

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

THE TEMPEST

Ensemble Soliloquy, Miranda Act I scene 2

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 the welkin's cheek, dashes the fire out.

O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her, dash'd all to
pieces.

O, the cry did knock against my very heart! Poor souls, they
perish'd!

Had I been any god of power, I would have sunk the sea within
the earth, or ere it should the good ship so have swallow'd
and the fraughting souls within her.