

**(Three Man) TEMPEST**  
by **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**  
DIRECTED BY **RANDOLPH CURTIS RAND**



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**MURPHEY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, 224 POLK ST, RALEIGH**

**BURNING  
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# THE PLAY

## Synopsis

Prospero, magician and rightful Duke of Milan, has been stranded for 12 years on an island with his daughter Miranda as part of a plot by his brother, Antonio, to depose him. Having great magic power, Prospero is reluctantly served by the spirit Ariel (whom he saved from being trapped in a tree) and Caliban, son of the witch Sycorax. Prospero promises to release Ariel eventually to maintain his loyalty. Caliban is kept enslaved as punishment for attempting to attack Miranda.

The play begins with Prospero using his powers to wreck a ship Antonio is traveling in with his counselors on the shores of the island. Prospero separates the survivors with his spells.

Two drunkard clowns, Stephano and Trinculo, fall in with Caliban by convincing him that they came from the moon. They stage a failed rebellion against Prospero.



Ferdinand, son of King Alonso of Naples (a conspirator who helped depose Prospero), is separated from the others and Prospero attempts to set up a romantic relationship between him and Miranda. Though the two young people fall immediately in love, Prospero enlists Ferdinand as a servant because he fears that "too light winning [may] make the prize light," or that Ferdinand may not value Miranda enough without having to work for her.

Antonio and Sebastian conspire to kill Alonso so that Sebastian may become King of Naples. Ariel interrupts their machinations by appearing as a Harpy, demanding that each of the conspiratorial nobles make amends for their overthrowing of Prospero's rightful dukedom. Prospero manipulates each group through his magic, drawing them to him.

At the end, all the characters are brought together before Prospero. Antonio, Sebastian, and Alonso are forgiven their sins. Ariel prepares favorable winds to carry a boat back to the royal fleet of Naples, after which he is set free. Ferdinand and Miranda will be married in Naples. Even Caliban is forgiven his wrongdoing and allowed to go prepare Prospero's chamber. Prospero then delivers an epilogue where he is shorn of his magic powers and begs the audience to set him free with their applause.

## Production History

Written sometime around 1610-1611, *The Tempest* is generally recognized as the last play that Shakespeare wrote on his own. Aside from initial productions by the King's Men, the play attracted relatively little attention before the closure of English theatres in 1642. It would only gain popularity after the Restoration, but even then it would be heavily adapted. The original text would not be commonly restored to its original condition until the mid 19th century.

The play itself has been performed numerous times, being a staple of Shakespearean repertory companies. It has been adapted into no fewer than 46 operas by composers such as Halevy, Fibich, and Ades, and orchestral pieces by composers such as Tchaikovsky. It has also been a very popular subject with songwriters such as Pete Seeger as well. The popular 1955 Science Fiction film, *Forbidden Planet*, was also based upon *The Tempest*. In 2010, Julie Taymor directed a film adaptation which changed Prospero to Prospera, played by Helen Mirren.

## THE AUTHOR

Born in the Warwickshire town of Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564, William Shakespeare was the eldest son of John Shakespeare, a glover and prominent municipal figure, and Mary Arden, the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Despite being one of the most-read authors in the world, we know relatively little about him. We do not know his precise birth date, but baptismal records indicate that it was on or around April 23rd. He most likely attended the local grammar school, where he studied Latin literature. Unlike many of his prominent contemporaries, he did not attend university. There are indications that his family suffered financial reversals, potentially related to Catholic sympathies in Protestant England.



At age 18, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a local farmer. Together they had three children: Susana (1583) and the twins Hamnet and Judith (1585). Hamnet would die in childhood. Shakespeare's relationship with his wife has been the subject of intense speculation (particularly since love is a dominant theme in so many of his plays) due to their living separately for almost twenty years. The most we know for certain is that in his will, his wife was bequeathed the "second best bed."



