

# ARTHUR SULLIVAN

## Incidental music to *Macbeth* & *The Tempest*

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### CD 1: Incidental music to *Macbeth*

**SIMON CALLOW** speaker

**BBC SINGERS**

**BBC Concert ORCHESTRA** conducted by **JOHN ANDREWS**

**WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING**

Number 1 - Overture

Number 2 – Act 1 Scene 1

1<sup>st</sup> Witch:

When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, and in rain?

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: That will be ere set of sun.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Where the place?

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Upon the heath.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: There, to meet with Macbeth.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: I come, Graymalkin!

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Paddock calls.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: Anon!

All: Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Number 14 – Prelude to Act 6

DIALOGUE Act 1 Scene 2

Sergeant: Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

And choke their art. The merciless  
Macdonnell –

Worthy to be a rebel, for, to that,

The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him – from the western

isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damnèd quarry  
smiling,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's  
too weak;

For brave Macbeth – well he deserves  
that name –

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd  
steel,

Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his

passage,

Till he fac'd the slave;

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade  
farewell to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to  
the chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our  
battlements.

Duncan: O valiant cousin! worthy  
gentleman!...

No more that thane of Cawdor shall  
deceive

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his  
death,

And with his former title greet  
Macbeth.

Ross: I'll see it done.

Duncan: What he hath lost noble  
Macbeth hath won.

## Number 4 – Act 1 Scene 3

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Where hast thou been, sister?

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Killing swine.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: Sister, where thou?

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. "Give me," quoth I:

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it will be tempest-tost. –

Look what I have.

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Show me, show me.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All: The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! – the charm's wound up!

## DIALOGUE Act 1 Scene 3

Macbeth: So foul and fair a day I have not seen...

Speak, if you can – what are you?

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: All hail, Macbeth! hail to

thee, thane of Cawdor!

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!...

Macbeth: Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: –

By Sinel's death, I know I'm thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be a king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor? Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? – Speak, I charge you...

Angus/Ross: We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

And for an earnest of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,

For it is thine...

Macbeth: Glamis, and thane of Cawdor

The greatest is behind...

Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme...

This supernatural soliciting

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: – if ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that



The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's off'rings, and wither'd murder  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. – Thou sure and firm-set eart,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. –  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

#### Number 7 – Prelude to Act 3

##### DIALOGUE Act 3 Scene 1

Macbeth: To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus. – Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: he chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him, father to a line of kings.  
If't be so,  
For Banquo's issue I have fill'd my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance!...  
It is concluded; – Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

#### Number 13 – Prelude to Act 5

##### DIALOGUE Act 3 Scene 3

Macbeth: You know your own degrees;  
sit down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome...  
Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host...  
[*Banquo's ghost appears*]

#### Number 8 (banquet in Act 3 Scene 3)

##### DIALOGUE Act 3 Scene 3

Macbeth: Prithee, see there! behold!  
look! lo! ow say you? –  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod,  
speak too. –  
If charnel-houses and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites...  
Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere humane statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for th' ear: the time has been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end: but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is...

It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:

Stones have known to move and trees to speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have

By magot-pies and choughs and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood...

I will tomorrow –

And betimes I will – to the weird sisters.

More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Number 9 – Prelude to Act 4, leading straight into:

Number 9 continued – Act 4 Scene 1

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: Harpy cries. – 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw. –

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got

Boil thou first I□ the charmèd pot.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing –

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;

Witches' mummy; maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat; and slips of yew

Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab –

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn; and cauldron bubble.

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Hecate: O, well done! I commend your pains;

And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

Number 9a – Act 4 Scene 1 continued:

Chorus "Black Spirits and White"

All: Black spirits and white,

Red spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes. –  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!  
Macbeth: How now, you secret, black  
and midnight hags!  
What is't ye do?

