

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

THE TEMPEST

Act V, scene 1: Prospero, Ariel

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not;
my spirits obey; and time goes upright with his carriage.
How's the day?

ARIEL

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, you said our work
should cease.

PROSPERO

I did say so, when first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL

Confined together in the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir; they cannot budge till
your release.

The king, his brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them, brimful of sorrow and
dismay;

but chiefly him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord
Gonzalo;'

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops from eaves of
reeds.

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.