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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS TUCKER BROOKE
WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TEXT ........................................... 1
NOTES ........................................... 84
APPENDIX A. Sources of the Play .......... 89
APPENDIX B. History of the Play .......... 92
APPENDIX C. Suggestions for Collateral Reading .......... 94
APPENDIX D. The Text of the Present Edition .......... 95
INDEX OF WORDS GLOSSED ............ 97
The facsimile opposite represents the title-page of the 1623 Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, in which 'The Tempest' occupies first place. The photograph is made from the Elizabethan Club copy. On the page facing the title the Folio has the following note, signed with Ben Jonson's initials:—

'To the Reader.
This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.'
MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Original Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

ALONSO, King of Naples
SEBASTIAN, his Brother
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor
ADRIAN, and Lords
FRANCISCO
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave
TRINCULO, a Jester
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler
Master of a Ship
Boatswain
Mariners
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero
ARIEL, an airy Spirit
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO,
Nymphs,
Reapers,

SCENE: [A Ship at Sea,] an uninhabited Island
The sense of freedom is the sense of nature had first to gain that enormous influence which they have exercised over the thought. A modern man since the romantic movement before the figure of Ariel could acquire the full charm and attraction which it has for us today.

Schücking p. 253
Where given and torn.

Good luck as always.
The Tempest

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[On a Ship at Sea]

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, 4 bestir.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. @Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
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.

3 Good: good friend 4 yarely: nimbly
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. Exeunt.

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. A cry within.

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

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

they set sail close to the wind by means of the main sheet
The sailors break into the spirit room. They all died under kitches.
Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning: though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

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

Enter Mariners, wet.

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

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning, The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid' st to glut him.

A confused noise within,—'Mercy on us!'—

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

_Ant._ Let's all sink wi' the king.

_Sebe._ Let's take leave of him.

_Exeunt._

_Gon._ Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death._

Exit.

Scene Two

_[The Island: before the Cell of Prospero]_

_Enter Prospero and Miranda._

_Mira._ If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd and The fraughting souls within her.

_Pro._ Be collected:

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

_Mira._ O, woe the day!

_Pro._' No harm.

_6 brave: fine
13 fraughting souls, etc.: human beings who composed her freight
14 amazement: horror_
He is a magician as she knows

She does not know all.
‘When he sat off his gout-making
used to say, "he then there,
Lord Treasurer."
Hull’s Lord Busby is
The Tempest, I. ii

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.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have com-
fort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;
For thou must now know further.

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

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

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

22 meddle: mingle
35 bootless inquisition: fruitless inquiry
30 perdition: loss
41 Out: fully
Pro. By what? by any other house or person?
of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off; 44
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

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

Mira. But that I do not. 52

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

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and 56
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence? 60
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, fur-
ther.

50 backward: past 55 piece: masterpiece
59 no worse issued: of no lower birth 64 teen: sorrow
65 from: gone from
old/noun/plural
For the audience

check

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

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

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

Mira. O, good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother.
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

_Mira._

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

_Pro._ To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be

_Absolute Milan._ Me, poor man,—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,—
So dry he was for sway,—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.

_Mira._

O the heavens!

_Pro._ Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

_Mira._

I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Knowing in Miranda the innocent
For the audience
The Tempest, I. ii

Pro. Now the condition. 120
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother’s suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o’ the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i’ the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity! 132
I, not rememb’ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o’er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to t.

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

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar’d

123 in . . . premises: in consideration of the conditions
125 presently: at once
134 hint: theme
A rotten carcass of a butt, 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.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. 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,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

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

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here

146 butt: tub
157 undergoing stomach: enduring courage
165 steaded much: stood us in good stead
155 deck'd: sprinkled
169 Cf. n.
Present for minders

Shakespeare and Hebrew (M. pl. Scig so Luve)

Love the decken: to cover or spreck?
况

Counteful

She's not been attentive before.
The Tempest, I. ii

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can, that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

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

Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-
tions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

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

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

172 made . . . profit: caused thee to become more proficient
177 thus far forth: this much
178 zenith: height of my fortunes
179 dear: benignant, bountiful
180 prescience: foresight
181 most auspicious star
182 influence: effect, impact
183 omit: neglect
184 way: manner
185 I know thou canst not choose: I know you cannot choose
186 approach, my Ariel: come to me
187 hither: here
188 away: go away
189 task: employ
190 to point: accurately
191 ride: fly
192 bade thee: command you
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame 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.

_Pro._ My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil,
Would not infect his reason?

_Ari._ Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, 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.'

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

_Ari._ Close by, my master.

_Pro._ But are they, Ariel, safe?

_Ari._ Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;

197 in the waist: amidships
200 distinctly: separately
202 momentary: instantaneous
207 coil: tumult
218 sustaining garments: garments which held them up (?)
Possibly from Strachey's pamphlet which describes the St. Eneas fire.

The sailors were below drinking to briel

sea-stained
Ariel folding his arms

Bermoothes near the name of the South
Bermoothes
"the Bermudas ever tormented by storms."

Magicians maintained their charms only by constant vigilance.
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

_Pro._ Of the king's ship

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
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-vex'd Bermoothes; there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.

_Pro._ Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

_Ari._ Past the mid season.

_Pro._ At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and

now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

_Ari._ Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me

pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd
Which is not yet perform'd me.

_Pro._ How now! moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

223 odd angle: out-of-the-way corner 227 nook: bay 228 dew; cf. n.
229 still-vex'd: ever tempestuous Bermoothes: Bermudas
234 flote: sea 240 glasses: hours [reckoned by the hourglass]
242 pains: laborious tasks
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee, Remember, I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst prom-
ise

To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think' st it much to tread the ooze Of the salt deep, To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' th' earth When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. 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.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O! was she so? I must, Once in a month, recount what thou hast been, Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sy-
corax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier, Thou know'est, was banish'd: for one thing she did
Shakespeare makes us come about the necessity for exposition.

In anger he speaks the rebuke which supplies information to the audience.

'Squaw' in Greek means death struggle.

This name lasted till Restoration times.

Lamb says he puzzled over this as a child to that he failed the 'string' in the story of a witch who was pardoned for delivering Algiers.
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

_Pro._ This _blue-ey'd hag_ was hither brought with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her _earthy_ and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans

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.

_Pro._ Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

_Pro._ If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak

---

blue-ey'd: blue round the eyes
heits: behests
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master; 296
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spirit ing gently.

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

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph of the sea: be
subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!

Exit [Ariel].

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

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

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

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

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

297 correspondent: obedient
311 miss: do without
used by Cath. writing in reference to grace.

why must Ariel be invisible?

magic? or dreams?

The union saltbren
i.e. gross thing.

The Chaldee fish-god is a "fish legged like a man, and his feet like anus." modern Cebitans are monkey-like.
The Southern wind is hot and sequester.
Southern winds corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh men fall into sickness.
Bateman upon Bartholomew

all the places which gave him joy.
Enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

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

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest
first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fer-
tile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms

317 quaint: dainty, trim
326 urchins: hobgoblins
327 vast: long void
321 wicked: baleful
334 berries; cf. n.
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

_Pro._ Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

_Cal._ Oh ho! Oh ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

_Pro._ Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst devis'd more than a prison.

_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!

_Pro._ Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,

351 Cf. n. 364 _rid:_ destroy
This struck Miranda's in & every good reason for its so being. But, she was 3yrs. and then —

"prague & pestilence, or red plague"
Lodge's Yellow Scilla

"Feet up it lathes on the grassie ground."
The Tempest, I. ii

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.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

Exit Caliban.

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel. Song.

'Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!'

Burthen dispersedly: 'Bow, wow.'

Ari. 'The watch-dogs bark:'

Burthen dispersedly: 'Bow, wow.'

Ari. 'Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.'

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

378 whist: hushed; cf. n. 379 featly: gracefully, deftly
380 burthen: refrain
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
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.

Ari. **Song.**

'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!'

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

Fer. The ditty does **remember** my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

*Pro*. The fringed curtains of thine eye **advance**, 405
And say what thou seest yond.

