The page features a decorative border of stylized green leaves and pink flowers. On the left, a vertical stem with leaves and flowers runs down the page. At the bottom, a horizontal stem with leaves and flowers spans across the width of the page. The background is a light gray with a fine, repeating diamond pattern.

The Tempest

An Opera in Five Acts

by

Joe St.Johanser

Storyboard and libretto adapted from Shakespeare
by Joe St.Johanser

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO

King of Naples. Bass. Old, dignified and magisterial

SEBASTIANE

his sister. Soprano. Not young, dominant, sly, and cruelly arrogant

PROSPERO

the right Duke of Milan. Baritone. Old, white beard, powerfully impressive with great charisma and presence

ANTONIA

his sister, the usurping Duchess of Milan. Mezzo-soprano . Not young. Powerfully impressive with great charisma and queenly presence

FERDINAND

son to the King of Naples. Tenor. Handsome young man with good figure

GONZALO

an honest old Counsellor. Old, arthritic. The wreck of a once powerful man.

CHORUS OF NOBLE LORDS AND LADIES

Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, Basses

CALIBAN

a savage and deformed Slave. Baritone. A magic entity - half deformed monster, half rugged, powerful, young man

TRINCULA

a Jester. Soprano. Comedienne -Not old - any build

STEPHANIE

a drunken Butler. Mezzo-soprano Comedienne -Not old - any build. Contrast to Trincula.

MASTER OF A SHIP.

Bass

BOATSWAIN

Baritone

CHORUS OF MARINERS.

Tenors, Basses

MIRANDA

daughter to Prospero. Soprano. A beautiful young maiden of sweet sixteen - modest, clever, passionate

ARIEL 1,2,3, 4, 5

an airy Spirit. Soprano, Soprano, Mezzo-soprano, Two dancers. A five fold magic entity arranged by height, generally with the tallest in the centre. Choreography keeps them swirling apart and rejoining, with the focus on the one singing. All dance.

IRIS

Soprano

CERES

Soprano

JUNO presented by Spirits.

Mezzo-Soprano

NYMPHS , REAPERS , OTHER SPIRITS dancing attending on Prospero.

ACT I

Scene 1 On a ship at sea

The first scene is short and violent. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Front tabs open to reveal the heaving deck of a sailing ship at sea with a savage storm raging - tattered, rain lashed sails and tangled spars and rigging. The Ship's Master cries above the storm and the Boatswain issues orders. The crew of Mariners, till then individuals in disarray, unite to haul ropes as a team.

MASTER

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

BOATSWAIN, MARINERS CHORUS

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Some headway has been made against the storm. Exeunt Mariners Chorus. Enter the King and Courtiers of the Royal Court of Naples - Alonso, Sebastiane, Antonia, Ferdinand, Gonzalo. The aristocrats, already drenched, hold their unsuitable finery tightly about them. In their anxiety they berate the Boatswain. He has no time for obsequities as he struggles to save the ship, whose timbers groan ominously when a larger wave crashes over the deck.

ALONSO

Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master?

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIA

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. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.

Exit Boatswain

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Enter Boatswain

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast! yare!
A cry within
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.
Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIANE

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.

ANTONIA

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!

The battle has been lost. The ship is doomed. Enter Mariners and Noble Ladies. All prepare to meet their fate. The ship assumes a terrible list.

MARINERS AND NOBLE LADIES

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! Mercy on us!--We split, we split!--Farewell, my wife and children!-- Farewell, brother!--We split, we split, we split!

Exeunt all save Gonzalo. The ship gives out its last groans. The sea awaits.

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Front tabs close on Gonzalo alone on the deck of the sinking ship as it takes its final plunge.

Scene 2 The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Pre curtain music cuts us away from the dark ship and storm. The next morning has dawned in blue sky and sunshine - gentle waves lap the sandy beach of a tropic isle. Front tabs open on Prospero and Miranda as far off echoes of the storm recur. Prospero, dressed in his magic robes over a homespun friar's smock, has been conjuring the storm from his cell entrance (set on a low broad rostrum DSL) and is now finishing. Miranda is dressed in a simple shorty white tunic with a necklace of sea shells. She stands on a small high rostrum USR looking out to sea.

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls they perish'd.

PROSPERO

Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,
who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,

PROSPERO

'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

Lays down his mantle and sits on his stool. Miranda comes down and sits on the ground at his feet.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul--
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel.
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am

PROSPERO

The hour's now come;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.
'Tis far off
And rather like a dream Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind?
What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power.

