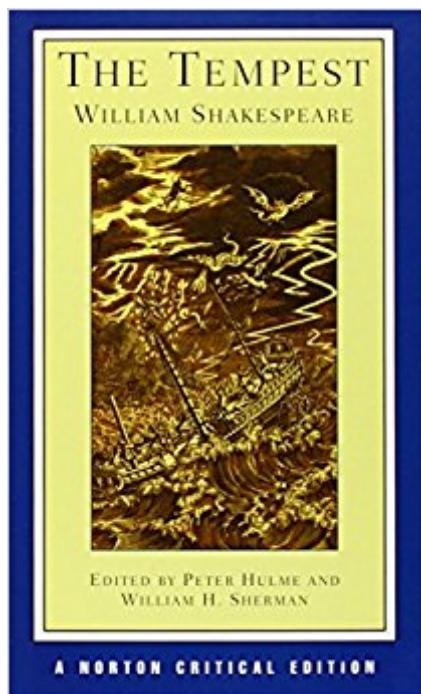


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# The Tempest (Norton Critical Editions)



## Synopsis

The Tempest presents some of Shakespeareâ™s most insightful meditations on the cycle of lifeâ•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. âœSources and Contextsâ• offers a rich collection of documents on the playâ™s central themesâ•magic and witchcraft, politics and religion, geography and travel. Writers include Ovid, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, Gabriel NaudÃ©, Michel de Montaigne, and William Strachey. âœCriticismâ• collects eighteen responses to *The Tempest*, from John Dryden and Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Stephen Orgel and Leah Marcus. âœRewritings and Appropriationsâ• 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.

## Book Information

Series: Norton Critical Editions

Paperback: 368 pages

Publisher: W. W. Norton & Company; unknown edition (December 23, 2003)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 0393978192

ISBN-13: 978-0393978193

Product Dimensions: 5.1 x 0.9 x 8.4 inches

Shipping Weight: 14.1 ounces (View shipping rates and policies)

Average Customer Review: 4.4 out of 5 stars 20 customer reviews

Best Sellers Rank: #19,849 in Books (See Top 100 in Books) #14 in Books > Literature & Fiction > British & Irish > Shakespeare > Literary Criticism #26 in Books > Literature & Fiction > History & Criticism > Regional & Cultural > European > British & Irish #51 in Books > Literature & Fiction > British & Irish > Shakespeare > Works

## 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.Â 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 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave ARIEL, an airy spirit IRIS, CERES, JUNO, spirits commanded by Prospero playing roles of NYMPHS, REAPERS 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 mightst 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.Exit Act 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 ereI 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 timel 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 notOut three years

old.MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.PROSPERO By what? By any other house or person?Of any thing the image, tell me, thatHath kept with thy remembrance.MIRANDA 'Tis far off,And rather like a dream than an assuranceThat my remembrance warrants. Had I notFour or five women once that tended me?PROSPERO Thou hadst; and more, Miranda. But how is itThat this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou elseIn 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 andA prince of power.MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?PROSPERO Thy mother was a piece of virtue, andShe said thou wast my daughter; and thy fatherWas Duke of Milan, and his only heirAnd princess, no worse issued.MIRANDA O the heavens!What foul play had we, that we came from thence?Or blessÃ“d wast we did?PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.By foul play - as thou say'st - were we heavedthence,But blessedly holt hither.MIRANDA O, my heart bleedsTo 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 shouldBe so perfidious - he whom next thyselfOf all the world I loved, and to him putThe manage of my state, as at that timeThrough all the signories it was the first,And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputedIn dignity, and for the liberal artsWithout a parallel; those being all my study,The government I cast upon my brotherAnd to my state grew stranger, being transportedAnd 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 whoTo trash for over-topping, new createdThe creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,Or else new formed 'em; having both the keyOf officer and office, set all hearts i'th'stateTo what tune pleased his ear, that now he wasThe ivy which had hid my princely trunkAnd 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 dedicatedTo closeness and the bettering of my mindWith that, which but by being so retired,O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brotherAwaked an evil nature, and my trust,Like a good parent, did beget of himA falsehood in its contrary, as greatAs 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 oneWho having into truth, by telling of it,Made such a sinner of his memoryTo credit his own lie, he did believeHe was indeed the duke, out o'th'substitutionAnd executing th'outward face of royaltyWith 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 beAbsolute Milan. Me - poor man - my libraryWas 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 melf 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, 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 necessaries, Which since have steadied much. So, of his  
gentleness, Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
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

buenas lecturas

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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