

SIDE #3 - ARIEL AND BOATSWAIN COMBO – AREIL ENTERTAINS AND BOASTS: BOATSWAIN DEFIES AND SHAMES THE NOBLES DURING A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE AMIDST THE STORM AT SEA

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit, Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

In mid-storm, the foolish Nobles have come on deck to complain

BOATSWAIN *(To Sailors)* Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

(To Nobles) I pray now, keep below. You mar our labor.

Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm. *(They refuse to leave.)*

Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin!

Silence! Trouble us not. *(To the oldest noble)* You are a councillor; 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! — *(To Sailors)* Cheerly, good hearts!— *(To Nobles)* Out of our way, I say!