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This is an author produced version of *Beerbohm Tree's 1904 version of Shakespeare's Tempest*.

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# Shakespeare, The Tempest , adapted by Beerbohm Tree

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## Foreword

BEERBOHM TREE'S production of *The Tempest* in 1904 was a landmark in the play's theatrical history, especially for the sympathetic prominence given to the role of Caliban, which the actor-manager himself performed.

This site reproduces the souvenir programme for the fiftieth performance, which includes his text of the play, his apologia for the spectacular nature of the production and Buchel's illustrations. In addition, you can find here the programme for the first performance, and some other contemporary illustrations. In time further sections will be added.

Tree's production, though using Shakespeare's text (unlike many productions from the later seventeenth century until the mid-nineteenth century), yet cuts and rearranges it. As the site develops, some indication will be given of the nature of these adaptations.

This document has been prepared by [David Lindley](#), School of English, University of Leeds. Comments and suggestions may be emailed by using this link.

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## Note on the text

The text is taken from Tree's Souvenir Programme, reissued later in 1904 as an 'Acting Edition', published by J. Miles & Co. It is not a facsimile – the lineation of the prose in the original is not followed – and the arrangement of stage directions on the page, while endeavouring to keep as close as possible to the original, is not an exact imitation.

Tree's original printing distinguished his own stage directions by printing them in red, a practice followed here. Some of the directions he seems to have taken to be Shakespeare's original were not, however, part of the original Folio text, but must reflect the edition from which Tree worked. As yet I have not been able to establish what text that was. The emendation of Tinculo's 'I do smell all horse piss' to 'horse pond' seems to derive from Kean's acting edition of 1857, but although Tree clearly knew that text, it cannot have been his main source.

Buchel's illustrations are not reproduced at the points they occur in the original, but are generally keyed to the first appearance of a character or scene, as are the selection of images by Ralph Cleaver.

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## **A Personal Explanation.**

The question whether the works of Shakespeare, and "The Tempest" in particular, should or should not be represented on the stage, is one which has of late been debated with considerable vehemence. The negative point of view is open to argument, although it is obviously a point of view not shared by Shakespeare. Nor do I propose to tread such debatable ground. It is rather my purpose to deal with the more practical question of the manner in which the poet's works should be produced.

In the brief note which prefaced the pamphlet on the production of "The Tempest," I ventured to assert that of all Shakespeare's works "The Tempest" was probably the one which most demanded the aids of modern stage-craft, and that, therefore, no apology was needed for having striven to present this masterpiece in such a manner as to appeal to the student and the playgoer alike. But I had reckoned without my commentators. To the super-subtle nothing is so baffling as the obvious. To them, therefore, I tender an explanation.

We are this evening celebrating the fiftieth performance of this comedy. On such an occasion it would be inappropriate to enter into a serious contest with those who have so eloquently condemned our presentation. If our efforts to present this fantasy have been widely and generously recognised by men of letters and by the public at large, they have also called forth the wrath of others, whose vituperation, I prefer to think, has not been due to a desire to balk high endeavour, but rather to an honest ignorance of the text of the play, and to a whole-hearted incapacity to appreciate the spirit of the poet. To the prosaic nothing is so embarrassing as the poetic. My contention is that unless "The Tempest" be produced in such a way as to bring home to audiences the fantasy and the beauties of the play it were better not to attempt it at all. The question is, can that fantasy and those beauties be conveyed to the senses of an audience by means of what is called "adequate" treatment? I say No. And I further contend that it is far more satisfactory to read the play in the study than to see it presented in the archaic and "echoic" methods so dear to epicures in mediocrity. Indeed, if so presented, I assert that the public would stay away, and I further assert that the public would be right, for the illusion of the spectator would be dulled rather than quickened by such a presentation. Illusion is the whole business of the theatre. Treatment, I hold, is essential to the proper comprehension of Shakespeare on the stage, and nowhere, I think, is this more evident than in the case of "The Tempest." This fact was recognised by the late Charles Kean, who gave to the public an elaborate and beautiful production of this fairy-play. The wits of the period spoke of that distinguished and enthusiastic artist as an "upholsterer," a "spectacle-maker," and a "poodle-trimmer!" Since that time the science of invective appears to have made considerable strides. A nameless writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" referring to the present production, makes the broad statement that Shakespeare's plays "afford no decent opportunity for elaborate scenery." If ever there was an author whose plays do lend themselves to elaborate stage treatment, that author is assuredly Shakespeare. None, indeed, is so rich in scenic suggestion, and it can scarcely be denied that his works were primarily intended for the theatre, and that the theatre is primarily intended for theatre-goers. The bookworm has always his book.

The nameless writer further says that "it should be impossible to turn them (the plays) to the vulgar use of stage illusion." And this is written of an art which is the art of illusion - this is written of the work of a man who was an actor and a playwright!

It may be broadly laid down that whatever tends to quicken the . imagination of the audience - in fact, to create illusion, is justifiable on the stage. Whatever detracts from the appreciation of the author's work and disturbs the illusion is to be deprecated - is, in fact, bad art.

The measure of success or failure must be left to the judgment of each individual. It is a question of taste on the part of the artist who **presents the play, and a question of receptiveness on the part of the spectator. There are those who see nothing but scenery - who hear nothing but the carpenter's hammer - but what else should they see? What else should they hear? When Caliban hears sounds and sweet music in the air and sees riches in the clouds, the drunken butler and the chartered fool split their sides with ironic laughter.**

So fervid does this nameless writer become in his denunciation that he continues "No intelligent actor would ever bring the poet's masterpieces under a mass of irrelevant scenery " (sic). Our writer is also highly indignant with the producer for playing "The Tempest" in three acts instead of five, ignoring the fact that this arrangement comes much nearer to the system which prevailed in Shakespeare's own time, when scenes and acts followed each other in swift succession. All Shakespeare's plays have to undergo a certain amount of abbreviation to bring them within the time limit demanded by modern audiences, and indeed there is every reason to believe that these plays were considerably "cut" in Shakespeare's own time. But the nameless writer's anathema is not yet exhausted, for he makes the sweeping denunciation that "All the actors are incompetent." And worse remains behind - "The orchestra is hidden beneath a mass of vegetables." This is no doubt another instance of the vulgarity of stage illusion. Owing, we are told, to the din of the scene-shifters, the actors " put a false emphasis on every syllable which they uttered." It seems, indeed, that the "national honour" is almost involved by the "lamentable caprice" of the actor-manager.

