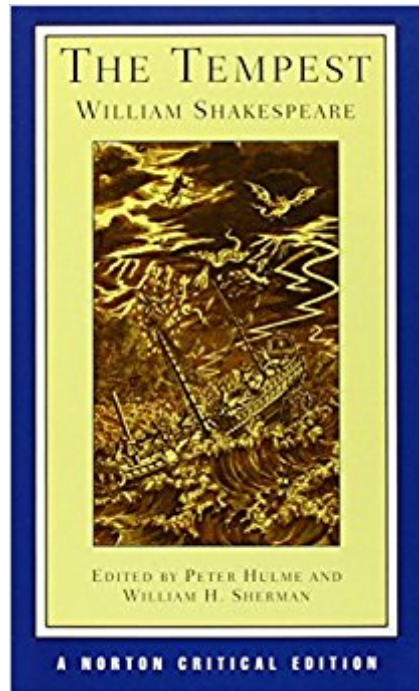




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The Tempest (Norton Critical Editions)



Synopsis

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 Naudé, 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.

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Customer Reviews

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*. William H. Sherman is Professor of Early Modern Studies in the Department of English and Related Literature at the

University of York. He is the author of *John Dee: The Politics of Reading and Writing in the English Renaissance* and of many articles on Renaissance literature, travel writing, and the history of the book. He has also edited *The Tempest and Its Travels* with Peter Hulme, and the new Cambridge edition of Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* with Peter Holland.

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, wetMARINERS 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 might'st lie drowning, the washing of ten tides!GONZALO He'll be hanged yet,Though every drop of water swear against itAnd 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.ExitAct 1 Scene 2 running scene 2Enter Prospero and MirandaMIRANDA If by your art, my dearest father, you havePut 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 sufferedWith 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 knockAgainst my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.Had I been any god of power, I wouldHave sunk the sea within the earth, or ereIt should the good ship so have swallowed, andThe fraughting souls within her.PROSPERO Be collected:No more amazement. Tell your piteous heartThere'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 - whoArt ignorant of what thou art: nought knowingOf whence I am, nor that I am more betterThan Prospero, master of a full poor cell,And thy no greater father.MIRANDA More to knowDid never meddle with my thoughts.PROSPERO 'Tis timeI should inform thee further. Lend thy handAnd pluck my magic garment from me. So:Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have his magic cloakcomfort.The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touchedThe very virtue of compassion in thee,I have with such provision in mine artSo safely ordered that there is no soul -No, not so much perdition as an hairBetid to any creature in the vesselWhich thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sitdown, [Miranda sits]For thou must now know further.MIRANDA You have oftenBegun to tell me what I am, but stoppedAnd 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 rememberA

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 bless
ÃfÂ'd wast we did?
PROSPERO Both, both, my girl. By foul play - as thou say'st - were we
heaved thence, But blessedly help 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
thymself 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 not 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, Infus'd 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 necessities, 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
enemiesBrought to this shore: and by my presciencel find my zenith doth depend uponA most
auspicious star, whose influencelf now I court not, but omit, my fortunesWill 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.- MirandaCome away, servant, come. I am ready now. sleepsApproach, my Ariel,
come.Enter ArielARIEL All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I comeTo answer thy best pleasure;
be't to fly,To swim, to dive into the fire, to rideOn the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding taskAriel
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 divideAnd burn in many places; on the
topmast,The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the
precursorsO'th'dreadful thunderclaps, more momentaryAnd sight-outrunning were not; the fire and
cracksOf sulphurous roaring, the most mighty NeptuneSeem 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 coilWould not infect his reason?ARIEL Not a soulBut felt a fever of the mad and
playedSome tricks of desperation. All but marinersPlunged 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 emptyAnd 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 sighsIn an odd angle of the isle, and
sitting,His arms in this sad knot. [Folds his arms] --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable
edition of this title.

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.

I 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

buena lectura

This is a fun and intellectual read. The fans of Shakespeare will have fun with it, and those who don't know of him will get a timely glimpse into his play writing genius.

Good

I found this a very helpful and interesting adjunct to the play proper (although, of course, it has the play in it). Like most NCE's it is stuffed with extras: primary sources, critical reactions and analyses, and creative reinterpretations. The price is a little higher than the Folger or other popular Shakespeare's paperbacks, but you get a lot of bang for only a few extra bucks. Pretty cool. I found it worked well as a "Teacher's Edition."

I had to buy this book for school. I necessary do not care for Shakespeare however the Tempest is a softer and easier read. The stories and characters he wrote about are amazing! I love it!

Good anotated version of The Tempest. The articles help you give a broader perspective on the work and the influences of it in the world.

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