

**ARIEL AND
CALIBAN
WITH OTHER POEMS**

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Ariel and Caliban with other poems by Christopher Pearse Cranch

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CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

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BY

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH



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ARIEL AND CALIBAN.¹

I.

Before PROSPERO'S cell. Moonlight.

ARIEL.

So — Prospero is gone — and I am free —
Free, free at last. His latest charge have I
Performed with duteous care ; have sent the breeze
To blow behind the ship whose rounded sails
Now bear him homeward ; and I am alone.
Yet I, who pined for freedom — I, who served
This lordly mind, not of my own free choice,
Though somewhat out of gratitude, — for he
By his strong sorcery did release me once
From durance horrible, — now, since the touch

¹ To forestall suspicion of my having borrowed even any suggestion of the idea on which this poem is founded from M. Renan's "*Caliban*" — though this has a totally different conception from my theme — I may say that I had written the greater part of my poem long before I had heard of or seen the brilliant and audacious satire of that distinguished French author.