

# The Tempest

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 2 (line 82 - Verse - Intercut)

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## Prospero

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--  
I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories 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?

MIRANDA

*Sir, most heedfully.*

## PROSPERO

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and who  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased 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.

*MIRANDA*

*O, good sir, I do.*

**PROSPERO**

I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked 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 the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing--  
Dost thou hear?

*MIRANDA*

*Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.*

**PROSPERO**

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.

MIRANDA

*O the heavens!*

**PROSPERO**

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

MIRANDA

*I should sin*

*To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.*

**PROSPERO**

Now the condition.  
The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that 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.

MIRANDA

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

**PROSPERO**

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

MIRANDA

*Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?*

**PROSPERO**

Well demanded, wench:

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, 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 prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

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

**PROSPERO**

O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

*How came we ashore?*

**PROSPERO**

By Providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, 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 loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

*Would I might*

*But ever see that man!*

**PROSPERO**

Now I arise:

*Resumes his mantle*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived; and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princesses can that have more time

For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

*MIRANDA*

*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?*

**PROSPERO**

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore; and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.