

- English teachers
- English subject leaders



Qualifications
and Curriculum
Development
Agency

Active
Shakespeare:
Capturing
evidence of
learning

Performing *The Tempest* Resource 1



We want our website and publications to be widely accessible, so please contact us if we're not meeting your needs.

**Qualifications and Curriculum
Development Agency**

53–55 Butts Road
Earlsdon Park
Coventry
CV1 3BH

Telephone 0300 303 3010
Enquiry line 0300 303 3011
Textphone 0300 303 3012
Fax 0300 303 3014
info@qcda.gov.uk
www.qcda.gov.uk

Text extracts from the play have been taken from Cambridge School Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, 2nd edition by Rex Gibson, text © Cambridge University Press 1995, 2005 reproduced with permission.

QCDA/10/4802

First published in March 2010

© Qualifications and Curriculum Authority 2010

The Qualifications and Curriculum Authority (QCA) is currently operating certain of its non-regulatory functions under the name of the Qualifications and Curriculum Development Agency (QCDA). The legal entity remains QCA, established under the Education Act 1997. QCA is an exempted charity under the Charities Act 1993.

Reproduction, storage or translation, in any form or by any means, of this publication is prohibited without prior written permission of the publisher, unless within the terms of the Copyright Licensing Agency. Excerpts may be reproduced for the purpose of research, private study, criticism or review, or by educational institutions solely for educational purposes, without permission, provided full acknowledgement is given.

Text Extract Sheet 1 (Act 1 extract 1)

Summary: *The ship carrying Alonso, King of Naples, has been hit by a violent storm.*

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare!
Take in the topsail. Tend to th'master's whistle. [*To the storm*] Blow
till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labour – keep your
cabins. You do assist the storm.

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the
name of king? To cabin. Silence! Trouble us not.

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself.

Text Extract Sheet 3 (Act 1 extract 3)

Summary: *While Prospero shut himself away studying in his library, his brother Antonio's ambitions grew.*

PROSPERO I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was – which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revèue yielded,
But what my power might else exact – like one
Who, having into truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie – he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o'th'substitution
And executing th'outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing –
Dost thou hear?

Text Extract Sheet 5 (Act 1 Extract 5)

Summary: *Caliban complains that Prospero has stolen the island from him.*

CALIBAN

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 strok'st me and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o'th'isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile –
Cursèd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax – toads, beetles, bats – light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o'th'island.

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!

Thou didst prevent me – I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Text Extract Sheet 10 (Act 2 extract 4)

Summary: *Caliban curses Prospero for the torments he inflicts on him.*

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease. His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin–shows, pitch me i'th'mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Text Extract Sheet 11 (Act 2 extract 5)

Summary: *Stephano gives Caliban some of his strong wine.*

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee! I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways. Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat.

Text Extract Sheet 12 (Act 2 extract 6)

Summary: *Caliban worships Stephano and says he will serve him rather than Prospero.*

CALIBAN *[Aside]* These be fine things, and if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

CALIBAN I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO Come on then: down and swear.

TRINCULO *[Aside]* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster. I could find in my heart to beat him –

STEPHANO *[To Caliban]* Come, kiss.

TRINCULO – but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster.

CALIBAN I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO *[Aside]* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Text Extract Sheet 14 (Act 3 extract 2)

Summary: *Caliban tells Stephano that Prospero is a magician who stole the island from him. He promised to take Stephano to Prospero so that he can kill him while he is asleep. The invisible Ariel imitates Trinculo's voice and interrupts their conversation, calling Caliban a liar.*

- CALIBAN I say by sorcery he got this isle;
 From me he got it. If thy greatness will
 Revenge it on him – for I know thou dar'st,
 But this thing dare not –
- STEPHANO That's most certain.
- CALIBAN Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.
- STEPHANO How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the
 party?
- CALIBAN Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
 Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
- ARIEL [*in Trinculo's voice*] Thou liest, thou canst not.
- CALIBAN What a pied ninny's this? [*To Trinculo*] Thou scurvy patch!
 [*To Stephano*] I do beseech thy greatness give him blows,
 And take his bottle from him. When that's gone,
 He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him
 Where the quick freshes are.
- STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one
 word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o'doors,
 and make a stockfish of thee.

Text Extract Sheet 15 (Act 3 extract 3)

Summary: *Caliban tells Stephano and Trinculo not to be afraid of the music they hear. Following the sound, he leads them off to where they can find Prospero.*

- CALIBAN Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
 That if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked
 I cried to dream again.
- STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music
 for nothing.
- CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.
- STEPHANO That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
- [Exit Ariel, playing music]
- TRINCULO The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
 after do our work.
- STEPHANO Lead, monster, we'll follow. I would I could see this tabourer, he
 lays it on.