Number 10 – Act 4 Scene 1 continued

All:  
A deed without a name  
Macbeth: I conjure you, by that which  
you profess –  
Howe'er you come to know it – answer  
me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let  
them fight  
Against the churches; though the  
yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though palaces and pyramids do  
slope  
Their heads to their foundations; –  
answer me  
To what I ask you.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Speak.

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Demand.

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: We'll answer.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Say, if thou'dst rather hear it  
from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

Macbeth: Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Pour in sow's blood, that  
hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

All: Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

Macbeth: Tell me, thou unknown  
power; –

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.  
1<sup>st</sup> Apparition: Macbeth! Macbeth!  
Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. – Dismiss  
me – enough.

Macbeth: Whate'er thou art, for thy  
good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but  
one word more: –

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: He will not be commanded:  
here's another,  
More potent than the first.

2<sup>nd</sup> Apparition: Macbeth! Macbeth!  
Macbeth!  
Macbeth: Had I three ears, I'd hear  
thee.

2<sup>nd</sup> Apparition: Be bloody, be bold, and  
resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman  
born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

Macbeth: Then live, Macduff: what  
need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double  
sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt  
not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

What is this,  
That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon its baby-brow the  
round  
And top of sovereignty?

All:  
Listen, but speak not to't.  
3<sup>rd</sup> Apparition: Be lion-mettled, proud;  
and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where  
conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquished be,  
until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane  
hill  
Shall come against him.

Macbeth: That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest, bid the  
tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet  
bodements! Good!  
Rebellion's head rise never, till the  
wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd  
Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his  
breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my  
heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me – if  
your art  
Can tell so much – shall Banquo's  
issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

All: Seek to know no more.

Macbeth: I will be satisfied: deny me  
this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let  
me know: –

Why sinks that cauldron? And what  
noise is this?

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Show!

2<sup>nd</sup> Witch: Show!

3<sup>rd</sup> Witch: Show!

All: Show his eyes, and grieve his  
heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

DIALOGUE Act 4 Scene 1

Macbeth: Thou art too like the spirit of  
Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: –  
and thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like  
the first: –

A third is like the former. – Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? – A fourth!  
– Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the  
crack of doom? –

Another yet! – A seventh! – I'll see no  
more: –

And yet the eighth appears, who bears  
a glass

Which shows me many more. –

Horrible sight! – Ay, now I see 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles  
upon me,

And points at them for his. –

What, is this so?

1<sup>st</sup> Witch: Ay, sir, all this is so: – but  
why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sister, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round,

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

Number 11 – Act 4 Scene 1 continued:  
Witches' dance

DIALOGUE Act 4 Scene 1

Macbeth: Time, thou anticipat'st my  
dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it: from this  
moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even  
now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be't  
thought and done;

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the  
sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate  
souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting  
like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose  
cool.  
But no more sights! – Where are these  
gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are.

Number 12 – Act 4 Scene 2: Chorus of  
Witches and Spirits

Witches and Spirits: Come away, come  
away,  
Hecate, Hecate, come away!  
Over woods, high rocks, and  
mountains,  
Over seas, our mistress' fountains;  
Over steeples, towers and turrets,  
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of  
spirits:  
No ring of bells to our ear sounds,  
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;  
No, not the noise of water's breach,  
Or cannon's throat our height can  
reach.  
No ring of bells, &c.



## CD 2: Incidental music to *The Tempest*

**MARY BEVAN** soprano [Ariel/Ceres]

**FFLUR WYN** soprano [Juno]

**SIMON CALLOW** speaker

**BBC SINGERS**

**BBC Concert ORCHESTRA** conducted by **JOHN ANDREWS**

**FIRST COMPLETE RECORDING**

Number 1 – Introduction

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

DIALOGUE Act 1 Scene 2

Ariel: My lord, it shall be done.

Prospero: Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful  
Fortune,

Ariel's Song: "Come unto these yellow  
sands"

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my  
prescience

Ariel: Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:

I find my zenith doth depend upon

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

A most auspicious star, whose  
influence

The wild waves whist:

If now I court not but omit, my  
fortunes

Foot it featly here and there,

Will ever after droop. Here cease  
more questions:

And sweet sprites bear

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good  
dulness,

The burthen. Hark, hark.

