

## 1.2

### MIRANDA

You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

### PROSPERO

The hour's now come;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

### MIRANDA

Certainly, mother, I can.

### PROSPERO

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

### MIRANDA

'Tis far off  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me?

### PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it  
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,  
How thou camest here thou mayst.

### MIRANDA

But that I do not.

### PROSPERO

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
Thy mother was the Duke of Milan and  
thou my only heir and princess.

### MIRANDA

O the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

**PROSPERO**

Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly helped hither...  
My brother and thy uncle, call'd 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.  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle, what?--  
Dost thou attend me?

**MIRANDA**

O, mother, I do.

**PROSPERO**

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind,  
in my false brother awaked an evil nature;  
He did believe he was indeed the duke;  
hence his ambition growing--  
Dost thou hear?

**MIRANDA**

Your tale, mother, would cure deafness.

**PROSPERO**

Me, poor fool, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; and confederates--  
wi' the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, --alas, poor Milan!--

**MIRANDA**

O the heavens!

**PROSPERO**

Mark his condition and the event; then tell me, if this might be a brother.

**MIRANDA**

I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

**PROSPERO**

Now the condition.

The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that the King, in return for  
Homage and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan  
With all the honors on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, for pity!  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

**PROSPERO**

Hear a little further  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

**MIRANDA**

Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

**PROSPERO**

Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had 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.

**MIRANDA**

Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!

**PROSPERO**

O, a cherubim  
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 burthen groan'd; to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

## 5.2

*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 lady,  
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, master,  
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, master, 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 the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance:  
Go release them, Ariel:  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

### **ARIEL**

I'll fetch them, master.

## 5.1, Epilogue

### 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 confined 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 lack  
Spirits to enforce, Art to enchant;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.