*Mira.*

What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

*Pro*. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st,
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief,—that's beauty's **canker**,—thou might'st call him 412

---

390 passion: **suffering**
404 owes: **owns**
412 canker: **worm that feeds on flowers**
402 remember: **commemorate**
405 advance: **lift**
She has been sleeping - the abhorrentio to her a kind of magic vision. A whole scene of magic worked by Ariel.
no married
The Tempest, I. ii

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

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

Pro. [Aside.] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

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

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that 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 wrack'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son being twain.

420 remain: dwell 429 single: solitary, with pun on feeble
Pro. [Aside.] The Duke of Milan, and his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't.—At the first sight
They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[To Fer.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speak my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

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

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more—
[Aside.] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[To Fer.] One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st 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.

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

Pro. Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come;

436 control: confute
440 done . . . wrong: erred in your account of yourself
Prospero the watchmaker
That's not like Caliban, who has... 
deserved such treatment.

Set the foot above the head?
The Tempest, I. ii

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

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

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

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

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

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
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.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition

462 entertainment: treatment 465 fearful: dangerous (?)
466 foot: inferior (referring to Miranda)
468 come . . . ward: abandon your posture of defense
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. [To Fer.] 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 wrack 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' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. [Aside.] It works.—[To Fer.] Come on.—Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To Fer.] Follow me.—

[To Ariel.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

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

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

Ari. To the syllable.

Ferdinand and Miranda both enchanted.
District visitor

From
ACT SECOND

Scene One

[Another Part of the Island]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, 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. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr thee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

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

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell. (count)

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

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

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

5 merchant: merchant-ship the merchant: the owner of the cargo
11 visitor: visitor to one in affliction 15 tell: count
19 Dolour: grief, used punningly
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

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

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So you're paid.—Adrian begins

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

37 Ha, ha, ha! etc.; cf. n.

41 miss it; cf. n.

43 temperance: temperature (In the next line Temperance is a proper noun)
meaning
Fenston again

and with expanding

naturally

Stillman
The Tempest, II. i

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny. dried up

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

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

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

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

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

58 eye: spot
64 vouch'd: asserted
59 misses not much: is not for wrong
69 pockets; cf. n.
Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais’d the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time, very well

Gon. [To Alon.] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e’er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish’d for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy remov’d,

90 miraculous harp; cf. n. 100 in good time: very well
109 in a sort: to a certain extent
116 well fish’d for: long in being ‘fish’d up,’ or uttered
114 stomach: inclination sense: feelings 116 rate: reckoning
Like the harp of Orpheus which magically raised the walls of Thebes, i.e., he has built a city by making Tuniso Carthage one.

aloyno waknag

sense - sensibilities
Francisco's me speak.

The daughter did not wish to be married.

They put the ship away near the boat - they will get return - Johnson's suggestion.
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live: 120
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 124
'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 128
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; 132
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself 136
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost
your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have 140
Widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

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

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

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

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

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

*Bourn,* bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty,—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on 't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth

forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine.
right to plant

Plato's Republic — Montaigne — S1. If 1693
"I the cannibals": "It is a nation, novels saimer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no name of magistrates, no of politike superiorities; no use of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no participles, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred, but common, no afford by natural, no managing of lands, no base communit’ of mine. Come, so settle. The very words that respect lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, contentious, envy, detraction & passion, were never heard of amongst them."
fusion in a space

"tickle of the sense"

old Dat. - forming
ending reduced
ings, engs, -ings, -ings
sickling, sickling
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir?

*Alon.* Prithhee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter Ariel, [invisible,]* playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

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

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure

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*Footnotes:*

170 *it*; *its* *foison*: plenty
181 *sensible*: sensitive *nimble*: easily excited
188 *An*: if *flat-long*: flat (a blow struck with the flat of a sword)
189 *mettle*: temper 190 *out of her sphere*; *cf. n.*
193 *a-bat-fowling*: bird hunting at night 195 *adventure*: risk
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. [All sleep but Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

Alon. What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd 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.


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 dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No more:— And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou should'st be. The occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

196 discretion: reputation for discretion 198 Go sleep, etc.; cf. n.
202 heavy: drowsy 211 consent: mutual agreement
215 speaks thee: proclaims thee (King)
Bat-fancier—also a thieves' trick
was pract. about dusk, when the rogue
pretended to have lost his ring at the don
Asleep, going in, asked for a candle to
look for it. After some peering about, the
bat-fancier would drop the candle as if
by accident. "How I pray you, good young
man," he would say, "to do so much a light
the candle again!" While the boy was away
the rogue plundered the shop... (continued
from Varierus)

How convenient to have hired! Thus
the plot may go forward.

tragic in earlier drama
Pope objected to this despicable plot. Coleridge explains the manner of its introduction - the magic which the preliminary conversation in which Antonio and Sebastian are shown to be Cipher lovers. self.

purpose to be kind.
Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely, It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather: wink'st While thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

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

Seb. Prithee, say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth indeed Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

224, 225 wink'st . . . waking: keep'st thine eyes shut, when awake
229 Trebles thee o'er: triples thy value standing: between the ebb and the flow
233, 234 Cf. n. 238 matter: matter of importance 239 throes: pains
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive.
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O! out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions

240 weak remembrance: failing memory
243, 244 only Professes: makes it his sole profession
250 Cf. n.
256 note: information post: messenger
258 she that, etc.; cf. n.
259 cast: disgorged, with pun on 'casting of actors' for a play
262 In... discharge: to be determined by what you and I do
Refer here to Vougalbo but the single-siphon Nauceseo was really the one who urged the impossible belief.

In the crown will be gained.
though's language enough
language with good
and good enough
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
   Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
   Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
   And let Sebastian wake!'—Say, this were death
   That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
   Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
   As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
   As amply and unnecessarily
   As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
   'And look how well my garments sit upon me;
   Much 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? if it were a kibe,
   'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
   This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
   That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
   And melt ere they molest! Here lies your
   brother,
   No better than the earth he lies upon,
   If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;

267 Measure: trace
273, 274 make . . . chat: teach a jackdaw to chatter as profoundly
277 content: contentment
281 feater: more gracefully
287 candied, etc.; cf. n.
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 pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

_Ant._

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

_Seb._ O! but one word. [They converse apart.]

Enter Ariel [invisible] with music and song.

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

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

'While you here do snoring lie,

Open-e y'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:

_Ant._ Then let us both be sudden.

_Gon._

Preserve the king!

296 suggestion: prompting (to disloyalty)
304 fall: let fall
297 tell; cf. n.
314 sudden: swift to act
To give my enemy a lasting wick

Winter's Tale.

Count the strokes + pretend they tally
with our purpose (Mortarhile)

Place of Sebastian to kill the King, his brother.

Then in A.D.

more of Prospero's skill in magic
You first awakened
Alon. Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. While 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.
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; 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' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

318 securing: keeping guard over
329 verily: verily so
Scene Two

[Another Part of the Island]

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! 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 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—

Enter Trinculo.

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.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-
ing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black 20
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
pierced - a. S. Maclean (portion)

Prospero in Act I threatens these.

Sd.

pointly pronounced full
in a bond outside a booth at a fair.

Small Dutch coin

Brought to England by Frolicher in 1576
Others in 1605, 1608, 1611
head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall 24
by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a
fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a
fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind
of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! 28
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 32
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. Legg'd like a man!
and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do 36
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 40
under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter
hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange
bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of
the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing [a bottle in his hand].
Ste. 'I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore:—'

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

Sings:
'The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I, 49
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car’d for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"
She lov’d not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e’er she did itch:  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!'

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

Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: O!
Ste. What’s the matter? Have we devils here?  
Do you put tricks upon us with savages and  
men of Ind? ha? I have not ’scaped drowning,  
to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath  
been said, As proper a man as ever went on four  
legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall  
be said so again while Stephano breathes at  
nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!
Ste. This is some monster of the isle with  
four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.  
Where the devil should he learn our language?  
I will give him some relief, if it be but for that:  
if I can recover him and keep him tame and  
get to Naples with him, he’s a present for any  
emperor that ever trod on neat’s-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, 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 80  
to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and  
keep him tame, I will not take too much for
Taught by Prospero, conveniently.
In the morality plays, the Devil + the Vice would take food from opposite sides of the same spoon of great length.
him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking,-I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

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. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?
Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdisne 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 cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

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

Ste. Here: swear then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

130 sack: white Spanish wine
That is, the bottle

formed imperfectly through the influence of the moon
Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' 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.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew 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 clust'ring 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. 'Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.'