And give it way: I know thou canst  
not choose.

Chorus: Bow-wow.

Ariel: The watch dogs bark:

Chorus: Bow-wow.

Ariel: Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer.

Number 2 – Act 1 Scene 2

Ferdinand: Where should this music  
be? i' the air or the earth?

Prospero: Come away, servant, come.

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits  
upon

I am ready now.

Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a  
bank,

Approach, my Ariel, come.

Weeping again the king my father's  
wrack,

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the  
sea:

This music crept by me upon the  
waters,

Be subject to

Allaying both their fury and my  
passion

No sight but thine and mine; invisible

With its sweet air: thence I have

To every eyeball else. Go take this  
shape,

Follow'd it,

And hither come in't: go: hence

Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis  
gone.

With diligence!

No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song: "Full fathom five"

Ariel: Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Chorus: Ding-dong bell.  
Ariel: Hark! now I hear them, – Ding-dong, bell.

DIALOGUE Act 1 Scene 2

Ferdinand: This ditty does remember my drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes: - I hear it now above me.

Number 3 – Act 2 Scene 1 – solemn music

DIALOGUE Act 2 Scene 1

Sebastian: What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio: It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebastian:

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Antonio: Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.

What might,

Worthy Sebastian? – O, what might?

– No more: –

And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head...

Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like,  
that's dead;

Whom I, with this obedient steel,  
three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you,  
doing thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put

This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They'll tell the clock to any business that

We say befits the hour.

Number 3 continued: "While you here do snoring lie"

Ariel: My master through his Art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth, –

For else his project dies, – to keep them living.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, Awake!

Number 4 – Prelude to Act 3

DIALOGUE Act 3 Scene 3

Antonio: Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

Will not, nor cannot, use such  
vigilance  
As when they are fresh.  
Sebastian: I say, to-night: no more.

### Number 6 – Act 3 Scene 3

Alonso: What harmony is this? My  
good friends, hark!  
Gonzalo: Marvellous sweet music!

### Number 6 continued – Banquet Dance

Alonso: I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such  
sound, expressing –  
Although they want the use of tongue  
– a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse...

I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last, no matter, since I  
feel  
The best is past. Brother, my lord the  
duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

### MELODRAMA

Ariel: You are three men of sin, whom  
Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower  
world  
And what is in't, the never-surfeited  
sea  
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on  
this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you  
'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made  
you mad;  
And even with such-like valour men  
hang and drown  
Their proper selves.

You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd,

may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with  
bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as  
diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume: my  
fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could  
hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for  
your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But  
remember –  
For that's my business to you – that  
you three  
From Milan did supplant good  
Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath  
requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which  
foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting,  
have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all  
the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son,  
Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce  
by me:  
Lingering perdition, worse than any  
death  
Can be at once, shall step by step  
attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to  
guard you from –  
Which here, in this most desolate  
isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but  
heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

Number 6 continued – Conclusion of  
banquet dance

DIALOGUE (after dance)

Prospero: Bravely the figure of this  
Harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had  
devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing  
bated  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with  
good life  
And observation strange, my meaner  
ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My  
high charms work,  
And these mine enemies are all knit  
up  
In their distractions: they now are in  
my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I  
visit  
Young Ferdinand, – whom they  
suppose is drown'd, –  
And his and mine lov'd darling.

#### Number 7 – Prelude to Act 4

##### DIALOGUE Act 4 Scene 1

Prospero: What, Ariel! my industrious  
servant, Ariel!  
Ariel: What would my potent master?  
here I am.  
Prospero: Thou and thy meaner  
fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform; and I must use  
you  
In such another trick. Go bring the  
rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to  
this place:  
Incite them to quick motion; for I  
must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young  
couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my  
promise,  
And they expect it from me.  
Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a  
corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit: appear and  
pertly!