But the main indictment of the present revival has been against the introduction of "pantomime." To, this I reply that whatever there is of pantomime is Shakespeare's. I will endeavour to prove that at no point has the producer gone in this direction outside the instructions of the dramatist. Shakespeare's stage instructions in Act I., Scene i, are as follows: -- "On a ship at sea - A tempestuous noise of lightning and thunder heard." Acting upon these instructions, the producer has been presumptuous enough to endeavour to depict a ship at sea, as well as modern appliances will allow, to reproduce the effect of thunder and lightning, and to assume that their accompaniment might not too incongruously be a rough sea.

Again, in Act II., Scene 4, of the present version Shakespeare's stage instructions are "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." Here there is a certain suggestion of pantomime which has been carried out as faithfully as possible.

Again, in the same scene, Shakespeare's instructions are "Thunder and lightning - enter Ariel like a harpy - claps his wings on the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes." Here Ariel has been permitted to resemble a harpy as nearly as possible. The pantomime is Shakespeare's.

The Ballet introduced into Act III., Scene 2, may need a few words of apology or explanation. In this scene Shakespeare deliberately introduces a masque, which Prospero conjures up for the entertainment of Ferdinand and Miranda. We have merely tried to follow the author's injunctions and we know how elaborate were the masques in Shakespeare's day. Iris and Ceres and Juno enter, summoned by the wand of Prospero, and according to the instructions of the dramatist, they sing. (Throughout this play Shakespeare has recourse to the aid of music.) The instructions are somewhat meagre as to the nature of the masque, and in their absence I have thought it justifiable to invent the revels as suggested by the dialogue. (The argument of the Ballet is fully

given on page 51 of the present book.) Briefly, Iris calls upon the Nymphs to be merry and to dance with the Reapers. " Enter certain Reapers, properly habited. They join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance," &c. The introduction of Cupid is, I think, permissible. It certainly has the effect of pleasing the public, and 'twill offend none but the professional purist.

Again, in the scene in which Prospero determines to punish Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, we have endeavoured to follow faithfully the somewhat meagre instructions which are given in the play (page 56 of this version). " A noise of hunters is heard. Enter divers spirits in shapes of dogs and hounds, hunting them about. Prospero and Ariel setting them on." Prospero says " I will plague them all even to roaring." Although we cannot attain to the degree of realism which Shakespeare would I have us attempt when he gives us instructions: "Enter divers spirits in shapes of dogs and hounds hunting them about," yet we have endeavoured to present spirits in animal shapes, and in order to illustrate the discomfiture of Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano we have followed Shakespeare's directions to Ariel

**"Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps. Let them be hunted soundly."**

I venture to assume that by these instructions, Shakespeare intended that the goblins should grind their joints with dry convulsions and that they should "hunt them soundly." Prospero also says "I will plague them all even to roaring." Those who have condemned us for introducing the goblins which they have denounced as the intrusion of " vulgar pantomime," have evidently overlooked the stage instructions to which I have drawn attention. And they forget that a high fantastical note runs through the whole play which was intended to amuse (dare I say it?) the audience for which Shakespeare wrote.

Some of our critics maintain that in this production the poetry has been deliberately dispensed with as a tiresome superfluity, and that the setting alone has been considered. There are some, of course, to whom our stage treatment conveys no sense of poetry, and these clamour for a mode of production which we are told existed in Shakespeare's own day. They frankly prefer placards announcing the scenes in order thoroughly to abandon themselves to the poetry of the play. They would go further, no doubt, and have the female parts played by males as in Shakespeare's day. This is the style of art so dear to "Bottom the Weaver," and this spirit was given full rein to in our production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when placards announced "This is a Forest," and when "Thisbe" (played by a male actor) carried a board with the words "This is a Maiden," and "Snug the joiner" was labelled "This is a Lion." I can imagine how Shakespeare would have laughed these champions to scorn.

At the end of the play I have ventured upon a certain modification of the text by omitting the Epilogue addressed by the actor to the audience, reserving Prospero's glorious speech beginning "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves" for the end of the play. The Tableau which is here introduced is fully described on page 63 of this book. I hope that this particular introduction may be excused in so far as it may be thought to emphasise the fantasy and the poetry of the text.

Now, as to the characterisation in this play. The character most assailed is Caliban. I took it for granted that Shakespeare's characters were self-explanatory. Here again, it appears, I was mistaken. One writer maintains that Caliban - like Shylock - is a purely comic character, and the attempt at the end of the play to materialise Shakespeare's

spirit in a tableau meets with the gravest displeasure. Many others denounce as un-Shakespearean, any note of humanity which redeems his nature - Caliban, they say, was merely a monster. Careless reading has once more been the pit-fall of these writers. For it has been maintained with fond reiteration that Caliban is described by Shakespeare himself as " a freckled whelp, hag born , not honoured with a human shape." Precisely the contrary is the case. The lines are as follows:-

Then was this island -  
(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born) – not honour'd with  
A human shape.

Thus Shakespeare definitely states that Caliban had a human shape. Caliban, too, is described by Shakespeare as " a savage and deformed slave." If he was the unredeemed monster that these writers would have us think, is it possible that he should have uttered those beautiful lines "This isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," &c.? Indeed, in his love of music and his affinity with the unseen world, we discern in the soul which inhabits the brutish body of this elemental man the germs of a sense of beauty, the dawn of art. And as he stretches out his arms towards the empty horizon, we feel that from the conception of sorrow in solitude may spring the birth of a higher civilization.

I have endeavoured to show that whatever in this production is not actually contained in the letter of Shakespeare's text, springs from the spirit which animates it, and I contend that those who attribute its success to the meretricious aids of scenic and other embellishments, are mistaken in their conclusions - however disconcerting it may be to attribute that success to merit.