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. 'No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firring
At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.'

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom! high-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. Exeunt.

180 crabs: crab-apples 181 pig-nuts: earth-nuts
185 scamels; cf. n. 188 inherit: take possession
196 trenchering: trenchers
Stephanus the king.

Mincolo - cup bearer

Caliban, worshipper

Jall drunk as
So the bad Pope. Prosper's war

ask passages of think of her.
ACT THIRD

Scene One

[Before Prospero’s Cell]

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

_Fer._ There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them; 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 compos’d 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 base-
ness
Had never like executor. [I forget: my task]
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero [at a distance].

_Mira._ Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin’d to pile!
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.

2 sets off: makes attractive 15 busy lest, when I do it; cf. n.
Fer. O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.  
Mira. If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.  
Fer. No, precious creature:  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.  
Mira. It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.  
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected:  
This visitation shows it.  
Mira. You look wearily.  
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—  
What is your name?  
Mira. Miranda.—O my father!  
I have broke your best to say so.  
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd 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 lik'd several women; never any.  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!

32 visitation: sudden affliction (with pun on the meaning 'visit')
42 several: various
46 put . . . foil: defeated
pun on visit

play a words Miranda means "admired"

at. fouler - & trample underfoot
She earlier recalled
some gentrified women
who tended her and
small child of 3.

Use of the body
generally:

0-7 failure the
fashions, make
The Tempest, III. i

So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember.
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

53 skillless: ignorant
59 condition: rank
58 Something: somewhat
70 invert: transform
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
    Fer. Wherefore weep you? 76
    Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself 80
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 84
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.
    Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
    Mira. My husband then? 88
    Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
    Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now
farewell
Till half an hour hence.
    Fer. A thousand thousand! 90

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be, 92
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book:
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. 94

84 fellow: companion 89 bondage: one in bondage
93 withal: thereby 94 book: book of magic
standing protectingly by.

said crunching?
"Have another"

 complains up - up with
the help of after
 seen + board'ee.
Scene Two

[Another Part of the Island]

Enter Caliban, 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.

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.

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

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? 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 pleas'd 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.

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. Thoa liest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.
1. F. del Busto
paid = money
macca = Italiens
mamma = small child

dried cod beaten before it is dried
The Tempest, III. ii

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

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

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

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and, by
this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and
make a stock-fish of thee.


Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A pox o' your

73 pied: motley  patch: fool
77 quick: gushing  freshes: springs
81 stock-fish: dried cod
bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A mur-

rain on your monster, and the devil take your

fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee

stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time

I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

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

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they 'l do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;

He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:

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 become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daugh-

ter and I will be king and queen,—save our

graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-

roys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
The red plague.

Caliban believes Prospero's superiority 
his only in his book. Knowledge, the 
common supposition of the unlearned. 
Caliban accounts for his use of such 
strange words.

This plot is a burlesque or parody 
of the Sebastian-Antonio plot.
troll the bowl is i send it round

catch like other partners - a round except that on part answers another by the arrangement of divisions.

Pom. ne. to a peer no-body & some-body
printed before 1600
was called well-shaken no-body.
written to the sign over the stationer's shop
in the Barbican, at the signe of no-body.
John Huddle was a stationer from 1598-1625.
Trin. Excellent.

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

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

'Flout 'em, and scout 'em,
And scout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.'

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is 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! Trembling with fear
Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.

— Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd 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 wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember
the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow
it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I
could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. Exeunt.

Scene Three

[Another Part of the Island]

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

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

147 noises: sweet sounds  1 By'r lakin: diminutive of 'by our Lady'
3 forth-rights: straight paths  meanders: winding paths
"You shall hear in the cave the sound of tabors and other instruments, to put the travellers in peace, &c. by evil spirits that make these sounds, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names."

Marco Polo

Tho. Beer
attack 0.5 to fasten then fasten by body, crowds or by goods & secure court appearance. Hence arrest or siege for arrest accompanied such attack. Also influence of H. attaques from which comes French attaques.

Possibly a machine did thin down of merely an appearance on the balcony.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

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

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

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

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] I say to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prosper on the top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.

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

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

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

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phœnix’ throne; one phœnix

5 attach'd: attacked
17 S. d. top; cf. n.
14 thoroughly: thoroughly
21 drollery: puppet-show
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [Aside.] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—
Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will 't please you to taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at

30 certes: certainly
39 Praise in departing; cf. n.
36 muse: wonder at
45 Dew-lapp'd; cf. n.
Hekadius Philo

"He is as big as an Eagle; in colour as yellow and bright as gold (nearly all about the neck); the rest of the body a deep red purple; the tail ague blew intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation color; and the head bravely adorned with a crest, peacock finely wrought; leaving a crest and plume thereupon, right faire & goodly to be seen. . . . He (Mainlius) reporteth that never man was known to see him feeding . . . that he liveth 660 years, & when he grows old & begins to decay, he buildeth himself up the twigs & branches of the Euell or Cinnamon or frank incense trees; when he hath filled it up with all sorts of sweet aromaticall spices, yeldeth up his life thereupon." He newfindeth at first a worm from the bone marrow of the old—performs the obsequies of the deceased. The Roman senate that a Phoenix to Come but
Not quite this, this disease is mentioned frequently. Possibly the reason for "they carry their meat under their chin as in a store-house, from thence being hungry they take it forth to eat, making it ordinary with them every day" - the Pouched Apes may have engendered the story.

The Olemunji who "by report have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breast." Hallegoo, Voyages 1598. Of the Coora, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. A traveller set on his chance of death. If he returned he was paid $10; if not all was lost to the insurer."
Walters of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes.

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

[Seeing Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords.]
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. 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 dowlé that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,

48 putter-out ... one: insure voyager 54 to: as 60 proper: own
65 dowlé: softest feather 66 like: similarly 71 requit: required
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
'Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition,—worse than any death
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from—

Which here in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the*
*Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows,*
*and carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life(*)
And observations strange, my meander ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work,

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is
drown'd,—

And his and mine lov'd darling. [Exit above.]

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

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

---

82 S. d. mows: grimaces
86 good life: lifelike art
87 observations strange: rare observance
88 kinds: parts, rôles
pure, flawless, innocent - Johnson

possible with energy as in west England
Prospero + Ariel
have made them mad.
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie muddled. Exit.

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

Ant. I'll be thy second.

Exeunt [Seb. and Ant.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. Exeunt, omnes.

ACT FOURTH

Scene One

[Before Prospero's Cell]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely 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

99 bass my trespass: proclaimed my sin in bass notes
108 ecstasy: madness

3 third; cf. n.
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.

Pro. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas’d, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister’d,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey’d disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen’s lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as ‘tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong’st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day’s celebration
When I shall think, or Phæbus’ steeds are founder’d,
Or Night kept chain’d below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Johnson, used by way of recommendation, 
merveilleusement, to a wonder. 

Deborah 

"asperges me lysapis." 

absorbed

can we in Ham. They can well on horseback 
along today?
The Tempest, IV. i

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. 'Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?'

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

Ari. Well, I conceive. Exit.

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly,
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

Soft music.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas

37 rabble: band [of 'meaner fellows']
43 twink: twinkling
56 liver: the supposed seat of the passions
58 pertly: briskly
41 vanity: illusion
47 mop: grimace, mock (?)
57 corollary: surplus
59 S. d. Enter Iris; cf. n.
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
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 betrims,  
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 unshrubb'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 bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Now coarse grass not liked by cattle?

breezy in winter.
Knew they helped Pluto steal Persephone.
The Tempest, IV. i

Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

[Enter Juno.]

Jun. 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:

Jun. 'Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.'

Cer. 'Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty:
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;

89 Dis; cf. n. 98 minion: favorite 110 foison: harvest
Plants with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.'

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and
send Iris on employment.

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

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the windring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,

114, 115 Cf. n.  
123 wonder'd: wonder-working
128 windring: winding (?)  
130 crisp: rippling
Spring & harvest continual

possibly wise not wise

windrig or wiring [This isitches Purple Island]
rect in the meadows — a series of open
being drawn again, as all are out with
Hampshire. — "If this," the whole crew
"I'm not dictating."
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one.
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no more!

