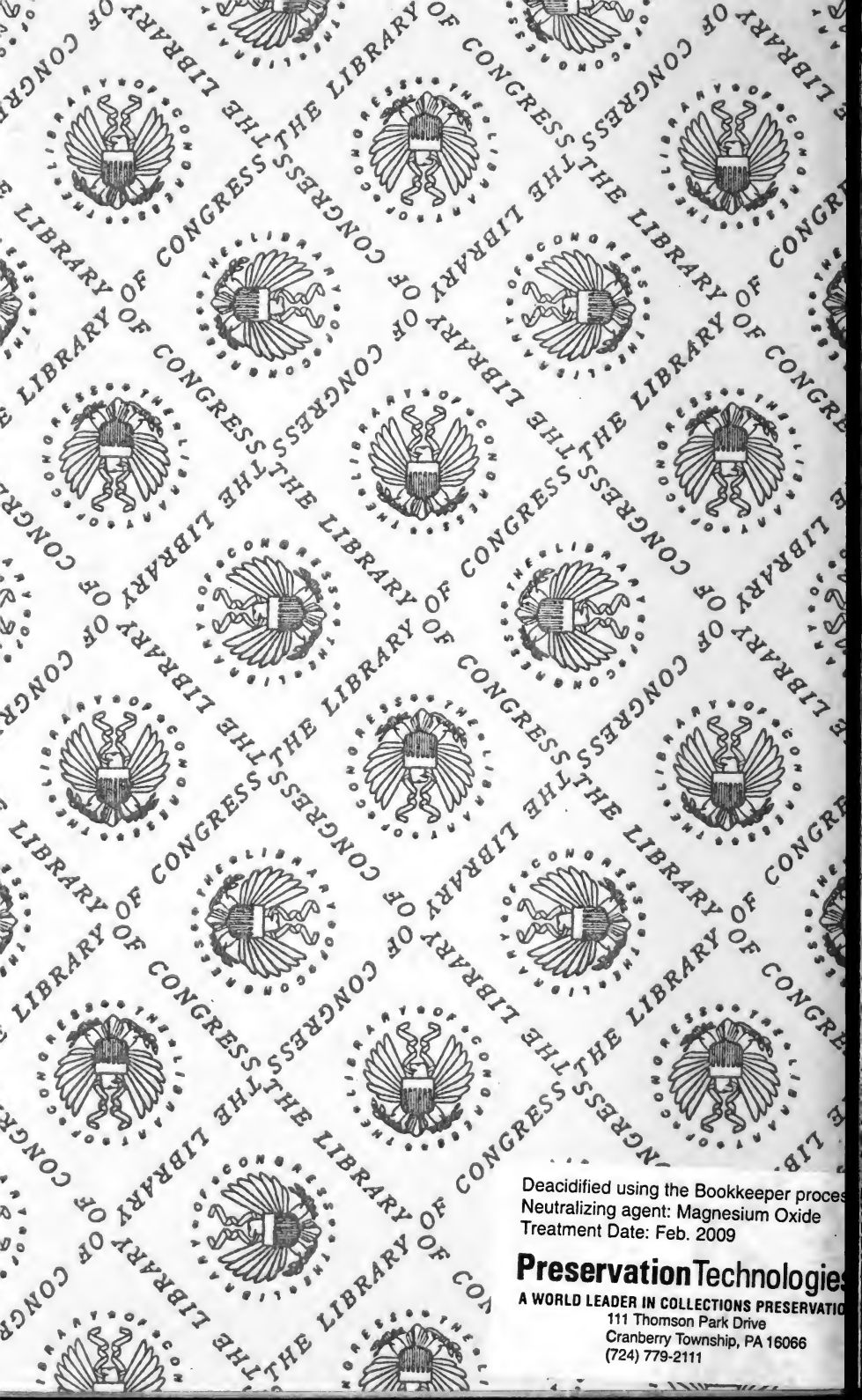












Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
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Cranberry Township, PA 16066
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