This brings me to the main purpose of this Personal Explanation. It has been freely stated that, in the presentation of this play, the producer has but pandered to a vulgar public, incapable of appreciating the works of the poet, and that, in order to attract that public , he has been driven to overload the play with a lavish expenditure of money. To this charge I reply by the simple statement of fact that its cost was half that expended on a modern play recently presented on these boards,. And I fail to see why Shakespeare should be treated with less care, with less reverence and with less lavishness of resource than is demanded by modern authors. So far from pandering to the public taste, I claim that an artist works primarily for himself - his first aim is to satisfy his own artistic conscience. His output is the result of the impetus in him to work out his own ideals. Even were the public satisfied with a less complete treatment of the poet's work, I should still have presented them in the way I have done. But so far from admitting that the public - my public - is a vulgar public, I am conscious that their demands upon the art of the manager are too often in excess of his powers to gratify them. I have indeed reason to be grateful to the public for having supported the policy and work of the theatre persistently, regardless of the sneers of those who are not the leaders, but the camp-followers of progress. I have no wish to quarrel with those who attack that policy and that work, for I hold the strength of men, as of governments, is in precise proportion to the opposition they encounter. I claim, however, the right to protest against the imputation of sordid motives in placing this series of classical works before the public. I am at least entitled to maintain that I have done my best to present the works of Shakespeare in the manner which I considered most worthy, and I feel a certain pride in remembering that, be our method right or wrong, we have brought the poet's creations before hundreds of thousands. This version of "The Tempest " has already been witnessed by vast multitudes, and if only a portion of these have been



**given a deeper insight into, and a wider appreciation of, this high fantasy, our labours to "give delight and hurt not" will not have been in vain.**

Herbert Beerbohm Tree

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## Dramatis Personæ

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Caliban (a Savage and Deformed Slave)                    | Mr. TREE               |
| Prospero (the right Duke of Milan)                       | Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND   |
| Ferdinand (Son to the King of Naples)                    | Mr. BASIL GILL         |
| Alonzo (King of Naples)                                  | Mr. S.A. COOKSON       |
| Sebastian (his Brother)                                  | Mr. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE  |
| Antonio (Prospero's Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan) | Mr. LYN HARDING        |
| Gonzalo (an honest old Counsellor)                       | Mr. J. FISHER WHITE    |
| Francisco  | Mr. FRANCIS CHAMIER    |
| Adrian   | Mr. CECIL ROSE         |
| Trinculo (a jester)                                      | Mr. LIONEL BROUGH      |
| Stephano (a drunken Butler)                              | Mr. LOUIS CALVERT      |
| Master Of Ship   | Mr. S. YATES SOUTHGATE |
| Boatswain  | Mr. W.A. HAINES        |
| Miranda (Daughter to Prospero)                           | Miss NORAH KERIN       |
| Iris   | Miss ALICE L. CRAWFORD |
| Ceres  | Miss VIOLA TREE        |
| Juno   | Miss N. HUTCHISON      |
| Ariel (an Airy Spirit)                                   | Miss VIOLA TREE        |

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The Costumes Designed by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON

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(Scene Designs)

### Act First

|           |                        |              |
|-----------|------------------------|--------------|
| Scene i   | The Shipwreck          | W Telbin     |
| Scene ii  | <i>Prospero's Cave</i> | W.T. Hemsley |
| Scene iii | The Yellow Sands       | W. Telbin    |

### Act Second

|           |                        |            |
|-----------|------------------------|------------|
| Scene i   | A Wood                 | R. McLeary |
| Scene ii  | A Barren Waste Before  | R. Douglas |
| Scene iii | <i>Prospero's Cell</i> | R. Douglas |

Scene iv

Another Part of the Island

R. Douglas

## Act Third

Scene i

The Cliffs

W.T. Hemsley

Scene ii

*In Prospero's Cave*

W.T. Hemsley

Scene iii

*Prospero's Cave*

W.T. Hemsley

Scene iv

The Yellow Sands

W. Telbin

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## Programme of Music

OVERTURE

Arr. By Adolf  
Schmid

STORM MUSIC

INTERLUDE after First Scene

Arthur Sullivan

SONGS in Third Scene

Edward German

"Come unto these yellow sands"

Arthur Sullivan

"Full fathom five thy father lies"

Arthur Sullivan

After Act 1

ENTR'ACTE

Raymond Rose

ENTR'ACTE

Edward German

In Act II

SONGS

"Where the bee sucks"

Dr Arne

"While you here do snoring lie"

Raymond Rose

INTERLUDE after First Scene

Arthur Sullivan

INTERLUDE after Second Scene "Ferdinand"

Raymond Rose

INTERLUDE after Third Scene

Arthur Sullivan

After Act II

ENTR'ACTE - Nymphs' and Banquet Dance

Arthur Sullivan

In Act III

INTERLUDE after First Scene Raymond Rose

INTERLUDE after Second Scene - Storm Raymond Rose

In Second Scene

TRIO OF GODDESSES Raymond Rose

NYMPHS' AND REAPERS' BALLET Raymond Rose

MUSIC for Dance of Shapes Raymond Rose

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# The Tempest

## Act First

### Scene I

On a Ship at Sea: a tempestuous-noise of thunder and lightning heard. ([Illustration](#))

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain

Boats. Here, master: what cheer ?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners! fall to 't, yareley, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

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 Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of the king ?

[There is a great crash of thunder. Ariel is seen steering the ship which, taking fire, begins to sink as the curtain falls. ]

N.B.-This Prologue is played during the progress of the Overture.

### Scene II

The Island. *Prospero's Cell.* ([Illustration](#))

Prospero is discovered seated reading from his book. The storm dies away gradually.

Enter Miranda. ([Illustration](#))

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures 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 ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. (rises) Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. 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.

Mir. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

[Lays down his mantle. ]

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

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely ordered, that there is no soul,

No, not so much perdition as an hair

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down; [Miranda sits at Prospero's feet. ]

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often

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

And left me to a bootless inquisition.

Concluding "Stay: not yet."

Pros . The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;

Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

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

Mir. 'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance.

Had I not four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. [Rising. ]

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and

A prince of power.

Mir. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence

Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds

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

Which is from my remembrance! Please you farther.

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio –

I pray thee, mark me that a brother should

Be so perfidious! - [Distant thunder. ] He whom next thyself,  
Of all the world I loved, and to him put  
The manage of my state.

