SHAKESPEARE'S

TEMPEST

MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.
Mira.

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
SHAKESPEARE'S

TEMPER.

WITH

NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN
OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)

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English," and "Higher Lessons in English."

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.
KING HENRY V.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
JULIUS CAESAR.
KING LEAR.
MACBETH.
TEMPEST.
HAMLET.
KING HENRY VIII.
KING HENRY IV. (Part I.)
KING RICHARD III.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

The text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated.

B. K.
THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archae.
GENERAL NOTICE.

"An attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of
thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n’y a, s’il trop n’y a.* The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him all the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and
vigorously phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.
Shakespeare’s Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare’s grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, “Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, ‘They askance their eyes;’ as a noun, ‘the backward and abyss of time;’ or as an adjective, ‘a seldom pleasure.’ Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can ‘happy’ your friend, ‘malign’ or ‘foot’ your enemy, or ‘fall’ an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act ‘easy,’ ‘free,’ ‘excellent,’ or as a noun, and you can talk of ‘fair’ instead of ‘beauty,’ and ‘a pale’ instead of ‘a paleness.’ Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A ‘he’ is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as ‘the fairest she he has yet beheld.’ In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. He for him, him for he; spoke and took for spoken and taken; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; shall for will, should for would, would for wish; to omitted after ‘I ought,’ inserted after ‘I durst;’ double negatives; double comparatives (‘more better, &c.) and superlatives; such followed by which, that by as, as used for as if; that for so that; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all.” — Dr. Abbott’s Shakesperian Grammar.

Shakespeare’s Versification.

Shakespeare’s Plays are written mainly in what is known as blank verse; but they contain a number of rimes, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, Love’s Labor’s Lost contains nearly 1,100 rime lines, while (if we except the songs) Winter’s Tale has none. The Merchant of Venice has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called accent. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be rhythmical. In blank verse the lines consist usually of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth,
eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word attend. Each of these five parts forms what is called a foot or measure; and the five together form a pentameter. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row."

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'."

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables -day, -ta-, and -ty falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"Bars' me | the right' | of vol' | un-la' | ry choos' | ing."

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark."

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed."

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as fl-er (fire), su-er (sure), mi-el (mile), &c.; too-elv (twelve), jaw-ee (joy), &c. Similarly, she-on (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.
PLAN OF STUDY

FOR

'PERFECT POSSESSION.'

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play. (See page 135.)
1. The Plot and Story of the Play.
   (a) The general plot;
   (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.
   (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A;
   (b) Relation of A to C and D.

   (a) Meanings of words;
   (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning;
   (c) Grammar;
   (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.
   (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion;
   (b) What was said by A in reply to B;
   (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture;
   (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.
   (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion;
   (b) To cap a line;
   (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.
INTRODUCTION

to

THE TEMPEST.

1. The Tempest was written in the year 1610, or in 1611, when Shakespeare was about forty-seven years of age. It was first published in 1623; and it occupies the first place in the Folio Edition.

2. The play is said to be based upon an account of a shipwreck on the Bermudas, written by Silvester Jourdan. The fleet of Sir George Somers was wrecked on one of these islands in December, 1609, and the admiral’s ship was driven on shore. The title of Jourdan’s tract is ‘A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels, etc.’ The speech of Gonzalo in the first scene of Act Second is an almost word-for-word transcription of a passage from Florio’s translation of Montaigne, which was published in 1603. The well-known passage in the first scene of Act Fourth is also said to be based on a stanza in the Earl of Sterlin’s (== Stirling’s) Tragedie of Darius, which appeared in Edinburgh in 1603, and was republished in London in 1604. There is, besides, a German play, Die schöne Sidea (The Fair Sidea), written by Jacob Ayrer, who died in 1605, with similar personages and the
same plot—a play which Shakespeare may have seen acted or heard some account of.

3. 'As to the actual scene of The Tempest,' says Mr. White, 'that is in the realms of fancy. Mr. Hunter has contended that Lampedusa, an island in the Mediterranean, lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples, and which is uninhabited, and supposed by sailors to be enchanted, was Prospero's place of exile. It may have been; though, if it were, we would a little rather not believe so. When the great magician at whose beck it rose from the waters broke his staff, the island sank, and carried Caliban down with it.'

From that day forth the Ile has beene
By wandering sailors never scene:
Some say 'tis buried deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is known to sleepe.

Professor Lowell also says 'In The Tempest the scene is laid nowhere, or certainly in no country laid down on any map. Nowhere, then? At once nowhere and anywhere; for it is in the soul of man, that still-vexed island hung between the upper and the nether world, and liable to incursions from both.'

4. Both the internal and the external evidence show that this was one of Shakespeare's latest plays. The whole tone of the play—the mild tolerance, the desire to forgive and to be forgiven, the strong interest in the young and in their prospects, the fine, mellow, political wisdom, the closing abjuration of magical power—all go to show that this was one of the latest efforts of Shakespeare's genius,
and that it probably marks the period when he left the stage, and went down to Stratford-upon Avon to begin a new kind of life as an English country gentleman. 'The thoughtful reader will find in the compact simplicity of its structure, and in the chastened grandeur of its diction and the lofty severity of its tone of thought, tempered although the one is with Shakespeare's own enchanting sweetness, and the other with that most human tenderness which is the peculiar trait of his mind, sufficient evidence that this play is the fruit of his genius in its full maturity.' The internal evidence is also very strong. The later plays are characterized by several peculiarities. They have very few rhyming lines; they have many lines with a weak ending, such as and, for, but, that, etc.; and they have also lines which contain eleven syllables. Mr. Philpotts, a most thoughtful and sympathetic critic, points out that in Love's Labor Lost—a very early play—there are more than a thousand rhyming lines, while in The Tempest there are only two; that there are only four lines of eleven syllables in the former play, while there are thirty-three in the latter; and that, while the early play generally has its sense stopping with the end of the line, in The Tempest one in every three lines has no stop of the sense at its close. The effect of the weak ending and of the additional syllable in the line is to enable the poet to enrich his verse with all kinds of native conversational rhythms, to bring it nearer to the talk of real persons, to deliver it from the mechanical bondage of measurement and number, and to do away with its monotony.

5. The plot is perfectly simple, and, in fact, almost childish. It is nearly as childish as that in the Merchant
of Venice; but it is quite sufficient to permit the characters and the groups of characters to display their most secret qualities, and to attempt to act out their innermost essence. The characters are, as in many of Shakespeare's plays, contrasted with each other; and the different personages and groups serve both as foils and as explanations. Prospero, the studious and the just, but too neglectful, ruler, is the contrast to his ambitious and grasping brother; Alonso and Sebastian are in nearly the same relation to each other; Gonzalo, the trusty counsellor, is the counterpersonage to Stephano, the faithless butler; the rebellious Caliban, of the earth earthy, forms a dark background for the bright airiness of the obedient and loyal Ariel; Miranda and Ferdinand, counterparts, contrasts, and complements, are the atoners and reconcilers of all the elements; and the settled and fertile air of boundless love and forgiveness holds all the personages in its kindly circle. Professor Dowden says that the master-thought of The Tempest is 'the thought that the true freedom of man consists in service.' The monster Caliban thinks all service is slavery; and Stephano and Trinculo 'flout and scout' everything that is above them; Ariel works out his freedom. He does not receive it, however, at the close of the play; he is to serve for two days longer. And why? Because it is to be his part to find a favorable wind to blow the happy and loving company back to Naples, which is their home, where Ferdinand is to be married, where Prospero is to be Duke again, and where Alonso is to rule his people once more. Ariel—as a being of the air—is to become perfectly free again; Caliban may go back to the earth; but the human actors 'enter into bonds
—bonds of affection, bonds of duty, in which they find their truest freedom.' The character of Miranda may be profitably compared with that of Eve in the Fourth and Fifth Books of the Paradise Lost; both seem to have been the creation of the happiest and purest powers of the two poets' minds. When Miranda offers herself to Ferdinand, she says:—

Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me!

And, in Paradise Lost (iv. 318), Milton sums up Eve in one strong line, as

Simplicity and spotless innocence.

The two groups of conspirators also contrast with and explain each other. The utter selfishness and meanness of the royal assassins is shown in a ridiculous light, when the contemptible drunkards attempt to seize the island, and become thieves merely of some old clothes. Professor Dowden says 'Prospero is the highest wisdom and moral attainment; Gonzalo is humorous common-sense incarnated; all that is meanest and most despicable appears in the wretched conspirators; Miranda, whose name seems to suggest wonder, is almost an elemental being, framed in the purest and simplest type of womanhood, yet made substantial by contrast with Ariel, who is an unbodied joy, too much a creature of light and air to know human affection or human sorrow. Caliban stands at the other extreme, with all the elements in him—appetites intellect, even imagination, out of which man emerges into early civilization, but with a moral nature that is still gross and
malignant. Over all presides Prospero like a providence. And the spirit of reconciliation, of forgiveness, harmonizing the contentions of men, appears in *The Tempest* in the same noble manner that it appears in the *Winter's Tale* and *Henry the Eighth*. The supernatural machinery in *The Tempest* may also be compared with that employed in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

6. The following is the critical opinion of Coleridge upon the play:—

   *The Tempest* is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within.

   'Ariel has in everything the airy tint which gives the name. And it is worthy of remark that Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralize each other. Caliban, on the other hand, is all earth, all condensed, and gross in feelings and images. He has the dawning of understanding, without reason or the moral sense; and in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is marked by the appearance of vice; for it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human.
'The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry, the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life—that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.'

7. Mrs. Jameson's character of Miranda is also well worthy of quotation, 'The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse and artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an Enchanted Paradise."

'What, then, has Shakespeare done? "O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Besides the
noble essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that "ran upon the winds, rode the curled cloud, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, "breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

'She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her in her enchanted solitude are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she pro-
duces upon others, who, never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial:—

Most sure, the goddess on whom these airs attend!

'I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.'
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, the usurping Duke of Milan, brother to PROSPERO.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO,
\{ Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, \{ Spirits, employed in the Masque.
Nymphs, Reapers.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,—On board a Ship at Sea: afterwards on an Island.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. 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.

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

(9)
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?  
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.  
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.  
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.  
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 the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, 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 the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower! bring her to try with th' main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—
Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A plague o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb, I'm out of patience.

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! [Exit Boatswain.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[Confused voices within.]—Mercy on us!
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

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

Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand fur- longs of sea for an acre of barren ground; ling, heath, broom, furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. 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 boiling pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
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.

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

*Miranda.*
O, woe the day!

*Pro.*
No harm.

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,
And thy no greater father.

*Miranda.*
More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.*
'Tis time
I should inform thee further. 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.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

*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.*—

*Pro.*
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? [not 
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast 
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house or 
person?

Of anything the image tell me that 
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. '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?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda. 
But how is it [else 
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou 
In the dark backward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st 
here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve 
year since, 
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and 
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and 
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy 
father 
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir 
A princess, no worse issued.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was’t we did?

