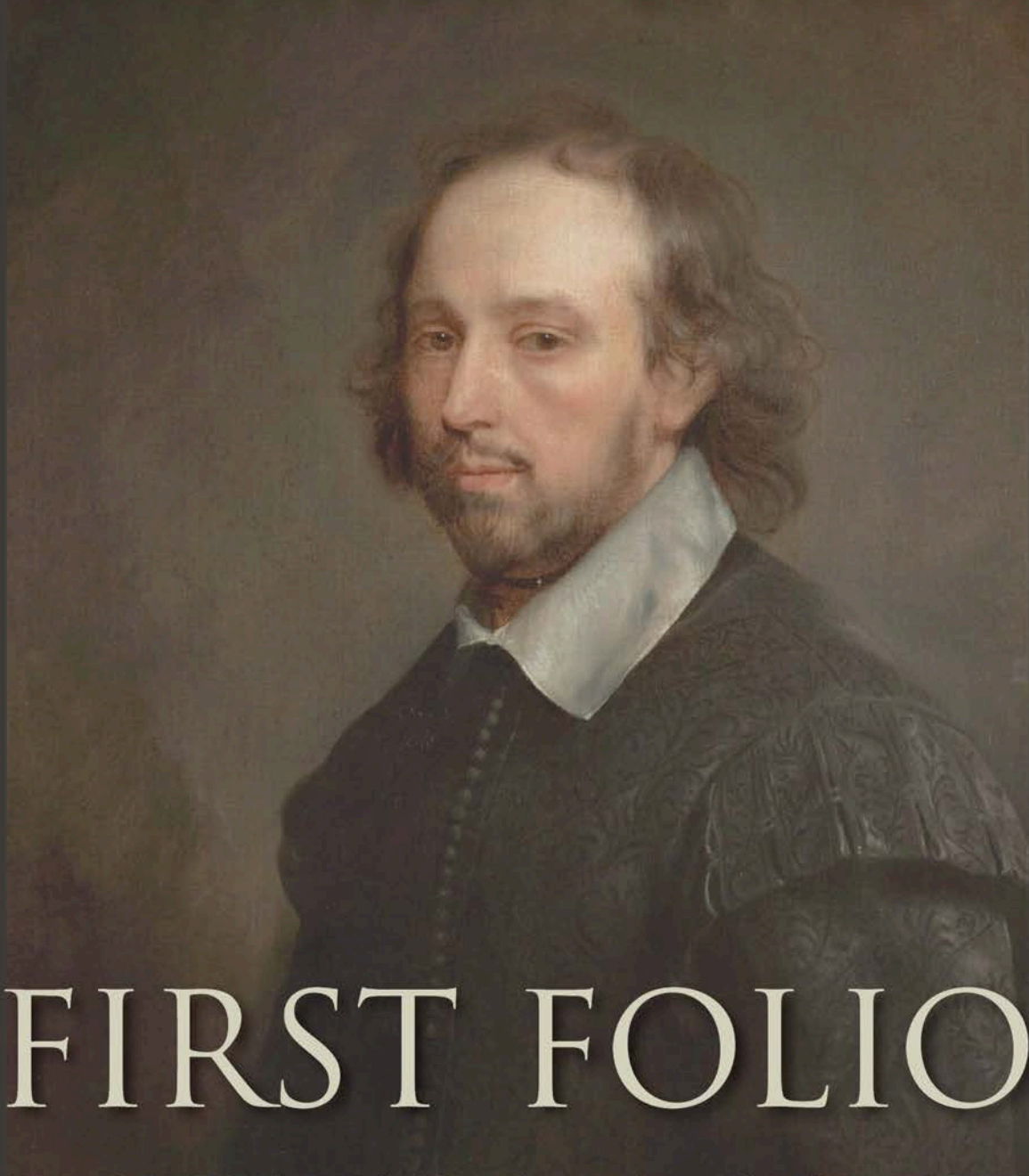


# SHAKESPEARE'S



# FIRST FOLIO ULTIMATE



*The most accurate transcription  
of the First Folio ever published*



# *Shakespeare's First Folio Ultimate*

The most accurate transcription of the First Folio ever published,  
formatted as a typographic emulation of the original  
edition as published in 1623

*William Shakespeare*

Edited by PlayShakespeare.com

WAKING LION PRESS

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# Foreword.