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

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

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
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.—Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell

138 footing: dancing 142 avoid: away!
145 distemper'd: abnormal 146 sort: way 144 works: affects
156 rack: cloud
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. We wish your peace.
Mira. 

Exeunt.

Pro. Come with a thought!—I thank thee, Ariel:
come!

Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

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

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of 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,
Advanc'd 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 enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake

164 with a thought: quick as thought
167 presented: impersonated
180 goss: gorse
"In the very hearts or midst of the haunts you shall first prime home a state, which should be a live foule, formerly taken, of the same kind whose they are that now haunt the place, and for which you now cry." — [Markham's Hugers' Prevention 1621]

line - this is a frequent form. Many sedftory argue for a clothes' line.
O'erstunk their feet.

_Pro._ This was well done, my bird. 184
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

_Ari._ I go, I go. 188

_Pro._ A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

_E Enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &c._

_Come, hang them on this line._

_E Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet._

_[Prospero and Ariel remain invisible._

_Cal._ Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell. 185

_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-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation. 200

_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 205
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak
softly;

206 hoodwink: blind you to
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,— 209

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. 213

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

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here, 216

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.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee! 225

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano! 228

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 232

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff. 236

223 king Stephano; cf. n.
228 frippery: place for the sale of old clothing
They are ready to give up the ghost.

a frisker the proprietor, esr. numerous
in Pitchin' for Cambell

Caliban always sees hobgoblin-pinnacle
There are in the north parts of high froulens, certain trees whence do grow certain octavius more sooner than chevroned withit shell-fishes... which falling into the water, doe become fowles which we call Barnacles, in the north of England Brant Ghoste, in Lancashire the same... Iohneshed says he say the feathers of these same Barnacle "hang out of the shell at least two inches."
Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With forehead villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

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

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them.

238 jerkin, etc.; cf. n. 246 pass of pate: sally of wit
248 lime: bird-lime 251 barnacles; cf. n.
Than pard, or cat o’ mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar. 264

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,

Follow, and do me service. Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

Scene One

[Before the Cell of Prospero]

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How’s the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, 4

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais’d the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and’s followers?

Ari. Confin’d together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge; 8

Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,

In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The king,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, 12

And the remainder mourning over them,

Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term’d, sir, ‘The good old lord Gon-

zalo’:

3 with his carriage: despite his burden 10 line-grove: lime-grove
11 till your release: till you release them
A Coit!

Honesty of birth
The spirit of the play

The fungi rings of pop. superstitions. They are formed by a growth of fungi which spreads outwardly. The fungi measure the ground with grass sprout needles.
The Tempest, V. i

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.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd 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,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

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

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,—
Weak masters though ye be— I have bedimm'd

17 eaves of reeds: a thatched roof
23 all: quite 24 Passion: suffer
37 ringlets: cirlèses of grass 39, 40 rejoice . . . curfew; cf. n.
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. Solemn music.

Here enters Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and
Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and
Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero
had made, and there stand charmed; which
Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

45 given fire: discharged (as a musket)
63 sociable: sympathetic  show: appearance
Ye August winds, ye Elves and Hills, ye Brooks of woods alone,
Ye standing lakes, ye heights approach ye everything.

A conjurer was not completely purged until his footes were burned?

Scheuchzing argues against an allegorical interpretation - Prospero is Shakespeare, etc. This would accuses him of a self-consciousness about his dramatic art uncharacteristic (But how about the sonnets? And as for such not being indulged in by his contemporaries, how about Ben Jonson?)

writing brains in M. N.D.
much of conscience

conceal myself
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—

[Exit Ariel.]

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

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

'Where the bee sucks, there suck 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.'
The Tempest, V. i

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom;—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

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

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-

ment
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. 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. Whe'r thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Pros-
pero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot

111 Whe'r; whether 112 trifle; phantom abuse; deceive
and assisting in the attirings

He seemed in running to devour the way

21 January 1647

whether pro. when (fals when)

"Disturb your mind"

This experience
a quaint device of confectionery or pastry
The Tempest, V. i

Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome! my friends all:

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

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

Pro. No.

—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 beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost,—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her eure.

Pro. I rather think

You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter? 148
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were; I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daugh-
ter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words 156
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor 164
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again, 168
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.

154 admire: marvel
155 they . . . reason: their reason is swallowed up in wonder
171 S. d.-175 Cf. n.
you might consider with me or anyone with me.
Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love, 172

I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son 176

Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

[Kneels to Alon.]

Alon. Now, all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about! 180

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. 184

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal; 188

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, 192

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have

186 eld'st: longest possible
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers: 196
But O! how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop: /  
Let us not burden our remembrances /  
With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo! 204

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage 208
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves, 212
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To Fer. and Mira.] 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, with the Master and Boatswain amasedly
following.

O look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us. 216
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
The mood must not be interrupted.

Some "chalk out the path". Strachey

in possession of his faculties
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore? Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] My tricksy spirit!

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

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

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Was 't well done?

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.

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

_Pro._ Sir, my liege,
Do not _infest_ your mind with beating on _vex_
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,— 248
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—

[Aside to _Ari._] Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free; 252
Untie the spell. [Exit _Ari._] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

_Enter _Ariel,_ driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel._

_Ste._ Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

_Trin._ If these be true spies which I wear 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? 264
Will money buy them?

_Ant._ Very like; one of them
_Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable._

_Pro._ Mark but the _badges_ of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,— 268

246 _infest:_ _vex_ 247 _pick'd:_ _chosen_ 248 _resolve:_ _explain to_
258 _Coragio:_ _courage_ 267 _badges; cf. n._
When we are in private or one by one

Calius and Procopius dressed as the Duke of Milan

custom for serving men to bear the arms of their masters on silver shields
i.e. the mean's
constant

ready to read
great elipsin
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,—
For he's a bastard one,—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death. 276
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing. 284
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a
 cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then. 288

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

[Pointing to Cal.]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely. 293

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, 296

Cf. n. 271 280 gilded: flushed
And worship this dull fool!

_Pro._  Go to; away!

_Alon._ Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

_Seb._ Or stole it, rather.

_[Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin._]

_Pro._ Sir, I invite your highness and your train To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest For this one night; which—part of it—I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away; the story of my life

And the particular accidents gone by Since I came to this isle: and in the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

_Alon._ I long

To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

_Pro._ I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales And sail so expeditious that shall catch Your royal fleet far off.—_[Aside to Ari._] My Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

_Exeunt omnes._

313 deliver: relate
The clothes from the line.
The Tempest

an earnest: the dull fool!

Go to; away!

... never and better your luggage

... not to rather.

Essent Cal., Sir

... from your highness and your

... where you shall take

... which part of

... peace and...

... in such of my life.

... merchant accidents give

... seem the act and...

... being made and...
OGUE

by Prospero.

are all o'erthrown,

with I have's mine own;

aint: now, 'tis true,

confin'd by you,

bles. Let me not,

my dukedom got

d the deceiver, dwell

island by your spell;

me from my hands

elp of your good hands.

ath of yours my sails

or else my project fails,

as to please. Now I want

to enforce, art to enchant;

ending is despair,

I be reliev'd by prayer,

pieces so that it assaults

by itself and frees all faults.

you from crimes would pardon'd be,

your indulgence set me free.

Exit.

10 hands: applause

13 want: lack

FINIS.
Morton's proof for the authenticity of the epilog.

Duller's bodipy in Beck's foreword, that is not doubted, tho' it stands to the M. N. D. as this does to the Tempest in style.

The noise of the clapping would break the charm.

Stories told of red necromancers who were relieved released by prayers.

Father...

ay, pray for me, pray for me.

Lee Scholz. Pray them, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.
EPILOGUE

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.

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

Exit.

Epilogue; cf. n.
18 Mercy: God
10 hands: applause
13 want: lack

FINIS.
NOTES

I. ii. 91, 92. *With that which, etc.* 'With that learning which exceeded in value all popular estimates [of learning], save that it compelled me to live a retired life'—whence rose the trouble in Prospero's career.

I. ii. 100-102. *Who having, into truth, etc.* A difficult passage. The general meaning seems clear: He had told the lie so often that, so far as his own memory was concerned, he had come to believe it.