_Pro._ Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say’st, were we heav’d thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

_Mira._ O, my heart bleeds
To think o’ the teen that I have turn’d you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

_[tonio,—]

_Pro._ My brother and thy uncle, call’d An-
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,
Through all the signiories 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,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transport-
ded
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

_Mira._ Sir, most heedfully.

_Pro._—Being once perfected how to grant suits,
[whom
How to deny them, whom to advance, and
To trash for over-topping,—new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he
was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd the verdure out on't.—Thou at-
tend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
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
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 unto truth, by falsing of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the subst-
itution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition
growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
PRO. 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 He thinks me now incapable: confederates (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples To give him annual tribute, do him homage, Subject his coronet to his crown and bend The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!) To most ignoble stooping.

MIRA. O the heavens!

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

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

PRO. Now the condition. This king of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he, in lieu of the premises— Of 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.

_Mira._ 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.

_Pro._ Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present busi-
ness
Which now's upon's; without the which
Were most impertinent.

_Mira._ Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

_Pro._ Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they

40 durst not,—

So dear the love my people bore me,—set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they

prepared
A rotten carcase 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

150 To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

_Mira._ Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

_Pro._ O! a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou
didst smile.
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops ful
salt; [me
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

_Mira._ How came we ashore?

_Pro._ By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity—being then appointed
Master of this design—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and neces-
saries, [gentleness,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

_Mira._ Would I might
But ever see that man!

_Pro._ Now I arise:—[Resumes his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arrived; 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.

_Mira._ Heavens thank you for 't! And
now, I pray you, sir, [reason
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your
For raising this sea-storm?

_Pro._ Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
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; [dulness,
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good
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
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 bidding
task
Ariel and all his quality.

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

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,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps; more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Nep-Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. 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 mariners Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, Hell is
And all the devils are here.

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

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. 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 dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

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

Ari. Safely in harbor
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:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the
Which I dispersed, they all have met again.
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples, [wreck'd
Supposing that they saw the king's ship
And his great person perish.

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

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six 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-
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch
Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she had
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

_Ari._ Ay, sir.

_Pro._ This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,

_vant:

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her ser-
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans

_island—

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honor'd with
A human shape.

_Ari._ Yes, Caliban her son.

_Pro._ Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax

_Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

_Ari._ I thank thee, master.

_Pro._ If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

_Ari._ Pardon, master: I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriteing gently.

_Pro._ Do so; and after two days I will discharge thee.

_Ari._ That's my noble master! What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?

_Pro._ Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence with diligence.

_[Exit ARIEL._

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;

_Awake!_

_Mira. [waking.]_ The strangeness of your story put heaviness in me.

_Pro._ Shake it off. Come on; we'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never yields us kind answer.

_Mira._ 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.
PRO. But, as 'tis,
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.

PRO. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come forth, 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.

PRO. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

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.

PRO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
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 them.
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 mad'st much of me;
wouldst give me
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 loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place
and fertile;
Cursèd 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.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
[violate
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to
The honor of my child. Abhor'èd slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow’d thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in’t which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin’d into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

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

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou’rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug’st thou, malice?
If thou neglect’st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I’ll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with achès; make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.
It would control my dam’s god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. 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:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist;
Foot it fealty here and there:
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden [dispersedly]. Hark, hark!
Bowgh-wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh-wowgh.

Ariel. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Ferd. Where should this music be? 'tis the air or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
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 follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: but 'tis gone.

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:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burden. Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me. [advance,

Pro. The fringèd curtains of thine eye
And say what thou seeest yond.

Mira. What is't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and
hath such senses [seest
As we have, such. This gallant which thou
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd [mightst call him

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. [aside.] It goes on, I see,
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,

How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, — O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mira. 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.

Pro. How! the best? What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

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

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples; Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld

The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

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

And his brave son being twain.

Pro. [aside.] The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,

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

They have changed eyes.—Delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir; I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word. [ungently? This

Mira. [aside.] Why speaks my father so

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father

To be inclined my way!

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

_Pro._ Soft, sir! one word more.—

[Aside.] They are both in either’s power; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow’st not; and hast put thyself

450 Upon this island as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on’t.

_Fer._ No, as I am a man.

_Mira._ 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.

_Pro._ Follow me.—

[To MIRA.] Speak not you for him; he’s a traitor.—[To FER.] 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;

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

[He draws, and is charmed from moving.

_Mira._ O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He’s gentle and not fearful.

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

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I’ll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more 470
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think’st there are no more such shapes as he,[wench!
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

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

Pro. [to Fer.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. [aside.] So they are: 480
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, and this man’s threats,
To whom I am subdued, are light to me,
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.

_Pro. [aside.]_ It works.—Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To Fer.  
and Mira.] Follow me.—[me.  
[To Ariel.] Hark, what thou else shalt do  
Mira. [to Fer.] Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

_Pro. [to Ariel.]_ Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

_Ari._ To the syllable.

_Pro._ Come, follow.—Speak not for him.  
[Execunt.

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**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.**

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

_Gonzalo._

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

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he is winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd;
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.
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.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done: the wager?
Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be de-
sert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inacces-
sible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss it.

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
delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to
life.

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.

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)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

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 Claribel to the king of Tunis.

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

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido’s time.

Ant. Widow? a plague o’ that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

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?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy 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.

Alon. Ay!

Ant. Why, in good time.

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

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 marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against 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 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 back; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

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. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's

Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian, the truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
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,
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 of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

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, succession,
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.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring
forth,
Of its own kind, all poison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
  *Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?
  *Ant.* None, man; all idle.

  [sir,

  *Gon.* I would with such perfection govern,
To excel the golden age.
  *Seb.* Save his majesty!
  *Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!
  *Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—
  *Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk
nothing to me.
  *Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and
did 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 laughed at.
  *Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling,
am 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 flat-long.
  *Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle;
you 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.
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 not.

[All sleep but ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
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
Myself disposed 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
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

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 lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die rather;
wink'st

Whilest 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

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
Whilest thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run, 
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, 
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
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
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts 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 [Naples
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
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 'twas for whom 
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast 
again;
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;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions 
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit 
Seems to cry out, How shalt thou, Claribel 
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis, 
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were 
death [no worse
That now hath seized them; why, they were 
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 
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
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feather than before. My brother's ser-
vants
Were then my fellows; now they are my
men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; and where lies that? if 'twere
a kibe,
'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
[brother,

And melt ere they molest! Here lies your
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's
dead,
[of it,
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you, doing
thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
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 gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one
stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
And I the king shall love thee.  

_Ant._ Draw together:  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on Gonzalo.  

_Seb._ O, but one word.  

_[They converse apart._

_Music._ Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

_Ari._ My master, through his art, foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me (For else his project dies,) to keep thee living.  

_[Sings in GONZALO'S ear._

While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed Conspiracy  
His time doth take:  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware:  
Awake! awake!  

_Ant._ Then let us both be sudden.  

_Gon._ [waking.] Now, good angels preserve the king!  
_[Why are you drawn?]  
Why, how now! [To Alon.] ho! awake!—  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?  

_Alon._ [waking.] What's the matter?  

_Seb._ While we stood here securing your repose,  

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow- 
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?  

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
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a
That's verity.—'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's, draw our

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. [Exit.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

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 suck's up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor [mire,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; 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,
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:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

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 brewing; 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 fishlike 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 they will not
give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged
like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm,
o’ my troth! I do now let loose my opinion,
hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an
islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-
bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come
again: my best way is to creep under his
gaberdine; there is no other shelter here-
about: misery 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 a-shore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man’s
funeral: well, here’s my comfort. [Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, and Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: but here’s my
comfort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me; O!
Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scape[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 breathes at 's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

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 language? 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.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee! 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 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 bath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but 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, 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.

20 *Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; 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 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,—

*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.

90 *Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—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 camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—but art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm.

100 And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scape!
Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

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 camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

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

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can 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 rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid.

—How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

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 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 island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pr’ythee, be my god.

**Trin.** By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god’s asleep, he’ll rob his bottle.

**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.

**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!
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 pr’ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I’ll bring thee
To clust’ring filberds, and sometimes I’ll get
Young sea-mels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr’ythee now, lead the way without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. [To CALIBAN.] Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we’ll fill him by and by again.

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
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
’Ban, ’Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! Freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.}
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Ferdinand.

Here be some sports are painful; and their labor Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be As heavy to me as 'tis odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; [remove And he's compos'd of harshness. I must 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 ne'er like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labor; Least busy when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! [burns,
Pray set it down, and rest you: when this 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
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.

_Mira._ If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

_Fer._ No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

_Mira._ 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,
And yours it is against.

_Pro. [aside.]_ Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

_Mira._ 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)
What is your name?

_Mira._ Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration; worth [lady What's dearest to the world! Full many a I have eyed with best regard; and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage [virtues Brought my too diligent ear: for several Have I liked several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed And put it to the foil: but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen [friend, More that I may call men than you, good And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skil-less of; but, by my modesty, (The jewel in my dower) I would not wish 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 precepts I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; (I would, not so!) and would no more endure 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
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. 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
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

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

Pro. [Aside.] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. 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 trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
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,
Whether you will or no.

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

Mira. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and
now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda.]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who am surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following
with a bottle.

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.

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 brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

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 drowned his
tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot
drown 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 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 beest a good moon-calf.

_Cal._ How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe:

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

_Trin._ Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou deboshed 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, my lord?

_Trin._ Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

_Cal._ Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

_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.

_Cal._ I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again the suit I made to thee?
Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

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 would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. —[To Caliban.] 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,—

Ste. That’s most certain.

Cal.—Thou shalt be lord of it, and I’ll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I’ll yield him thee asleep,
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,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stockfish of thee.

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

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A plague o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—[To Trin.] Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him [brain him. I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst Having first seized his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possess his books; for without them
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't withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least,

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 viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trin-
culo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but while thou livest, keep a good
tongue in thy head.

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
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;  
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.  

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.  

Ste. What is the same?  

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by 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!  

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, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  

Sometimes a thousand twangling instru-
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  

[riches  
The clouds, methought, would open and show  
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked  
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

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. Wilt come?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

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

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, 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.

Ant. [aside to Seb.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

_Seb. [Aside to Ant.]_ The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

_Ant. [aside to Seb.]_ Let it be to-night;
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

_Seb. [aside to Ant.]_ I say, to-night: no

_Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart._

_Alon._ What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

_Gon._ Marvellous sweet music!
_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;
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 them.

_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,)
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.

_Pro._ [aside.] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present
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.

_Pro._ [aside.] Praise in departing.

_Fran._ They vanish’d strangely.

_Seb._ No matter, since
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-
Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had
hanging at them
_Wallets of flesh; or that there were such
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,
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 dest-
tiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in’t) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you ’mongst
men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you
mad;
(Seeing ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, &c., draw their
swords.