**T**he proliferation of editions of Shakespeare's works is a great thing. When PlayShakespeare.com started, it was difficult to find them in digital form—primarily because there were really only two or three editions in the public domain. Now there is a larger selection (including the PlayShakespeare.com editions), enabling students, teachers, scholars, theatre professionals, computer programmers, and even the average fan to rework the Bard in new ways.

## *Back to the Source*

In the spring of 2005, I set out to create free and open-source editions of the complete works of William Shakespeare. Being digital editions, they evolved over the next few years that followed, undergoing a degree of scholarly scrutiny and debate. Many times those debates referred back to the original sources from which those editions were created ([www.playshakespeare.com/text-sources](http://www.playshakespeare.com/text-sources)). The folios, quartos, and manuscripts were key to our editorial decision-making and understanding authorial intent. These historical documents came from a variety of sources, either online or in print, and I noticed a frustrating pattern in that research process. Even though these documents were created centuries before copyright existed, they all claimed to be copyrighted by their publishers (even publicly funded libraries)—a shameful practice.

By 2010, I'd turned my sights on creating an XML edition of the First Folio, a project that took almost two years to complete. Using XML meant the First Folio could be read as "live" text as op-

posed to scanned pages, which made it searchable. But it also meant a painstaking proofing process to ensure accuracy against an original that was rife with errors. Taking a similar approach to the one Charlton Hinman used with his facsimile, we made our editions a "best of" from all the available First Folio copies we could get our hands on, even taking it further to include corrections he didn't have access to.

Having seen and held in my own hands a few original First Folios, the early results of digitizing these texts was flat. Their original essence was lost. The font was modern and the layout kludgy. To better give a sense of the actual First Folio, I searched for a font that could help capture that flavor. I found Italian font designer Igino Marini and his amazing Fell Types ([iginomarini.com/fell](http://iginomarini.com/fell)). He'd extensively studied 17th-century printing types and created IM Fell. To the trained eye, this font didn't exactly match that of the First Folio, but it was beautifully designed and the perfect touch needed to help bring this new digital edition to life.

In early 2012, a few months after we released our open-source First Folio in XML, Oxford University began a First Folio digitization project with the Bodleian First Folio. I was excited to see this, hoping it was a new trend to increase open access to more historical works. Unfortunately, they used a proprietary license when they released it (CC BY 3.0), and they didn't use the original spelling. Similar projects surfaced but were never completed or were simply technical exercises.

In recent years, we've been taking the same approach to digitizing the Quartos and Octavos we



used as sources for the PlayShakespeare.com editions, releasing them under an open source license on GitHub for anyone to use. We're not done with our mission quite yet, and I question whether we ever will be.

### *Open Source Drives the Vision*

At PlayShakespeare.com, we believe strongly in the philosophy of open source. When intellectual property is released to the world using an open-source license, it fosters creativity and innovation when building upon those ideas, creating new works and making them better. When open source is supported, everyone benefits, and that idea combined with creating high-quality digital editions was a driving principle in 2005 when the first version of our editions was created.

What's the difference between "free" and "free"? This is a point of confusion for most. Often the word "free" is used when promoting open-source material. But free can mean several things, and it's very important to distinguish the difference:

- "Free of charge" means you don't have to pay for it. You can download it with no cost to you at all.

- "Free to use" means you can do whatever you want with it—adapt it, give it away, sell it, and so on.

Just because you have the first doesn't automatically mean you have the second (and vice versa). The definition of "open source" comes from the Open Source Initiative (OSI) and the Freedom Software Foundation (FSF). In short, the definition doesn't mean the source code is freely available to download (a common misconception). Open source defines the *conditions of usage* of that source code. If that usage is restricted (especially commercially), it's not open source.

Existing editions like Arden, Riverside, and Folger are all proprietary. There are a few "free" editions of Shakespeare's works available on the Internet because they're now in the public domain. Here are the three most popular:

### *The Globe Edition*

The Globe edition was published in 1866 and based on Cambridge texts from the same decade. It was groundbreaking in its time, but Shakespeare scholarship has evolved by leaps and bounds in the past 150 years, so this edition is sorely outdated, with many errors.