I. ii. 169. *Now I arise.* A much disputed passage. There seems to be no reason for assuming that more is meant than the words state literally.

I. ii. 228. *to fetch dew.* Dew was to be fetched for use in some sort of incantation.

I. ii. 266. *for one thing she did.* Prospero does not specify the nature of the act; but there seems to be an implication that the witch was spared because of her pregnancy. Cf. Henry VI, Part 1, V. iv. 10 ff.

I. ii. 334. *berries.* The reference may possibly be to coffee.

I. ii. 351. *In the Folios this speech is assigned to Miranda.*

I. ii. 377, 378. *kiss'd The wild waves whist.* 'Kissed the wild waves into silence.'

II. i. 37. *Ha, ha, ha! etc.* In the Folios the second half of this speech, 'So you're paid,' is assigned to Antonio. In order to make sense out of the passage the words must be given to Sebastian, who, having lost the wager, pays with a laugh.

II. i. 41. *He could not miss it.* 'Uninhabitable as this island is, neither Adrian nor the rest could do without it, just then.' (Furness.)

II. i. 69. *pockets.* His pockets are, presumably, still damp and muddy.
Ernest Law - Shakespearean Forgeries
The Tempest as first produced at Court - Sir. Asso.

Sidney Lee - Studies in the Renaissance
Study on Calebian
Montaigne's Essay on Cannibals - first study of the "noble savage".

In Calebian the English idea of the
American Indian - fond of
liquor, docile, treacherous

English Marques
Herbert Arthur Evans - London
New York

Regim - Le Marque Anglais - Hachette 1909
II. i. 90. *miraculous harp.* The harp of Amphion, son of Zeus, raised the walls of Thebes by the magic of its music.

II. i. 134. *Who hath cause.* *Who* for 'which.' 'Your eye hath cause to be wet with grief at your banishment from Claribel.'

II. i. 137, 138. *at Which end ... bow.* The difficulty here is in finding the subject of 'bow'; it may be 'she'; but is more probably 'end.' The confusion of the passage would be somewhat reduced by dropping the word 'at.' The metaphor of a pair of scales needs no interpretation. The poor soul long weighed the hatred of the proposed match over against her desire to obey her father.

II. i. 190. *out of her sphere.* According to the Ptolemaic astronomy, the moon is a planet, moving in a crystal sphere. The gentlemen are preposterous enough to lift the moon out of her sphere; but she is as inconstant as they, and changes continually.

II. i. 198. *Go sleep, and hear us.* Perhaps, 'go to sleep, and then, if you can, you will hear us laugh'—laugh with delight, i.e., to be rid of such a bore.

II. i. 233, 234. *how, in stripping it, etc.* 'This purpose [of being king] you really cherish at heart, though you pretend to mock at the notion of ever being king; but, by laying the notion bare, i.e., by stripping off all pretence, you will invest it with the more attractiveness.' Sebastian is urged by Antonio to express freely his covert ambition to be king.

II. i. 250. *Ambition cannot pierce,* etc. Any thought of the future which extends beyond the death of Ferdinand will suggest that Sebastian may be the next king. 'When ambition pierces to its furthest wink, there discovery ceases, and the crown is found.' (Furness.)

II. i. 258. *she that from whom.* A specimen of Shakespeare's hurried and tortuous construction: 'from whom' probably means 'in coming home from
whom.’ The sentence would be somewhat clearer if ‘that’ were dropped.

II. i. 287. **candied be they.** ‘Let twenty consciences be first congealed and then dissolved, ere they, etc.’ (Malone.)

II. i. 297. **They’ll tell the clock.** ‘They will say anything that we say;’ or, figuratively, ‘They will agree that it is any hour of the day which we choose to assert that it is.’

II. ii. 107. **I have no long spoon.** ‘He that eats with the Devil had need of a long spoon.’ (Marlowe, *Jew of Malta, Act III.*) A common saying.

II. ii. 185. **scamels.** No one knows what this word means. Perhaps some kind of bird, as the sea-mew, is meant. But the word may very well have been coined by Shakespeare. The attribution of an exact meaning to it could add nothing to the beauty and suggestiveness of the passage.

III. i. 15. **Most busy lest, when I do it.** As famous a **crux** as any in Shakespeare. Despite the tortuous nature of the passage, the general meaning is clear: ‘I am busiest when I am least [lest] occupied; for when I forget my work, I am busied with sweet thoughts (of Miranda), which refresh me for my toil.’ ‘Forget’ is the antecedent of ‘it.’

III. iii. 17. S. d. **Prosper on the top.** A plain reference to Prospero’s entry ‘above,’ on the upper stage, or balcony.

III. iii. 39. **Praise in departing.** This may mean, ‘Spare your praise till the end of the performance.’

III. iii. 45. **Dew-lapp’d.** This has usually been taken to be a reference to the disease of goitre, which enlarges the neck. The explanation, however, is far from satisfactory.

IV. i. 3. **third.** Miranda is one ‘third’ of Prospero’s interest in life. The other two thirds are usually taken to be himself and his dukedom.
IV. i. 59. S. d. *Enter Iris.* At this point begins the masque, acted in honor of the betrothal, by Prospero's spirits. It was once customary to doubt the authenticity of this part of the play; but no good reason has ever been given for assigning it to any other hand than Shakespeare's.

IV. i. 64. *pioned and twilled.* Unintelligible words. 'We have simply lost the meanings of words which were perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience.' (Furness.)

IV. i. 89. *Dis.* Pluto, who seized Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, as she was gathering flowers, and carried her off to the underworld.

IV. i. 114, 115. *Spring come to you . . . harvest.* The wish is that the year may be all spring and summer. The return of spring is to occur, at latest, immediately after harvest.

IV. i. 223.

'King Stephen was a worthy peer,
    His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
    Therefore he called the tailor "Lowne."

—Old Ballad.

*Cf. Othello,* II. iii. 98.

IV. i. 238. *Now is the jerkin under the line.* 'Line' probably means 'lime-tree' (cf. V. i. 10). Stephano brushes the jerkin off the tree, on which Ariel had hung it, and proceeds to pun, drunkenly. The 'line' reminds him of the equatorial line, below which one is likely to get a fever, and lose his hair. The jerkin will lose its 'hair' (nap) when Stephano wears it.

IV. i. 251. *barnacles.* It is generally assumed that this refers to 'barnacle geese,' that is, to geese said, in folk-lore, to be produced from shellfish which grow on certain trees, and, in their maturity, drop off into the water and hatch into geese. This may be
Caliban's meaning, or the word may have its more ordinary signification.

V. i. 39, 40. rejoice . . . curfew. The curfew bell marks the beginning of that 'vast of night,' in which fairies and witches may walk abroad and do their supernatural work. At cockcrow they must disappear again.

V. i. 171. S. d., 172-175. At this point Prospero draws the curtain concealing the rear stage, and reveals Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess. Much difficulty has been made of the ensuing conversation between the lovers. It would seem that Ferdinand has just captured a piece from Miranda; whereupon she playfully remarks, 'You play me false.' He gallantly retorts, 'I would not do that for the world,' and she, not to be outdone in generosity, replies, 'You might contend [wrangle] with me for the stake of twenty kingdoms, as we have been contending for this piece; you should win them all, and I would assert it to be fair play.'

V. i. 267. badges. 'Household servants usually wore on their arms, as a part of their livery, silver "badges," whereon the shield of their masters was engraved.' (Furness.)

V. i. 271. And deal . . . power. The first 'her' refers to the moon, the second to Sycorax. The witch 'dealt in the command of the moon,' and this was beyond [without] her sphere of authority. She usurped the moon's power.

Epilogue. There is grave doubt whether these verses are Shakespeare's. Prologues and epilogues were often written by another hand than the author's. At the same time, it is necessary to remember that there is no direct evidence for the spuriousness of the passage.
APPENDIX A

Sources of the Play

*The Tempest* has the happy distinction among Shakespeare's plays of having no source. Diligent search has thus far failed to discover any work which can be proved to have been used by the dramatist for any major portion of his work. If an 'original' is ever discovered, it will probably contain merely the outlines of the story of Prospero, his daughter, his enemies, and his familiar spirit. The comic element in the play bears all the familiar marks of independent Shakespearean origin.