Thy false uncle - having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'the state  
To what tune pleased his ear. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind,  
He needs will be

Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable: confederates  
Wi' the King of Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd - alas, poor Milan! -  
To most ignoble stooping,

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros . Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he

Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Did Antonio open

The gates of Milan, and, i' **the dead of darkness,**  
**Hurried thence me and thy crying self.**

**Mir. Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?**

**Pros Well demanded, wench:**

**My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me-  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us;  
To sigh to the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.**

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

**Pros. O, a cherubin**

**Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt.**

**Mir.** How came we ashore?

**Pros.** By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

**Mir.** Would I might

But ever see that man!

**Pros.** Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

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

**Pros.** Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune  
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore. Here cease more questions:  
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way: [Miranda sleeps. ]  
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel. ([Illustration](#))

**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.

**Pros.** 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 flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
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 Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake. [ A noise of thunder. ]

**Pros.** My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil



Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring, - then like reeds, not hair, -  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son I have landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,

The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,  
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
Bound sadly -home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,  
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd - but there's more work.

The time 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 promised,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now, moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out ? no more!

Ari. I prithee,

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.

Pros. Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did tree thee?

Ari. No.

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

Ari. I do not, sir.

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

Ari. No, sir.

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

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
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  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island-  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born - not honour'd with  
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. 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 mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

Ari. Pardon, master;

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

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

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? Say what. What shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:

Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape  
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!  
[Exit Ariel.]

### Scene III.

#### The Yellow Sands.

*At Ariel's disappearance there is a roll of thunder, and the Scene darkens. In the darkness is faintly heard the singing of the Sea-nymphs, and through the mists we discern them dancing on the yellow sands and on the waves of the sea. The light is mystical - "the light that never was on sea or land."*

Chorus. Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear  
Hark, hark! Bow-wow!  
The watch-dogs bark; Bow-wow,  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer.

*[ At the end of the refrain, the Sea-nymphs vanish and the purple mists dissolve. Prospero enters and calls to Miranda within his cell. On the one side is the entrance to Prospero's cell and on the other there is a forbidding rock inhabited by Caliban.]*

Pros. Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well  
Awake!

#### Enter Miranda.

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

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

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

Pros. 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.

Pros. Come forth, I say I there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise!  
Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

*[ He strikes the rock with his magic wand; the rock opens, disclosing Caliban, "a savage and deformed slave", who crawls out with a fish in his mouth. His dress consists of fur and sea-weed, and round his neck he wears a necklace of shells and pearls, amber and coral, and other precious jewels of the sea. ]* [Illustration](#)

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

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

Pros. Thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them.

Cal. This island's mine, by Sycorax, my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest 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:  
Cursed 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 do you keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

Pros . Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may -move, not kindness. I have used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

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

Pros. Abhorred slave, 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 would'st gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known.

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

[ He tries to strike Prospero, who repels him with his magic wand, and Caliban crouches on the ground. ]

Pros. 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 aches, make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[Aside ] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.

Pros . So, slave; hence.

[Exit Prospero and Miranda into cave. ]

[ Beautiful music is heard. **At its sound Caliban becomes transformed and is moved to dance, making inarticulate sounds as if attempting to sing. Ariel enters with the Nymphs; Caliban disappears over the rock in search of wood; the Nymphs disport themselves on the sands, offering Ariel the treasures of the shore, and decking his person with their aid. At the approach of Ferdinand the Nymphs vanish. Ariel beckons Ferdinand to the sands, singing. ]** (Illustration)

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,  
The wild waves whist  
Foot it featly here and there  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Burthen [dispersedly] Hark, hark!  
Bow-wow.  
The watchdogs bark;  
Bow-wow.  
Ari. Hark, hark I I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.  
[Ariel vanishes ]

Fer. Where should this music be? I' the air or the earth?  
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' th' 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 appears and 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:  
Burthen. Ding-dong.

[ The Sea-nymphs are **peeping from the rocks and from the waves .** ]

**Ari. Hark I now I hear them, - Ding-dong bell.**

**[Ariel vanishes. ]**

**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.**

**Enter Prospero and Miranda from cave.**

**Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance**

**And say what thou seest yond.**

**Mir. What is't ? a spirit?**

**Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,**

**It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.**

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

**As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest**

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

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

**A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows**

**And strays about to find them.**

**Mir. I might call him**

**A thing divine, for nothing natural**

**I ever saw so noble.**

**Fer. [Turns and sees Miranda.] Most sure, the goddess**

**On whom these airs attend!**

**[They advance slowly towards each other in the wonderment of first love. Ferdinand touches Miranda and kneels at her feet. ]**

**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?**

**Mir. No wonder, sir;**

**But certainly a maid.**

**Fer. My language! heavens!**

**I am the best of them that speak this speech,**

**Were I but where 'tis spoken.**

**Pros . How? the best?**

**What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?**

**Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders**

**To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;**

**And. that he does I weep: myself am Naples,**

**Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld**

**The king my father wreck'd.**

**Mir. Alack, for mercy!**

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

**And his brave son being twain.**

**Pros . At the first sight**

**They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,**

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

**I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.**

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently?  
This is the third man that e'er I saw, the first  
That e'er I sighed 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.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.

[Aside. ] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make-the prize light. [To Ferdinand.] One word more; I charge thee;  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros . Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charmed from moving ]

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

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

[Ferdinand attempts to strike Prospero, who raises his wand, at which Ferdinand drops his sword. ]

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! One word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an. impostor! Hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!

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

Mir. My affections

Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but 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.

Pros. [Aside. ] It works. **[Ariel appears. ]**

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel;  
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable. [Exit Ariel.]

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [Exeunt. ]

**[Prospero leads Miranda slowly away, followed by Ferdinand. Caliban enters carrying wood, and watches the lovers; with hatred in his face he lifts a log to strike Ferdinand, but is charmed from doing so by Prospero, and skulks into his rocky lair. Prospero and Miranda move towards the cell, Ferdinand following enrapt. The Sea-nymphs are heard singing faintly as the curtain falls. ]**

**End of Act I**

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## Act Second.

### Scene 1.

A Wood. (Illustration)

Ariel is discovered in a bower made by the surrounding trees, from which wild honey-suckle hangs in profusion. He sings.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
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.

*N.B.-Shakespeare introduced this song, in the last Act of the play, but it is thought to be equally appropriate in the Woodland Scene. The chorus of invisible fairies accompanies the song.*

Enter Alonzo, (Illustrations) Sebastian, (Illustration) Antonio, (Illustration) Gonzalo, (Illustration) Adrian, Francisco and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

Gon . Sir , -

Seb. One: tell.