### *The Moby Edition*

This edition, created by The Moby Project, is essentially a minor derivative of the Globe Edition with even more errors. It was available online until the project was later absorbed into Project Gutenberg.

### *The Oxford Shakespeare*

This edition was published in 1914 by W. J. Craig for Oxford University Press. It is a somewhat improved edition over the Globe and Moby editions but definitely shows its age at 100 years old.

Because all of these editions are in the public domain, they are not technically "open source" by definition, but since they are "free of charge" and "free to use", they are widely copied in spite of their age and textual errors. They are not maintained in any way and are essentially "snapshots" of the times in which they were released many years ago.

To further illustrate the point, there are other sources which claim to have either "free" or "open source" editions available:

### *MIT*

This site uses the public domain Moby Edition. Ironically, MIT is the creator of the popular MIT license for many kinds of open-source software, but these texts are not released under it.

### *Folger Digital Texts*

The well-respected Folger Shakespeare Library launched their digital texts in December 2012 under the CC-ANC 3.0 license. Their site says:



*“The full source code of the texts may be downloaded by researchers and developers at no cost for noncommercial use.”*

According to the definition of open source, the texts should be unencumbered for use in *any* project, commercial or not. No Creative Commons licenses qualify as open source as they all come with restrictions that go against the spirit of it. So while the texts are being called “free”, they are “free of charge”, not free to use as you wish.

### *Open Source Shakespeare*

Despite its domain name, this website uses the public domain Globe Edition. The license page doesn’t mention any particular open-source license but states:

*“You may download the OSS code and/or the database and use them in your personal, non-commercial projects without charge, as long as you give us credit and provide a link somewhere to [www.opensourceshakespeare.org](http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org). Commercial use is not authorized without the permission from George Mason University.”*

According to the definition of open source, anyone should be able to use the content in any project, for commercial use or not. In open source, no special permission is needed because it is, by definition, open. So, like the Folger Digital Texts, Open Source Shakespeare is “free of charge”, not “free to use”. Therefore, neither the site software nor the content is actually open source as the name of the website implies.

### *Why This Matters*

These are just a few examples of digital editions in use by people who might inadvertently be breaking the law because the terms are either unclear or restrictive. What is a “non-commercial project”? Isn’t a theatrical performance where I charge an admission fee considered a commercial project? There are many questions like these when an open-source license isn’t used. I question whether George Mason University or The Folger

is going to send the “Shakespeare Police” after anyone, but are you sure? In some cases, you could be violating their copyright and not even know it.

We continue to publicly maintain our open-source editions on GitHub and encourage feedback and contributions. We are proud to have created the first truly open-source editions of Shakespeare’s plays with an emphasis on quality. To us, the term “open source” isn’t just a buzzword to attract people looking for free stuff. It’s a different way of looking at copyright with the goal of fostering innovation and free thinking.

### *The Future of Shakespeare*

Since the creation of these editions in 2005, we’ve taken many suggestions from scholars, teachers, theatre professionals, and aficionados all over the world to improve them. We consider them “living” documents that have been “forked”, reused, edited, hacked, and much more. They’re used as the basis for performances at theatres like the Oregon Shakespeare Festival and the Prague Shakespeare Company, and in countless classrooms. They’re also used in the popular Shakespeare Pro apps for Apple and Android devices, which have currently been downloaded more than 15 million times. They’ve even been used in various open-source technology projects to search, analyze, and visualize Shakespeare’s works in new ways. The possibilities are limitless.

As for the future? It’s anyone’s guess. It’s been more than fifteen years since this project’s inception, but I can say we’ve accomplished much more than what we originally intended. What started as a website project to replace a heavy book has become an incredible way to empower Shakespeare lovers all over the world and impact millions more using only the words of the Bard.

*Ron Severdia  
San Anselmo, CA  
May 2021*





## Publisher's Preface.



r. William Shakespeare's *Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies* (the First Folio) was first published in 1623. As the pages were printed, they were checked for errors, and if any were found, they were corrected. But the pages with errors were not thrown away; instead, they were kept and used, which means that no volumes of the First Folio are perfect, and no two of them are identical. But might there be a way to identify the corrected pages and publish them together in a new edition?

