

## **PROSPERO / ARIEL - SIDE 1**

*Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.*

### **PROSPERO**

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?

### **ARIEL**

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

### **PROSPERO**

I did say so  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the King and 's followers?

### **ARIEL**

Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell.  
They cannot budge till your release. The King,  
His brother, and yours abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that you termed, sir, the good old Lord  
Gonzalo.  
His tears runs down his beard like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works  
'Em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

### **PROSPERO**

Dost thou think so, spirit?

### **ARIEL**

Mine would, sir, were I human.

### **PROSPERO**

And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'  
quick,  
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.  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

**ARIEL**

I'll fetch them, sir.

*He exits. [ Prospero draws a large circle on the stage with his staff. ]*