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan;

Rises, moves to side in his agitation. Miranda nods off as he drones on

By foul play, were we heaved thence,
My sister and thy aunt, call'd Antonia--
--that a sister should
Be so perfidious!--
The government I cast upon my sister
being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false aunt--
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

she was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.

Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA

O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.
In my false sister
Awak'd an evil nature; her ambition growing--

Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my sister's suit;
they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat

A rotten carcass of a boat,
the very rats
Instinctively had quit it:
there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us,

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Now I arise:

Resumes his mantle

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Prospero weaves a sleepy spell, Miranda sleeps and Prospero summons his Spirit Servant

PROSPERO

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Windchimes give a ghostly rustle. Enter Ariel, costumed in skimpy clinging, ragged costumes with headdresses, each different yet with the same themes, colours - a kaleidoscope. Prospero addresses all entrances and Ariel appears through each, coalescing to bow before its master, sing and dance.

ARIEL

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

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel splits asunder and covers the stage, then rejoins

ARIEL

To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join.
Jove's lightnings,
the dreadful thunder-claps,

the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring ...
All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine...
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship;
in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep;

and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

ARIEL

Past the mid season.
Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO

How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel has coalesced precariously on the high rostrum and writhes in anger and pain

ARIEL

My liberty.
I prithee,
Remember I have serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO

Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

...for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl
: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo:

it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ariel descends and prostrates itself before Prospero

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

Then was this island-- not honour'd with
A human shape.
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born--
that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

PROSPERO

Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARIEL

What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be invisible
Go take this shape

ARIEL

My Lord it shall be done.

Exit Ariel SR lightly springing as a single unit

PROSPERO

What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban DSL. He has a headdress, a hump and a monstrous leg and tail which he drags. Costumed black and dark green with small flashes of yellow, purple and red. He crosses R

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me,
wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, :
and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the isle,
The fresh springs...

Cursed 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' the island.

PROSPERO

I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, 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.

PROSPERO

I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak,

CALIBAN

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!

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel;

Exit Caliban DSL

Re-enter Ariel DSR, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following. Ferdinand does not see Miranda and Prospero who are sitting on the rostrum and shows us that Ariel is invisible by gazing straight through the spirit as it dances and waves its hands before his eyes. Ferdinand is costumed in bare feet, tight trousers and ragged hero shirt

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather.
But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

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

Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

Miranda awakes and rises

MIRANDA

What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form.
I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO

Aside

It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Miranda comes downstage. Ferdinand sees her and falls to his knees

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this island;
my prime request,
O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Ferdinand rises

FERDINAND

My language!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Myself am Naples
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wreck'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!
This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Aside

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

Prospero sweeps forward between the couple, raising his staff against Ferdinand

I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy,

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

Miranda clings to Prospero beseechingly

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO

he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscled, wither'd roots and husks

FERDINAND

No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

Draws, and is charmed from moving. Miranda crosses R to the frozen Ferdinand and touches him, gazing into his eyes

MIRANDA

O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.
Beseech you, father.
Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence! Thou thinks't there is no more such shapes as he, Having seen but him and Caliban.
Foolish wench!

MIRANDA

I have no ambition to see a goodlier man

FERDINAND

My father's loss, this man's threats are but light to me,
Might I through my prison once a day behold this maid.

Aside To Ariel.

PROSPERO

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!
`Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds:

Ferdinand is somewhat unfrozen and led off DSL by Miranda. Prospero retreats into his cell and Ariel dances ecstatically as front tabs close

ACT 2

Scene 1 Another part of the island.

Pre curtain music sets the scene for the wondrous isle - a tropical paradise revealed when tabs open. Alonso, Sebastiane, Antonia, Gonzalo, Nobles and Noble Ladies of the Chorus are costumed in their Elizabethan court finery, the men with swords and halberds, the women with cloaks and impedimenta for a journey.

GONZALO and Chorus

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Here is everything advantageous to life.
How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost
beyond credit,--
That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in
the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and
glosses...

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.
My son is lost .
O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music

GONZALO and Chorus

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly...wondrous heavy.

All lie down and sleep except Alonso Sebastiane, and Antonia

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

SEBASTIANE

Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIA

We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thank you
Wondrous heavy

Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel. The two conspirators plot to seize the opportunity for murder.