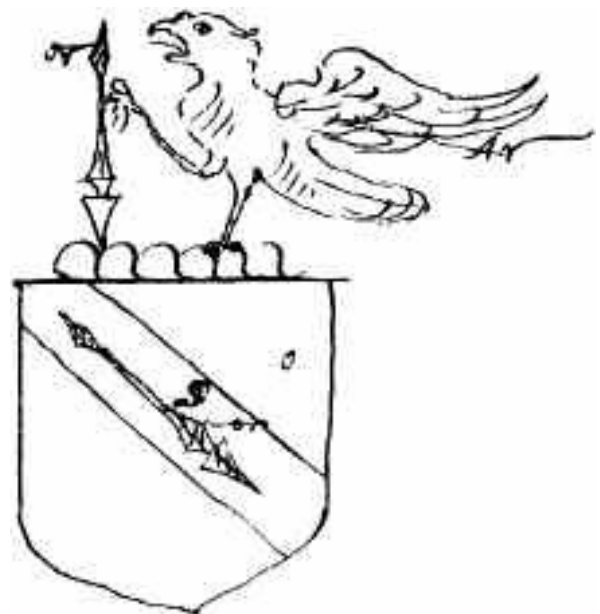
Four Possible Portraits of William Shakespeare

For almost a decade, until 1592 to be precise, we have no records of his doings. Some have speculated he traveled to Lancashire and served as a schoolmaster. However, we know that 1592 saw him in London and his earliest known play, *Henry VI*, was lauded as a hit. When an outbreak of plague the following summer shut down London's theatres, he would turn to writing poetry. By 1594, he was acting with the Lord Chamberlain's Men, one of the era's two most prominent theatre companies (the other being the Lord Admiral's Men). His reputation quickly grew, and by 1597 he was able to purchase a mansion (called New Place) back in Stratford. In 1599 he became a shareholder in London's newly built Globe theatre, which would quickly drive the competition out of the Southwark area of London.

In 1603, King James I would award a royal patent and patronage to Shakespeare's company, granting them the name "The King's Men." He would retire back to Stratford around 1610. He had, in 1596, completed the grant of a Coat of Arms which had been begun by his father. The possession of which granted the status of gentleman to the possessor, a significant improvement in social status. He continued to invest in real estate in and around Stratford until his death on April 23, 1616.

It would not be until 1623 that the first editions of his works would be published. His friend and colleague, Ben Jonson, called him a man "not of an age, but for all time" and his 38 (canonically accepted) works are among the most produced plays worldwide.

It is commonly accepted in the critical community that Prospero represents William Shakespeare himself, and that Shakespeare possibly played the role in initial productions.





## THE COMPANY

**Carter** (Caliban, and others). For Burning Coal Theatre: Ruined, Shining City, and Jude the Obscure (Pts 1 & 2). Previous theatrical credits include: Disco Pigs, The Lion in Winter, Enter Laughing, Einstein's Dreams, The Last Days of Judas Iscariot, Bobby and the Chimps, An Oak Tree, Spring Awakening, Brighton Beach Memoirs, and Metamorphoses. Carter is a prog-rock drummer/writer, and is a member of Burning Coal Theatre's artistic company with his best friend and partner Kim DiPiano.

**Adam Patterson** (Ferdinand & Others). For Burning Coal: To Kill a Mockingbird, Tartuffe. For New York Shakespeare Exchange (NYC): Island. For New Place Players (NYC): Twelfth Night. For Manhattan Children's Theater (NYC): Lula Bell in Search of Santa, Little Mermaid. For Plymouth Players (Plymouth, MA): As You Like It, Much Ado, Hamlet, Taming of the Shrew. For Hangar Theatre Lab (Ithaca, NY): Lulu, Leonce and Lena, Learning Russian, Charlotte's Web. For Bare Theatre: Titus Andronicus, Crucible. Adam is a Raleigh native, holds a BFA in Acting from Emerson College (Boston, MA) and resides in Manhattan. He thanks to his parents, Tiny Dancer and RKW.

