

THE TEMPEST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Retold by Helen Street

Language Comparison

In this language comparison, you can see the Real Reads retelling of *The Tempest* with William Shakespeare's original lines highlighted in bold italic.



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THE TEMPEST

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE ON BOARD THE KING OF NAPLES' SHIP, IN A STORM

Master

Bosun!

Bosun

Here, Master.

Master

Bestir the mariners, and look lively, *or we run ourselves aground.*

Bosun

Jump to, me hearties! Take in the top sail.

Blow till thou burst, thou wind.

Alonso

Good Bosun, where's the Master?

Bosun

I pray you now, keep below.

Antonio

Where is the Master, Bosun?

Bosun

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.

Keep to your cabins.

Gonzalo

Nay, be patient.

Bosun

When the sea is! Enough! To your cabins and

trouble us not.

Gonzalo

Good man, *yet remember whom thou hast aboard.*

Bosun

None that I love more dearly than myself.

You're a counsellor. If you can make peace with this storm, I'll not do a thing more. If you cannot, then *give thanks you have lived so long.* Now, out of our way, I say!

Down with the topmast! Lower away!

A plague upon this howling: they are louder than the weather.

Yet again? What do you want now?

Shall we stop our labours and drown?

Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian

Mind your tongue, you good-for-nothing dog!

Bosun

Work you then.

Antonio

You insolent noisemaker! *We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.*

Bosun

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

Sailors

All's lost! Say your prayers!

Gonzalo

The King and Prince are saying theirs. Let's join with them.

Antonio

We are cheated of our lives by these drunkards and this bawling rascal.

May you drown ten times o'er!

Sailors

Mercy on us!

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

Farewell, brother. We split, we split, we split!

Antonio

Let's all sink with the King.

Sebastian

Let's take our leave of him.

Gonzalo

*Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea, for an acre of barren land, long heath, brown furze, anything. The will above be done!
But I would fain die a dry death.*

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO
THE ISLAND, IN FRONT OF PROSPERO'S CAVE

Miranda

*If by thy 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 the clouds above,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perished.*

Prospero

*Be not distressed, but tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.*

Miranda

O, woe the day.

Prospero

*No harm. I have done nothing, but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, not knowing
That I am more than Prospero, master
Of this poor cave and father to thee.*

Miranda

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

Prospero

'Tis time

*I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So.
Wipe thou thine eyes.* The wreck which touched thy heart,
Was by enchantment done, in such a way
That not a single soul was lost, or harmed.
*Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this place?*

Miranda

*Certainly sir, I can, though 'tis far off,
And rather like a dream, but had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?*

Prospero

*Thou had'st, and more, Miranda. Twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A Prince of power.*

Miranda

Sir, are you not my father?

Prospero

Indeed, thou art my daughter, but attend.
Those many years ago when I was Duke,
My thoughts were always tending to my books,
And so in charge of state affairs I put
My brother, and thy uncle, Antonio.
And thus neglected much my worldly life.
In my false brother, an evil nature grew.
He did believe he was the Duke, and so
In secret did he plot with Naples' King

To turn me out of mine own dukedom.
And then one night, *did Antonio open*
The gates of Milan and in the darkness
Did hurry me hence with thy crying self.

Miranda

Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prospero

Well demanded, wench.

So dear the love my people bore me, child,
They did not dare. Instead, they set us on
A leaky boat with neither sail nor mast
And left us to the mercy of the sea.

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 did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries.
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda

Would I might but ever see that man.
And now, good sir, I pray you, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Prospero

Know you this much:

By accident most strange hath kind fortune
Brought to this shore mine enemies. But now
These questions cease. *Thou art inclined to sleep.*
Give in to it. *I know thou canst not choose.*
Come away, servant, come, I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come!

Ariel

All hail, great master, grave sir, hail: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be it to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds; to thy strong bidding,
Set Ariel your task.

Prospero

Hast thou, my spirit,
Performed the tempest as I ordered thee?

Ariel

In every detail.
With lightning bolts and dreadful thunderclaps,
I stirred the storm, and mighty Neptune did
Make bold his waves about the royal ship.
And every soul aboard the trembling bark
Did feel *a fever of the mad*. All but
The sailors plunged into the foaming brine.
The King's son, Ferdinand, with hair on end,
Was the first man that leaped, crying 'Hell
Is empty and all the devils are here!'

Prospero

But are they safe?