ANTONIA

What might,
Worthy Sebastiane? O, what might?--No more:--
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIANE

He's gone.

ANTONIA

Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIANE

Methinks I do.
I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIA

True:

SEBASTIANE

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIA

Ay, madam; where lies that?
I feel not
This deity in my bosom:
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
Can lay to bed for ever;

SEBASTIANE

as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
And I the queen shall love thee.

ANTONIA

Draw together;

Sebastiane and Antonia creep up to the sleeping Alonso , draw swords and are about to spit him. Re-enter Ariel, invisible and swiftly sings in Gonzalo's ear. He starts up and protects the King

GONZALO

Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

All wake and start up

ALONSO

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO and Chorus

What's the matter?

SEBASTIANE

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

ANTONIA

sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO and Chorus

I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I saw their weapons drawn: Tis best we stand upon our guard;
let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO

Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Lead away.

ARIEL

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt all in marching files with impedimenta. They sing from offstage as they fade into the distance. Ariel dances briefly and skips off. Tabs close on the scene as music plays on.

Scene 2 Another part of the island.

Tabs open on another part of the tropic paradise. Enter Caliban DSR slowly limping with a burden of wood. He sings his aria front and centre. A noise of thunder heard.

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, 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' the 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; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance she will not mind me.

Caliban falls on the ground downstage of a rock and hides his head. His legs are arched. Enter Trincula DSL as the storm again approaches. She is dressed as a jester in tights with feminine appurtenances

TRINCULA

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.

Caliban's recumbent body is discovered. It is the only shelter. Business with touching and smelling.

What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell.

Thunder. Trincula snuggles under the gaberdine, a part of his costume that hangs down his back. Her head is between his legs and her legs project past his head

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; misery acquaints a woman with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephanie DSL, singing: a leather bottle in her hand, costumed as an Elizabethan pot boy in baggy tights and high leather boots

STEPHANIE

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore--

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a woman's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks, sings (and dances)

The master, the swabber, the Boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery, ?(eye?)
But none of them cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

Sits on the rock, drinks, much business with discovery of legs, offering up bottle to Calibans front and rear ends, pulling out Trincula.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANIE

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs;

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANIE

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. He shall taste of my bottle:

TRINCULA

I should know that voice: it should be--but she is drown'd; and these are devils: O defend me!

STEPHANIE

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!
Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULA

Stephanie!

STEPHANIE

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil. I have no long spoon.

TRINCULA

Stephanie! speak to me: for I am Trincula--thy good friend Trincula.

STEPHANIE

If thou beest Trincula, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trincula's legs, these are they.

How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculas?

TRINCULA

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine. O Stephanie, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

CALIBAN

Aside

That's a brave goddess.

STEPHANIE

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither.

CALIBAN

I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

TRINCULA

Swum ashore. woman, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANIE

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULA

O Stephanie. hast any more of this?

STEPHANIE

The whole butt, woman.

How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANIE

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the woman i' the moon when time was.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my goddess.

STEPHANIE

Come on then; down, and swear. Trincula, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: bear my bottle: fellow Trincula.
O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt USR in a marching file after very brief drunken dance. Front tabs close for interval.

ACT 3

Scene 1 Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

After the interval pre curtain music is gentle as tabs open on Ferdinand entering DSL, bearing a log

FERDINAND

O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed. He's compos'd of harshness. I must remove thousands of these logs.

Enter Miranda USR - she runs to Ferdinand

MIRANDA

Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you.
My father Is hard at study;
He's safe for these three hours.
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

FERDINAND

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda.

FERDINAND

O you,
So perfect and so peerless.

Miranda moves towards Ferdinand and flutteringly retreats several times as the emotion brought on by the sight of this beautiful man seizes her. He offers his love on his knees. Then she weeps for joy. He stands, they come together, he gives her his hand, she places his hand on her breast.

MIRANDA

by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Do you love me?

FERDINAND

I Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid:

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest;

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in't;

Front tabs close as the couple gaze into each other's eyes.

Scene 2 Another part of the island.

Tab's open on empty stage. Darkly lit fairy wood with shafts of light. One shaft brightens on the entry of Caliban, Stephanie, and Trincula USR reeling drunk. Much business downstage centre.

STEPHANIE

When the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULA

Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

STEPHANIE

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRINCULA

Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANIE

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CALIBAN

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve her; she's not valiant.