**Randolph Curtis Rand** (Director/Prospero) is a New York based theatre artist. For Burning Coal, as director: St. Nicholas, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Hystorie of Kynge Henrie IV, To Kill a Mockingbird, as performer, Love's Labor's Lost, Pentecost, The Seafarer, Man of La Mancha, and as translator/adaptor, Doll's House. Other regional theaters - Actors Theatre of Louisville, Cleveland Public Theatre, Orlando Shakespeare Theatre, Pittsburgh Public Theatre, among others. In NYC he has worked with Joseph Chaikin, Elevator Repair Service, Richard Foreman, The Foundry Theatre, The Joseph Papp Public Theatre, Meredith Monk, Witness Relocation and The Wooster Group. He is a member of the companies Gia Fourakis & Co. in NYC, and Not Man Apart Physical Theatre Ensemble in Los Angeles.



## SHAKESPEARE'S LANGUAGE

When Shakespeare writes in verse as opposed to prose, the dominant mode of verse is that of Iambic Pentameter. Though at first this may leave you scratching your head (or yawning), it really is quite simple if you break it down.

The basic unit of meter (rhythm) in English poetry is called a "foot."

There are different kinds of feet (iamb, trochee, dactyl, etc).

An Iamb is a foot which consists of a pair of syllables with the emphasis on the second one. (Don't worry about the others, there will be time enough for that in grad school)

"Penta" is Latin for five. So Pentameter means there are five feet in the line.

The overall rhythm of the line is, essentially: daDUM daDUM daDUM daDUM daDUM

An example from Prospero:

*I **have** done **nothing** **but** in **care** of **thee**,*

However, not all lines are perfect iambic pentameter. There are times where there are minor variations. An eleventh unstressed syllable, for example, leaves the line feeling unbalanced. This is known as a feminine ending, such as this from an upset Miranda, worried about the people aboard the ship.

*If **by** your **art**, my **dearest** **father**, **you** have  
Put **the** wild **waters** **in** this **roar**, **allay** them.*

[Note the Additional beat in each line, creating a feel of imbalance]

Further, many of the characters speak not in verse but in straightforward prose, or what we would know as "everyday speech." One finds this more commonly in the speech patterns of the rustic characters like Trinculo and Stephano.

Compare the above lines from the nobles Prospero and Miranda with Stephano's speech below.

*What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you  
put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I  
have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your  
four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as  
ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground;  
and it shall be said so again while Stephano  
breathes at's nostrils.*

ACTIVITY: Find speeches from various characters in the play and compare their structure. What does the structure of the verse (or prose) tell you about the nature of the character?

## SHAKESPEARE'S AUDIENCE

The theatre-going experience in Shakespeare's day and age is significantly different than that which we experience today. The darkened rooms and comfortable seats are very much a product of a later age and modern technology. Instead, the plays were performed during the daytime, and the majority of the theatre was outdoors. Admission to Shakespeare's Globe Theatre would get you access to a yard, where the greatest part of the audience could stand and watch the play. Admission was a penny (with seats costing an additional penny, along with other costs).

This meant that not only could the audience see the actors, but the actors could see the audience and the audience could see one another. Modern theatre complain about people on cell phones, imagine trying to compete with rowdy farm hands!



ACTIVITY: Set up the room with 1 penny, 2 penny, and 3 penny seats. Give each member of the group an "allowance" of 36 pennies a week. Have them choose where they want to sit. Now, subtract food (3 pennies per day) and lodging (12 pennies a week). Remind them that they have to buy their seats with the remainder. Have them choose again, and explain why they made their choices. Do they want to see just 1 play in comfort, or several? Remind them that TV and Game Boy do not exist, and they probably do not know how to read. Try again.



## THE ISLAND

Scholars have long debated the location of the Island where *The Tempest* takes place. Alonso, Antonio, and co. Are traveling from Tunis to Naples, after having attended a wedding in the former. Take a look at the map and think where that little island may be. Scholars have speculated that it is really the tiny island of Pantelleria, marked in black on the map. Though it is unlikely that Shakespeare ever traveled these waters, and he may have just invented a fantastical location for the play.

Scholars have also found the island to be a symbol of the possibility of magic and fantasy, as well as a symbol of oppression and colonialism. It all depends on outlook! That's an awful lot for an island that may not even really exist, isn't it?



## THE PERFECT COUNTRY?

After being stranded on the island, each of the castaways speaks their mind regarding the island. Gonzalo, the old counselor, gives a speech in regards to how he would rule the island if he were placed in charge of it.

*Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,--*  
...  
*And were the king on't, what would I do?*  
...  
*I' the commonwealth I would by contraries*  
*Execute all things; for no kind of traffic*  
*Would I admit; no name of magistrate;*  
*Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,*  
*And use of service, none; contract, succession,*  
*Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;*  
*No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;*  
*No occupation; all men idle, all;*  
*And women too, but innocent and pure;*  
*No sovereignty;--*  
...  
*All things in common nature should produce*  
*Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,*  
*Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,*  
*Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,*  
*Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,*  
*To feed my innocent people.*



Compare this with the description of the perfect state in Bernard Mandeville's poem *The Grumbling Hive* (in the Appendix). What are the differences in outlook regarding the best route of political rule? Which would you rather live in? Why?

## THE EPILOGUE

The epilogue to *The Tempest* is quite unique among Shakespeare's works, at least partially because many view it as Shakespeare's "retirement speech." Read it below. Do you see any signs of this? If we assume that this is true, does it add meaning to the words? Or does the speech really just stand on its own?

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



## ADDITIONAL ACTIVITIES

- 1.) Ariel and Caliban are both servants to Prospero and native to the island. Imagine a scene between the two of them when they are not actively working. Use what you know about each of them, play it out in groups.
- 2.) Imagine you are responsible for designing the storm scene (lights, sounds, etc). What does it look like? How might you realize that effect? Imagine capabilities for different theatre budgets (Broadway, Regional, and High School).
- 3.) Imagine you are Antonio. Write a letter of apology to Prospero.

## DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

### Preshow

- 1.) If you were shipwrecked, what 5 personal items would you try to save? Why?
- 2.) Knowing that you have come to see a play by William Shakespeare, what are your expectations?
- 3.) Knowing that this is a 3 Man Tempest, how does this affect your expectations for the show?
- 4.) What do you already know about *The Tempest*?

### Post Show

- 1.) Think about going to school or work tomorrow, and someone asks you what the play is about. What do you tell them? How is telling this story like telling something that happened to you? How is it different?
- 2.) Have you ever been angry with a sibling? How do you deal with anger? How did Prospero deal with his? Was it appropriate?
- 3.) How did the 3 Man Tempest meet your expectations? How did it differ?
- 4.) How is Prospero's Magic like the magic of the theatre?

# NC STATE EDUCATION STANDARDS

The state of North Carolina values the skills and competencies of Arts education due to their applicability to other disciplines. This production of *The Tempest* is designed to give your students exposure to the competencies and specific standards listed below.

This production and related study materials will provide students with specific knowledge and skills to address the following North Carolina Essential Standards in Theatre Arts.

- ANALYTICAL STANDARD 1: Analyze literary texts and performances.
  - Production meets all Objectives for AE.1 for Kindergarten through 8<sup>th</sup> Grade.
  - Production meets all objectives for AE.1 on Beginning, Intermediate, Proficient, and Advanced HS levels.
- AESTHETIC STANDARD 1: Understand how to design technical theatre components, such as costumes, sets, props, makeup, lights, and sound.
  - Production meets all or most Objectives for A.1 for Kindergarten through 8<sup>th</sup> Grade.
  - Productions contains material appropriate for AE.1 on Beginning and Proficient HS Levels.
- CULTURAL STANDARD 1: Analyze theatre in terms of the social, historical, and cultural contexts in which it was created.
  - Production meets all Objectives for CU.1 for Kindergarten through 4<sup>th</sup> Grade.
  - Production contains material appropriate for CU.1 for Beginning, Proficient (P.CU.1.1), Intermediate, and Advanced HS Levels.
- CULTURAL STANDARD 2: Understand the traditions, roles, and conventions of theatre as an art form.
  - Production meets all or most Objectives for CU.2 for Kindergarten through 8<sup>th</sup> Grade.
  - Production contains material appropriate for CU.2 for Beginning, Proficient (P.CU.2.1), Intermediate, and Advanced HS Levels.

The *Tempest* is also designed to address the following Core Curriculum Anchor Standards in Language Arts Literacy and Social Studies.