German critics, with characteristic inexperience, have insisted upon Shakespeare's indebtedness to a play entitled, *Die Schöne Sidea*, by one Jakob Ayrer, of Nuremberg, who died in 1605; but a perusal of this piece of antiquated dulness (printed in Furness's Variorum edition of *The Tempest*) serves chiefly to convince the reader of the utter independence of Shakespeare's comedy. Dr. Furness remarks: 'In the course of the former story [*Die Schöne Sidea*] the captive prince is forced under blows and ill-treatment (and at the hands of the heroine, forsooth!) to split and pile up some wood, and, at the time of his capture, when he attempts to draw his sword, he finds it fast in its scabbard by the spell of the wicked magician. These are the two incidents which are supposed to be identical with Ferdinand's log-bearing, and with his disarming by Prospero; and these it is, which have been urged as an all-sufficient justification of the belief in a close kinship between *The Tempest* and *The Fair Sidea*. . . . If once we adopt such fragmentary, insignificant incidents as the source of *The Tempest*, we might as well extend the scope and admit as one of the originals of Ferdinand's log-bearing
task the nursery-rhyme behest of "Five, six, pick up sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight."

To assert that there is no known source for The Tempest is not to say that Shakespeare's imagination was uninfluenced by certain books in composing this play. It is fairly certain that his interest had been stimulated by accounts of the shipwreck of the Sea Adventure off the Bermudas, in July, 1609. Accounts of this were given to the world the next year in the following works, A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels, by Silvester Jourdan; and A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, an anonymous pamphlet by the 'Council of Virginia.' William Strachey wrote A True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight, upon, and from the Islands of the Bermudas. The first two of these, and perhaps also the third, may have been known to Shakespeare. A comparison of them with The Tempest is not without reward.

An interesting parallel to the main plot of The Tempest is found in the fourth section of Antonio de Esclava's Las Noches de Invierno (The Winter Nights), which appeared in the year 1609. Here we have (1) a king, who is also a magician, living in exile with his daughter; (2) a magic palace in the sea, in which various spirits appear; (3) the luring of the son of the usurping monarch to the magic retreat; and (4) the wreck of the imperial fleet. This is, of course, a significant series of incidents. It has been shown, in turn, that the source of this material is to be found in a colossal romance, The Mirrour of Knighthood—an English translation of a Spanish original—which appeared in 1578. This, too, has been claimed as the 'probable source' of The Tempest; but those who argue for Shakespeare's indebtedness to such work do not seem to take sufficient account of the vast mass of unrelated incident by which the
outlines of the story (considered as a ‘source’ for our play) are, to the general reader, hopelessly obscured.

In Thomas’s *History of Italy* (1561) occur the names of Prospero, Duke of Milan, and Alonzo and Ferdinando, successively kings of Naples. Shakespeare may well have known this book. Gonzalo’s fanciful account of an ideal commonwealth (II. i. 154-174) is derived from Montaigne’s *Essays*, which Shakespeare knew in Florio’s English translation (1608), a copy of which, owned by the poet, is now in the British Museum. In the absence of any source from which to quote, it may be well to reproduce a portion of Montaigne’s account of the Cannibals and their ideal commonwealth. It is found in chapter 30 of the first book of Florio’s Montaigne (p. 102). Montaigne is speaking of the superiority of this ideal commonwealth to that described by Plato:

‘It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no vsue of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparrell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vsue of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard-of amongst-them.’

The whole chapter should be read for the light that it throws on the contemporary interest in man in his primitive state, as well as for the obvious comparison that it suggests between two men of genius dealing with the same subject in various ways.
APPENDIX B

HISTORY OF THE PLAY

_The Tempest_ is one of Shakespeare's very latest plays. Internal evidence, afforded partly by the versification and partly by the obvious relation of the play to certain accounts of a famous shipwreck which occurred in the year 1609, enables scholars to attribute the play, with a fair degree of accuracy, to 1610-1611. Certain critics, notably Lowell and Brooke, think that it must be read as the dramatist's allegorical farewell to the stage (see, in particular, Prospero's adieu to magic, V. i. 33 ff., and the Epilogue); but, owing chiefly to the over-subtle application of the allegory to the details of the drama, this theory has of late been somewhat discredited.

Ben Jonson almost certainly refers to _The Tempest_ in the Induction to _Bartholomew Fair_ (acted 1614), where the Scrivener, speaking on behalf of the author, is made to say, 'If there be never a servant-monster in the Fair, who can help it? . . . He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget _Tales, Tempests_, and suchlike drolleries.' This would seem to indicate that Shakespeare's comedies, _A Winter's Tale_ and _The Tempest_, had achieved immediate favor with theatregoers, and that Caliban was a particularly popular character with them.

We know that _The Tempest_ was acted at court in 1611 and in 1613. Its appropriateness to court-production may have been due in part to its pre-eminently scenic character. The comedy was no doubt popularly known as a splendid spectacle. Even a casual reader will note the elaborateness of the stage directions, the introduction of the masque, and the novelty of such scenes as the shipwreck, the
The Tempest

magic banquet, and the chasing of Caliban and his drunken friends by 'dogs and hounds.' The singing of many lyrics, the trolling of the catch, the duet of Juno and Ceres, and the dance of the nymphs and reapers, lent to the play a certain effect not unlike that of later operatic entertainments.

This spectacular and musical aspect recommended the play to the attention of the Restoration stage. In 1667 Dryden and Davenant produced a comedy entitled, The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island. It is often described as a 'version' of Shakespeare's play; but it is not so much that as a new play based on a familiar plot. The authors themselves describe it in their prologue as a 'new reviving play,' which springs up from Shakespeare's 'honoured dust.' In the light of this statement it is hardly worth while to pour out upon the authors the contempt that should be reserved for those who really despised Shakespeare. How far the Restoration authors departed from their original may be seen from the additions to the dramatis personae. Here are Hippolito, 'one that never saw woman;' Dorinda, a second 'daughter to Prospero, that never saw man;' Sycorax, Caliban's sister, Mustachio and Ventoso. This play ends as an opera, with the entry of Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus, and a host of sea-gods. Its popularity is attested by the fact that Pepys witnessed it with great delight at least six times within fifteen months. In 1678 Shadwell turned the piece frankly into an opera. The retention of operatic features marked the great productions of The Tempest by David Garrick in the eighteenth century; the play was still half opera when it was produced by Mr. Augustin Daly a generation ago.

The play, with its subtle study of primitive life, has renewed its popularity in our own day. It has been often acted in both England and America. In 1904, Sir Herbert Tree bestowed upon its production
a wealth of theatrical beauty; but the success of the acted play has been most conspicuous when the scenic embellishment has been reduced to the simplicity of what is known as the 'Elizabethan manner.' The effectiveness of such a simple presentation was well illustrated by the performance at the Century Theatre, New York, in 1915. Here the attention was not for ever diverted from the action and the poetry of the drama by the gorgeousness of its setting.

One of the most interesting evidences of the vitality of Shakespeare's subject is afforded by the numerous works based upon or suggested by it. The material has fascinated the creative imagination from the days of Dryden down to our own time. Mr. Mackaye has been scarcely more successful than the Restoration dramatists in recapturing the delicate charm of the original. Those authors have succeeded best who have deliberately employed the material for purposes wholly different from Shakespeare's. Thus Renan, in *Caliban*, a 'drame philosophique,' used the situation created by Shakespeare as the vehicle for the most brilliant political and social satire. Browning, in *Caliban upon Setebos*, a dramatic monologue, uses Caliban's religion as an interpretation of primitive anthropomorphism.

**APPENDIX C**

**SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING**

S. T. Coleridge, 'Notes on the Tempest,' in *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare* (1849).

J. R. Lowell, 'Shakespeare once more,' in *Among my Books*, First Series (1870).

Stopford A. Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare*, chapter 10, 'The Tempest.' (1905.)
Ernest Renan, *Caliban, suite de la Tempête, drame philosophique* (1878).

Robert Browning, 'Caliban upon Setebos or, Natural Theology in the Island,' in *Dramatis Personæ* (1864).

**APPENDIX D**

**THE TEXT OF THE PRESENT EDITION**

The text of the present volume is, by permission of the Oxford University Press, that of the Oxford Shakespeare, edited by the late W. J. Craig, except for the following deviations:

1. The stage-directions of the first Folio have been restored as far as possible, with necessary modern additions in square brackets.

