

MIRANDA

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 th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered 5
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO Be collected.

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart 15
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

PROSPERO No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who 20
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art 35
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down, 40

For thou must now know farther. *They sit.*

MIRANDA You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding "Stay. Not yet." 45

PROSPERO The hour's now come.
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 50
Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO
By what? By any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance. 55

MIRANDA 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it 60
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA But that I do not. 65

PROSPERO
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO
Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and 70
She said thou wast my daughter. And thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence? 75
Or blessèd was 't we did?

PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

