

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

THE TEMPEST

Act I, scene 2: Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand

PROSPERO

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance and say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA

What is't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit?

PROSPERO

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses as we have, such. This
gallant which thou seest was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief. He hath lost his fellows and strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

FERDINAND

Vouchsafe my prayer! Could you some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir; But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

My language! heavens! I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO

How? the best? What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders to hear thee speak of Naples.
Myself am Naples, who with mine eyes, beheld the king my father wreck'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan And his brave son being
twain.

PROSPERO

[Aside] The Duke of Milan and his more braver daughter could control
thee, if now 'twere fit to do't.

[To FERDINAND]

A word, good sir; I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently? pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

O, if your affection not gone forth, I'll make you the queen of Naples!

PROSPERO

Soft, sir! one word more. I charge thee that thou attend me: thou dost here
usurp the name thou owest not...

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

PROSPERO

Follow me. Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks. Follow.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity; I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence! Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban and they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO

Come on; Follow me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort; my father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech.