

**PROSPERO**

Now does my project gather to a head:  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

**ARIEL**

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

**PROSPERO**

I did say so,  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

**ARIEL**

Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,  
They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

**PROSPERO**

Dost thou think so, spirit?

**ARIEL**

Mine would, sir, were I human.

**PROSPERO**

And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?  
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.