And even with such-like valor, men hang and
drown
[fellows
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper’d, may as
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
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;
Exposed 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,
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 wrath to guard you from
(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 mowes, and carry out the table.*

*Pro.* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou [ing:
Perform’d, my Ariel; a grace it had, devour-Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life And observation strange, my meaner ministers Their several kinds have done: my high charms work And these mine enemies are all knit up
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 my loved darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir,
why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me
of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-
nounced [pass.
The name of Prosper; it did bass my tres.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet
sounded
And with him there lie muddled. [Exit.

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

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.

Gon. All three of them are desperate;
their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
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 IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Prospero.

If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afor Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pro. 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.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
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:
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?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say Come and Go,
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?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[Exit.
Pro. 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.
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—

40 No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[Soft music.

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrim's,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

_Cer._ Hail, many color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffust honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed 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;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd 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,
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,
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state.
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me [be
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous
And honor'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honor, 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,
   Barns and garnerers never empty;
   Vines with clustering bunches growing;
   Plants with goodly burden bowing;
   Spring come to you, at the farthest,
   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?

Pro. 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 wonder'd father and a wife
   Make this place Paradise.

   [Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on

Pro. employment.

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

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
   winding brooks,
   With your sedge crowns and ever harmless
   looks,
   Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
   land
Answer your summons: Juno does command:
   Come, temperate nymphs, and help to
   celebrate
   A contract of true love; be not too late.
Enter certain Nymphs.
You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
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.

Pro. [aside.] I had forgot that foul con-

120
spiration
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
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.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. 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,
130 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-
aces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

_Fer._, _Mira._ We wish your peace.             [_Exeunt._

_Pro._ Come with a thought!—I thank you.—
      Ariel, come!

_Enter Ariel._

_Ari._ Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

_Pro._ 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.

_Pro._ Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

_Ari._ I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor, their ears, At which, like unback’d colts, they prick’d Advanced 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 and thorns, Tooth’d briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, Which enter’d 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.

Pro. This was well done, my bird; 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. Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, 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 glistering apparel, &c.

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 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 played the Jack with us.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore 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 dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.
Cal. Prythee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
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.

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.

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

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

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 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 linc and level is an excellent pass of pate; 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
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.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there! Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pardon or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.

Prospero.

Ow do 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.

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

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-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 term'd, sir, The good old lord,
Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter’s
[works them
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. 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
[the quick;
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
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.

Ari. I’ll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

Pro. 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,
[pastime
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
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-based promon-
tory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, 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 a 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, honorable 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 Se-
bastian,
[strong,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most
Would here have kill'd your king: I do for-
give thee,
[standing
Unnatural though thou art!—Their under-
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
[them
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of
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.

Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero.

Ariel. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
90

'There I couch': when owls do cry,
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.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: 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,

100 Being awake, enforce them to this place:
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wrong'd 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. Whether thou beest 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,
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?

Pro. [to GONZALO.] First, noble friend, Let me embrace thine age; whose honor
cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I’ll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o’ the isle, that will not let you
[all;—
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends

[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’ll tell no tales.

Seb. [aside.] The devil speaks in him.

Pro. Now,
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call bro-
ther
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 beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who 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.

Pro. I am woe for’t, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. 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?
Pro. As great to me as late; and portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
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,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, these 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
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
[was landed,
Upon this shore where you were wreck'd,
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;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
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
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle!

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have cursed them without cause.

*[Ferdinand kneels to Alonso.*
180  Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam’st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,
That has such people in’t!

Pro. ’Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou
wast at play?
[hours;
Your eld’st acquaintance cannot be three
Is she the goddess that hath sever’d us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she’s mortal;

190 But, by immortal Providence, she’s mine;
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
Received 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!

Pro. There, sir, stop;

200 Let us not burden our remembrance 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 issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
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
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't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here is more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is that we have
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
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [aside.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. [aside.] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they 
 strengthen [you hither?
 From strange to stranger.—Say, how came

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well 
 230 awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
 And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under 
  hatches, [several noises
 Where but even now with strange and
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jangling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
 Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them
 240 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [aside.] Was't well done?

Pro. [aside.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou 
  shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er 
 men trod: [nature
 And there is in this business more than
 Was ever conduct of: some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business: at pick'd 
  leisure, [you
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every 250
These happen’d accidents: till when, be
cheerful,[hither, spirit;
And think of each thing well.—[Aside.] Come
Set. Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.]—How fares
my gracious sir?
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!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear 260
in my head, here’s a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, in-
deed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men,
my lords, [knave,—
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen 270
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbis,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a natural one) had plotted with
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
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
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?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano
but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah!
Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.
Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I
look'd on. [Pointing to Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his man-
ners
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 here-
after
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool.

*Pro.*

Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage
where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it rather,

[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo.

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness and your
train
To my poor cell: where you shall take your
For this one night; which (part of it) I’ll
waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
Go quick away: the story of my life,
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-beloved solemnized;
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.

*Pro.*

I’ll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—*[Aside.] My Ariel;—
chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you
draw near.

[Exeunt.
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 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 want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.—O. E. = Old English; H. Ger. = High German (the German usually taught in our schools is N. H. G. = New High German); L. Ger. = Low German (≠ English); N. Fr. = Norman-French; Gr. = Greek; Lat. = Latin; Dim. = diminutive; Cogs = cognates; Cf (= confer), compare; Cl. P. S. = Clarendon Press Series; and Co. S. = Collins’s Series. Notes without name appended are Prof. Melville John’s. In the naming of plays, short titles have been used. Thus the Taming of the Shrew is mentioned as The Shrew; All’s Well that Ends Well as All’s Well; Troilus and Cressida as Troilus.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.

1. Boatswain, pronounced boz’n. Cf. housewife and hus-sif; whence (hussey).

2. Cheer. The earliest meaning of the word was countenance. So we find in the New Test. : ‘Be of good cheer.’

3. Good. This cannot refer to cheer; because the ship was driving on a lee-shore. It is really = Good fellow. Good here means ‘all right.’ Co. S. — Barely, handily, quickly.

5. Cheerly for cheerily. So we find in Shakespeare and in Mrs. Browning angrily; and in Shakespeare wonderly, fellowly, traitorly, masterly, and angrily. The ly is a corruption of like.

6. Yare, ready! From O. E. geare. The change of an initial guttural into y is very common in English. Cf. weong into young. The final guttural also changes into y; as in daeg, day.—Tend = attend. Cf. Hamlet, I. iii. 83: ‘The time invites you; go; your servants tend.’ — Blow said to the storm.

7. Room = sea-room.
NOTES TO

9. Play the men. So Shakespeare has the phrases: Play the tyrants; mine eye hath played the painter (Sonnet xxiv. 1); play the watchman; play the sheep, etc.

16. To cabin. Cf. the phrases: On end; in line; at hand. And Shakespeare has at door, to wait, in presence, on nose (As You Like It, II. vii.), at mouth, and at heart. See Abbott, sect. 90.

20. Hand = handle. The only instance of the word with this sense in Shakespeare.

23. Hap = happen. Cf. Hamlet, I. ii. 249:

‘And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.’

Shakespeare more often uses the word as a noun.

26. Complexion, character or natural disposition.—Perfect gallows. ‘He that is born to be hanged can never be drowned.’

28. Little advantage = is of little use.

31. Main-course = main square-sail.

32. Louder than our office = so loud that our orders are not heard.—Weather, the storm. Cl. P. S.

38. Noise-maker. Shakespeare has several nouns like this: Sworder, pulpiteer, moraler, justicer, causer, and pauser (Macbeth, II. iii. 117).

40. For drowning. This may mean either against drowning or as regards drowning.

43. A-hold. Steevens says, ‘To lay a ship a-hold is to bring her to lie as near to the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.’—Two courses, the main-sail and the fore-sail.

50. Merely, utterly or absolutely. Cf. Antony, III. vii.: ‘The horse were merely lost;’ and Othello, II. ii.: ‘The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet.’

51. Wide-chapp’d, opening the mouth wide. Chaps was a usual word in Shakespeare’s time for jaws.

52. The washing = while ten tides ebb and flow.

54. Glut, swallow up.

61. The wills = the will of the Powers.—Ling, ling and heather denote different varieties of erica. Cl. P. S.

All the directions in seamanship in the above scene are
said by the best nautical authorities to be perfectly correct. The conduct of Antonio and Sebastian in this scene, and their behavior to the boatswain, should be remarked. It is a key to their after-proceedings. At the point in the scene where all is lost, and the tragical interest sets in, Shakespeare uses blank verse.

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**Scene 2.**

2. In this roar for roaring.

4. Welkin, sky; O. E. volcen, cloud; H. Ger. wolken, clouds.

5. Fire, a dissyllable, as we still find it in the poetry of Matthew Arnold. Tennyson also has tired as a dissyllable.

6. Brave, fine looking. So we find brav still used in H. Ger., and braw in N. E. (or ‘Scotch’). See I. ii. 406. And Fuller, in his Holy State, has the sentence, ‘His clothes were neither brave nor bare but comely.’

7. Who. The ship is thought of as a person.

10. God of power = powerful god.

13. Fraughting, that made the freight; so Shakespeare has fraught and fraughtage, but never freighted for laden. — Collected, collect together your scattered and affrighted spirits.

14. Amazement, horror. See also V. i. 104. And the Ghost in Hamlet (III. iv. 112) calls his attention to the mental agony of his mother:—

‘But look! amazement on thy mother sits.’

15. Woe the day! In such phrases, the day is in the dative. So in Sir W. Scott: ‘Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day!’ (where worth is the imperative, from woe, than, to become).

20. Full, an adverb = very.

22. Meddle with, mix with. So Wicliffe translates Matthew, xxvii. 34, ‘wyn medlid with gall.’

25. Lie there, my art. So Fuller (Holy State. iv. 6) says that Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, ‘Lie there, Lord Treasurer.’

27. The very virtue = the virtue itself.
30. Perdition, in its literal sense of loss. (From Lat. perdo, I lose.) See Hamlet, V. ii. 117: 'His defeniment suffers no perdition in you.'

31. Betid for betided.

32. Cry and sink refer respectively to creature and vessel.

35. Bootless, profitless. From the same source comes to boot; as also better and best, etc.—Inquisition, search or guess.

41. Out = fully or completely.

44. Kept. Shakespeare often uses keep in the sense of live or stay, as in the phrases when earth-derving conies keep; he keeps in the cold field, etc. He construes keep also with with.

45. Assurance, something I can be quite sure of.

46. Warrants, supports and confirms. Cf. Comedy of Errors, I. i.: 'Could all my travels warrant me they live.'—Remembrance is the nominative.

50. Backward, an adverb used as a noun. In Measure, III. ii., we have, 'I was an inward of his.' Outward is also used as a noun in Sonnet cxxv. 2.—Abysm for abyss. Abysm is the form always found in Shakespeare.

56. Piece of virtue. A very usual phrase with Shakespeare. Thus he has, A piece of study; that piece of song; a piece of knavery; a piece of excellent witchcraft; O ruined piece of nature (King Lear, IV. vi.), etc. A sample, or perfect specimen. Cf. P. S.