Ariel

*Not a hair perished. And as thou bad'st me
In groups I have dispersed them about the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Where now he sits, his arms in this sad knot.*

Prospero

And of the ship itself?

Ariel

Safe in harbour.
*The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm, I have left all asleep.*

Prospero

Thou hast done well, but there is more to do.
Now make thyself invisible. Go hence.
*Awake, dear heart, awake!
Thou hast slept well, awake!*

Miranda

*The strangeness of your story, put
Heaviness in me.*

Prospero

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

Miranda

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

Prospero

But as 'tis,

We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood, and serves in other ways.

Come forth now, Caliban, come forth, slave.

Caliban

There's wood enough within.

Prospero

Come forth, I say. There's other business for thee.

Caliban

A slimy fog drop on you both, I say.

Prospero

For this be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps.

Thou shalt be pinched as thick as honeycomb,

Each pinch more stinging than the sting of bees.

Caliban

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first

Thou strokest me and made much of me;

Then I did love thee.

Cursed be I that did so. All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats light on you.

Prospero

Ungrateful creature,

With human care did I use thee, *lodged thee*

In mine own cave, 'til thou did try to seize

My daughter from me, vile thing that thou art.

Now fetch us in more fuel, and be thou quick.

Caliban

I must obey, such is his power o'er me.

Ariel

*Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are corals 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.
Hark now I hear them. Ding, dong, bell.*

Ferdinand

This sweet, sad song reminds me of the King,
My father, who has surely drowned at sea.

Prospero

*The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest here.*

Miranda

Is it a spirit, sir?

Prospero

*No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we.* Though somewhat stained with grief, he is
A fair example of a man.

Miranda

O, I would say he is a thing divine.

Prospero

My plan begins to work. I'll free thee, spirit,
Within two days for this.

Ferdinand

The island's goddess this must surely be!

Miranda

No goddess, sir, but just a mortal maid.

Ferdinand

O, I would you the Queen of Naples make,
For this cruel tempest makes a king of me.

Prospero

They love each other at first sight, but yet
Too light winning may make the prize seem light.
'Tis my belief that thou *hast put thyself*
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord of it.

Ferdinand

I assure you, sir, that is not so!

Miranda

In such a man there can be only good!

Prospero

Speak not for him; he's a traitor. Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
But *withered roots*.

Ferdinand

I will resist.

Prospero

My power is stronger
For I can here disarm thee with this stick.

Miranda

O father, I beseech you, for he's gentle.

Prospero

Hence! Hang not on my garments.

Miranda

Sir, have pity.

Prospero

Be still, for one word more shall anger me.

Miranda

Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech.

Prospero

Speak not with him, Miranda, follow me.

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE
ELSEWHERE ON THE ISLAND

Gonzalo

*Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause.
For our escape is much beyond our loss.*

Alonso

Prithee, peace.

Sebastian

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Gonzalo

*Though this island seem to be deserted,
Uninhabitable and inaccessible,
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.*

Sebastian

It smells to me no better than a bog.

Gonzalo

Here is everything advantageous to life.

Antonio

Except the means to live.

Gonzalo

And one thing more that is most strange, I think,
Our garments now are fresh as when we first
Did put them on in Naples.

Alonso

Peace! Enough!

My son and heir is lost, my Ferdinand.

O what strange fish hath made his meal on thee?

Gonzalo

He yet may live. I saw him beat the waves.
My eyes are heavy with the weight of sleep.

Alonso

Mine, also.

Antonio

*We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest.*

Sebastian

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio

It is the quality of the climate.

Sebastian

I do not find myself disposed to sleep.

Antonio

Nor I. They dropped as by a thunderbolt.
What if, my worthy friend? I say, what if?
*My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.*

Sebastian

What dost thou mean?

Antonio

You grant your nephew Ferdinand is dead?

Sebastian

I do.

Antonio

Then tell me, who's the next heir of Naples?

Sebastian

That would be me.

Antonio

*Say this were death that now hath seized them,
You would be king and no one else would know.*

Sebastian

'Tis true, and now I do remember how
You did supplant your brother, Prospero.

Antonio

*And look how well my garments sit upon me.
Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon.*
This dagger here will turn your fortunes round.

Sebastian

Thou hast persuaded me. *As thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
And I, the king, shall love thee.*

Antonio

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

Ariel

*My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth
To keep you living.*

Gonzalo

Now, good angels preserve the King.

Alonso

Why are you drawn?