- Reading Anchor 4: Interpret words and phrases as they are used in a text, including determining technical, connotative, and figurative meanings, and analyze how specific word choices shape meaning or tone.
- Reading Anchor 6: Assess how point of view or purpose shapes the content and style of a text.
- Writing Anchor 2: Write informative/explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization, and analysis of content.
- Writing Anchor 7: Conduct short as well as more sustained research projects based on focused questions, demonstrating understanding of the subject under investigation.



## **ADDITIONAL RESOURCES**

The following resources were used in the compiling of this study guide.

F.S. Boas. *Shakespeare and His Predecessors*, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Frances E. Dolan. "The Subordinate('s) Plot: Petty Treason and the Forms of Domestic Rebellion". *Shakespeare Quarterly* (Johns Hopkins University Press) 43 (3): 317–340.

R.A. Foakes. "Playhouses and Players", in Braunmuller, A.; Hattaway, Michael, *The Cambridge Companion to English Renaissance Drama*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press,

Stephen Greenblatt. *Will in the World*. New York: W.W. Norton.

Andrew Gurr. "The Tempest's Tempest at Blackfriars". *Shakespeare Survey*. (Cambridge University Press) 41: 91–102.

Jan Kott. *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*. New York: W.W. Norton.

William Shakespeare. *The Tempest*. Alden T. Vaughn, Ed. London: The Arden Shakespeare.

E.M.W. Tillyard. *The Elizabethan World Picture*. New York: Transaction Publishers.

Marilyn L. Williamson. "The Comedies in Historical Context". In Habicht, Werner *et al.* *Images of Shakespeare*. University of Delaware Press.

## APPENDIX

### The Grumbling Hive: Or Knaves Turned Honest

Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733)

A spacious hive well stocked with bees,  
That lived in luxury and ease,  
And yet as famed for laws and arms  
As yielding large and early swarms  
Was counted the great nursery  
Of sciences and industry.  
No bees had better government,  
More fickleness, or less content:  
They were not slaves to tyranny  
Nor ruled by wild democracy,  
But kings that could not wrong because  
Their power was circumscribed by laws.

These insects lived like men, and all  
Our actions they performed in small:  
They did whatever's done in town,  
And what belongs to sword or gown;  
Though the artful works by nimble slight  
Of minute limbs 'scaped human sight,  
Yet we've no engines, labourers,  
Ships, castles, arms, artificers,  
Craft science, shop, or instrument,  
But they had an equivalent,  
Which, since their language is unknown,  
Must be called, as we do our own.  
As grant that, among other things,  
They wanted dice, yet they had kings,  
And those had guards, from whence we may  
Justly conclude, they had some play,  
Unless a regiment be shown  
Of soldiers, that make use of none.

Vast numbers thronged the fruitful hive,  
Yet those vast numbers made them thrive;  
Millions endeavouring to supply  
Each other's lust and vanity;  
While other millions were employed  
To see their handiworks destroyed.  
They furnished half the universe,  
Yet had more work than labourers.  
Some with vast stocks and little pains  
Jumped into business of great gains;  
And some were damned to scythes and spades,  
And all those hard laborious trades  
Where willing wretches daily sweat  
And wear out strength and limbs to eat;  
While others followed mysteries  
To which few folks bind 'prentices,  
That want no stock but that of brass  
And may set up without a cross,  
As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,  
Pickpockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,  
And all those that in enmity  
With downright working, cunningly  
Convert to their own use the labour  
Of their good-natured heedless neighbour.  
These were called knaves, but bar the name,  
The grave industrious were the same:  
All trades and places knew some cheat;  
No calling was without deceit.

The lawyers, of whose art the basis  
Was raising feuds and splitting cases,  
Opposed all registers that cheats  
Might make more work with dipped estates;  
As wer't unlawful that one's own  
Without a law-suit should be known.  
They kept off hearings wilfully  
To finger the refreshing fee;  
And to defend a wicked cause

Examined and surveyed the laws,  
As burglars shops and houses do  
To find out where they'd best break through.