59. Issued, descended.—The heavens! It is not unusual with Shakespeare to place the before a word used in exclamation or in the vocative case. Thus we find, O the father! how he holds his countenance (Henry IV., Part I., II. iv.)

60. Had we, did we experience or meet with.

62. Heav'd thence. Cf. Henry V., V. Chorus 8: 'Heave him away upon your wing'd thoughts;' and Henry VI., Part II., V. i.: 'To heave the traitor Somerset from hence.'

63. Holp, helped. Short for holpen. Cf. holden, still used for hold. Shakespeare uses holp nineteen times; and helped only six times.

64. Teen, sorrow. Cf. 'My face is full of shame, my heart of teen.'
65. From, quite gone from. Cf. King John, IV. i.: ‘I am best pleased to be from such a deed.’

69. To him put = put (intrusted) to him the management. We find many similar inversions of ideas in Shakespeare. Thus: ‘Impose me to what penance you can invent.’

70. Manage, always used by Shakespeare for management.

71. Signiories, subject states of Northern Italy. They owed feudal obedience to the Holy Roman Empire.

72. Prime, taking precedence of the other dukes, who ruled also over dukedoms or signiories. The dukedoms of Parma, Modena, etc., abolished in 1859, were remnants of these.

77. Thy false uncle. An American critic writes, ‘This and the following speech of Prospero are a network of anacoloutha. The subject, My brother, is dropped, and taken up again as he whom, and finally in false uncle, before its verb (but only after another interruption) is reached in new created. A parenthesis begins with as at that time; but it ceases to be treated as a parenthesis, and eddies into the main current of expression at Those being all my study.’ This hesitation and involuntation in Prospero’s talk arises from the fact that he is bent on an impossibility—that of making Miranda understand the crisis in his past history, which is comparable to nothing in her experience.

79. Perfected, fully instructed.

81. Trash (a metaphor from hunting), to restrain a dog by a trash, or strap, fastened to his neck.—Over-topping, running in front of the other dogs.

82. Or = either. It must not be forgotten that or is a contraction of other, which is the Northern form of either.

83. Key for tuning musical instruments.

87. On’t = of it. And we also find in Shakespeare the phrases: Many thousand on’s; the master-cord on’s heart; at very root on’s heart; the lands he stood seized on; two on’s daughters; the rest on’s body; and others.

89. All, entirely. This is probably the meaning in alone (= all or quite one).

90. Closeness, solitude, retirement. In the primary
sense of the word, which comes from the Lat. claudère, to shut (clausum). Hence, at first-hand, clause; and at second-hand, through Fr., close, closet, close (the noun), cloister, etc.

91. But by = except for the fact that.

92. O'er-priz'd, surpassed in value all mere popularity. —Rate, estimation. From Lat. reor (ratus), I think.

93. Awak'd, never awoke in Shakespeare. He also uses waked, and never woke.

94. Like a good parent. An allusion to the common idea that the sons of a good man or of a man of genius are inferior to himself.

95. Its, one of the few instances in Shakespeare where this word occurs. There are ten. In our version of the Bible there is but one. Milton, who died in 1674, does not use the word.

97. Sans, without. This French preposition came in with the Norman, and is found in English in the forms saun, saunz, and sauntz. Shakespeare seems rather fond of it, and has, Sans fable; sans question; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—Lorden, made a lord of.

100. Unto truth. These words are an adjunct to sinner. But the it refers to lie.

102. To credit = as to credit.

103. Substitution = being my substitute.

104. Executing the outward face, performing the official duties. Executing a face is not much better than Lord Chatham's. 'I will now embark upon the feature on which this question mainly hinges.'


109. Milan. (Milan, not Milán.) The use of the name of the place for the whole title is very common both in England and Scotland.

112. Dry, thirsty. Still used in this sense in many parts of the country.

117. Condition, the conditions or contract he had to make with Naples. —The event, the issue.

119. But = anything but, otherwise than.

123. In lieu o' the premises, in return for the carrying out of the conditions.
129. Fated, fixed by fate for the purpose.
130. Dead of darkness. So we say dead of night. Shakespeare has also in the dreadful dead of dark midnight, where dead has an adjective added to it.
131. Ministers, servants or instruments. (Minister is from Lat. minus, less; as magister is from magis, more.)
134. Hint, subject ('that,' says Dr. Schmidt, 'which gives both matter and motive').
136. Present business, immediate business.
138. Impertinent, in the literal sense of the word, not pertinent, not pertaining or relating to anything we have to talk about. Our word for this now is irrelevant.
139. Demanded, asked. A very common use of the word in Shakespeare.—Wench, a term of kindly familiarity.
143. Painted, disguised.
144. In few words, in brief.
152. Cherubin, the French form, which had existed in the language since Chaucer's time. (The form cherubim is properly the Hebrew plural of cherub.)
154. Infused with, filled with, possessed with.
155. Deck'd, covered. Mr. Aldis Wright gives the meaning sprinkled, and connects the word with the Icelandic deigh, damp or wet. In Yorkshire, dag means a drizzling rain or dew on the grass. Dr. Schmidt, on the other hand, says that 'to speak of floods as being increased by tears is an hyperbole too frequent with Shakespeare' (Deck is the English form of the H. Ger. decken, to cover. A doublet of deck is thatch, which appears in H. Ger. as Dach. The same word appears in Latin as teg or tec, in tego, tectum; and the derivatives are detect, detective, etc. From Lat. tegula comes Fr. tuile; Eng. tile.)
156. Which. The antecedent is to be found in Thou didst smile.
157. An undergoing stomach, a courage which bore up against trouble. Stomach is used by Shakespeare in the sense of inclination, anger, stubborn courage, and arrogance. Cf. Hamlet, I. i. 100: 'Some enterprise that hath a stomach in.'
165. Steaded, helped, or been of use. Cf. Merchant, I. iii 6, where Bassanio says to Shylock, 'May you stead me?'—that is, 'Can you accommodate me?'—of = out of.

169. But ever, only see him at some time or other. Cf. If ever, when ever, etc—I arise, my fortune is now beginning to rise from the depths into which it had been sunk.

172. More profit = profit more.
174. Vainer hours, less profitable occupations.
175. Beating, throbbing in my brain.
179. Now my dear lady, now at last become my kind mistress.

181. My zenith, the zenith or culminating point of the star under which I now stand. (Rightly, the zenith is the point in the sky right overhead, and is opposite to the nadir.) This explains Now I arise.

182. Influence, the appropriate word here. From Low Lat. influenza, an inundation, from Lat. in, upon, and fluo, I flow. Doublet, influenza. (Other astrological terms are disaster, jovial, lucky star, etc.)

183. Omit, neglect.
185. Dullness, heaviness, drowsiness.
192. Strong bidding, English for powerful command.
193. Quality, power and skill. In Shakespeare it frequently means profession.

194. To point, exactly. This use of the French word point was very common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

196. Beak, bow.
197. Waist, amidships between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.
198. Flam'd. Ariel appeared as the electric light, known by Spanish sailors as St. Elmo.

200. Distinctly, separately.
202. Momentary, lasting for the shortest possible time.
207. Constant, steady and self-possessed.
208. Infect, affect unfavorably.
209. Fever of the mad, of delirium = such as madmen feel.
213. Up-staring, standing on end.
217. Sustaining, keeping them up—a part of the enchantment.
218. But fresher = but they are fresher.
222. Odd, unnoticed or lonely.
223. In this sad knot, folded thus.
228. Still-vex’d, constantly harassed. The best example of Shakespeare’s use of the word still is to be found in Merchant, I. i. 136, where Antonio says to Bassanio:

‘And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor.’

 Bermoothes, the Bermudas. (The word is wrongly supposed to be a plural; for the islands were called after the discoverer Bermudex.) In Stowe’s Annals we are told that ‘Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stern, seeing the ship desperate of relief, looking every minute when the ship would sink, espied land which, according to his and Captain Newport’s opinion, they judged it should be that dreadful coast of the Bermoothes, which islands were of all nations said and supposed to be enchanted and inhabited with witches and devils which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storm and tempest near unto those islands; also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks, that few can approach them but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck.’

229. Stow’d = bestowed. (Literally, to put in a place; a verb from Middle Eng. stowe, a place—A. S. stow, a place; from base sto, root sta, to stand (Skeat); and we find it in many names of places, as Stowe, Bishopstown, Walthamstowe, Chepstow.)

230. Who for whom.
233. Flote, flood or sea. The cognates of the word are, Float; fleet; flow, etc.
236. Great = royal, used in the technical official sense.
239. Two glasses (= hour-glasses), two hours, or two turns of the hour-glass. See V. 224, ‘three glasses since.’ In John Knox’s pulpit in St. Andrews may still be seen the hour-glass which regulated the preaching. If the con-
gregation were well pleased with the first hour's sermon, they would call out, 'Give us another glass.'

241. **Pains**, work. Still found in this sense in the word **pains-taking**. Shakespeare has both the phrases, to take pain, and to take pains. The phrase to give pains has now fallen out of the language.


243. **Moody**, discontented, peevish one.

247. **Mistakings**. Shakespeare has not the noun **mistake**.

248. **Grudge**, complaint. (Growl and grunt are said to be relatives of grudge.)

252. **Ooze**, mud at the bottom of the sea.

57. **Envye**, malice or hate—the more usual meaning in Shakespeare.

259. **Argier**, the old form of Algiers.

273. **Grand hests**. Grand seems to be used by Shakespeare in much the same way as he employs great. See note on line 236.—**Hests**, from O. E. *hæs*, command, for behests. ('The final *t* is properly excrecent, as in *whils*-t, agains-t, amongst-t, amids-t.'—Professor Skeat.)

275. **Unmitigable** (implacable) for inimitable. So Shakespeare has incharitable, infortunate, incertain, which are right; in being the Latin negative, and un the English.

296. **Correspondent**, obedient.

307. **Heaviness**, drowsiness. Shakespeare uses heavy in the same sense, and has the phrases: Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps; heavy sleep; the honey-heavy dew of slumber.

311. **Miss**, be without.

314. **Earth**. Shakespeare frequently uses the word to denote grossness or dulness.

318. **Quaint**, with fine invention and taste.


323. **South-west**. An old writer says, 'Southern winds corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh men fall into richness.'

326. **Pen**. Cogs: **Pin**, *pinfold*; pound (where the *d* is inorganic).—**Urchins**, hobgoblins; or mischievous elves. The primary meaning was *hedgehog*, as it still is in the North of England.
327. Vast of night, desolate part of night. Cl. P. S.
334. Water with berries in't. Some critics have conjectured this to be a description of coffee, news of which was beginning to come to England in Shakespeare's time. See Dr. Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 170.
337. Qualities, capacities and properties.
342. Sty, pen, as in a sty. The only instance of the word used as a verb in Shakespeare.
343. Whiles, the genitive of O. E. *hwil*, time = of or during the time. Whiles is found in Shakespeare eighteen times.

