

William Shakespeare,  
The Tempest

1<sup>st</sup> published : 1623, London

Actus primus,

Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

Master.

Bote-swaine.

Botes.

Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast.

Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre.

Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Botes.

Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon.

Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Botes.

I pray now keepe below.

Anth.

Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes.

Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz.

Nay, good be patient.

Botes.

When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes.

None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your [25] selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Exit.

Gon.

I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exit.

Enter Boteswaine.

Botes.

Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague--- A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas.

A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Botes.

Worke you then.

Anth.

Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz.

I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanch'd wench.

Botes.

Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari.

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

Botes.

[50] What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz.

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

Sebas.

I'am out of patience.

An.

We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz.

Hee'l be hang'd yet,  
Though euery drop of water sweare against it,  
And gape at widst to glut him.

A confused noyse within.

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,  
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth.

Let's all sinke with' King

Seb.

Let's take leaue of him.

Exit.

Gonz.

Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath,  
Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Exit.

