

ARIEL

All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure. Be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

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.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL 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."

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.