'His form and cause conjoined, 
Preaching to stones, would make them capable.'

351. Know thine own meaning, know how to attach meaning to the sounds thou didst utter. Cl. P. S.
353. Race, inherited disposition.
359. Red plague. Shakespeare has also the phrases: A red murrain; the red pestilence. The physicians of the time mention three different kinds of the plague sore—the red, the yellow, and the black.—*Eid you*, despatch you.
360. Learning, teaching. *Learn* is still used in the North in this sense. *Learn* in this sense has generally in Shakespeare a double accusative: *Learn me noble thankfulness; learn him forbearance; learned me how to make perfumes*, etc.
361. Thou 'rt best — it were best for thee. In sentences like *He gave me a book; They offered me a seat*, there is a dative object as well as an accusative (or objective). But in turning them from the active into the passive form, grammatical carelessness was shown in seizing on the first or dative object to be turned into the nominative, instead of the accusative or true object. Thus, we had *I was given a book*, and *I was offered a seat*, instead of *A book was given me*, etc. This absurdity reaches its culmination in *I was shown over the house*.
362. Malice, for malicious creature. Shakespeare is very fond of using the abstract term for the concrete.
364. Old cramps. Old is often used by Shakespeare as an intensive epithet. Thus we find Old abusing of God’s patience and the king’s English; old swearing (Merchant, IV. ii. 15). A Shakespearian critic says, ‘Old, from meaning what one has known of old, has come to mean that which is most remarkable or extreme in one’s experience; as an old-fashioned winter is one that comes up to one’s strongest idea of a severe winter.’

368. Setebos, a god of the Patagonians. ‘They say that when any of them die, there appear ten or twelve devils leaping and dancing about the body of the dead, and seem to have their bodies painted with divers colors, and that among them is one seen bigger than the residue, who maketh great mirth and rejoicing. This great devil they call Setebos.’—EDEN’S History of Travayle.

374 Feately, nimbly, cleverly. Cf. Winter’s Tale IV. iv.: ‘She dances feately.’ Shakespeare has also the adjective and the verb. Thus we find, Never master had a page so kind, so feat.

375. The burden bear, the burden, or chorus, of the music. Co. 8.

384. Waits upon, is in attendance on.

388. Passion, suffering. Cf. the phrase, Christ’s cross and passion.

392 Full. A highly alliterative line. Charles Lamb says this song is ‘of the water, watery.’

400 Ditty, the words of a song. From Lat. dictare, to dictate.—Remember, commemorate.

402 Owes, owns. This is a very common use of the word in Shakespeare.

403. Advance, lift up. And we also find in Shakespeare the phrases: To advance a hand; advance his bleeding sword; advance the colors, etc.

408. Gallant, handsome fellow. The root of the word seems to be found in gala.

409. But = but that.—Something = somewhat. Used adverbially also in Merchant, I. i. 120:—

‘I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port.’
And Shakespeare also uses *nothing* with the same function. Thus in *Merchant*, I. i. 161, we have:

‘Nothing undervalued
To Cato’s daughter, Brutus’ Portia.’

411. Fellows, companions. Shakespeare frequently uses *companion* in the contemptuous sense, just as we use *fellow*.

415. Fine, subtle, capable. It may be noticed that this is the epithet almost constantly applied to Ariel.

416. Most sure, the goddess. Cf. O! dea certe of the *Aeneid*, i. 328.

420. Prime, chief—used in the same sense as in line 72.

427. A single thing. Shakespeare frequently uses the word *single* with a contemptuous sense. Thus he has the phrases: *Your chin double, your wit single*.

429. Naples; as in line 109, the brother is called *absolute Milan*.

433. Twain, cut down from O. E. *twegen*. (So the guttural *g* becomes *i* also in *hail, nail*, etc.)

436. Change = exchange.

438. Done yourself wrong, are mistaken, put yourself in a false position.

445. Either’s = each other’s.

452. Ill = evil (*ill* being a contraction of *evil*). Cf. *e’en for even*). — Can dwell. Supply that.

458. Fresh-brook *mussels*, which are quite without flavor.


463. Gentle, high-born and high-spirited, of gentle blood, and therefore no coward. — Fearful, timorous. Capable of causing fear. Co. S.

464. My foot, in the absolute case (said probably with a gesture). The lowest subject I have daring to lecture me.

466. Ward, guard, or position of defence.

475. The most of men. An idiom still in use in Scotland. Shakespeare also uses *the* before comparatives, where modern usage would not require it.

479. Nerves, in the primary sense of the Lat. *nervi*, sinews.
48r. Spirits . . . bound up. An allusion to the sense of utter helplessness so often felt in dreams.

ACT SECOND.

Scene 1.

5. Merchant = merchantman.

15. Tell = count; and he begins to count. Shakespeare has the phrases: Felt a hundred; the iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. So Milton, L’Allegro, line 67:—

‘And every shepherd tells his tale (cf. sheep)
Under the hawthorn in the dale.’

19. Dolor, grief, from Lat. dolor. Dollar is, on the other hand, an English word, connected with dell, dale, etc. Historically, it comes to us from Germany, from the silver-works in the Thal or valley of Joachim in Bohemia. Thaler in H. Ger became dollar in Low Ger.—

Truer = more truly. The O. E. adverb was the dative of the adjective, as bright for brightly. The sense of this inflection was lost, as gradually the sense of all inflections was lost; and the letter e, dropped off.

23. Spendthrift. In this compound, spend is a verb, and thrift = what has been saved by thrift.

30. Cockerel, a double diminutive; like pickekel, from pike.

35. Ha! ha! ha! The laugh that pays the wager.

40. Temperance, temperature. The only instance of the word with this sense in Shakespeare.

42. Temperance, in this line taken as a woman’s name. Like Faith, Hope, Charity, Ruth, etc.

50. Lush, full of sap.

52. Eye of green, a slight tinge of green.

53. Not much = only the whole thing.

57. Vouch’d, well guaranteed.

59. Glosses. We should now say gloss.

69. To their queen, for their queen. An idiom which we have lost in England, but which the Germans still retain. Cf. Matt. iii. 9: ‘We have Abraham to our father.’

76. Of that, about that.
78. Tunis was Carthage. This is a mistake. Tunis is about four miles from the ruins of the ancient Carthage.

81. His word is more. If Gonzalo's word can make these two cities into one, it has more power than the miraculous harp of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes.

98. That sort = that phrase in a sort.

101. The stomach of my sense, the inclination and feeling of my better reason.

112. Oar'd himself. Cf. Much Ado, III. i.:

'The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream.

115. As = as if. Very common in Shakespeare.——I not doubt. Shakespeare often transposes the negative. See V. i. 38. Or the do may be looked upon as omitted.

121. Who hath cause = which hath reason to water its grief with tears. The antecedent to who is eye.

124. Weigh'd = who was weighed or equally balanced. Shakespeare has also weighed in the sense of were equivalent in weight.——Lothness, unwillingness

125. Bow, bend. Cf. Pericles, IV. ii.: 'You're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.'

133. Very well = that is your opinion. And Antonio adds, 'And expressed very like a surgeon too.'

134. Chirurgeon, now contracted into surgeon. From Gr. cheir, the hand, and ergon, a work.

135. Foul weather, as the sailors say, dirty weather.

136. Cloudy, in gloom or sorrow.

137. Plantation, the colonizing. So insolent meant simply unusual; defend, forbid, etc.

144. Letters = literature. So the French have the phrase belles lettres; and we speak of an unlettered man.

146 Bourn, boundary. Professor Skeat says this word is 'corrupted from the O. Fr. bourgeoisie, a limit. Thus bourn is a doublet of bound,' the d being excrescent or inorganic. But it may be connected with the Northern English bourn or burn, a mountain stream, which often serves as a boundary. (The word burn we find in Holborn = Old Bourne; Tyburn; Westbourne, etc.)——Tith, tillage.
153. **Endeavor**, labor or strain. In Shakespeare's time, the notion of laborious effort adhered to the word. Professor Skeat says: 'The verb to endeavor grew out of the M. E. phrase, "to do his dever," to do his duty.'

154. **Engine**, any kind of machine; here, engine of war. In M. E. it was spelled engin, and meant contrivance. It was also shortened into gin.

156. **Foison**, plenty. From Lat. furo (fus-um), I pour out, through Low Lat. fusionem.

161. **To excel** = as to excel.

163. **Nothing**, nonsense. Cf. Merchant, I. i. 114, where Gratiano is said to 'speak an infinite deal of nothing.'

165. **Minister occasion**, give an opening.—sensible, sensitive. The modern meaning of judicious is seldom found in Shakespeare.

171 **An**, if. Professor Skeat says, 'Shakespeare's an is nothing but a Scandinavian use of the common word and. When the force of an grew misty, it was reduplicated by the addition of if; so that an if, really meaning if it, is of common occurrence.—<em>Flat-long</em>, with the flat of the sword instead of with its edge.

172. **Mettle**, a bye-form or doublet of metal. There was no distinction in the spelling in Shakespeare's time.

173. **Sphere**, orbit.

175. **A** = an, a dialectic form of on. Cf. a-hunting, a-fishing.—<em>Bat-fowling</em>, catching birds by night.

176. **Good my lord**. The my adheres to the lord, and becomes almost one word with it. Hence good comes first.

177. **Adventure**, venture or risk.

184. **Heavy**, an epithet used, as Shakespeare frequently uses epithets, proleptically, or by anticipation. Heavy offer = its offer of heaviness or drouniness. Prolepsis is the representation of an effect to be produced as already produced, by the insertion of an epithet before its proper place.


