ACT I

Scene 1

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:
enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain

MASTER. Boatswain.
BOATSWAIN. Here Master: what cheer?
MASTER. Good: speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground, bestir, bestir.

Exit

Enter Mariners

BOATSWAIN. Heigh my hearts, cheerly, cheerly my hearts: yare, yare: take in the top sail: tend to th' Master's whistle: blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others

ALONSO. Good Boatswain have care: where's the Master? Play the men.
BOATSWAIN. I pray now keep below.
ANTHONIO. Where is the Master. Boatswain?
BOATSWAIN. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour, keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.
GONZALO. Nay, good be patient.
BOATSWAIN. When the sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? To cabin; silence: trouble us not.
GONZALO. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
BOATSWAIN. None that I more love than myself. You are a Councillor, 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 liv'd 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

GONZALO. 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 hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exeunt

Enter Boatswain

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with main course. A plague —

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo

upon this howling: they are louder than the weather, or our office: yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown, have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog.

BOATSWAIN. Work you then.

ANTHONIO. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

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

BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold, set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet

MARINERS. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

BOATSWAIN. What must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The King and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTHONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards,
This wide-chop'd rascal, would thou mightst
lie drowning
The washing of ten tides.

GONZALO

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.

ANTHONIO. Let's all sink wi' th' King.
SEBASTIAN. Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt

GONZALO. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea, for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.

Exit

Scene 2

Enter Prospero and Miranda

MIRANDA

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. Oh! I have suffered