2. The spelling of a few words is altered, as boat-swain for boson; bowsprit for boresprit; burthen for burden; mo for more; o' for of; th' for the; farther for further; villainous for villainous.

3. A number of unnecessary commas have been omitted.

4. The following passages. [Craig's readings are placed after the colon.]

   I. ii. 7 creature: creatures
   146 butt: boat
   173 princess: princes
   248 made thee no: made no
   285 he, that: he that
   337 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,: Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work
   381 Burthen dispersedly: 'Bow, wow':
   [Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly. (And so similarly in similar cases.)
   485 nor: or
   II. i. 99 Gon, Ay: Alon. Ay?
The fault's your own: the fault's Your own.

170 it: its
175 'Save: Save
251 doubt: doubts
258 She that from whom: she that, from whom?
307 them: thee

II. ii. 62 ha?: Ha!

66 at: at's
163 when's: when his

III. i. 15 busy lest: busiest
53 skillless: skill less
64 you: you

III. ii. 46 again to the: again the
made to: made

IV. i. 3 third: thrid
4 who: whom
93 Paphos: Paphos
190 all, all lost: are all lost

V. i. 81 shore: shores
82 lies: lie
916 is: are
INDEX OF WORDS GLOSSED
(Figures in full-faced type refer to page-numbers)

abuse: 74 (V. i. 112)
admire: 76 (V. i. 154)
advance: 20 (I. ii. 405)
adventure: 31 (II. i. 195)
a-hold: 3 (I. i. 54)
all: 71 (V. i. 23)
amain: 62 (IV. i. 74)
amazement: 4 (I. ii. 14)
an: 31 (II. i. 188)
angle: 13 (I. ii. 223)
arch: 62 (IV. i. 71)
Argier: 14 (I. ii. 261)
aspersian: 60 (IV. i. 18)
attach'd: 55 (III. iii. 5)
avoid: 65 (IV. i. 142)
away: 11 (I. ii. 187)

backward: 6 (I. ii. 50)
badges: 80 (V. i. 267)
barnacles: 69 (IV. i. 251)
bass: 59 (III. iii. 99)
bat-fowling: 31 (II. i. 193)
beak: 11 (I. ii. 196)
bear: 38 (II. ii. 15)
bear up: 49 (III. ii. 3)
Bermosthes: 13 (I. ii. 229)
blue-eye'd: 15 (I. ii. 269)
bombard: 38 (II. ii. 21)
bondage: 48 (III. i. 89)
book: 48 (III. i. 94)
bootless: 5 (I. ii. 35)
bow'st: 62 (IV. i. 81)
bourn: 30 (II. i. 159)
brave: 4 (I. ii. 6)
burthen: 19 (I. ii. 380)
busy lest: 45 (III. i. 15)
butt: 10 (I. ii. 146)
candied: 35 (II. i. 287)
canker: 20 (I. ii. 412)
carriage: 70 (V. i. 3)
case: 50 (III. ii. 30)
cast: 34 (II. i. 259)
catch: 53 (III. ii. 129)
certes: 56 (III. iii. 30)
chat: 35 (II. i. 274)
chirurgeonly: 30 (II. i. 147)
chough: 35 (II. i. 274)
closeness: 7 (I. ii. 90)
coll: 12 (I. ii. 207)
complexion: 2 (I. i. 34)
condition: 47 (III. i. 59)
conduct: 79 (V. i. 244)
confederates: 8 (I. ii. 111)
consent: 32 (II. i. 211)
content: 35 (II. i. 277)
contrary: 8 (I. ii. 95)
control: 22 (I. ii. 436)
coragio: 80 (V. i. 258)
corollarie: 61 (IV. i. 57)
correspondent: 16 (I. ii. 297)
courses: 3 (I. i. 55)
crabs: 44 (II. ii. 180)
crisp: 64 (IV. i. 130)
dear: 11 (I. ii. 179)
dear'st: 29 (II. i. 142)
deck'd: 10 (I. ii. 155)
delivery: 82 (V. i. 313)
Dis: 63 (IV. i. 89)
disease: 73 (V. i. 85)
discharge: 34 (II. i. 262)
discretion: 32 (II. i. 196)
distemper'd: 65 (IV. i. 145)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page/Line</th>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page/Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>distinctly</td>
<td>12 (I. ii. 200)</td>
<td>good time</td>
<td>23 (II. i. 100)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doit</td>
<td>39 (II. ii. 34)</td>
<td>goss</td>
<td>66 (IV. i. 180)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doilour</td>
<td>25 (II. i. 19)</td>
<td>hands</td>
<td>83 (Epil. 10)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dowle</td>
<td>57 (III. iii. 65)</td>
<td>heavy</td>
<td>32 (II. i. 202)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drollery</td>
<td>55 (III. iii. 21)</td>
<td>hests</td>
<td>15 (I. ii. 274)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dry</td>
<td>8 (I. ii. 119)</td>
<td>hint</td>
<td>9 (I. ii. 134)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>earth'd</td>
<td>34 (II. i. 242)</td>
<td>hoodwink</td>
<td>67 (IV. i. 206)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ecstasy</td>
<td>59 (III. iii. 108)</td>
<td>inch-meal</td>
<td>38 (II. ii. 3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>el'dest</td>
<td>77 (V. i. 186)</td>
<td>infest</td>
<td>80 (V. i. 246)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>engine</td>
<td>30 (II. i. 168)</td>
<td>inherit</td>
<td>44 (II. ii. 188)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>entertainment</td>
<td>23 (I. ii. 462)</td>
<td>inquisition</td>
<td>5 (I. ii. 35)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>envy</td>
<td>14 (I. ii. 288)</td>
<td>invert</td>
<td>47 (III. i. 70)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>estate</td>
<td>63 (IV. i. 85)</td>
<td>issued</td>
<td>6 (I. ii. 59)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>event</td>
<td>8 (I. ii. 117)</td>
<td>it</td>
<td>31 (II. i. 170)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eye</td>
<td>27 (II. i. 58)</td>
<td>Jack</td>
<td>67 (IV. i. 198)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fall</td>
<td>36 (II. i. 304)</td>
<td>justify</td>
<td>75 (V. i. 128)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fearful</td>
<td>23 (I. ii. 465)</td>
<td>key</td>
<td>7 (I. ii. 88)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>feater</td>
<td>35 (II. i. 261)</td>
<td>klibe</td>
<td>35 (II. i. 284)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>feately</td>
<td>19 (I. ii. 379)</td>
<td>kinds</td>
<td>58 (III. iii. 88)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fellow</td>
<td>48 (III. i. 84)</td>
<td>lakin</td>
<td>54 (III. iii. 1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fish'd for</td>
<td>28 (II. i. 110)</td>
<td>lest</td>
<td>45 (III. i. 15)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flat-long</td>
<td>31 (II. i. 188)</td>
<td>letters</td>
<td>30 (II. i. 157)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flote</td>
<td>13 (I. ii. 234)</td>
<td>like</td>
<td>57 (III. iii. 66)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>foil</td>
<td>46 (III. i. 46)</td>
<td>lime</td>
<td>69 (IV. i. 248)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>folison</td>
<td>31 (II. i. 170); 63 (IV. i. 110)</td>
<td>line</td>
<td>67 (IV. i. 198)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>foot</td>
<td>23 (I. ii. 466)</td>
<td>line-grove</td>
<td>70 (V. i. 10)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>footing</td>
<td>65 (IV. i. 138)</td>
<td>liver</td>
<td>61 (IV. i. 56)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>forth-rights</td>
<td>54 (III. iii. 3)</td>
<td>loathness</td>
<td>29 (II. i. 137)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fraughting</td>
<td>4 (I. ii. 13)</td>
<td>lored</td>
<td>8 (I. ii. 97)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>freely</td>
<td>62 (IV. i. 86)</td>
<td>main-course</td>
<td>2 (I. i. 40)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>freshes</td>
<td>51 (III. ii. 77)</td>
<td>make</td>
<td>39 (II. ii. 33)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>frippery</td>
<td>68 (IV. i. 228)</td>
<td>matter</td>
<td>33 (II. i. 238)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>from</td>
<td>6 (I. ii. 65)</td>
<td>meanders</td>
<td>54 (III. iii. 3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gaberdine</td>
<td>39 (II. ii. 41)</td>
<td>measure</td>
<td>35 (II. i. 207)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gilded</td>
<td>81 (V. i. 280)</td>
<td>meddle</td>
<td>5 (I. ii. 22)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>given fire</td>
<td>72 (V. i. 45)</td>
<td>merchant</td>
<td>25 (II. i. 5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>glasses</td>
<td>13 (I. ii. 240)</td>
<td>Mercy</td>
<td>83 (Epil. 18)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>glut</td>
<td>3 (I. i. 65)</td>
<td>merely</td>
<td>3 (I. i. 61)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>go</td>
<td>49 (III. ii. 23)</td>
<td>mettle</td>
<td>31 (II. i. 189)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>good</td>
<td>1 (I. i. 3)</td>
<td>Milan</td>
<td>8 (I. ii. 109)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>good life</td>
<td>58 (III. iii. 86)</td>
<td>minion</td>
<td>63 (IV. i. 98)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### The Tempest