In the 1960s, Charlton Hinman did exactly that, inventing his famous collator to compare the pages of fifty-five First Folio volumes at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. In 1968 he published the Norton Facsimile, which included photographs of all the corrected pages he had identified. But many additional copies of the First Folio were not available to Hinman; today, some of them can even be found online. Identifying the corrections in those copies would make it possible to produce an even more accurate version of the plays. The scholarly team at PlayShakespeare.com has brilliantly done so, making available the most faithful transcription of the First Folio ever published. It includes:

- All of the corrected readings identified by Charlton Hinman in the Norton Facsimile.
- All of the corrected readings identified in copies of the First Folio not available to Hinman. (You can learn more at PlayShakespeare.com.)
- The original breaks in the players' lines.
- The original spellings. For example, in Shakespeare's time, the letters I and J were essentially the same, and the letters U and V were often used

interchangeably: "If Musicke be the food of Loue, play on."

- Historical ligatures, such as *ct* and *Æ*.
- Characters used to abbreviate words, such as the *ē* in "thē," meaning "them."
- Special typographical characters, such as *f*, the "long s," which to modern eyes resembles the letter *f*. Here's an example from *All's Well That Ends Well*: "He that *fo* generally is at all times good, muft of neceffitie hold his vertue to you."

### *Format*

This new edition also emulates the *look* of the original text using the beautiful Fell Types digitally reproduced by Iginio Marini. Although not identical to the fonts used in the original, they are very close; the Fell Types were commissioned by Oxford Bishop John Fell in about 1672, nearly fifty years after the First Folio was printed but still very much in the style of type used in Shakespeare's time.

This edition's layout, for the most part, follows that of the original. The modern paper size of 8.5 by 11 inches is shorter than the original 13.375 inches, so page breaks differ from those in the original. The placement of stage directions and exit lines has been standardized. Other formatting, as in songs, generally follows that in the original.

### *About the First Folio*

What is a folio? It is a book made up of sheets of paper on which four pages of text are printed, two pages on each side. Each sheet is then folded once

to produce two leaves, each with two pages, one on the front and one on the back. The folded sheets are inserted inside one another to form a “gathering” of leaves. The gatherings are then placed in order and bound as a book.

The First Folio was compiled by Shakespeare’s friends and colleagues John Heminges and Henry Condell, both actors in the King’s Men, the playing company for which Shakespeare wrote. The pair emphasized that the book was meant to replace earlier unauthorized publications, which they characterised as “stol’n and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by frauds and stealths of injurious impostors,” asserting that Shakespeare’s true words “are now offer’d to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them.”

“Perfect of their limbes” is a bit of an overstatement; the book’s printing has numerous imperfections, including misnumbered pages, uneven ink distribution, and inconsistent page positions and type treatments. In addition, every copy of the First Folio has typographical errors—no copy is perfect. In spite of its faults, without the publication of the First Folio, eighteen of Shakespeare’s plays, including *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Tempest*, and *Measure for Measure*, would probably not have survived. The hugely

successful first edition was followed by others, referred to as the Second Folio, the Third Folio, and so on.

First Folio facsimiles are available in print and online, but their uneven printing and rather primitive typesetting make them difficult to read. This new edition makes Shakespeare’s works more accessible to modern readers; actually using the First Folio gives modern players and directors a more accurate understanding of how Shakespeare intended the plays to be acted and produced. If you’ve always wanted to read Shakespeare’s plays as they were originally published but couldn’t get past the faded and uneven page scans of the photographic facsimiles, this is the edition for you.

### *Acknowledgments*

Many thanks to Ron Severdia and the scholarly team at PlayShakespeare.com for their meticulous transcription of the First Folio text and for making it freely available under a true open-source license, the only compilation of Shakespeare’s plays ever released in that way.

Thanks also to Igino Marini (iginomarini.com) for creating and making available the beautifully rendered fonts of the Fell Types used in this book.

*Mr. William Shakespeare's  
Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*

## To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the Grauer had a strife  
with Nature, to out-doo the life:  
O, could he but haue drawne his wit  
As well in brasse, as he hath hit  
His face; the Print would then surpasse  
All, that was euer writ in brasse.  
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke  
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B.I.



MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,  
HISTORIES, &  
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



*Martin Droeshout · Sculptor · London*

L O N D O N  
Printed by Ifaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.







TO THE MOST NOBLE  
AND  
INCOMPARABLE PAIR  
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM  
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the  
*Kings most Excellent Maiesty.*

AND  
PHILIP  
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties  
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order  
of the Garter, and our singular good  
LORDS.

Right Honourable,



*Hilft we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L. we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue prosecuted both them, and their Authour liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done*

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your seruant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.  
HENRY CONDELL.



*To the great Variety of Readers.*



From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fise shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiu'd thé. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresse of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

*Iohn Heminge.*

*Henrie Condell.*







To the memory of my beloued,  
The AVTHOR  
Mr. Wil l i a m Shakespeare:  
And  
what he hath left vs.

**T***O draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:  
While I confesse thy writings to be such,  
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes  
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:  
For feeliest Ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;  
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance  
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,  
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.  
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,  
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?  
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed  
Aboue the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!  
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye  
A little further, to make thee a roome:  
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,  
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,  
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.  
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;  
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:  
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,  
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,  
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,  
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke  
For names; but call forth thund'ring Aeschilus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,  
Paccuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,  
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,  
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,  
Leaue thee alone, for the comparison*

*Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome  
 sent forth, or since did from their albes come.  
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shoue,  
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time!  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When like Apollo he came forth to warme  
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!  
 Nature herselfe was proud of his designes,  
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!  
 Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.  
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
 But antiquated, and deserted lye  
 As they were not of Natures family.  
 Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.  
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,  
 His Art doth giue the fashon. And, that he,  
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,  
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Vpon the Muses anuile: turne the same,  
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;  
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,  
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.  
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face  
 Liues in his issue, euen so, the race  
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines  
 In his well torned, and true-filed lines:  
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,  
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.  
 Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,  
 And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!  
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere  
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;  
 Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despaire day, but for thy Volumes light.*

BEN: IONSON.



Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous  
Scenicke Poet, Maſter WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE.



Loſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring  
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakeſpeares* dayes;  
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,  
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.  
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,  
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phoebus* clouds his rayes:  
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,  
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.  
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,  
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:  
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue  
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.  
For though his line of life went ſoone about,  
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.


HVGH HOLLAND.





# A C A T A L O G V E

of the feuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tra-  
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# TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Authour Maister

W. SHAKESPEARE.

**S**Hake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue  
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue  
Thy Tombe, thy name must; when that stone is rent,  
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,  
Here we aliue shall view thee still. This Booke,  
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke  
Fresb to all Ages: when Posteritie  
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie  
That is not Shake-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse  
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.  
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,  
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.  
Nor shall I e're beleue, or thinke thee dead  
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped  
(Impossible) with some new straine t' out-do  
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;  
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,  
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans shake.  
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest  
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,  
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,  
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

## To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.

**W**EE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone  
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.  
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,  
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,  
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.  
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;  
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I.M.



# The Workes of William Shakespeare,

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and  
Tragedies: Truly set forth, according to their first  
*ORIGINALL.*

---

## The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.



*William Shakespeare.*

*Richard Burbadge.*

*John Hemmings.*

*Augustine Phillips.*

*William Kempe.*

*Thomas Poope.*

*George Bryan.*

*Henry Condell.*

*William Slye.*

*Richard Cowly.*

*John Lowine.*

*Samuell Crosse.*

*Alexander Cooke.*

*Samuel Gilburne.*

*Robert Armin.*

*William Ostler.*

*Nathan Field.*

*John Vnderwood.*

*Nicholas Tooley.*

*William Ecclestone.*

*Ioseph Taylor.*

*Robert Benfield.*

*Robert Goughe.*

*Richard Robinson.*

*Iohn Shancke.*

*Iohn Rice.*





# THE TEMPEST.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.*

*Master.*

Ote-fwaine.



*Botesf.* Heere Master: What cheere?

*Maft.* Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, bestirre, bestirre.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Botesf.* Heigh my hearts, cheerly, cheerly my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.*

*Alon.* Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

*Botesf.* I pray now keepe below.

*Anth.* Where is the Master, Boson?

*Botesf.* Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

*Botesf.* When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarsers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Botesf.* None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your

selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way I say.