TRINCULA

Thou liest, most ignorant monster. Why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever woman a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN

Lo, how she mocks me! wilt thou let her, my lady? bite her to death, I prithe.

STEPHANIE

Trincula, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,--the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN

I thank my noble lord.

Enter Ariel USL, invisible, to witness Caliban's evil plan to get Stephanie to murder Prospero.

As I told thee, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

'tis a custom with him,

I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not one spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I.

STEPHANIE

Monster, I will kill this man and I will be queen- and Trincula and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trincula?

TRINCULA

Excellent.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:

STEPHANIE

Come on, Trincula, let us sing.

The three sing and dance lumpishly

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em
Thought is free.

Ariel plays the tune (and sings!) on a tabour and pipe. Trincula and Stephanie are afraid.

TRINCULA

This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANIE

If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil...

TRINCULA

O, forgive me my sins!

Exit Ariel USL. Trincula and Stephanie sit quietly as Caliban sings his dream aria. Very gentle effects from smoke, flying birds, marsh lights, primeval swamp creatures etc.

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 wak'd 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 wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANIE

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN

When Prospero is destroyed.

TRINCULA

The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Exeunt in marching file USL. Tabs close on empty stage

Scene 3 Another part of the island

Tabs open during the entry of the Court of Naples, Alonso, Sebastiane, Antonia, Gonzalo and the Chorus, who are marching wearily. They stop rest their gear and then most hunker down to rest.

GONZALO and Chorus

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIA

Aside to Sebastiane

I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

SEBASTIANE

Aside to Antonia

The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIA

Aside to Sebastiane

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.

SEBASTIANE

Aside to Antonia

I say, to-night: no more.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like an avenging angel. Effect with backlighting on the two dancers who spread giant wings on rostrum upstage, one either side, casting shadows over the Chorus .

ARIEL

Alonso, Sebastiane &c. draw their swords

you are three men of sin
You From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers,
Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft;

He vanishes in thunder. Alonso laments his lost son now bedded in the ooze

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

Alonso weeps in silence. Front tabs close to muted music

ACT 4

Scene I Before Prospero's cell.

Pre-curtain music sets the scene for the grand wedding preparations that Prospero is making for Ferdinand and Miranda. Tabs open to a festively decorated set, with a mini stage on a low broad rostrum USR. Ferdinand, and Miranda are placed formally apart with Prospero between them

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
thou
Hast strangely stood the test here,
I ratify this my rich gift.
O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND

I do believe it
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO

take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
be minist'red,
Sour-eyed discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds

FERDINAND

As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration

Prospero places Miranda next to Ferdinand in formal betrothal

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.

Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!
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.

Enter and Exit Ariel. Prospero spies Ferdinand getting too close to Miranda

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood:

FERDINAND

I warrant you sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Miranda joyfully embraces Ferdinand anyway as they settle down facing the stage for the upcoming wedding ballet entertainment

PROSPERO

Well.
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

Prospero uses his staff to conjure spirits of nature goddesses. Soft music. nymphs enter dancing, then Iris

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns;
thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
--the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres

CERES

Hail, many-colour'd messenger,
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;

why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate;

CERES

Highest Queen of state,
Great Juno, comes;

Enter Juno They sing:

JUNO

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CERES and IRIS and JUNO

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden 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

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd.

IRIS

You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind, ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs,

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish

PROSPERO

Aside

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban
Against my life.

To the Spirits

Well done! avoid; no more!

FERDINAND

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,

As if you were dismay'd: 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:

One small dancer, left behind, now runs off fast

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd 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 vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Exeunt Ferdinand. Miranda arm in arm USR

PROSPERO

Come, with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel DSR

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick;
I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Ariel sets up frippery and it and Prospero remain invisible by the cell entrance. enter Caliban, Stephanie, and Trincula, all wet, DSR

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STEPHANIE

Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has
play'd the Jack with us.

TRINCULA

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

STEPHANIE

So is mine.

TRINCULA

-- to lose our bottles in the pool,--

STEPHANIE

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,

monster, but an infinite loss.

CALIBAN

Prithee, my queen, be quiet,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANIE

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

Trincula spies the fancy frippery

TRINCULA

O queen Stephanie! O peer! O worthy Stephanie! look
what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULA

O queen Stephanie!

STEPHANIE

Put off that gown, Trincula; by this hand, I'll have
that gown.

TRINCULA

Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,

TRINCULA

Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and
away.