Physicians valued fame and wealth  
Above the drooping patient's health  
Or their own skill: the greatest part  
Studied, instead of rules of art,  
Grave pensive looks and dull behaviour  
To gain the apothecary's favour,  
The praise of midwives, priests, and all  
That served at birth or funeral;  
To bear with the ever-talking tribe  
And hear my lady's aunt prescribe;  
With formal smile, and kind "How d'ye,"  
To fawn on all the family;  
And, which of all the greatest curse is,  
To endure the impertinence of nurses.

Among the many priests of Jove  
Hired to draw blessings from above,  
Some few were learned and eloquent,  
But thousands hot and ignorant,  
Yet all passed muster that could hide  
Their sloth, lust, avarice, and pride,  
For which they were as famed as tailors  
For cabbage, or for brandy sailors;  
Some, meagre-looking and meanly clad,  
Would mystically pray for bread,  
Meaning by that an ample store,  
Yet literally received no more;  
And while these holy drudges starved,  
The lazy ones, for which they served,  
Indulged their ease with all the graces  
Of health and plenty in their faces.

The soldiers that were forced to fight,  
If they survived, got honour by it,  
Though some that shunned the bloody fray  
Had limbs shot off, that ran away:  
Some valiant generals fought the foe;  
Others took bribes to let them go:  
Some ventured always where 'twas warm,  
Lost now a leg and then an arm,  
Till quite disabled and put by  
They lived on half their salary,  
While others never came in play  
And stayed at home for double pay.

Their kings were served, but knavishly,  
Cheated by their own ministry;  
Many that for their welfare slaved  
Robbing the very crown they saved:  
Pensions were small and they lived high,  
Yet boasted of their honesty,  
Calling, when'er they strained their right,  
The slippery trick a perquisite;  
And when folks understood their cant  
They changed that for emolument,  
Unwilling to be short or plain  
In anything concerning gain;  
For there was not a bee but would  
Get more, I won't say than he should,  
But than he dared to let them know  
That paid for't; as your gamesters do  
That, though at fair play, ne'er will own  
Before the losers what they've won.

But who can all their frauds repeat?  
The very stuff which in the street  
They sold for dirt to enrich the ground  
Was often by the buyers found  
Sophisticated with a quarter  
Of good-for-nothing stones and mortar,  
Though Flail had little case to mutter  
Who sold the other salt for butter.

Justice herself, famed for fair dealing,  
By blindness had not lost her feeling;

Her left hand, which the scales should hold,  
Had often dropped 'em, bribed with gold;  
And though she seemed impartial  
Where punishment was corporal,  
Pretended to a regular course  
In murder and all crimes of force;  
Though some, first pilloried for cheating,  
Were hanged in hemp of their own beating,  
Yet it was thought the sword she bore  
Checked but the desperate and the poor,  
That, urged by mere necessity,  
Were tied up to the wretched tree  
For crimes which not deserved that fate,  
But to secure the rich and great.

Thus every part was full of vice,  
Yet the whole mass a paradise;  
Flattered in peace and feared in wars,  
They were the esteem of foreigners,  
And lavish of their wealth and lives,  
The balance of all other hives.  
Such were the blessings of that state;  
Their crimes conspired to make them great:  
And virtue, who from politics  
Had learned a thousand cunning tricks,  
Was, by their happy influence,  
Made friends with vice; and ever since,  
The worst of all the multitude  
Did something for the common good.

This was the state's craft that maintained  
The whole of which each part complained:  
This, as in music harmony,  
Made jarrings in the main agree;  
Parties directly opposite  
Assist each other, as 'twere for spite;  
And temperance with sobriety  
Serve drunkenness and gluttony.

The root of evil, avarice,  
That damned ill-natured baneful vice,  
Was slave to prodigality,  
That noble sin; whilst luxury  
Employed a million of the poor,  
And odious pride a million more:  
Envy itself, and vanity,  
Were ministers of industry;  
Their darling folly, fickleness,  
In diet, furniture and dress,  
That strange ridiculous vice, was made  
The very wheel that turned the trade.  
Their laws and clothes were equally  
Objects of mutability;  
For what was well done for a time  
In half a year became a crime;  
Yet while they altered thus their laws,  
Still finding and correcting flaws,  
they mended by inconstancy  
Faults which no prudence could foresee.

