

## ***The Tempest – Act 1 Scene 1***

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

*Enter a Master and a Boatswain*

**Master**

Boatswain!

**Boatswain**

Here, master: what cheer?

**Master**

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,  
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

*Exit*

*Enter Mariners*

**Boatswain**

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!  
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the  
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,  
if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others*

**ALONSO**

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?  
Play the men.

**Boatswain**

I pray now, keep below.

**ANTONIO**

Where is the master, boatswain?

**Boatswain**

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your  
cabins: you do assist the storm.

**GONZALO**

Nay, good, be patient.

**Boatswain**

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers  
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

**GONZALO**

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**Boatswain**

None that I more love than myself. You are a  
counsellor; if you can command these elements to  
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will  
not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you  
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make  
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of  
the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out  
of our way, I say.

*Exit*

**GONZALO**

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he  
hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is  
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his  
hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable,  
for our own doth little advantage. If he be not  
born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter Boatswain*

**Boatswain**

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring  
her to try with main-course.

*A cry within*

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than  
the weather or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO*

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er  
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

**SEBASTIAN**

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,  
incharitable dog!

**Boatswain**

Work you then.

**ANTONIO**

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!  
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

**GONZALO**

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were  
no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an  
unstanched wench.

**Boatswain**

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to  
sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet*

**Mariners**

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

**Boatswain**

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'm out of patience.

**ANTONIO**

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:  
This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning  
The washing of ten tides!

**GONZALO**

He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it  
And gape at widest to glut him.

*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!-- 'We split, we split!--'Farewell, my wife and children!-- 'Farewell, brother!--'We split, we split, we split!'*

**ANTONIO**

Let's all sink with the king.

**SEBASTIAN**

Let's take leave of him.

*Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

**GONZALO**

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an  
acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any  
thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain  
die a dry death.

*Exeunt*