

The Works of William Shakespeare  
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and  
Tragedies: As they are presently  
acted in the Swan Theatre.

The Names of the Principall Actors  
in this Play.

James Gherard	John Hemmings
Robert Truitt	Richard Burbidge
William Offor	John Hemmings
John Field	Richard Burbidge
John Underwood	William Kemp
Richard Baxter	Thomas Pope
William Eccles	George Burdett
John Truitt	Henry Condell
Robert Bevil	William Dyer
Robert Gage	Richard Cowley
Richard Richardson	John Linn
John Gage	Samuel Goffe
John Rice	Alexander Cooke



# THE TEMPEST.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-masster, and a Boatswaine.*

*Master.*

*Oce-swaine.*

*Boatswaine.* Heere Master: What cheere?

*Master.* Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall downe: 'tis to' t' yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestrre, bestrre. *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boatswaine.* Heigh my hearts, cheereely, cheereely my hearts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-saile: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo and others.*

*Alonso.* Good Boatswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

*Boatswaine.* I pray now keepe below.

*Antonio.* Where is the Master, Boatswaine?

*Boatswaine.* Do you not heere him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do asist the storme.

*Gonzalo.* Nay, good be patient.

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

*Gonzalo.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boatswaine.* 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, vntill your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue li'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischaunce of the houre, if it so hap. Cheereely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

*Gonzalo.* 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 Boatswaine.*

*Boatswaine.* Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Mainecourse. A plague vnto the winde. *Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.*

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

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

*Boatswaine.* Worke you then.

*Antonio.* Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noysemaker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

*Gonzalo.* Ile warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

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

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost, no prayers, no prayers, all lost, *Boatswaine.* 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 am out of patience. *Antonio.* We are neuerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chop't rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

*Gonzalo.* Hee'l be hang'd yet, Though euery drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noise within. Mercy on vs.*

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

*Antonio.* Let's all sinke with' King *Exit.*

*Sebastian.* Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.* *Gonzalo.* Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firs, any thing: the wills about be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Miranda.* If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them: The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes, Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered With those that I saw suffer: A braue yessel

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Shakespeare, William. *The Tempest*. In *Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies*. London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623. Folger STC 22273 Fo.1 no. 68

*The Tempest* was printed for the first time in the 1623 First Folio, and that text serves as the source for all subsequent editions. The First Folio is divided in to three sections: Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. *The Tempest* is grouped with the Comedies.

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