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

Comes to the entertainer -

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord-

[ They sit and lie on the ground. ]

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

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet, -

Seb. He will be talking.

Gon. Though this island seem to be desert,-

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Gon. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,-

Seb. Yet, -

Gon. Yet, -

Ant. He could not miss't.

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

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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 vouched 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. 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.

Alon. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost.

Fran. Sir, he may live

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs; 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;

The fault's your own.

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.

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, -

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

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

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

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want o' 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 it.

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

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have: but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Enter Ariel , invisible, playing solemn music.

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

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

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except Alonzo, Sebastian and Antonio.]

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

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:

I find 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.

[Alonzo 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. They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? - No more: -

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. Prithce say on.

Ant. Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. 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 feater than before: my brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience ?

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

Seb . Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;  
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together!

Seb. O, but one word. [They talk apart. ]

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, sings .

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 . Now, good angels, preserve the king. [They wake. ]

Alon. Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
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 roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.  
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?  
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one, too, which did awake me:  
As mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.  
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.  
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' th' island.  
Alon. Lead away!

[All go out. Ariel appears again among the honeysuckle .]

Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done;  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. **[Ariel sings. ]**

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs from the bough."

## Scene II.

**A Barren Waste. A storm and noise of thunder.**

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. Illustration

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! [Music. ] His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 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, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

**[Trinculo heard in the distance. ] Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.**

Enter Trinculo. (Illustration)

**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. [ Falls over Caliban.] What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish; he smells like**

a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when 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 thunderbolt. [Thunder. ] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand. (Illustration)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Moll, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Then to sea boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks, and sits on Caliban who gives a cry. Stephano is surprised into sobriety. ]

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our 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, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

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

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.

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.

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 . [ Drags him out by the legs. ] Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

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 gabardine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, 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 o'erboard, by this bottle!

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

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum 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. [Trinculo drinks .]

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, mooncalf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

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

Cal. I've seen thee in her, and I do adore thee

My mistress showed me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; swear. [Caliban drinks. ]

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' th' island;

And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee be my god.

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

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. [Caliban kisses Stephano's foot. ]

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 prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

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

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

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

**Ste.** I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: 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.

[ They all go off dancing and singing the refrain. ]

**Cal.** [Shouting ] Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom!

[Exeunt singing .]

### Scene III.

Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

**Fer.** There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness  
Had never like executor. [Enter Miranda.]

I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busy lest when I do it.

**Mir.** Alas, now pray you,  
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;  
He's safe for these three hours.

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

**Mir.** If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

**Fer.** No, precious creature



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

Mir. It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

Mir You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you -  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers -  
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. - O my father,  
I have broke your best to say so!

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

Mir. I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel is 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.

Enter Prospero at a distance.

Fer. [ Kneeling. ] Miranda; 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.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [Aside. ] Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace

On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. [Rising ] Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take

What I shall die to want. But this is 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. [ Kneels. ]

Mir. My husband, then ?

[ Raising him. ]

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't.

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book. Exit.

[The lovers kiss for the first time. They walk slowly up and look out to sea. A silence falls; the light begins to fade . Miranda's head falls on Ferdinand's shoulder, sweet music is heard, and the scene fades out. ]

#### Scene IV.

##### Another part of the island.

Enter Alonzo, 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 Sebastian.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

**Seb. [Aside to Antonio.] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.**

**Ant. [Aside to Sebastian.] 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 Antonio.] I say, to-night: no more.**

**[Solemn and strange music. ]**

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

**Gon. Marvellous sweet music!**

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

**Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns.**

**Gon. If in Naples**

**I should report this now, would they believe me?**

**If I should say, I saw such islanders -**

**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. 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.**

**Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch you up; and on this island,  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live.**

**[Alonzo, Sebastian, &c., draw their swords. ]**

**You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowl that's in my plume:  
But remember 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,  
Do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death.**

**[There is a crash of thunder followed by a momentary darkness, during which Ariel and the banquet vanish. The light returns and all are standing in amazement, gazing at vacancy. ]**

## **End of Act II**

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## Act Third.

### Scene 1.

The Cliffs.

Caliban is discovered seated on the shore listening to sweet music in the air, and weaving a wreath of flowers wherewith to crown his new-found master. Placing the wreath on his head, he looks at himself in the pool.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo.

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

[Caliban takes the wreath and crowns Stephano.]

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' 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.

[Lies down on his back.]

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

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

[Stephano offers his foot. Trinculo laughs.]

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

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle 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 prithee.

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

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. [Rises and Caliban kneels.]

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's tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

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

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

From me he got it. If thy greatness will

Revenge it on him, - for I know thou darrest,

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!

[Ariel beats Caliban; he, thinking the blow has been dealt by Trinculo, beats him. ]

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 show him

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 o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

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

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? **take thou that. [Beats Trinculo.]**

**Cal. Ha, ha , ha!**

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

**Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him**

**I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,**

**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: burn but his books.**

**And that most deeply to consider is**

**The beauty of his daughter; he himself**

**Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,**

**But only Sycorax my dam and she;**

**But she as far surpasseth Sycorax**

**As great'st does least.**

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord, she will bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, - save our graces! - and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

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

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour,

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest 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.

[Caliban is in deep pain . Ariel plays the tune on a pipe. ]

Ste. What is this 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. **[Stephano strikes at Ariel with his staff. ]**

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 instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
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. [Exeunt. ]

**[Ariel leads them about like a will-o'-the-wisp, then flies above them still playing the air.  
Caliban attempts to dance and sing whilst the others watch him curiously. ]**

## Scene II.

In Prospero's Cave.

Ferdinand sitting on a rock.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

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

And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it

Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchased, take my daughter:

Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

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

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

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?

Pros. 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?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit Ariel.]

Pros. No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [soft music ]

[ Prospero waves his wand, revealing a fairy glen and a lake, in which the Naiads of the winding brooks are playing among the water-lilies: ]

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,

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

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,

Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns: and thy broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;

And thy sea-marge, sterile 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-colour'd messenger that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth; - why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?  
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest lovers.

Cer. High'st queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.  
Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue. [They sing. ]

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you;  
Juno sings her blessings on you.  
Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty,  
Vines with clustering bunches growing,  
Plants with goodly burthen 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.