Thus vice nursed ingenuity  
Which, joined with time and industry,  
Had carried life's conveniences,  
Its real pleasures, comforts, ease,  
To such a height, the very poor  
Lived better than the rich before,  
And nothing could be added more.

How vain is mortal happiness!  
Had they but known the bounds of bliss,  
And that perfection here below  
Is more than gods can well bestow,  
The grumbling brutes had been content  
With ministers and government.  
But they, at every ill success,  
Like creatures lost without redress,  
Cursed politicians, armies, fleets,  
While every one cried, "Damn the cheats,"  
And would, though conscious of his own,

In others barb'rously bear none.

One that had got a princely store  
By cheating master, king, and poor,  
Dared cry aloud, "The land must sink  
For all its fraud." And whom d'ye think  
The sermonizing rascal chid?  
A Glover that sold lamb for kid.

The least thing was not done amiss,  
Or crossed the public business,  
But all the rogues cried brazenly,  
"Good gods, had we but honesty!"  
Mercury smiled at the impudence,  
And others called it want of sense,  
Always to rail at what they loved:  
But Jove, with indignation moved,  
At last in anger swore he'd rid  
The bawling hive of fraud; and did.  
The very moment it departs,  
And honesty fills all their hearts;  
There shows them, like the instructive tree,  
Those crimes which they're ashamed to see,  
Which now in silence they confess  
By blushing at their ugliness,  
Like children that would hide their faults  
And by their color own their thoughts,  
Imagining, when they're looked upon,  
That others see what they have done.

But, Oh ye gods! What consternation,  
How vast and sudden was the alteration!  
In half an hour, the nation round,  
Meat fell a penny in the pound.  
The mask hypocrisy's flung down  
From the great stateman to the clown:  
And some in borrowed looks well known  
Appeared like strangers in their own.  
The bar was silent from that day,  
For now the willing debtors pay  
Even what's by creditors forgot,  
Who quitted them that had it not.  
Those that were in the wrong stood mute  
And dropped the patched vexatious suit,  
On which, since nothing less can thrive  
Than lawyers in an honest hive,  
All, except those that got enough,  
With inkhorns by their sides trooped off.

Justice hanged some, set others free,  
And after jail delivery,  
Her presence being no more required,  
With all her train and pomp retired.  
First marched some smiths with locks and grates,  
Fetters and doors with iron plates;  
Next jailers, turnkeys, and assistants;  
Before the goddess, at some distance,  
Her chief and faithful minister,  
Squire Catch, the law's great finisher,  
Bore not the imaginary sword  
But his own tools, an axe and cord;  
Then on a cloud the hoodwinked fair,  
Justice herself, was pushed by air:  
About her chariot, and behind,  
Were sergeants, bums of every kind,  
Tip-staffs, and all those officers  
That squeeze a living out of tears.

Though physic lived while folks were ill,  
None would prescribe but bees of skill,  
Which, thought the hive dispersed so wide  
That none of them had need to ride,  
Waved vain disputes, and strove to free  
The patients of their misery;  
Left drugs in cheating countries grown,  
And used the product of their own,  
Knowing the gods sent no disease  
To nations without remedies.

Their clergy roused from laziness  
Laid not their charge on journey-bees,  
But served themselves, exempt from vice,  
The gods with prayer and sacrifice;  
All those that were unfit, or knew  
Their service might be spared, withdrew:  
Nor was there business for so many,  
If the honest stand in need of any;  
Few only with the high-priest stayed,  
To whom the rest obedience paid;  
Himself employed in holy cares,  
Resigned to others state affairs.  
He chased no starveling from his door,  
Nor pinched the wages of the poor;  
But at his house the hungry's fed,  
The hiring finds unmeasured bread,  
The needy traveler board and bed.

Among the king's great ministers  
And all the inferior officers  
The change was great; for frugally  
They now lived on their salary.  
That a poor bee should ten times come  
To ask his due, a trifling sum,  
And by some well-hired clerk be made  
To give a crown, or ne'er be paid,  
Would now be called a downright cheat,  
Though formerly a perquisite.  
All places managed first by three  
Who watched each other's knavery  
And often for a fellow feeling  
Promoted on another's stealing,  
Are happily supplied by one,  
By which some thousands more are gone.

