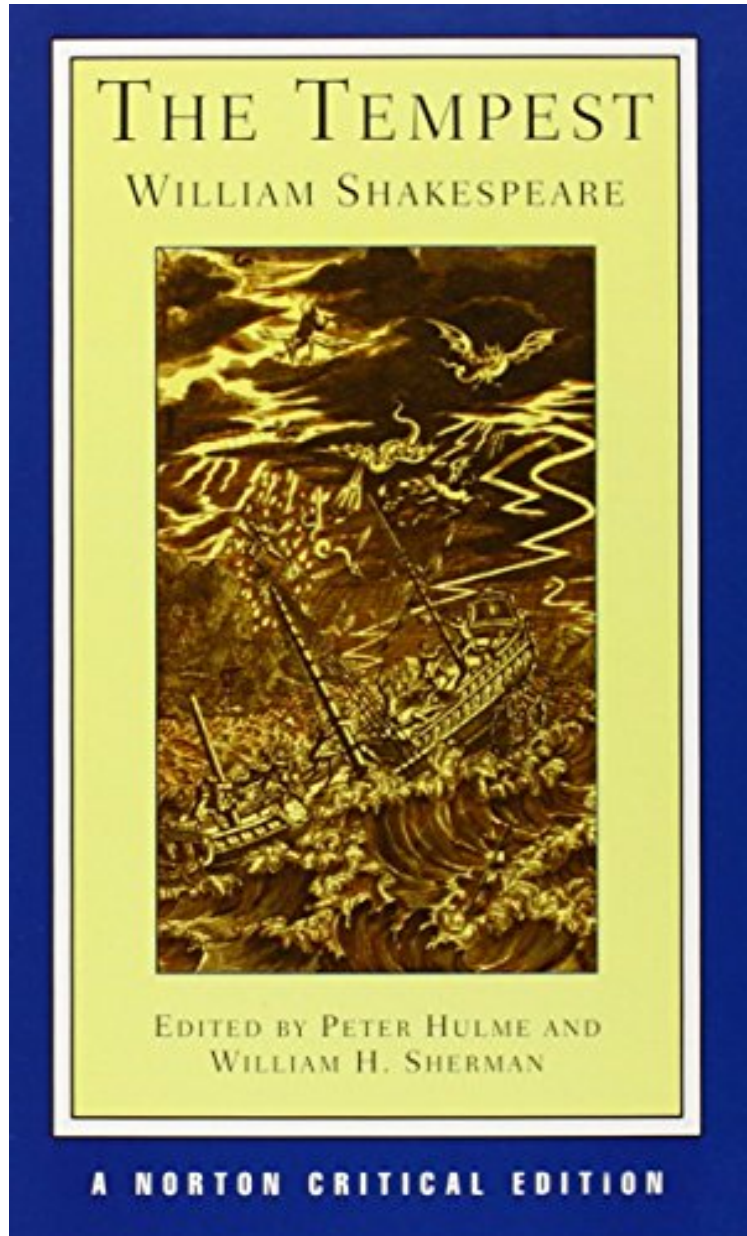


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## The Tempest (Norton Critical Editions)

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**William Shakespeare : The Tempest (Norton Critical Editions)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Tempest (Norton Critical Editions):

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Dante Minghella What's to say? It's *The Tempest*. Bar the one pretentious single-star review further down, this is an excellent play, in an excellent edition. The Norton Critical Editions are pretty much universally loved, and for good reason - informative, detailed criticism, well-edited and presented. This is no exception. If you're a student or just a dedicated reader, this is the edition for you. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. I liked this version of the book By nirapp.TI liked this version of the book. I am certainly not an expert but this version was helpful and great for classroom use. Original and revised versions 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By david sotobuena lectura

*The Tempest* presents some of Shakespeare's most insightful meditations on the cycle of life ending and beginning, death and regeneration, bondage and freedom. This Norton Critical Edition is based on the First Folio text and is accompanied by explanatory annotations. *Sources and Contexts* offers a rich collection of documents on the play's central themes: magic and witchcraft, politics and religion, geography and travel. Writers include Ovid, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, Gabriel Naud, Michel de Montaigne, and William Strachey. *Criticism* collects eighteen responses to *The Tempest*, from John Dryden and Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Stephen Orgel and Leah Marcus. *Rewritings and Appropriations* includes creative reactions to *The Tempest*, by playwrights, filmmakers, and poets, among them H.D., Peter Greenaway, and Ted Hughes. A Selected Bibliography is also included.