[They gradually fade from view ]

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits  
Pros. Spirits; which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.  
Fer. Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise.  
Pros . Sweet, now silence!  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[At this moment the water-nymphs are discovered. Iris addresses them. ]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons; Juno does command.

[Addressing certain Reapers who appear. ]

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.  
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

[*At this point Shakespeare introduces a Masque, in which Iris calls on the "Naiads of the winding brooks . . . to celebrate a contract of true love," with the "sunburnt sicklemen of August weary." The author's stage instructions are as follows: - " Enter certain Reapers properly habited. They join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance." To illustrate this incident, I have designed a little Ballet with a purpose, of which the following explanatory story may not be amiss. The Naiads of the winding brooks are discovered disporting themselves in the water among the rushes and water-lilies. Iris calls on them to leave their crisp channels to dance on the green turf. Nothing loth, the Naiads leave their native element and dance as mortals dance. The sudden appearance of the boy Cupid interrupts their revels - the Naiads modestly immerse themselves in the water. Cupid, ever a match-maker, brings in his train the sunburnt sicklemen who, leaving their lonely furrows, are enjoined by Iris to make holiday with the Nymphs "in country footing." Taking advantage of the chaste amiability of the Nymphs, the Reapers endeavour to embrace them, but their advances are indignantly repulsed, the maidens very rightly pointing to their ringless wedding fingers, it being illegal (in fairy-land) to exchange kisses without a marriage certificate. Thus rebuffed, the Reapers continue their dance alone. Suddenly Cupid re-appears on the scene, and shoots a dart in the heart of each coy maiden; at once they relent, and, love conquering restraint, they sue to the Reapers. But the Reapers are now obdurate. They laugh; the maidens weep. Cupid now shoots an arrow into the heart of each of the Reapers, who, seeing their little friends awweep, now sue to them, pointing to their wedding fingers. Cupid reappears on the scene, and an impromptu Wedding is arranged, all the Reapers and Nymphs taking part in the ceremony. To the wedding song of 'Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,' the Nymphs assume the marriage veils which they gather from the mists of the lake, and each having received a ring and a blessing at the hands of the Rev. Master Cupid, they dance off with the Reapers in quest of everlasting happiness, thus triumphantly vindicating the ethics of the drama. No excuse is necessary for this introduction which is in obedience to the author's directions. In the absence of any detailed instruction as to the nature of the Masque introduced by Shakespeare, it is hoped that this fanciful trifle will serve. ]*

Pros. Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
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 palaces,  
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.

[*Aside.* ] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.

**Fer.** This is strange: your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

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

**Pros .** 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.** **Mir.** We wish your peace.

[Exeunt. ]

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

Enter Ariel.

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

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

**Ari.** Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

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

**Ari.** I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
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  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,  
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,

**Pros .** This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;  
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps. Let them be hunted soundly.

**Ari.** I go, I go . [Exit. ]

**Pros.** 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. [Exit. ]

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall: 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. Monster, I do smell all horse-pond; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you.

Trin . Thou wert but a lost monster.

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

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

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

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

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

Cal. Prithce, 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 for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. [Trinculo laughs loudly. ]

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! we shall lose our time,

And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villainous low.

They all creep stealthily to the entrance of Prospero's cell. Enter Ariel. Darkness and thunder. Shakespeare's stage directions are as follows: - "*Enter divers spirits in shapes of dogs and hounds, hunting them about.*" Prospero's magic wand is once more at work. To Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo is now revealed a monstrous cave. At first there is an uncanny silence. The three are paralysed with fear. They attempt to creep off, but are met at every turn by strange shapes which, appearing from behind the rocks, bow to the drunkards with a mocking and haunting politeness. The three men rush up the steps, but are again met by divers spirits with terrible and unearthly shapes. They are hunted about and tortured as Shakespeare directs. Once more they seek to rush from their tormentors, but the air itself is now inhabited by the denizens of night-mares which afflict conscience-stricken men. The shapes laugh a hollow laugh. The punishment of the drunkards is now complete - the comic Inferno dissolves and we are once more in Prospero's cave .

(Illustration) [Exeunt. ]

### Scene III.

Prospero's Cave.

Enter Prospero.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time

Enter Ariel.

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.  
Pros. 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,  
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
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 drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
Go release them, Ariel!

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit. ]

Re-enter Ariel: then Alonzo, Gonzalo, Sebastian and Antonio. They all enter the circle  
which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed, which, Prospero observing, speaks. ]

There stand, for you are spell-stopp'd. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me; Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:  
Quickly, spirit. Thou shalt ere long be free.  
[Exit Ariel.]

I will discase me, and myself present. As I was sometime Milan.

Reenter Ariel with sword and coronet.

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

[Prospero waves his wand and removes the spell. ]

Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.  
Alon. But how should Prospero be living and be here?  
Pros. [To Gonzalo.] First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot

Be measured or confined.  
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,  
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation  
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.

Pros. Pray you, look in. **[Pointing to cell. ]**

**Enter Ferdinand and Miranda.**

Alon. If this prove  
A vision of the Island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;  
I have cursed them without cause.

**[Kneels at Alonzo's feet. ]**

Mir O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beautous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in it.

Pros . 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid?

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

Fer. **[Kisses Miranda.]** Sir, she is mortal;  
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!

Pros. There, sir, stop

Let us not burthen our remembrance with  
A heaviness that's gone.

Alon. **[To Ferdinand and Miranda.]** Give me your hands:  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

**Enter Ariel.**

Pros. [Aside to Ariel. ] My tricky spirit!  
Set Caliban and his companions free;  
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.]  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Enter Ariel , driving in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

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 in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb, Ha, ha!

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.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe;

How camest 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.

Pros. You'd be the king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to Caliban.]

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape. Go, sirrah.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

[He kneels at the feet of Miranda and goes out, followed by Trinculo and Stephano.]

Pros . 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.

[The ship's crew are heard singing in the distance. ]

I promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.

[Exeunt Ferdinand, Miranda, Antonio, Sebastian, &c.]

My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! [Exit Ariel.]

