

**ARIEL**

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flamed 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 precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not; Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring,--then like reeds, not hair,--

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty

And all the devils are here.'