*Exit.*

*Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

*Exit.*

*Enter Boteswaine.*

*Botesf.* Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague —

*A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.* vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to finke?

*Sebasf.* A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

*Botesf.* Worke you then.

*Anth.* Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

*Gonz.* I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanchd wench.

*Botesf.* Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mari.* All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

*Botesf.* What must our mouths be cold?

*Gonz.* The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's afflit them,  
for our cafe is as theirs.

*Sebas.* I'am out of patience.

*An.* We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,  
This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drow-  
ning the washing of ten Tides.

*Gonz.* Hee'l be hang'd yet,  
Though euery drop of water sweare against it,  
And gape at widt to glut him.

*A confused noyse within.* Mercy on vs.  
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,  
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

*Anth.* Let's all finke with' King

*Seb.* Let's take leaue of him.

*Exit.*

*Gonz.* Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea,  
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne  
firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would  
faine dye a dry death.

*Exit.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Mira.* If by your Art (my deereft father) you haue  
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:  
The fkye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,  
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes,  
Dasheth the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell  
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)  
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke  
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.  
Had I byn any God of power, I would  
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere  
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and  
The fraughting Soules within her.

*Prof.* Be collected,  
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart  
there's no harme done.

*Mira.* O woe, the day.

*Prof.* No harme:  
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee  
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing  
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better  
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,  
And thy no greater Father.

*Mira.* More to know  
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

*Prof.* 'Tis time  
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand

And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,  
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,  
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd  
The very vertue of compassion in thee:  
I haue with such prouision in mine Art  
So safely ordered, that there is no soule  
No not so much perdition as an hayre  
Betid to any creature in the vessell  
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st finke: Sit downe,  
For thou must now know farther.

*Mira.* You haue often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt  
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,  
Concluding, stay: not yet.

*Prof.* The howr's now come  
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,  
Obey, and be attentue. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came vnto this Cell  
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not  
Out three yeeres old.

*Mira.* Certainly Sir, I can.

*Prof.* By what? by any other house, or person?  
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis farre off:  
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not  
Fowre, or fve women once, that tended me?

*Prof.* Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it  
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els  
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?  
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

*Mira.* But that I doe not.

*Prof.* Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,  
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and  
A Prince of power:

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my Father?

*Prof.* Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,  
And Princeesse; no worse Issued.

*Mira.* O the heauens,  
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

*Prof.* Both, both my Girle.  
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,  
But blessedly holpe hither.

*Mira.* O my heart bleedes  
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

*Prof.* My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio*:  
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should  
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe



Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put  
The mannage of my state, as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first,  
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed  
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,  
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,  
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,  
And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke  
(Do'st thou attend me?)

*Mira.* Sir, most heedelessly.

*Prof.* Being once perfected how to graunt suites,  
how to deny them: who t'aduaunce, and who  
To trah for ouer-topping; new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,  
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state  
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was  
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,  
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

*Mira.* O good Sir, I doe.

*Prof.* I pray thee marke me:  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind  
with that, which but by being so retir'd  
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother  
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great  
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,  
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,  
Not onely with what my reuenew yeilded,  
But what my power might els exact. Like one  
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a fynner of his memorie  
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue  
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution  
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie  
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:  
Do'st thou heare?

*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

*Prof.* To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,  
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be  
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie  
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties  
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates  
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*  
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage  
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend  
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* Oh the heauens:

*Prof.* Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should finne  
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,  
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

*Pro.* Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy  
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,  
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,  
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*  
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon  
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night  
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open  
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse  
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
Me, and thy crying selfe.

*Mir.* Alack, for pittie:

I not remembering how I cride out then  
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes too't.

*Pro.* Heare a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse  
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not  
That howre destroy vs?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench:  
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,  
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set  
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but  
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.  
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,  
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared  
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats  
Instinctiue haue quit it: There they hoyft vs  
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh  
To th' windes, whose pittie fighting backe againe  
Did vs but louing wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you?

*Pro.* O, a Cherubin  
Thou was't that did preferue me; Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,  
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me  
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By prouidence diuine,  
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*  
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed  
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with

Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries  
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenessse  
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnisht me  
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that  
I prize aboue my Dukedome.

