

From Act I,

PROSP:

My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee mark me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time(85)
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,(90)
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

(...)

CALIBAN:

No, pray thee.
[Aside] I must obey. His art is of such power,(440)
It would control my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROSP:

So, slave, hence!

[Exit Caliban]

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

ARIEL:

[sings]
Come unto these yellow sands,(445)
And than take hands;
Curtsied when you have and the kissed—
The wild waves whist—
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear(450)
The burden. Hark, hark!

SPIRITS:

[dispersedly] Bow-wow!

ARIEL:

The watch-dogs bark.

SPIRITS:

[dispersedly] Bow-wow!

ARIEL:

Hark, hark! I hear(455)
The strain of strutting [Chanticleer](#)
Cry 'cock-a-diddle-dow.'

FERD.

Where should this music be? I'th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god o'th' island. Sitting on a bank,(460)
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my [passion](#)
With its sweet [air](#). Thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.(465)
No, it begins again.

ARIEL:

[sings]
Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;(470)
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his [knell](#):

SPIRITIS:

Ding dong.(475)

ARIEL:

Hark, now I hear them,—Ding-dong bell.

FERD:

The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth [owes](#).—I hear it now above me.

PROSP:

[to *Miranda*] The fringed curtains of thine eye advance(480)
And say what thou seest yond.

From Act V

PROSPERO.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,--
Weak masters though ye be,--I have bedimm'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 thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
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 them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
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,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music]

[Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN
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,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
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
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 daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;--
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.--Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian,--
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,--
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
That now lie 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:--

[Exit ARIEL]

I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.--Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

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,
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
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your indulgence set me free.