[At this point I have ventured to make a slight transposition, and practically to end the play with the following beautiful lines, omitting the Epilogue in which the actor addresses himself to the audience. ]

Pros. 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 that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured 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 promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
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, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

#### FINAL TABLEAU. [\(Illustration\)](#)

[Prospero breaks his staff, at which there is lightning and thunder, followed by darkness. Through the darkness we gradually see once more a picture of the Yellow Sands enveloped in a purple haze. *The Nymphs are again singing "Come unto these yellow sands." But their music is broken by the homing-song of the sailors, and we see the ship sailing away, carrying Prospero and the lovers, and all their train. Caliban creeps from his cave, and watches the departing ship bearing away the freight of humanity which for a brief spell has gladdened and saddened his island home, and taught him to "seek for grace." For the last time Ariel appears, singing the song of the bee. Taking flight at the words "Merrily, merrily shall I live now," the voice of the sprite rises higher and higher until it is merged into the note of the lark - Ariel is now free as a bird. Caliban listens for the last time to the sweet air, then turns sadly in the direction of the departing ship. The play is ended. As the curtain rises again, the ship is seen on the horizon, Caliban stretching out his arms towards it in mute despair. The night falls, and Caliban is left on the lonely rock. He is a King once more.*

H. B. T. ]

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## Characters



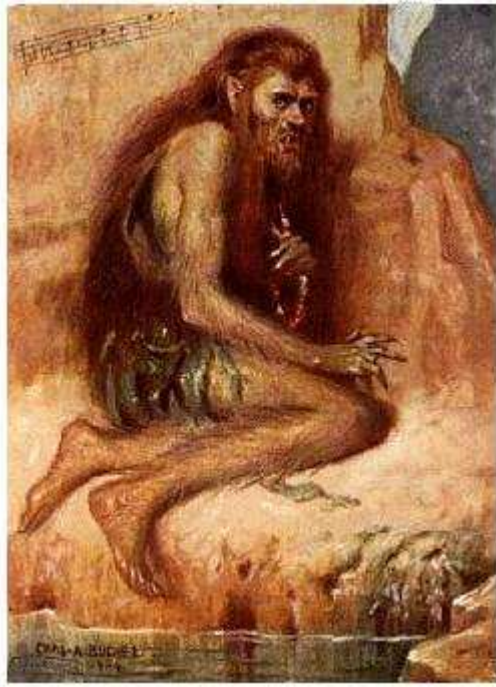
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**Ariel**



**Prospero**



**Ferdinand**



**Miranda**



**Antonio**



**Trinculo**

**Illustrations from the first programme**



**Ariel**



**Ferdinand**



**Miranda**



**Prospero**



**Sebastian**



**Trinculo**

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**Extracts from the theatre programme for the first performances of Beerbohm Tree's production.**

**"The Tempest"**

Of all Shakespeare's works *The Tempest* is probably the one which most demands the aids of modern stage-craft. Frequent allusions are made in the course of the play to the magic effects by which the poet's fantastic imaginings are translated to the senses of the spectator. No apology, therefore, is needed for having striven to present this masterpiece in such a manner as to appeal to the student and the playgoer alike. So much has been written and said by recognised authorities on the subject of the play and of the characters which animate it, that any disquisition would be superfluous on this occasion. The characters of Ariel, of Caliban, of Prospero and of Miranda are self explanatory. And assuredly that art is best which does not require a foot-note. For the sake of the children, however, of whom our audience is largely composed, I have thought fit to quote generously from Charles Lamb's delightful *Tales From Shakespeare*. For the purposes of the stage I have followed the custom familiar to the audience, that of presenting the play in three acts.

In the second act a Masque takes place in which Iris calls on the "Naiads of the winding brooks" to celebrate a contract of true love with the "Sunburnt sicklemen of August -weary." The author's stage instructions are as follows: "Enter certain reapers, properly habited - they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance." To illustrate this incident I have designed a little ballet with a purpose, of which the following explanatory story may not be amiss. The Naiads of the winding brooks are discovered disporting themselves in the water among the rushes and water-lilies. Iris calls on them to leave their crisp channels to dance on the green turf. Nothing loth, the Naiads leave their native element and dance as mortals dance. The sudden appearance of the boy Cupid interrupts their revels-the Naiads modestly immerse themselves in the water. Cupid, ever a matchmaker, brings in his train the sunburnt sicklemen who, leaving their lonely furrow, are enjoined by Iris to make holiday with the nymphs "in country footing". Taking advantage of the chaste amiability of the nymphs, the reapers endeavour to embrace them, but their advances are indignantly repulsed, the maidens very rightly pointing to their ringless wedding-fingers, it being illegal (in fairyland) to exchange kisses without a marriage certificate. Thus rebuffed, the reapers continue their dance alone. Suddenly Cupid re-appears on the scene, and shoots a dart in the heart of each coy maiden - at once they relent, and love conquering restraint, they sue to the reapers ; but the reapers are now obdurate. They laugh, the maidens weep. Cupid now shoots an arrow into the heart of each of the reapers, who, seeing their little friends weep, now sue to them, pointing to their wedding-fingers. Cupid reappears on the scene, and an impromptu wedding is arranged, all the reapers and nymphs taking part in the ceremony. To the wedding song of "honour, riches, marriage, blessing", the nymphs assume the marriage veils which they gather from the mists of the lake, and each having received a ring and a blessing at the hands of the Rev. Master Cupid, they dance off in quest of everlasting happiness, thus triumphantly vindicating the ethics of the drama.

H. B. T.

**Date of "The Tempest"**

MUCH controversy has raged round the question as to when Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*, but most commentators agree

with Malone in assigning its date to A.D. 1610-1611. There are several facts which fix the limit of the composition to the period included between the years 1603-1614. In the former year Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays was published, and this work contains almost word for word Gonzalo's description of a commonwealth as mentioned in Act II., i, 142, etc.: "I' the commonwealth I would by contraries execute all things."



That Shakespeare was acquainted with these essays we may be certain, for a copy of the book, with his name attached, is now in the British Museum. Again the oft-quoted lines in Act IV., i, 151 "And, like the baseless fabric of this vision," resemble very much a passage in the Tragedy of Darius, written by the Earl of Stirling in 1603- Probably Shakespeare was haunted by the charm of the idea so worded, and incorporated them - almost unconsciously - in his own beautiful play. We may safely determine 1603 as the earliest limit at which the play could have been written. For the later limit, 1614, we have to rely upon a passage in the Prologue of Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, which is said to refer to Shakespeare's Tempest. The passage is as follows: "If there be never a Servant-monster i' the Fayre, who can help it, he sayes, nor a nest of Antiques? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his Playes like those that beget Tales, Tempests and such-like Drolleries."