No honour now could be content  
To live and owe for what was spent;  
Liveries in brokers' shops are hung;  
They part with coaches for a song,  
Sell stately horses by whole sets,  
And country houses to pay debts.  
Vain cost is shunned as much as fraud;  
They have no forces kept abroad,  
Laugh at the esteem of foreigners  
And empty glory got by wars;  
They fight, but for their country's sake.  
When right or liberty's at stake.

Now mind the glorious hive, and see  
How honesty and trade agree.  
The show is gone, it thins apace,  
And looks with quite another face,  
For 'twas not only that they went  
By whom vast sums were yearly spent,  
But multitudes that lived on them  
Were daily forced to do the same.  
In vain to other trades they'd fly;  
All were o'erstocked accordingly.

The price of land and houses falls;  
Miraculous palaces whose walls,  
Like those of Thebes, were raised by play  
Are to be let; while the once gay,  
Well-seated household gods would be  
More pleased to expire in flames, than see  
The mean inscription on the door  
Smile at the lofty ones they bore.  
The building trade is quite destroyed;  
Artificers are not employed;  
No limner for his art is famed;  
Stone-cutters, carvers are not named.

Those that remained, grown temperate, strive,  
Not how to spend, but how to live,  
And, when they paid their tavern score,  
Resolved to enter it no more:  
No vintner's jilt in all the hive  
Could wear now cloth of gold, and thrive;  
Nor Torcol such vast sums advance

For Burgundy and Ortelans;  
The courtier's gone that with his miss  
Supped at his house on Christmas peas,  
Spending as much in two hours stay,  
As keeps a troop of horse a day.

The haughty Chloe, to live great  
Had made her husband rob the state;  
But now she sells her furniture,  
Which the Indies had been ransacked for;  
Contracts the expensive bill of fare,  
And wears her strong suit a whole year:  
The slight and fickle age is past,  
And clothes, as well as fashions, last.  
Weavers, that joined rich silk with plate,  
and all the trades subordinate  
Are gone, Still peace and plenty reign,  
And everything is cheap, though plain:  
Kind nature, free from gardeners force,  
Allows all fruits in her own course;  
But rarities cannot be had  
Where pains to get them are not paid.

As pride and luxury decrease,  
So by degrees they leave the seas.  
Not merchants now, but companies  
Remove whole manufactories.  
All arts and crafts neglected lie;  
Content, the bane of industry,  
Makes them admire their homely store  
And neither seek nor covet more.

So few in the vast hive remain,  
The hundredth part they can't maintain  
Against the insults of numerous foes,  
Whom yet they valiantly oppose,  
Till some well-fenced retreat is found,  
And here they die or stand their ground.  
No hiring in their army's known;  
But bravely fighting for their own,  
Their courage and integrity  
At last were crowned with victory.

They triumphed not without their cost,  
For many thousand bees were lost.  
Hardened with toils and exercise,  
They counted ease itself a vice,  
Which so improved their temperance  
That, to avoid extravagance,  
They flew into a hollow tree,  
Blest with content and honesty.

#### The Moral

Then leave complaints: fools only strive  
To make a great an honest hive.  
To enjoy the world's conveniences,  
Be famed in war, yet live in ease,  
Without great vices is a vain  
Utopia seated in the Brain  
Fraud, luxury, and pride must live,  
While we the benefits receive:  
Hunger's a dreadful plague, no doubt,  
Yet who digests or thrives without?  
Do we not owe the growth of wine  
To the dry, shabby, crooked vine?  
Which, while its shoots neglected stood,  
Choked other plates, and ran to wood;  
But blessed us with its noble fruit  
As soon as it was tied and cut:  
So vice is beneficial found,  
When it's by justice lopped and bound;  
Nay, where the people would be great,  
As necessary to the state  
As hunger is to make 'em eat.  
Bare virtue can't make nations live  
In splendor; they, that would receive  
A Golden Age, must be as free  
For acorns as for honesty.