Sebastian

*Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
We heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did it not wake you?*

Alonso

I heard nothing.

Antonio

*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.*

Alonso

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gonzalo

*Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming.
'Tis best, methinks, we stand upon our guard.*

Alonso

*Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.*

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO
ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND

Caliban

All the infections that are under the sun
On Prospero fall and slowly eat him up.
I know his spirits he will set on me,
To pinch me, fright me, pitch me in the mire
Or lead me in the dark out of my way.

*Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not notice me.*

Trinculo

*Here's neither bush, nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all; and another storm brewing. If it
should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head.
What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish, he
smells like a fish. But he's legged like a man and his fins are like
arms. This is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered from
a thunderbolt.*

*Alas, the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his
cloak; there is no other shelter hereabouts.*

Caliban

Do not torment me. O!

Stephano

*What's the matter? Have we devils here? I have not escaped
drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs. Not while Stephano
still breathes.*

Caliban

The spirit torments me. O!

Stephano

This is some monster of the isle, with four legs. Where the devil should he learn our language? If I can keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor.

Caliban

I'll bring my wood home faster.

Stephano

He shall taste of my bottle. Open your mouth.

Trinculo

I should know that voice; it should be – but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

Stephano

Four legs and two voices, a most interesting monster. I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trinculo

Stephano, I am Trinculo, thy good friend. But art thou not drowned, Stephano?

Stephano

Prithee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Caliban

These be fine things, and if they be not sprites, he's a brave god who gives me this heavenly liquor. I will kneel to him.

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano

Yes, out of the moon!

Caliban

*I'll show thee every fertile inch of the island, and I will kiss thy foot;
I prithee, be my god. I'll swear myself thy subject.*

Stephano

Come on then, down and swear.

Caliban

*I'll show thee the best springs, I'll pluck thee berries.
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve.
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.*

Trinculo

*A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder
of a poor drunkard.*

Stephano

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

Caliban

Farewell master, farewell, farewell.

Stephano

O, brave monster! Lead the way.

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE
OUTSIDE PROSPERO'S CAVE

Ferdinand

*I must remove some thousands of these logs,
And pile them up on pain of punishment.*

But I am glad to labour so because
The mistress that I serve has smiled at me.

Miranda enters, with Prospero watching out of sight.

Miranda

*Alas, now pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are forced 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.*

Ferdinand

*The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do, sweet mistress.*

Miranda

*If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs a while. Pray give me that;
I'll take it to the pile.*

Ferdinand

*No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.*

Miranda

You look wearily.

Ferdinand

*No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are here. Yet, I do beseech you,
Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?*

Miranda

*Miranda. O, my father,
I have broken my promise by saying so.*

Ferdinand

*Admired Miranda,
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world. Full many a lady
Have I liked, but you, o you, so perfect,
So lovely – they could not compare to thee.*

Miranda

*And for myself, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.*

Ferdinand

*I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda, I do think a king.
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your side, and for your sake
Am I this patient log man.*

Miranda

Do you love me?

Ferdinand

O, I do love, prize and honour you.

Miranda

I am your wife, if you will marry me.

You may deny me, but I'll be your servant

Whether you will or no.

Ferdinand

My mistress, dearest, here is my hand.

Miranda

And mine, with my heart in it. And now farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Prospero

I see they are in love, and I am glad,

But yet, ere supper-time, must I perform

Much business, so I'll to my books.

ACT THREE, SCENE TWO
ELSEWHERE ON THE ISLAND

Caliban

Now wilt thou listen to my plan?

Stephano

Indeed, I will.

Caliban

*As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.*

Ariel

Thou liest.

Caliban

*Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou.
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.*

Stephano

*Trinculo, if you trouble him any more, I will supplant some of your
teeth.*

Trinculo

Why, I said nothing.

Stephano

Mum then, and no more. Proceed.

Caliban

*I say by sorcery he got this isle from me, but if thou dar'st do what
I ask, thou shalt be lord of it and I will serve thee.*

Stephano

How shall this be done?

Caliban

I'll take thee to him when he is asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ariel

Thou liest, thou canst not.

Caliban

Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows.

Stephano

Trinculo, interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand,
I'll make mincemeat out of thee.

Trinculo

Why, what did I? I did nothing.

Stephano

Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel

Thou liest.

Stephano

Do I so? Take thou that.

Caliban

Beat him enough and then I'll beat him, too.