CALIBAN

we shall all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

STEPHANIE

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this
away, carry this.

TRINCULA

And this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs, hounds and great balls of fire and hunt them about uptempo, Prospero and Ariel setting them on

PROSPERO

Caliban, Stephanie, and Trincula, are driven out pursued by spirits

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

ARIEL

Hark, they roar!

sudden change of mood to solemnity

PROSPERO

At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

Exeunt. Front tabs close

ACT 5

Scene 1 Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Pre-curtain music sets the scene for the big magic transformation. Tabs open revealing Prospero in his magic robes preparing his spell, Ariel assisting.

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey;
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL

all prisoners, sir,
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, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part:

Beams of light and softly swirling smoke for 'ye elves' aria

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune;
you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
, and you whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms,; by whose aid-
I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war:
. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth'
By my so potent art.

But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music
To work mine end upon their senses ,
I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Upstage is a gauze, behind which, on a highish broad rostrum, are the Court of Naples. Lights up on the gauze now reveals them frozen in immobility. They appear each to be hanging from very large meathooks which randomly twist and turn. Prospero walks up and down pointing at them with his staff.

Thy brains now useless boiled within thy skull there stand for thou art spell-stopp'd
Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy sister was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastiane.
You sister mine, flesh and blood,
Would here have kill'd your king;

I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.

Ariel sings and dances and helps to attire Prospero in his court costume ready to greet his gusts when they awake

ARIEL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
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.

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 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

ARIEL

I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Ariel exits DSL at high speed. Prospero uncharms the frozen Court with his staff. Behind smoke the gauze vanishes and the Court slowly awake and come forward off their hooks

GONZALO AND CHORUS

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

a madness held me
pardon me my wrongs

PROSPERO

Welcome, my friends all!

Aside to Sebastiane and Antonia who seem to have remained stuck on their hooks and only now are released

But you, my brace of ladies, were I so minded,
I here could justify you traitors:
For you, most wicked dame, whom to call sister
Would even infect my mouth,
I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them;

Prospero uses his staff to bring up lights on a second gauze and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess on a small low rostrum SL

MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it, fair play.

ALONSO

If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Ferdinand and Miranda see the assembled company and rise

MIRANDA

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one.

Ferdinand takes Miranda to join his father, who embraces them in turn

GONZALO AND CHORUS

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

ALONSO AND CHORUS

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Alonso joins the hands of Ferdinand and Miranda in marriage

Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO AND CHORUS

Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel DSR, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN AND CHORUS

The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship--
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split--
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

ALONSO

These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.

BOATSWAIN

We were dead of sleep,
And--how we know not--all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship.

ARIEL

Aside to Prospero

Was't well done?

PROSPERO

Aside to Ariel

Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO

There is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of:

PROSPERO

Exit Ariel DSL

How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel DSL, driving in Caliban, Stephanie and Trincula, in their stolen apparel

this demi-devil had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephanie, my drunken butler?
And Trincula is reeling ripe:
How camest thou in this pickle?

TRINCULA

I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

STEPHANIE

O, touch me not; I am not Stephanie, but a cramp.

PROSPERO

Go to; away!

Caliban, Stephanie, and Trincula retire upstage

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night;
part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as shall make it
Go quick away; 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 solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO, PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

Exeunt all gradually in procession save Ariel and Prospero

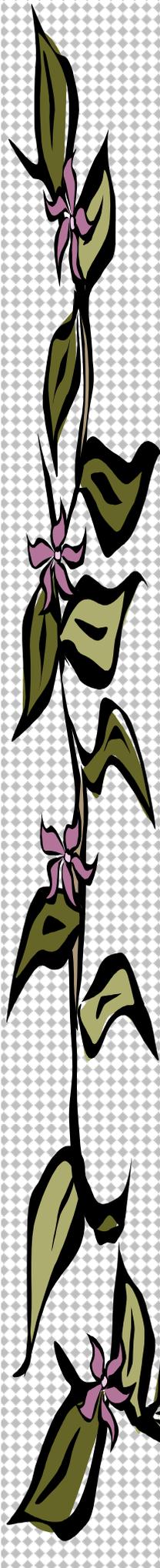
PROSPERO

My Ariel,
:to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!

Exit Ariel through all exits with flutter of lighting effects. Stage then goes dark except for spot

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint:
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,
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Tab close on Prospero holding pose. Repeated chords for end of the opera



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