197 **Shouldst be**, art destined to be. Like the H. Ger. sollen.——Speaks thee, proclaims thee.
206. **Winkst**, keepst thine eyes shut.
207. **While** = while. *While* is an old genitive of the noun *while*, which meant time.
210. **If heed me** = if you mean to heed me. This is a very strong instance of ellipsis.
211. **Treble**, makes thee three times as great.—**Standing water**, inclined to go neither one way nor another.
216. **Ebbing men**, men who have not 'taken the tide of fortune at the full.'
219. **Proclaim**. The words *eye* and *cheek* seem to attract the verb into the plural.
220. **A matter**, something important.
221. **Throes thee**, pains thee. The only passage in which Shakespeare has used the word as a verb.
222. **This lord**, Francisco, who is in his dotage.—**Remembrance** and **memory** are placed in antithesis to each other—the one in an active, the other in a passive sense.
224. **Earth'd**, buried. The only instance where the word is used as a verb.
225. **Only professes** = whose sole profession is. *Only* in Shakespeare, as in ordinary speech and writing, has a strong tendency to slide out of its right place.
227. **Undrown'd**. The only instance of the compound in Shakespeare. But Shakespeare has also, *Unaching* (= not giving pain); *unarm* (= to disarm); *unbookish* (= ignorant); *uncase* (= to undress), and many others.
232. **Wink**, the smallest chink.
233. **Doubts discovery**. The distance is so great, that even ambition cannot be certain of what it finds there. *Discovery* for the thing discovered; the abstract for the concrete.
237. **Man's life** = where men live. Again the abstract for the concrete.
238. **Note**, information or knowledge. From Lat. *notum*, a thing known.—**Post**, the letter-carrier. And in *post* with Shakespeare means *in haste*.
240. **Razorible**, fit for razors, or for shaving.
241. Cast = cast up.
243. Prologue, a theatrical term, such as Shakespeare was fond of using. In fact, in this one passage there are four words that may be regarded as theatrical—cast, perform, prologue, and discharge.
244. In ... discharge, for us to bring to a conclusion. Cf. III. i. 22.
249. Measure us, go over every one of us (cubits).
256. Chough, a kind of jackdaw, the Corvus monedula. In All's Well, IV. i., Shakespeare has 'choughs' language, gabble enough.'—Of as deep chat, with as great a power of profound remark.
260. Tender, regard. This seems to be a different verb from that meaning to offer, and is perhaps connected with tend.
263. Feaster. See note on I. ii. 374.
266. Kibe, chilblain, or sore on the heel. See King Lear, I. v. 8, where the Fool says, 'If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?'
269. Candied, congealed or frozen. Of Timon of Athens, IV. iii.: 'The cold brook candied with ice.'
270. Melt, which they never will.
275. Wink, sleep.
276. Morsel, used contemptuously. (The word comes from Lat. mordeo (mors-um), I bite; through O. Fr. morcel (Fr. morceau). Cogs.: Remorse; mordent, etc.)
277. Should not = would not then.
278. Suggestion, temptation. The most frequent meaning of the word in Shakespeare.
279. Tell the clock, count the strokes of the clock.
284. The king, A little too premature, as in the case of Macbeth (II. i.)
285. Rear, a form of raise.
286. Fall = let it fall.
293. Keep a care, on the model of have a care.
296. Sudden, quick. Julius Caesar, III. i. 19:—

‘Casca, be sudden; for we fear prevention.’
299. Looking for looks.
SCENE 2.

3. Chapel, a vessel for holding liquor.

So in Henry IV., Part I., II. iv., the Prince calls Falstaff 'that huge bombard of sack.

25. Poor-John, salt hake. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 37: 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor-John.' This was no doubt the commonest fish supplied in Catholic countries on Fridays.

28. Make a man = be the making of him.

30. Doit, the smallest coin. From Dutch duit.

33. Suffered death. Cf. the phrase in the Creed, 'suffered under Pontius Pilate.'

35. Gaberdine, a long, loose, outer garment, like a smock-frock.

36. Acquaints = makes acquainted.

37. Shroud, shelter myself. The oldest meaning of shrouds was clothes. This meaning is still retained in the shrouds (= dressing of a ship).

42. Swabber, the man who cleans the deck with a swab.

46. Tang, a high shrill sound.

54. Inde, India. This form occurs three times in Shakespeare, and twice in Milton.

56. Proper = as he should be; or handsome.

57. Give ground, yield. The opposite was to get ground.
See *Henry IV., Part II., II. iii.*: 'If they get ground and vantage of the king.'

63. **Recover**, in the transitive sense. Frequently used in this sense by Shakespeare.

64. **Trod on neat's-leather.** Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I. i. 25: 'As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handiwork.'

68. **After the wisest**, in the wisest fashion.

71. **I will not take too much**, the irony of greed.

72. **Soundly**, thoroughly well.

74. **Trembling**, a sign of demoniac possession.

77. **Language to you, cat.** An allusion to the proverb, 'Good liquor will make a cat speak.'

79. **Chaps** (or **chops**), the jaws (a Scandinavian word).

85. **Help**, cure.

89. **No long spoon.** Cf. the proverb quoted in the *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii.: 'He must have a long spoon that would sup with the devil.'

95. **Very**, the real unmistakable Trinculo. We find in Shakespeare such phrases as, *Your very very Rosalind; the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy; thy very princess*, etc.

96. **Moon-calf**, 'a lumpe of flesh without shape, without life.'


102. **Not constant**, still queasy, qualmish.

108. **Sack**, a white Spanish wine.

124. **When time was** = at one time.

126. **Bush.** Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i., where Quince says:—

'This man with lanthern, dog, and bush of thorn, Presenteth Moonshine.'

131. **Well drawn** = a splendid draught. (*Draw, drug; drawl, draggle; dray, drain; draft and draught* are all cognates.)

151. **Crabs**, crab-apples.

152. **Pig-nuts**, earth-nuts.

154. **Marmozet**, a kind of very small monkey.

156. **Sea-mels**, sea-malls or sea-mews.—Caliban, being a
poetical being, speaks in verse; the ordinary seamen employ prose.

159. Inherit, make ourselves masters, take possession of.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE 1.

1. Are = which are. Cf. Merchant, I. i. 171, where Bassanio says with reference to his suit to Portia:—

'I have a mind presages me such thrift.'

Painful = full of or requiring pains (not pain). The word was often used in the sense of painstaking. Thus Fuller (Holy War, v. 29) speaks of Joseph as a 'painful carpenter;' and in another work he mentions the Rev. John Flavel as a 'painful preacher,' without any reference in his mind to the congregation.

2. Sets off = is a set-off.—Baseness, menial occupation.

6. Quickens, puts life in. (Quick in its earliest sense meant living; and we have it still in that sense in the phrase, 'the quick and the dead.' Hence Be quick! is like the modern slang phrase, Look alive!)

9. Compos'd, entirely framed, or made up.

11. Sore, severe or heavy.

13. Executor, person who carries out the business.

21. Safe, occupied, and therefore not like to come near you.

31. Worm, creature.—Infected... visitation. Visitation means here simply visit. Miranda had stolen out to see Ferdinand at his work; but Prospero employs the terms in common use during a visitation of the plague.

32. Wearily for weary.

37. Hast, behest.

38. Top, the highest height. Shakespeare has also the phrases, Now stand you on the top of happy hours (Sonnet xvi. 5); the top of judgment; from top of honor to disgrace's feet.

42. Diligent, attentive. Or, perhaps, loving—in the sense of the Lat. diligo, I love.
46. Put it to the foil = foiled it, or disparaged it. (This word foil must not be confounded with the foil which means a set-off. That comes from Lat. folium, a leaf, through O. Fr. fueille; and its cognate is foliage. The foil in the text is from O. Fr. fouler, to trample under foot; and its cognates are defile and fuller. Hence also foil, a blunt sword, so called because blunted or foiled.)

52. Abroad, in other places.

53. Skill-less of, ignorant of.

58. Something, used adverbially. See note on I, ii. 409.

60. A king. He speaks under the impression that his father is drowned. Co. S.

62. Wooden slavery, slavery of carrying wood. This use of the adjective is very common in Shakespeare. Thus we find: The humble salve (for the salve of humanity); my old excuse (for my excuse of being old); civil bounds (for bounds of civility); distressful bread (for the bread of poverty); and very many others.

63. Blow for to blow. To is omitted after suffer, in imitation of the like idiom with let.

69. Kind event, successful issue or outcome.

70. Hollowly, with insincerity.—Invert, pervert.


72. What else = anything else.

77. That dare. The antecedent to that is I, which is to be got out of mine. Hence dare is in the first person.

79. Die to want, die if I want.

84. Maid = maid-servant.

87. Thus humble, he falls upon his knees.

88. Willing . . . of. Like desirous of. The only instance in Shakespeare where willing is construed with of.

94. At nothing must be taken with more (= greater). —My book of magic.

Scene 2.

2. Bear up, make for them.

6. Brained like us, with brains like ours.
8. Set, fixed, as the eyes of a man intoxicated are.
14. Standard, ensign. These words were used indifferently for the colors or sign itself, or for the man who carries them. But we should now say standard-bearer. Even ancient was used in both senses by Shakespeare.
15. If you list. You is the dative. List means like.—No standard, for he cannot stand.
23. Am in case, quite equal to justling. The only instance in Shakespeare of the phrase with this meaning.
24. Deboshed, debauched. This was the spelling, and represented the pronunciation in Shakespeare’s time.
34. Suffer indignity. The tall language of drunken pomposity; and see line 46.
45. Trinculo. Stephano does not see Ariel, and thinks it is Trinculo that is speaking.
52. This thing, Trinculo.
55. Compassed, brought about.
56. The party = tho person. Not an uncommon meaning in Shakespeare.
60. Pied ninny, party-colored fool. The professional fool wore a motley dress. On the same grounds, a very common nickname for a domestic fool was Patch.
64. Freshes, fresh-water springs. The only instance of the word in Shakespeare.
84. Paunch, run him through the paunch. A noun used with the function of a verb.
86. Wexand, wind-pipe. Said to be connected with wheeze.
87. Possess, seize.
90. As rootedly = their hatred of him is as deep-rooted as mine.—But = only; but in two senses: (1) only take good care to burn his books; and (2) burn only them—and not his fine furniture.
91. Brave, splendid, fine.
92. Which. The construction here, as is very usual with Shakespeare, is highly conversational and free.
93. That = that which.—To consider = to be considered. Cf. the idiom, ‘What is there still to do?’
96. She = her. She seems to be used here like an uninflected noun.

109. Troll, sing out in a rollicking fashion. The only instance of the word in Shakespeare. Milton has it also, and only once.

110. But while-ere, only a short time ago. The only instance of the word in Shakespeare.

111. Reason. Like the modern phrase anything in reason.

113. Flout, mock. (A doublet of flute, used as a verb.)

117. Catch, a part-song, or round, in which the parts are taken or caught up in succession.

118. Nobody. A ludicrous figure of a head, arms, and legs—without a trunk or body—sometimes found on signs or at the head of popular ballads. This scroll was sometimes found below:

‘Nobody is my name,  
That beyreth everybody’s blame.’

128. Twangling, a diminutive from twang. (Twang is an onomatopoetic word—like buzz, whirr, wrangle, jar, shriek, etc.)


142. Taborer, one who plays on the tabor, a hoop with parchment stretched upon it—like a tambourine.

Scene 3.

1. By ’r lakin = by our ladykin (little lady). The tendency, on the one hand, to abbreviate oaths, and, on the other, to make the nouns into diminutives, is well marked. Thus God’s wounds became wound; God’s blood, sblood, etc. Odd’s bodikin was formerly by God’s body. (For ladykin, cf. mannikin, lambkin, etc.)

2. Maze, labyrinth.

3. Forth-rights, straight paths.—Meanders, crooked paths. (Meander is rightly a proper name—the name of the very winding river that ran through Phrygia. Miletus stood at its mouth; and in its lower course it formed the boundary of Lycia and Caria.)

5. Attach’d, seized.
10. Frustrate = frustrated. Dr. Abbott, sect. 342, says, 'Some verbs ending in te, t, and d, on account of their already resembling participles in their terminations, do not add ed in the participle.'