Stephano

Now forward with your tale.

Caliban

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
In the afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him
Having first seized his books; or with a log

*Batter his skull, or stab him with a stake,
Or cut his throat with thy knife. Remember
First to take his books, for he is powerless
Without them.*

Stephano

*Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I will be king and
queen; and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the
plot, Trinculo?*

Trinculo

Excellent.

Stephano

Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee.

Caliban

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

Stephano

Ay, on my honour.

Ariel

This will I tell my master.

Caliban

*Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes, a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches*

*Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.*

Stephano

This will prove a fine kingdom for me.

Caliban

When Prospero is destroyed.

Stephano

That shall be by and by.

Trinculo

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

ACT FOUR, SCENE ONE
OUTSIDE PROSPERO'S CAVE

Prospero

If I have too severely punished you,
*Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life.*
I give her hand to thee. *All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast bravely stood the test.*
*A masque is performed by Prospero's spirits
to entertain the young couple.*

Ferdinand

This is a most majestic vision, sir.
May I be bold to think that these are spirits?

Prospero

They are, and all of them at my command.

Ferdinand

O, let me live here ever, for wonders
Such as these, make this place a paradise.

Prospero

*I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life.* The moment of their plot
Is almost come. Enough, my spirits, go!
*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 ghostly nature of this vision,
*The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*
Yea, everything upon it, shall dissolve
And leave not a wisp behind. *We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

Go rest yourselves a while inside the cave.
Come, Ariel.

Ariel

What's thy pleasure?

Prospero

*Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?*

Ariel

I charmed their ears that they would follow me.
Through pricking briars and jagged thorns they came,
Until I left them in some stinking bog.

Prospero

Go bring the fancy costumes from my cave;
We'll hang them out as bait to catch these thieves.

Caliban

Pray you tread softly, we now are near his cave.

Stephano

Monster, that music did lead us a merry dance.

Trinculo

And I do smell somewhat foul.

Caliban

*Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth of his cave. 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.*

Trinculo

*O worthy Stephano, look what a wardrobe
here is for thee.*

Caliban

Let it alone thou fool, it is but trash.

Stephano

Take off that gown, Trinculo, it shall be mine.

Trinculo

Thy grace shall have it.

Caliban

*Let's do the murder first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches.*

Stephano

Be you quiet, monster. And I shall have this one, and this, and this. Here's one for you, Trinculo.

Trinculo

Come, monster, take the rest.

Caliban

I will have none of it. *We shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes.*

Stephano

Monster, help to bear this away, or I will turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

Trinculo

And this.

Stephano

Yes, and this.

Prospero

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou,

My spirit, shalt have from me thy freedom.

ACT FIVE, SCENE ONE
OUTSIDE PROSPERO'S CAVE

Prospero

How fares the King and all his followers?

Ariel

I have confined them as you did command.

*They cannot budge; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.*

Prospero

Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel

Mine would, sir, were I human.

Prospero

*And mine shall. 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 have bedimmed the noontide sun, called forth
Rebellious winds; to rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and split the mighty oaks
With lightning bolts. But this rough magic now
I do renounce. And this, my staff, I'll break
And bury deep beneath the earth. Then last,
Into the sea I'll throw my sacred book.*

Prospero

*Most cruelly did thou, Alonso, use me,
As did my brother, who with Sebastian
Would here have killed their king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. The charm dissolves.*

Prospero

*Behold sir king, the wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
I bid thee hearty welcome.*

Alonso

*If thou be'st Prospero, I do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should Prospero be living, and
be here, upon this shore
Where I have lost my dear son Ferdinand?*

Prospero

I grieve with you, for I have lost a daughter;
In this same tempest was she lost to me.

Alonso

Alas, if only they were living now,
At home in Naples, as the king and queen.

Prospero

But look, I pray you sir, within my cave.

Ferdinand

*Though the seas threaten, they are merciful
And I have cursed them without cause.*

Alonso

*Now all the blessings of a glad father,
Compass thee about.*

Miranda

O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world

That has such people in it.

Alonso

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?

Ferdinand

Sir, she is daughter to this noble duke

And she shall be my own if you allow.

Alonso

Give me your hands.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy.

Prospero

Sirs, I invite you all to rest yourselves

This night within my cave and there

I'll tell the story of my life. Then shall

I bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these, our dear beloved, solemnised.

Ariel, your work and mine is done. Now go

And to the elements be free. Farewell.