*Mir.* Would I might  
But euer see that man.

*Pro.* Now I arise,  
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:  
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere  
Haue I, thy SchooleMaster, made thee more profit  
Then other Princeesse can, that haue more time  
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

*Mir.* Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason  
For rayfing this Sea-storme?

*Pro.* Know thus far forth,  
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*  
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience  
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon  
A most auspicious starre, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes  
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,  
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,  
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:  
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,  
Approach my *Ariel*. Come.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride  
On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske  
*Ariel*, and all his *Qualitie*.

*Pro.* Haft thou, Spirit,  
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

*Ar.* To euery Article.  
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,  
Now in the Wasse, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,  
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld diuide  
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,  
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursors  
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie  
And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*  
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,  
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

*Pro.* My braue Spirit,  
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ar.* Not a foule  
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid

Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;  
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*  
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)  
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,  
And all the Diuels are heere.

*Pro.* Why that's my spirit:  
But was not this nye shore?

*Ar.* Close by, my Master.

*Pro.* But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

*Ar.* Not a haire perisht:  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,  
In troops I haue disperfd them 'bout the Ile:  
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,  
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,  
In an odde Angle of the Ile, and fitting  
His armes in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the Kings ship,  
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,  
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

*Ar.* Safely in harbour  
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once  
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe  
From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;  
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,  
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour  
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet  
(Which I disperfd) they all haue met againe,  
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote  
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,  
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,  
And his great person perisht.

*Pro.* *Ariel*, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:  
What is the time o'th' day?

*Ar.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt fix & now  
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

*Ar.* Is there more toyle? Since y' doft giue me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now? moodie?  
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ar.* My Libertie.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more:

*Ar.* I prethee,  
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,  
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, ser'd  
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou didst promise  
To bate me a full yeere.

*Pro.* Do'st thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ar.* No.

*Pro.* Thou do'st: & think'st it much to tread y' Ooze  
Of the salt deepe;  
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,  
To doe me bufineffe in the veines o'th' earth  
When it is bak'd with froft.

*Ar.* I doe not Sir.

*Pro.* Thou lieft, malignant Thing: haft thou forgot  
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy  
Was growne into a hoope? haft thou forgot her?

*Ar.* No Sir.

*Pro.* Thou haft: where was ſhe born? ſpeak: tell me:

*Ar.* Sir, in *Argier*.

*Pro.* Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt

Once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*  
For miſchiefes manifold, and forceries terrible  
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*  
Thou know'st was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did  
They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

*Ar.* I, Sir.

*Pro.* This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my ſlaue,  
As thou report'st thy ſelfe, was then her ſeruant,  
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,  
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee  
By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,  
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage,  
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift  
Imprifon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine  
A dozen yeeres: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,  
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groanes  
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike: Then was this Iſland  
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,  
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with  
A humane ſhape.

*Ar.* Yes: *Caliban* her ſonne.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*  
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice, thou beſt know'st  
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones  
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breafte  
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment  
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*  
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,  
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
The Pyne, and let thee out.

*Ar.* I thanke thee Maſter.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake  
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till  
Thou haft howl'd away twelue winters.

*Ar.* Pardon, Maſter,  
I will be correſpondent to command  
And doe my ſpyting, gently.

*Pro.* Doe ſo: and after two daies  
I will diſcharge thee.

*Ar.* That's my noble Maſter:

What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?

*Pro.* Goe make thy ſelfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,  
Be ſubiect to no fight but thine, and mine: inuiſible  
To euery eye-ball elfe: goe take this ſhape  
And hither come in't: goe: hence  
With diligence.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft ſlept well,  
Awake.

*Mir.* The ſtrangenenes of your ſtory, put  
Heauineſſe in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off: Come on,  
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlaue, who neuer  
Yeelds vs kinde anſwere.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

*Pro.* But as 'tis

We cannot miſſe him: he do's make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and ſerues in Offices  
That profit vs: What hoa: ſlaue: *Caliban*:  
Thou Earth, thou: ſpeake.

*Cal. within.* There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth I ſay, there's other bufines for thee:  
Come thou Tortoys, when?

*Enter Ariel like a water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition: my queint *Ariel*,  
Hearke in thine eare.