12. Forgo. The prefix has nothing to do with for (which is found in before), but is a negative particle, the L. Ger. form of the H. Ger. ver; and we find it in forbid, fordo (= to ruin), forgive, etc.

21. A living drollery, a puppet-show in which the acting was done by living figures.

25. What does else = what else does. — Want credit = is without credit, or is incredible.

30. Cartea, certainly. The word was an archaism in Spenser's and in Shakespeare's time, though Spenser is very fond of it.

32. Gentle-kind. Compound epithets are not unusual in Shakespeare. Dr. Abbott, sect 2, gives, Sudden-bold; active-valiant; valiant-young (Henry IV., Part I.; V. i.); childish-foolish; senseless-obstinate, and others.

36. Muse, wonder at.

39. Praise in departing = praise when you are going away and have seen all. That is, Don't be in too great a hurry to praise.

46. Wallets of flesh. The horrible goitre of the Alps and other mountainous districts is probably here alluded to.

48. Each putter-out. An allusion to 'a kind of inverted life-insurance which was in vogue in Shakespeare's day. Travelling was dangerous; and travellers often tried to turn that risk into money. A person going a distance put out a sum of money, on condition of receiving two, three, four, or five times the amount—according to the danger and the distance—on his return.'

49. Stand to, a phrase generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of not to flinch, to do one's best.

The banquet vanishes. The idea was taken by Shakespeare from the Third Book of the Æneid.

60. Their proper selves = their own selves.

64. Still-closing, constantly closing, however deep and wide the gashes made in them. See note on I. ii. 228.
65. Dowle, a film of down. (Dowle, down, and dust are all cognates.)
66. Like, used as an adverb, modifying invulnerable.
74. Incensed, enraged or irritated. — Creatures, created things.
76. Bereft, past participle of bereave. (A compound of bereave — a doublet of robb; as bequeath is of quoth.)
77. Ling'ring perdition, ruin that is slowly lengthened out, and given out piece by piece.
78. At once belongs to death; and the sense is, Worse than any death at once can be.
79. Whose. The antecedent is they, in line 76.
80. Falls, probably a remnant of the Northern plural in es.
81. Heart's sorrow, cordial or hearty repentance.
86. Good life. Evidently a technical or semi-technical stage-expression, = with a creditable and lively style of performance. Cf. the phrase, 'The acting was to the very life.'
87. Observation strange, remarkably exact observance of every particular.
88. Their several kinds have done, acted out their respective characters.
90. Distractions, mental perturbation.
92. Whom ... is. Cf. King John, IV. ii.:—

'Of Arthur, whom they say is killed to-night.'

A confusion of two constructions. See Dr. Abbott, sect. 410.
95. Stare, a verb used as a noun. Shakespeare is very daring in this. Thus he has solicit, consult, and expect as nouns; my depart; make prepare for war; a false accuse; the sun's appear; O heavenly mingling, and many others. See Dr. Abbott, sect. 451.
99. Bass, utter my trespass in bass. Shakespeare has several times this idea, that the horror of a great storm has the power of making criminals disclose their crimes.
102. But one fiend, let there be but one.
108. Ecstasy, extreme disquietude. In Shakespeare it means any state of being beside one's self (Gr. ekstasis, a standing out), whether from joy or from misery.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene 1.

3. Thread. Other editions have thrid, which is only another spelling. Thrid is used by English poets in such phrases as 'to thrid the mazy dance.'

12. Fairly, excellently, finely.

22. Vanity, illusion of spectacular exhibition.

24. Twink. The root of twinkle. Cf. Merchant, II. ii. 137, where Launcelot says, 'I'll take my leave of my master in the twinkling of an eye.'

37. Liver, supposed to be the seat of love and courage. Shakespeare has the following phrases: Lily-livered; milk-livered; pigeon-livered, and white-livered.

38. Corollary, a surplus or some supernumeraries. (From Lat. corollarium, a present of a garland, an additional gift; from corolla, a garland; diminutive of corona, a crown.)


41. Leas, originally pastures or meadows. (Spelled also ley and leigh, especially in composition, as in Bromley, Hadleigh, etc. In Belgium it appears in the form of loo; and Waterloo is = water-lea.

44. Thatch'd, in the original sense of covered. — Stover, winter fodder for cattle.

46. Hest = behest. See note on I. ii. 273. — Betrims, makes trim. (The function of the be is to a large extent (1) to intensify; and (2) to turn an intransitive into a transitive verb. Thus (1) bedim, bedust, bereave; and (2) beweep, bemoan, bewail, etc.)

47. Nymphs, in the dative. — Broom groves. Steevens says that in Cambridgeshire broom sometimes grows 'high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it, and in places where it is cultivated still higher.'

49. Lass-lorn, forsaken by his sweetheart. (Lorn is an old past participle of love. It is found also in forlorn =
utterly lost. The interchange of s and r is found in chaise and chair, etc.) — Pole-clipt = with poles clipped or twined round by the vines.

50. Marge, edge. The only instance of this form. Margent is Shakespeare's usual form.

52. Arch, and messenger. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, and also the messenger of Juno.

55. Amain, at full speed, or with full force.

59. Saffron wings, of deep yellow.

62. Boaky, woody, from late Lat. boscos, a wood. (We also had the word boscage—in Fr. bocage—which, in the road from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, has become corrupted into Birdcage Walk.

66. Freely, liberally.—Estate = to settle on, as an estate.

70. Dusty Dis is in the dative. Dis (Dit-is) was another name for Pluto (who carried off Prosépine, the daughter of Ceres), the god of the Infernal Regions.

71. Blind boy, Cupid.—Scandal'd, disgraced by scandal.

74. Paphos, a city in Cyprus, a favorite haunt of Venus.

79. Minion, darling.

82. Right out = outright.—High'st, a monosyllable. Shakespeare has also sweet'st, kind'st, secret'st, dear'st, loyal'st, etc. See Abbott, sect. 473. Chaucer has next for highest, as we have next for highest.

83. Gait, manner of walking. (This word is not derived from go, but from get. Its cognate is get = the way to get at a thing. Gate was in older English the name for a street. In H. Ger. Gasse. Cf. Bishopsgate, Nethergate, Overgate = Upper Street, etc.)

91. Foison. See note on II. i. 156.—Plenty for plentiful. The only place where Shakespeare has the word as an adjective.

92. Garner, a doublet of granary.

100. Charmingly = by dint of magic charm.—Bold to think = so bold as to think. Shakespeare several times omits the as, as in Richard III. III. ii.:

'I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:'
and, in one other instance, he omits both so and as (Julius Caesar, III. i. 40):—

'Be not fond
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood.'

See Abbott, sect. 281.

102. Confines, limits or district. Cf. Hamlet, I. i. 155:—

'whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.'

Shakespeare has also the adjectives confineless (Macbeth, IV. iii. 55), and fineless in the sense of limitless.

104. Wonder'd, with the power of performing wonders. The word is not a participle; but an adjective formed on the model of landed, talented, etc., from the noun. See note on I. ii. 97.

109. Naiads (from Gr. nāō, I flow) were the goddesses of rivers and springs; as Oreads (órōs, a mountain) were of the mountains; Dryads (Drus, an oak) and Hamadryads, of oaks and trees.

111. Crisp, curled with the rough ripple of the water. So Shakespeare speaks of the Severn hiding 'his crisp head in the hollow bank.'

113. Temperate, because of the cool water.
119. Footing, dancing.
123. Avoid! Be gone (= Make the place void).
125. Works, affects.
126. Distemper'd, discomposed.
127. Sort, way or manner.
135. Inherit, possess.
137. Rack, a cloud, or film of cloud. Bacon says, 'The clouds above (the thinner clouds), in the upper region, we call the rack.'

139. Rounded. There is no exact parallel in Shakespeare to this extremely fine use of the word round.—

A sleep. So a modern poet:

'Our life is a watch and a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.'

144. Beating. Prospero, seeing the shortness and un-
substantialness of this life, is vexed by the thought that bad men should wish to rob him of the little happiness he has—first in Milan, and now here in the island. Mr. Philpotts also wisely conjectures that he wishes to compose his mind, and free it from 'an Italian's strong wish for vengeance on his old enemies, now so completely in his power, a wish which he conquers only when spurred to compassion by Ariel's sympathy.'

147. *Meet with,* encounter as an enemy.
148. *Presented* = represented. Cf. *Merry Wives,* IV. vi.: 'Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen.'
151. *Varlets,* a doublet of *vassalets* (the *r* taking the place of the *s*).
157. *Unback’d colts,* unbroken or unridden.
161. *Tooth’d,* thorny (in botany = dentate).—*Gorse,*
gorse.
163. *Filthy-mantled,* covered with filth or green scum as with a mantle. Cf. *King Lear,* III. iv. 117: 'Poor Tom. . . . drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool.'
170. *Nurture,* good-breeding, education, humanity.
174. *Even to roaring* = till they roar.—*Line,* linden-tree or lime-tree.
178. *Played the Jack* = played the knave. *Jack* was the old name for a *knave* in cards.
186. *Hoodwink this mischance,* cover this misfortune. The meaning of *hoodwink* is to blindfold. So we have the word *hoodman,* the child blindfolded in the game of *Hoodman-blind* (= Blind-man's-buff).
201. *King Stephano.* Probably an allusion to the old ballad quoted also in *Othello,* II. :

    'King Stephen was a worthy peer,' etc.

204. *Frippery,* shop for second-hand clothes. The only passage in Shakespeare where the word occurs.
210. *Luggage,* in a contemptuous sense = something to be lugged along.
215. *Jerkin,* a jacket or short coat.
216. A bald jerkin. An allusion to the tricks played by sailors on passengers when crossing the 'line'—shaving their heads. Or it may refer to the old belief that 'the violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair.'

217. By line and level = methodically.

220. Pass of pate, clever sally. A pass is a thrust in fencing.

222. Lime, bird-lime.

225. Barnacles = barnacle-geese. (See Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language, Second Series, ii. 535.) It was an old belief that, in the north of Scotland, and especially in the Orkneys, there grew a Goose Tree or Barnacle Tree, on which grew shell-fish, which fell into the water, opened, and out of them came young geese. These geese were eaten in Lent, because they were not birds, but fishes. (The word barnacle is a corruption of Hibernicula = from Hibernia, Ireland.)

226. Villainous low for villainously. So we find in Shakespeare the phrases: Instant old; noble spoken; equal ravenous, etc.

229. Go to = come, an expression of reproof or exhortation.

238. Pard, panther.—Cat o' mountain, ounce.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

2. Crack not = are flawless.

3. His carriage = what he has to carry. In Shakespeare's time, the word carriage meant that which is carried as well as that which carries. See Judges, xviii. 21: 'So they turned and departed, and put the little ones and the cattle and the carriage (= baggage) before them.'