Bartholomew Fair was acted in 1614: therefore the period embraced between the years 1603-1614 is most probably the nine in which Shakespeare wrote this play. It is conjectured by some that The Tempest was written before *The Winter's Tale*, and it is known that this latter was performed in 1611. Now a circumstance fraught with what might have eventuated in tragedy had taken



place in 1609, and it is suggested by many authorities - Charles Kean amongst the number - that this incident may have influenced Shakespeare in the writing of The Tempest, or may indeed have directly inspired him to do so, and that was the discovery of the "Still-Vext Bermoothes" by Sir George Sommers, who commanded the expedition sent out by the Adventurers and Company of Virginia, an expedition which ended in a disastrous shipwreck. Now these islands as "of all nations were said and supposed to be enchanted and inhabited by witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunderstorms and tempests near unto these islands: also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks that few can approach them, but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck."

In this spirit and indeed in these very words wrote old Stowe and Silvester Jourdan, one of the survivors, who actually entitled his playful little brochure: A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divils. Charles Kean finely points out that, as during the century that followed the first revelation of a new hemisphere to the eyes of astonished Europe, and the mind of man was then repeatedly excited by the announcement of fresh wonders, The Tempest may very well be taken as representing an age of discoveries. Kean regards Shakespeare as sitting down to its composition inspired by the memory and the deeds of Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Ferdinand Magellan, Sebastian Cabot, Francis Drake, Walter

Raleigh and all the other heroic adventurers, who so distinguished themselves in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth

### Former Productions

Dryden tells us that the play was first enacted at the Blackfriars Theatre, and then at the Duke of York's Theatre. It was one of the dramas selected early in 1613 for presentation before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine Elector. The introduction of the Masque in the fourth act affords some ground for the conjecture that the comedy was originally written expressly for its performance before the Court. According to Downes, there was played in 1673, at the theatre in Dorset Garden, "The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island", made into an Opera by Mr. Shadwell, having all New in it: as Scenes, Machines particularly, one Scene Painted with Myriads of Ariel Spirits; and another flying away, with a Table Furnish'd out with Fruits, Sweetmeats, and all sorts of Viands; just when Duke Trinculo and his Companions were going to Dinner; all things was perform'd in it so Admirably well, that not any succeeding Opera got more Money." John Kemble produced *The Tempest* with – to quote a contemporary writer – "extraordinary magnificence." "Prospero" he assigned to himself – and a more impressive performance, we are told, the stage never witnessed. He realised all that can be conceived by the Magi – of one who held in dominion the spirits of the elements. His reproaches of "Caliban" were in a tone of stern authority, mingled with pity for his debasement – his behests to "Ariel" were chastened by a tender regard for so grateful and exquisite a being. In delivering the following threat to "Caliban" –



"I'll rack thee with old cramps:

Fill all thy bones with aches – make thee roar."

Mr. Kemble pronounced "aches" as a word of two syllables. "To this," to quote the same authority, "the mob of small critics dissented, and, as became their vulgar wisdoms, converted the theatre into a bear garden. If patriotism be the last refuge of a scoundrel, the word pedantry is the dernier resort of the illiterate, who apply this favourite term to whatever is too recondite for their worshipful comprehensions. As Mr. Kemble could not be persuaded to surrender his judgment, he gave up the line altogether and retired from a contest, where victory over such opponents could confer no honour, and collision would be certain to inflict disgrace." One is led to think that Mr. Kemble took himself and his critics too seriously.

In 1824, Macready produced the play at Drury Lane, when he played the part of "Prospero"; Mr. Brown was "Caliban" and Madame Vestris appeared as "Ariel".

Charles Kean "presented" *The Tempest* at the Princess's Theatre in 1857, when he played the part of "Prospero," Miss Kate Terry undertaking "Ariel," Miss Carlotta LeClercq the part of "Miranda," and Mr. Ryder that of "Caliban." As to-day, so then in that far-off period, the scenery was painted by Mr. Telbin, then the father, today the son. On this occasion, Charles Kean made the following appeal to his audience – an appeal which is not without a special interest at the present moment. "The kind indulgence of the public is requested should any lengthened delay take place between the acts during the first representation of *The Tempest*. This appeal is made with greater confidence, when it is stated that the scenic appliances of the play are of a more extensive and complicated nature than have ever yet been attempted in any theatre in Europe, requiring the aid of above 140 operatives nightly, who (unseen by the audience) are engaged in working the machinery, and in carrying out the various effects." Mr.

Kean, no allusion being made to a definite period of action, selected the thirteenth century as a date for costumes. "In the stage arrangement," he writes, "I have ventured to depart almost entirely from conventional precedent. To the close of the third act, for instance, where 'strange shapes' without any specified identity, are described as bringing in a



banquet, I have endeavoured to give a mythological tone throughout, the principal demons and goblins commanded to torture the brute 'Caliban' and his drunken associates 'Trinculo' and 'Stephano,' at the close of the fourth act, are copied from Furies depicted in Etruscan vases." This proves that Charles Kean had a no lesser sense of the importance of stage treatment than have our latter-day stage directors.

### The Music

There is good reason to believe that "Wilson's Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, Oxford, 1660," has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*, viz., "Full fathom five"

and "Where the bee sucks"; the composer was R. Johnson, who, in 1660 [sic], wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry; in 1616 he is alluded to as "one of His Majestie's Musicians for the lute." In the edition of *The Tempest*, printed in 1790, Goodwin declares that the music is one of the easiest and best of Purcell's compositions for the stage. Charles Kean, writing of his own production of *The Tempest*, to which reference has already been made, says "A great change has been made in the orchestral arrangements, under the direction of Mr. J.L. Hatton, who, with the exception of a few favourite and well-known airs, has composed the whole of the music. To give full strength to the vocal department, Miss Poole has been specially engaged to appear as 'Juno' in the Masque, and to take the solo parts in the invisible choruses which pervade the performance. The songs usually allotted to 'Ariel' will be transferred to this lady as leader of the spirit choir." In the present production, Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is used, with additional numbers specially composed by Mr. Raymond Roze.



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