*Ar.* My Lord, it ſhall be done.

*Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poyſonous ſlaue, got by y' diuell himſelfe  
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

*Enter Caliban.*

*Cal.* As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd  
With Rauens feather from vnwholeſome Fen  
Drop on you both: A Southweſt blow on yee,  
And bliſter you all ore.

*Pro.* For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt haue cramps,  
Side-ftitches, that ſhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins  
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke  
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd  
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging  
Then Bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I muſt eat my dinner:

This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st firſt  
Thou ſtroak't me, & made much of me: wouldſt giue me  
Water with berries in't: and teach me how



To name the bigger Light, and how the leffe  
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee  
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,  
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,  
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes  
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:  
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,  
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me  
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me  
The rest o'th' Island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slaue,  
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue v'd thee  
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee  
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate  
The honor of my childe.

*Cal.* Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:  
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else  
This Ile with *Calibans*.

*Mira.* Abhorred Slaue,  
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre  
One thing or other: when thou didst not (*Sauage*)  
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race  
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore waft thou  
Deferuedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst  
Deferu'd more then a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me Language, and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you  
For learning me your language.

*Prof.* Hag-feed, hence:  
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best  
To answer other businesse: shrug'ft thou (*Malice*)  
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly  
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,  
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,  
That beafts shall tremble at thy dyn.

*Cal.* No, 'pray thee.  
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,  
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,  
And make a vassaile of him.

*Pro.* So slaue, hence.

*Exit Cal.*

*Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.*

*Ariel Song.*

*Come vnto these yellow sands,  
and then take hands:  
Curtied when you haue, and kist  
the wilde waues whist:  
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare  
the burthen. Burthen disperfedly.  
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,  
bowgh-wawgh.*

*Ar.* Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chantidere  
cry cockadiddle-dowe.

*Fer.* Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?  
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon  
Some God o'th' Island, sitting on a banke,  
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.  
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion  
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it  
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.  
No, it begins againe.

*Ariell Song.*

*Full fadom fwee thy Father lies,  
Of his bones are Corall made:  
Those are pearles that were his eies,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a Sea-change  
Into something rich, & strange:  
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Burthen: ding dong.*

*Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.*

*Fer.* The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,  
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound  
That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

*Pro.* The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,  
And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mira.* What is't a Spirit?  
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me fir,  
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses  
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou see'st  
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd  
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y' might'ft call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,  
And strays about to finde 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall  
I euer saw so Noble.

*Pro.* It goes on I see  
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee  
Within two dayes for this.

*Fer.* Most sure the Goddess  
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r  
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,  
And that you will some good instruction giue

The First Folio, published in 1623 by Shakespeare's colleagues, was the first complete and faithful publication of plays by the Bard. As the pages were printed, they were checked for errors, and if any were found, they were corrected. But the pages with errors were not thrown away; instead, they were kept and used, which means that no volumes of the First Folio are perfect, and no two of them are identical.

In the 1960s, Charlton Hinman invented his famous collator to compare the pages of fifty-five First Folio volumes at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. In 1968 he published the Norton Facsimile, which included photographs of all the corrected pages he had identified. But many additional copies of the First Folio were not available to Hinman; today, some can even be found online. Might it be possible to identify the corrections in those copies and produce an even more accurate version of the plays? The scholarly team at PlayShakespeare.com has done exactly that, making this the most faithful transcription of the First Folio ever published. It includes:

- All of the corrected readings identified by Charlton Hinman in the Norton Facsimile.
- All of the corrected readings identified in copies of the First Folio not available to Hinman.
- The original breaks in the players' lines.
- The original spellings.
- Special typographical characters (such as the long *s*).
- Historical ligatures (such as those for *ct* and *AE*).

This new edition also emulates the *look* of the original text, using the beautiful Fell Types digitally reproduced by Igino Marini. Although not identical to the fonts used in the original, they are very close; the Fell Types were commissioned by Oxford Bishop John Fell in about 1672, nearly fifty years after the First Folio was printed but still very much in the style of type used in Shakespeare's time.

If you've always wanted to read Shakespeare's plays as they were originally published but couldn't get past the faded and uneven page scans of the photographic facsimiles, this is the edition for you.

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