| miss (do without): 16 (I. ii. 311); 36 (II. i. 41) |
| misses (errs): 27 (II. i. 59) |
| mo: 29 (II. i. 140) |
| momentary: 12 (I. ii. 202) |
| moon-calf: 41 (II. ii. 115) |
| mop: 61 (IV. i. 47) |
| mow: 38 (II. ii. 9) |
| mows: 58 (III. iii. 39 S. d.) |
| muse: 56 (III. iii. 36) |

| natural: 50 (III. ii. 36) |
| neat: 40 (II. ii. 75) |
| nerves: 24 (I. ii. 481) |
| nimble: 31 (II. i. 181) |
| noises: 54 (III. ii. 147) |
| nook: 13 (I. ii. 237) |
| note: 34 (II. iii. 256) |

| observation: 58 (III. iii. 87) |
| odd: 13 (I. ii. 223) |
| o'erpriz'd: 7 (I. ii. 92) |
| omit: 11 (I. ii. 183); 32 (II. i. 202) |
| on't: 7 (I. ii. 87) |
| ooze: 14 (I. ii. 252) |
| or: 7 (I. ii. 82) |
| out: 5 (I. ii. 41) |
| over-topping: 7 (I. ii. 81) |
| owes: 20 (I. ii. 404) |
| own: 78 (V. i. 213) |

| pains: 13 (I. ii. 243) |
| painted: 39 (II. ii. 30) |
| pass: 69 (IV. i. 246) |
| passion (n.): 20 (I. ii. 390) |
| passion (vb.): 71 (V. i. 24) |
| patch: 51 (III. ii. 73) |
| pay home: 73 (V. i. 70) |
| perdition: 5 (I. ii. 30) |
| perfect: 2 (I. i. 34) |
| pertly: 61 (IV. i. 58) |
| pick'd: 80 (V. i. 247) |
| piece: 6 (I. ii. 56) |
| pied: 51 (III. ii. 73) |
| pig-nuts: 44 (II. ii. 181) |
| pioned: 62 (IV. i. 64) |

| plantation: 30 (II. i. 150) |
| point: 11 (I. ii. 194) |
| pole-clipt: 62 (IV. i. 68) |
| Poor-John: 39 (II. ii. 28) |
| post: 34 (II. i. 256) |
| premises: 9 (I. ii. 123) |
| presented: 66 (IV. i. 167) |
| presently: 9 (I. ii. 125) |
| professes: 34 (II. i. 244) |
| profit: 11 (I. ii. 172) |
| proper: 57 (III. iii. 60) |
| putter-out: 57 (III. iii. 48) |

| quaint: 17 (I. ii. 317) |
| quality: 11 (I. ii. 193) |
| quick: 51 (III. ii. 77) |

| rabble: 61 (IV. i. 37) |
| rack: 65 (IV. i. 156) |
| rarer: 71 (V. i. 27) |
| rate: 28 (II. i. 116) |
| reason: 53 (III. ii. 131) |
| reasonable: 73 (V. i. 81) |
| recover: 40 (II. ii. 73) |
| reeds: 71 (V. i. 17) |
| release: 70 (V. i. 11) |
| remain: 21 (I. ii. 490) |
| remember: 20 (I. ii. 403) |
| remembrance: 34 (II. i. 240) |
| requit: 57 (III. iii. 71) |
| resolve: 80 (V. i. 248) |
| rid: 18 (I. ii. 364) |
| ringlets: 71 (V. i. 37) |

| sack: 42 (II. ii. 130) |
| sanctimonious: 60 (IV. i. 16) |

| sans: 3 (I. ii. 97) |
| scamels: 44 (II. ii. 185) |
| secret: 7 (I. ii. 77) |
| securing: 37 (II. i. 318) |
| sense: 28 (II. i. 114) |
| sensible: 31 (II. i. 181) |
| service: 30 (II. i. 158) |
| set: 49 (III. ii. 10) |
| sets off: 45 (III. i. 9) |
| several: 46 (III. i. 42) |
show: 72 (V. i. 63)
sroud: 39 (II. ii. 48)
siege: 41 (II. ii. 114)
signories: 7 (I. ii. 71)
single: 21 (I. ii. 429)
skille: 47 (III. i. 53)
sociable: 72 (V. i. 63)
something: 47 (III. i. 58)
sort: 28 (II. i. 109); 65 (IV. i. 146)
sot: 52 (III. ii. 104)
speaks: 32 (II. i. 215)
stale: 67 (IV. i. 187)
standard: 49 (III. ii. 19)
standing: 33 (II. i. 229)
state: 7 (I. ii. 76)
steaded: 10 (I. ii. 165)
still-vez'd: 13 (I. ii. 229)
stock-fish: 51 (III. ii. 81)
stomach: 10 (I. ii. 157); 28 (II. i. 114)
stover: 62 (IV. i. 63)
strange: 58 (III. iii. 87)
strangely: 60 (IV. i. 7)
substitution: 8 (I. ii. 103)
subtleties: 75 (V. i. 124)
succession: 30 (II. i. 158)
sudden: 36 (II. i. 314)
suggestion: 36 (II. i. 296)
sustaining: 12 (I. ii. 218)
tabor: 53 (III. ii. 135 S. d.)
task: 11 (I. ii. 193)
teen: 6 (I. ii. 64)
tell: 25 (II. i. 15)
temperance: 26 (II. i. 43)
tender: 35 (II. i. 278)
throes: 33 (II. i. 239)
throughly: 55 (III. iii. 14)
thus far forth: 11 (I. ii. 177)
tilth: 30 (II. i. 159)
to: 57 (III. iii. 54)
trash: 7 (I. ii. 81)
trebles . . . o'er: 33 (II. i. 229)
trenchering: 44 (II. ii. 196)
triple: 74 (V. i. 119)
try: 2 (I. i. 40)
twilled: 62 (IV. i. 64)
twink: 61 (IV. i. 48)
undergoing: 10 (I. ii. 157)
urchins: 17 (I. ii. 326)
use: 30 (II. i. 158)
vanity: 61 (IV. i. 41)
vast: 17 (I. ii. 327)
verily: 37 (II. i. 328)
visitation: 46 (III. i. 32)
visitor: 25 (II. i. 11)
vouch'd: 27 (II. i. 64)
waist: 13 (I. ii. 197)
want: 83 (Epil. 13)
ward: 23 (I. ii. 468)
warrant: 3 (I. i. 51)
weigh'd: 29 (II. i. 137)
wezand: 53 (III. ii. 102)
we're: 74 (V. i. 111)
while-ere: 53 (III. ii. 130)
whist: 19 (I. ii. 378)
wicked: 17 (I. ii. 321)
wide-chapp'd: 3 (I. i. 62)
windring: 64 (IV. i. 128)
wink'st: 33 (II. i. 224)
with: 66 (IV. i. 164)
withal: 48 (III. i. 98)
without: 81 (V. i. 271)
wonder'd: 64 (IV. i. 123)
works: 65 (IV. i. 144)
wrong, done yourself: 23 (I. ii. 440)
yare: 79 (V. i. 224)
yarely: 1 (I. i. 4)
zenith: 11 (I. ii. 181)