#### Number 8 – Act 4 Scene 1 continued – Masque

Prospero: No tongue! All eyes! Be  
silent!

#### Number 9 – Act 4 Scene 1 continued – Duet: Juno and Ceres

Juno: Honour, riches, marriage-  
blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.  
Ceres: Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garner's never empty;  
Vines with clust'ring bunches  
growing;  
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand: This is a most majestic  
vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be  
bold  
To think these spirits?  
Prospero: Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to  
enact  
My present fancies.  
Ferdinand: Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise.

Prospero: Sweet, now, silence!  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush,

and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Number 10 – Act 4 Scene 1 continued:  
Dance of Nymphs and Reapers

Dialogue Act 4 Scene 1

Prospero: Our revels now are ended.  
These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this  
vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the  
gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe  
itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall  
dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant  
faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such  
stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little  
life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am  
vex'd;  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain  
is troubled:  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll  
walk,  
To still my beating mind.

Number 11 – Prelude to Act 5

Prospero: Ye elves of hills, brooks,  
standing lakes and groves,  
And ye that on the sands with  
printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do  
fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-  
puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour  
ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you  
whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that  
rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose  
aid,  
Weak masters though ye be, I have  
bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the  
mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the  
azured vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling  
thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's  
stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based  
promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs  
pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my  
command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and  
let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough  
magic  
I here abjure, and, when I have  
required  
Some heavenly music, which even  
now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses  
that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my  
staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet  
sound  
I'll drown my book.

Number 11a – Act 5 Scene 1 – Solemn  
music

A solemn air and the best

comforter  
To an unsettled fancy cure  
thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy  
skull! There stand,  
For you are spell-stopp'd.  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable  
man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to  
the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. The  
charm dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steals  
upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their  
rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant  
fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason. O good  
Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal  
sir  
To him you follow'st! I will  
pay thy graces  
Home both in word and deed.  
Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me  
and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer  
in the act.  
Thou art pinch'd fort now,  
Sebastian. Flesh and blood,  
You, brother mine, that  
entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature;  
who, with Sebastian,  
Whose inward pinches  
therefore are most strong,  
Would here have kill'd your  
king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art.  
Their understanding  
Begins to swell, and the  
approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable

shore  
That now lies foul and muddy.  
Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or  
would know me: Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier  
in my cell:  
I will discase me, and myself  
present  
As I was sometime Milan:  
quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.  
Number 12 – Act 5 Scene 1 – “Where  
the bee sucks”

Ariel: Where the bee sucks, there  
suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell lie I;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the  
bough.

DIALOGUE Act 5 Scene 1  
Prospero: Why, that's my dainty Ariel!  
I shall miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so,  
so, so.  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou  
art:  
There shalt thou find the mariners  
asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and  
the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this  
place,  
And presently, I prithee.  
Ariel: I drink the air before me, and  
return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Number 12a [Ariel's exit music]

DIALOGUE Act 5 Scene 1

Prospero: Sir, I invite your Highness  
and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take  
your rest  
For this one night; which, part of it,  
I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt,  
shall make it  
Go quick away: the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to  
Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solenmized;  
And thence retire me to my Milan,  
where  
Every third thought shall be my  
grave...

I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas,  
auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall  
catch  
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel,  
chick,  
That is my charge: then to the  
elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please  
you, draw near.

Number 12b – Epilogue

Prospero (speaks over  
music): Now my charms are  
all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's  
mine own,  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis  
true,  
I must be here confined by  
you,

Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardon'd the deceiver,  
dwell  
In this bare island by your  
spell;  
But release me from my  
bands  
With the help of your good  
hands:  
Gentle breath of yours my  
sails  
Must fill, or else my project  
fails,  
Which was to please. Now I  
want  
Spirits to enforce, art to  
enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it  
assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all  
faults.  
As you from crimes would  
pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me  
free.