Text Extract Sheet 16 (Act 3 extract 4)

Summary: *As Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian and their men are about to eat, Ariel enters and accuses them of their crimes.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL.

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 caused 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.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO draw their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of Fate. The elements
 Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowl 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.

Text Extract Sheet 17 (Act 3 extract 5)

Summary *Prospero praises Ariel for accusing Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian of their crimes so effectively.*

PROSPERO Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, 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 drowned,
And his and mine loved darling.

Text Extract Sheet 18 (Act 3 extract 6)

Summary: *Alonso, reminded by Ariel that he helped Antonio to overthrow Prospero is struck with guilt and begins to feel desperate. After Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio leave, Gonzalo fears that they might come to harm.*

ALONSO O, it is monstrous: monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
 The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
 The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass;
 Therefore my son i'th'ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded.

Exit

SEBASTIAN But one fiend at a time, I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO

GONZALO All three of them are desperate. Their great guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy
 May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.

Text Extract Sheet 19 (Act 4 extract 1)

Summary: *Ferdinand has passed Prospero's test and the magician gives him the hand of his daughter Miranda.*

PROSPERO If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her of,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND I do believe it against an oracle.

PROSPERO Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter.

Text Extract Sheet 21 (Act 4 extract 3)

Summary: *Prospero explains the disappearance for the entertainment to Ferdinand and admits that he is greatly disturbed.*

PROSPERO You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,
 As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.
 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-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Ye 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 vexed.
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
 Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
 And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
 To still my beating mind.

Text Extract Sheet 22 (Act 4 extract 4)

Summary: *As Trinculo and Stephano approach Prospero's cell to kill him, Caliban tells them to be quiet.*

CALIBAN Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a foot fall.
We now are near his cell.

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done
little better than played the jack with us.

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great
indignation.

CALIBAN Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak softly –
All's hushed as midnight yet.

CALIBAN Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o'th'cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Text Extract Sheet 23 (Act 4 extract 5)

Summary: *As Trinculo and Stephano approach Prospero's cell, they are distracted by some cheap but flashy clothing hung out there by Ariel.*

TRINCULO O King Stephano, O peer, O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRINCULO O ho, monster! We know what belongs to a frippery.
[Puts on a garment] O King Stephano!

STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trinculo! By this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN The dropsy drown this fool! I what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Text Extract Sheet 24 (Act 4 extract 6)

Summary: *Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban are chased by spirits, controlled by Prospero and Ariel, in the form of hunting dogs.*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!

[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, pursued by spirits]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.

ARIEL Hark, they roar.

PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.

Text Extract Sheet 25 (Act 5 extract 1)

Summary: *Prospero agrees to release his enemies and not to take any further revenge against them.*

PROSPERO Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir.

Text Extract Sheet 26 (Act 5 extract 2)

Summary: Prospero says he will give up his magic.

*PROSPERO ... I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called 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 plucked 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.*

Text Extract Sheet 27 (Act 5 extract 3)

Summary: *Prospero greets Alonso and his companions. Alonso recognizes Prospero and asks for forgiveness.*

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Whether thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me. This must crave,
And if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

Text Extract Sheet 29 (Act 5 extract 5)

Summary: Caliban seeks Prospero's forgiveness and regrets worshipping Stephano.

PROSPERO He is as disproportioned in his manners
 As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
 Take with you your companions. As you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
 And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
 Was I to take this drunkard for a god
 And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO Go to, away.

ALONSO Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN Or stole it rather.

Text Extract Sheet 30 (Act 5 extract 6)

Summary: *Prospero sets Ariel free.*

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*To Ariel*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well.



About this publication

Who is it for?

Teachers and English subject leaders.

What is it about

Providing active and engaging ways to integrate Shakespeare in the ongoing periodic assessment of pupils' reading.

What is it for?

To support the teaching and assessment of Shakespeare at Key Stage 3.

Related publications

Shakespeare for all ages and stages, DCSF-00470-2008

For more copies

Download from www.qcda.org.uk/curriculum
Reference QCDA/10/4802

Contact information:

Qualifications and Curriculum Development Agency

53-55 Butts Road, Earlsdon Park, Coventry CV1 3BH

Telephone 0300 303 3010

Textphone 0300 303 3012

Fax 0300 303 3014

info@qcda.gov.uk www.qcda.gov.uk

Working in
partnership with



department for
children, schools and families

The National Strategies