

PROSPERO – THE TEMPEST – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence [without/sans] bound. He being this lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, - like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, - out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: - hence his ambition grew.”