

# *The Tempest*

An Opera in Three Acts

*Libretto by*

MEREDITH OAKES

*after William Shakespeare*

*Set to music by*

THOMAS ADÈS

FABER *ff* MUSIC

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The first performance of *The Tempest* was given by  
the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by  
the composer, in a production by Tom Cairns at  
the Royal Opera House on 10 February 2004

Vocal score, full score and orchestral parts  
available from the publishers

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## CHARACTERS

Prospero	<i>high baritone</i>
Ariel	<i>high soprano</i>
Caliban	<i>tenor</i>
Miranda	<i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Ferdinand	<i>tenor</i>
King	<i>tenor</i>
Antonio	<i>tenor</i>
Stefano	<i>bass-baritone</i>
Trinculo	<i>counter-tenor</i>
Sebastian	<i>baritone</i>
Gonzalo	<i>bass-baritone</i>
COURT	<i>SATB chorus</i>

# *The Tempest*

*A remote island.*

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1: COURT, *offstage in the shipwreck*

COURT:           Hell is empty  
                      All the devils here!

### Scene 2: MIRANDA *and* PROSPERO

MIRANDA:    Oh father  
                  Storm and thunder, rain and hail  
                  Towering waves, furious gale  
                  The ship is wrecked, it groans, it shivers  
                  Unnatural flames run and quiver  
                  Screams faint like seagulls mewing  
                  Is this my father's doing?  
  
                  Woe the day  
                  Father  
  
                  There, fire and storm  
                  While here it's calm  
                  There black as night  
                  While here the island's bright  
                  Father  
                  Is this your skill?  
                  What creatures have you killed?  
                  Their ship is torn apart  
                  Their cry harrows my heart  
                  Father  
                  Is this your art?  
                  Woe the day

**PROSPERO:** Miranda  
You are my care  
Living on this island  
What you are  
You have never questioned  
Now listen to your father

Fate has brought my enemies to this shore  
They must suffer as I did before

I was Milan!  
I was duke!  
I loved seclusion  
And my books  
Meanwhile my brother who agreed to represent me  
Plotted in his greed to overthrow me  
He studied how to grant suits, how to refuse them  
How to reward his lackeys, how to abuse them  
He branded me incapable!  
He thought me replaceable!  
He went to the King of Naples!

To Naples, crude and specious  
To Naples, vain and pitiless  
To Naples, gaudy, great  
Conniving state  
Milan the fair  
Milan the artful  
Milan the rare  
Milan the skilful  
Milan my library  
Milan my liberty  
To Naples gross and bold  
Milan was sold

**MIRANDA:** Milan? What's Milan?

**PROSPERO:** Fair Milan  
Stooping stands  
Robbed of grace  
Dark of face  
Casual sport  
Of Naples venal court