

PROSPERO

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 2

PROSPERO

And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kinder moved than thou art?

25 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
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,
30 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.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir.

PROSPERO

I will too. You're made of air, so if even you feel sorry for them, imagine the pity that I'll feel, being one of their own human race. I suffer pain just as much as they do, so I'll sympathize far more than you. Though I'm indignant about their evil deeds, I'll go with my nobler instincts, which tell me to feel some compassion for them. It's better to act virtuously rather than vengefully. Now that they're sorry, I don't want anything more. Go release them, Ariel. I'll break my spells and bring them back to their senses, and they'll feel like themselves again.

ARIEL

I'll go get them, sir.

Exit ARIEL

ARIEL exits.

PROSPERO

(tracing a circle on the ground)

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,

35 And ye that on the sands with pebbles dance,
By the coming in of the ebbing Neptune and do fling
Your spears upon him: whom you call spirits
With names that breathe no soul, come to the tenor
Of my command. Where'er you are, if
40 In silence you beguile the senses and hearing
Of those that walk upon the shore, whose manners
Are so full of sin, bid them repair to their senses,
That they may hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed

The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault

45 Set roaring war, with the dread-rattling thunder,
Have I done as I have done, who know'st that
I have given me, and what my sinners' souls
Must undergo, who venture on my wrath, not
to be answer'd!

Act 5, Scene 1, Page 3

With his own bolt;

the strong base of promontory

Have I made shake, and by the rattle
of my bones, and by my winnowing of
sorrows, have I made the bare fallow
40 of the graves at my command

50 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
55 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

Enter ARIEL before, Then ALONSO, with a frantic
gesture, attended

PROSPERO

(drawing a large circle on the stage with his staff) I've darkened the noontime sun with the aid of you elves who live in the hills and brooks and groves, and you who chase the sea on the beach without leaving footprints in the sand, and run away when the waves come back; and you who make toadstools while the moon shines; who make mushrooms as a hobby after the evening bell has rung. With your help I've called up the angry winds, and set the green sea and blue sky at war with each other. I've given lightning to the thunderclouds, and burned up Jupiter's beloved oak.

With his own lightning bolts; I've shaken up the sturdy cliffs and uprooted pines and cedars; I've opened up graves and awakened the corpses sleeping in them, letting them out with my powerful magic. But I surrender all this magic now, when I've summoned some heavenly music to cast a spell, as I'm doing now, I'll break my staff and bury it far underground, and throw my book of magic spells deeper into the sea than any anchor ever sank.

Solemn music plays.

ARIEL enters, followed by ALONSO gesturing
frantically, accompanied

START

ut

at

ut

STOP