About the Author Peter Hulme is Professor of Literature at the University of Essex. He is the author of *Colonial Encounters: Europe and the Native Caribbean, 1492-1797* and *Remnants of Conquest: The Caribs and Their Visitors, 1877-1998*. He is co-editor, with William H. Sherman, of *The Tempest and Its Travels* and, with Tim Young, of the *Cambridge Companion to Travel Writing*. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter 1 list of parts PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan MIRANDA, his daughter ALONSO, King of Naples SEBASTIAN, his brother ANTONIO, Prospero's brother, the usurping Duke of Milan FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples GONZALO, an honest old councillor ADRIAN and FRANCISCO, lords TRINCULO, a jester STEPHANO, a drunken butler MASTER, of a ship BOATSWAIN MARINERS SCALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave ARIEL, an airy spirit IRIS, CERES, JUNO, spirits commanded by Prospero playing roles of NYMPHS, REAPER The Scene: an uninhabited island Act 1 Scene 1 running scene 1 A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain MASTER Boatswain! BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer? MASTER Good: speak to th' mariners. Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground! Bestir, bestir! Exit Enter Mariners BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle.- Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough. Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo and others ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below. ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain? BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins! You do assist the storm. GONZALO Nay, good, be patient. BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not. GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more: use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.- Cheerly, good hearts!- Out of our way, I say. Exeunt [Boatswain with Mariners, followed by Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio and Ferdinand] GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. Exit Enter Boatswain BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course. (A cry within) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office. Enter Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink? SEBASTIAN A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! BOATSWAIN Work you then. ANTONIO Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art. GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench. BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses off to sea again! Lay her off! Enter Mariners, wet MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost! BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold? GONZALO The king and prince at prayers: let's assist them, for our case is as theirs. SEBASTIAN I'm out of patience. ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal: would thou mightst lie drowning, the washing of ten tides! GONZALO He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at wid'st to glut him. [Exeunt Boatswain and Mariners] A confused noise within [VOICES OFF-STAGE] Mercy on us! - We split, we split! - Farewell, my wife and children! - Farewell, brother! - We split, we split, we split! ANTONIO Let's all sink wi'th' king. SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him. Exeunt [Antonio and Sebastian] GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! But I would fain die a dry death. Exit Act 1 Scene 2 running scene 2 Enter Prospero and Miranda MIRANDA If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild

waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th'welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel - Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her - Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallowed, and The fraughting souls within her. PROSPERO Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart There's no harm done. MIRANDA O, woe the day! PROSPERO No harm: I have done nothing but in care of thee - Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter - who Art ignorant of what thou art: nought knowing Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father. MIRANDA More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts. PROSPERO 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand And pluck my magic garment from me. So: Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have his magic cloak comfort. The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely ordered that there is no soul - No, not so much perdition as an hair Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down, [Miranda sits] For thou must now know further. MIRANDA You have often Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding 'Stay: not yet.' PROSPERO The hour's now come, The very minute bids thee ope thine ear: Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old. MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can. PROSPERO By what? By any other house or person? Of any thing the image, tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance. MIRANDA 'Tis far off, And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once that tended me? PROSPERO Thou hadst; and more, Miranda. But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here thou mayst. MIRANDA But that I do not. PROSPERO Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, Thy father was the Duke of Milan and A prince of power. MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father? PROSPERO Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir And princess, no worse issued. MIRANDA O the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blesd wast we did? PROSPERO Both, both, my girl. By foul play - as thou say'st - were we heaved thence, But blessedly holp hither. MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds To think o'th'teen that I have turned you to, Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further. PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio - I pray thee, mark me - that a brother should Be so perfidious - he whom next thyself Of all the world I loved, and to him put The manage of my state, as at that time Through all the signories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed In dignity, and for the liberal arts Without a parallel; those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother And to my state grew stranger, being transported And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle - Dost thou attend me? MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully. PROSPERO Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who t'advance and who To trash for over-topping, new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em, Or else new formed 'em; having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was The ivy which had hid my princely trunk And sucked my verdure out on't. - Thou attend'st not. MIRANDA O good sir, I do. PROSPERO 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 retired, O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother Awaked 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 sans bound. He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact: like one Who having into truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory To credit his own lie, he did believe He was indeed the duke, out o'th' substitution And executing th' outward face of royalty With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing - Dost thou hear? MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. PROSPERO To have no screen between this part he played, And him he played it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me - poor man - my library Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable. Confederates - So dry he was for sway - wi'th' King of Naples To give him annual tribute, do him homage, Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom yet unbowed - alas, poor Milan - To most ignoble stooping. MIRANDA O the heavens! PROSPERO Mark his condition and th' event, then tell me If this might be a brother. MIRANDA I should sin To think but nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons. PROSPERO Now the condition. This King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit, Which was, that he, in lieu o'th' premises Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: whereon, A treacherous army levied, one midnight Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Milan, and i'th' dead of darkness The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence Me and thy crying self. MIRANDA Alack, for pity! I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then, Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint That wrings mine eyes to't. PROSPERO Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present business Which now's upon's: without the which, this story Were most impertinent. MIRANDA Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us? PROSPERO Well demanded, wench: My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, So dear the love my people bore me: nor set A mark so bloody on the business: but With colours fairer, painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a barque, Bore us some leagues

to sea, where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,  
To cry to th'sea that roared to us; to sigh  
To th'winds, whose pity sighing back  
again, Did us but loving wrong.  
MIRANDA Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you!  
PROSPERO O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have decked the sea with  
drops full salt,  
Under my burden groaned, which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.  
MIRANDA How came we ashore?  
PROSPERO By providence divine.  
Some food we had, and some fresh water,  
that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity - who being then appointed  
Master of this design - did give us,  
with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.  
MIRANDA  
Would I might  
But ever see that man.  
PROSPERO Now I arise: Prospero stands  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-  
sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived, and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.  
MIRANDA Heavens thank you for't. And now, I pray  
you, sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my mind: your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?  
PROSPERO Know thus far forth:  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune -  
Now my dear lady - hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: and by my  
prescience I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my  
fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.  
- Miranda  
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
sleeps  
Approach, my Ariel,  
come.  
Enter Ariel  
ARIEL All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim,  
to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.  
PROSPERO Hast  
thou, spirit,  
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?  
ARIEL To every article. 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 lightning, the  
precursors  
O'th'dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks  
Of  
sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident  
shake.  
PROSPERO My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?  
ARIEL  
Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad and played  
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 leaped; cried 'Hell is empty  
And all the devils are here.'  
PROSPERO Why, that's my  
spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?  
ARIEL Close by, my master.  
PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?  
ARIEL Not a  
hair perished:  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I  
have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In  
an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot. [Folds his arms]