8. Gave in charge, ordered.


11. Till your release = till you release them. In the active sense. The word is generally passive.

21. Touch, delicate feeling.
23. Relish... passion, feel emotions.
24. Kindlier, in a manner more akin to the kind or species to which I belong. Cf. the scriptural expression, 'The kindly fruits of the earth.'
35. Neptune for the sea.
41. Weak masters. The emphasis is on masters. Weak though you may be as masters, you are most useful and powerful as servants.
43. Azur'd. Not unlike the numerous adjectives which Shakespeare makes from nouns by adding ed, and which have very out-of-the-way meanings. Thus, an unpitied whipping is = pitiless; undoubted champions = fearless; wintered garments = for winter.
47. Spurs, long roots.
51. Requir'd, called for.
56. Sound, find the depth of the ocean. From late Lat. subundare, to go under the waves (undae). (Sound, the adjective, is from O. E. gesund, healthy; sound, the noun, from Lat. sonus; sound, an arm of the sea, is a cognate of swim).
58. And = which is.
59. Unsettled fancy, reeling imagination. Fancy and fantasy (the first is a short form of the second) were generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of imagination.
60. Boil'd, for boiling.
63. Sociable to the show, in sympathy with the appearance.—Even to the show.
64. Fellowly, in fellowship with. The only passage in Shakespeare where this adjective occurs.
67. Ignorant fumes = the fumes of ignorance.
71. Home, thoroughly. Shakespeare has also the phrases, Strike home; push home.
75. You. In speaking to the others, who are his servants or inferiors, Prospero uses thou; but he changes it to you when he addresses his brother, an equal.—Entertain'd, took home and harbored.
76. Remorse and nature (a hendiadys) = natural pity.
77. Pinches. This word, like crack, had a less trivial meaning in Shakespeare's time than it has now. Cf. Cymbeline, 1. 1:—
'There cannot be a pinch in death more sharp
Than this is.'
81. Reasonable shore = shore of reason.
85. Discase me, take off my present dress. Cf. Winter's Tale, IV. iv.: 'Discase thee instantly.' Shakespeare has also disbench, disbranch, and many others.
102. Drink the air. Cf. the phrase devour the way, and the Lat. carpere viam.
112. Trifle, phantom.—Abuse, deceive.
119. My wrongs = the wrongs I have done. See line 11 and line 25.
121. Thine age = my old friend. The abstract for the concrete. This is very common in Shakespeare.
123. Taste, experience.
124. Subtities, a word said to have been borrowed from the vocabulary of cooks. 'When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a subtlety. Dragons, castles, trees, etc., made out of sugar, had the like denomination.'
126. My brace of lords, said with contemptuous severity. Often, however, used simply for two.
127. Pluck. So Shakespeare has the phrases: To pluck his indignation on thy head; pluck down justice from your awful bench.
128. Justify, prove.
132. Infect, as with the plague, taint and pollute.
134. Perforce, modifies restore.
140. Woe = sorry. Shakespeare has used woe adjectively four times in his plays; in the phrases: Be woe for me; woe are we, etc.
143. Of whose soft grace = by whose kind favor.
146. As late = and as recent.
148. May call = can call. This meaning of the word is also preserved in the phrase might and main.
155. Admire, wonder, or are astonished.
157. Do offices of truth = perform truthful functions.
164. Chronicle of day by day, a story that it would take days to tell.
165. Relation, narrative.
173. Play me false = you are cheating me.
175. You should wrangle = you should be at liberty to wrangle.
178. Shall I twice lose. If this be only a vision, the pain of losing would have to be gone through over again.
194. Renown = the fame or report. Cf. Henry VI., Part I., V. v.:

'So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive.'

197. Hers = her father, now.
201. Heaviness, sorrow.—Inly = within or inwardly. Shakespeare has the word (1) twice as an adjective, and (2) twice as an adverb.
204. Chalk'd forth = chalked out.
227. Tricky, sportive.
228. They strengthen = they go on from strength to strength—growing in strangeness.
233. Several, separate.
241. Moping, acting without full consciousness or the guidance of thought.
245 Conduct = conductor. So we still use guide for the person and for the process.
247. Infest, harass.
248. Pick'd, chosen, at the right time. So we still say picked men.
249. Single = when alone.—Resolve you, will explain to you.
250. Every... accidents. Cf. Winter's Tale, II. iii.:

'At each his needless heavings.'

256. Odd, unreckoned.
257. Every man shift for all the rest. If, in the infinite complexity of human life, Shakespeare ever sought for what is called a moral—this would be the moral of the play; and it is significant of Shakespeare's art, that he puts it into the mouth of one of the lowest characters in it. Even his brain has been permeated by the plain mean-
ing of these strange events. The *external* 'is but fortune
and chance; conduct and fidelity is everything.

258. **Coraggio** = courage (Italian).

260. **True, correct and faithful.**

268. **A plain fish** = plainly a fish.

269. **Badges**, the stolen apparel they have on.

273. **Deal in her command**, go on practicing the com-
mand of her (the moon) beyond (== without) the power
granted to her (Sycorax).

281. **Beeling ripe.** Cf. **Merchant**, I. iii. 64: 'The ripe
wants of my friend.'

282. Gilded them, made their faces shine.

285. **Will never out.** Cf. **Coriolanus**, II. iii.: 'Will you
along?' See **Abbott**, sect. 405.—**Fly-blowing**, because
he has been well pickled.

288. **Sirrah**, 'a compellation,' says Schmidt, 'used in
addressing comparatively inferior persons.' Thus in **Much
Ado, IV. ii.**, we find it resented by one who thinks himself
a gentleman: 'Yours, sirrah?' 'I am a gentleman, sir, and
my name is Conrade.'

296. Grace, favor.—**Thrice-double**, a rather usual style
with Shakespeare.

299. **Bestow** = stow away.—**Your luggage**, the fine
clothes they had on.

306. **Accidents**, incidents, events.

309. **Nuptial** for **nuptials**. Shakespeare has this noun
eight times in the singular, and only five times in the plu-
ral number. He has **funerals** twice; in all other instan-
ces **funeral**.

'311. **Retire me.** **Retire**, like **advise, complain, endeavor,**
**repent, repose, fear**, etc., was used reflexively.

**EPILOGUE.**

It is doubtful whether this Epilogue was written by
Shakespeare. It may have been by Ben Jonson. In the
folio edition, it is printed on a separate page; and, after
**Ereunt**, it is not likely that Prospero remained alone upon
the stage.
10. With the help of your hands = your applause. Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. See IV. i. 40, and 107, 108.

16. Prayer. An allusion to the old custom in Shakespeare's time of 'concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign.'

18. Mercy itself = God himself.—Frees = frees from. So Shakespeare has. Complained (about) her wrongs; to look (for) you; scooping (at) his state; swear'st (by) thy gods, etc. See Dr. Abbott, sect. 200.
EXAMINATION PAPERS.

[Some of the questions taken from the Papers of the English Civil Service Commission.]

A (FIRST ACT CHIEFLY).

1. Give the substance of the story told by Prospero to Miranda.
2. State the parts played by Ariel and Caliban.
3. State by whom, to whom, and on what occasions, the following lives were uttered:—
   (a) We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
   (b) In the dark backward and abyssm of time.
   (c) From the still-vex’d Bermoothe, there she ’s hid.
   (d) To do me business in the veins o’ the earth.
   (e) He’s gentle and not fearful.
   (f) A single thing, as I am now, that wonders.
4. Explain the words in Italics in the above.
5. Explain Shakespeare’s use of the following words and phrases: (a) Play the man; (b) incharitable; (c) god of power; (d) the very virtue; (e) holp (f) from such a deed; (g) closeness; (h) a hint that wrings mine eyes; (i) grand hests; (j) capable of.
6. Give some instances of Shakespeare’s peculiar grammar, in the use of double comparatives, and such phrases as I were best.
B (SECOND ACT).

1. Give a brief account of the action in the Second Act.
2. State the substance of the passage quoted by Gonzalo from Montaigne.
3. State by whom, to whom, and on what occasions the following lines were uttered:
   (a) I saw him beat the surges under him.
   (b) Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.
   (c) To the perpetual wink for aye might put.
   (d) They will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar.
   (e) Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
4. Explain the words in Italics in the above.
5. Annotate and explain the peculiarities in the following words and phrases:
   (a) A paragon to their queen;
   (b) the dear’st of the loss;
   (c) minister occasion;
   (d) ebbing men;
   (e) candied;
   (f) sundaen;
   (g) inch-meal;
   (h) after the wisest;
   (i) overblown.
6. Give some instances of Shakespeare’s compounds with un.

C (THIRD ACT).

1. Give a short account of the conversation in Scene 1.
2. Contrast the two conspiracies formed by the courtiers and by some of the sailors respectively.
3. By whom, and on what occasions, were the following lines uttered:
   (a) Most busy least when I do it.
   (b) Thou shalt be my lieutenant or my standard.
   (c) Here’s a maze trod, indeed,
   Through fortrights and meanders.
(d) Each **putter-out of five for one** will bring us.

(e) **With good life**

And *observation strange*, my meaner ministers

Their several kinds have done.

4. Explain the words in Italics.

5. Explain fully Shakespeare's use of the following words and phrases: (a) *Sore*; (b) *the top of admiration*; (c) *plain*; (d) *brained like us*; (e) *to paunch*; (f) *brave*; (g) *gentle-kind*; (h) *ecstasy*.

6. Annotate any irregularities in Shakespeare's grammar you may have noticed in the Third Act.

**D (FOURTH ACT).**

1. Quote the speech beginning, 'Our revels now are ended.'

2. State by whom, and on what occasions, the following lines were uttered:—

(a) Do not smile at me that *I boast her off*.

(b) You nymphs called *Naiads* of the wandering brooks.

(c) 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent *pass of pate*.

(d) **Being lass-lorn**; thy *pole-clipt vineyard*.

3. Explain and annotate the words in Italics.

4. Explain fully Shakespeare's use of the following words and phrases: (a) *Fairly*; (b) *freely*; (c) *wonder'd*; (d) *distempered*; (e) *meet with*; (f) *hoodwink this mischance*; (g) *aged cramps*; (h) *villainous low*.

5. Quote a few instances of Shakespeare's use of the word *rack*. 

6. Give some instances of the irregularities of Shakespeare's verse in *The Tempest*.

E (FIFTH ACT CHIEFLY).

1. What event reconciles the opposing parties and differing circumstances? And how?
2. Quote Gonzalo's summing up of the play.
3. State by whom, and on what occasions, the following lines were uttered:

(a) In the lime-grove which *weather-fends* you all.
(b) Destiny that hath *to instrument* this lower world.
(c) Bravely, *my diligence*, thou shalt be free.
(d) And deal in her command *without* her power.

4. Explain fully the words in Italics.
5. Annotate and explain Shakespeare's use of the following words and phrases: (a) *His carriage*; (b) *high wrongs*; (c) *fancy*; (d) *sir*; (e) *remorse and nature*; (f) *taste*; (g) *do offices of truth*; (h) *resolve you*; (i) *take (the ear)*.
7. State what you know of the sources of *The Tempest*. 
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