

**SHAKESPEARE FOR
RECITATION: SELECTED
SCENES AND PASSAGES**

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Shakespeare for Recitation: Selected Scenes and Passages by William Shakespeare & Ernest
Pertwee

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE & ERNEST PERTWEE

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INTRODUCTION

THE great value of Shakespeare as a field of Study for Students in reference to both Elocution and Acting, has led me to include a collection of scenes and passages for practice from the plays of our greatest Dramatist among this series of "Reciters."

I do not presume to have set forth here all the scenes adapted for this purpose; but I fully hope that *Shakespeare for Recitation* will prove of real use to Teachers and their Pupils, and will justify its publication.

In conclusion, I may say that especial care has been expended both on text and punctuation.

ERNEST PERTWEE.

198

THE TEMPEST

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THE TEMPEST

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT I.

Scene II.—*The Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.*
Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing*; FERDINAND
following.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtisied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear:
Hark, hark!

[*Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly.*

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly.*

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer

[*Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FER. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,—
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

MS. A. 9. 2. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

[*Burden* : ding-dong

Hark ! now I hear them.—ding-dong, bell.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.

PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say what thou seest yond.

MIRA. What is't ? a spirit ?
 Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form ;—but 'tis a spirit.

PRO. No, wench ; if cats and sleeps, and hath such senses
 As we have, such 's this gallant which thou see'st
 Was in the wrack ; and, but he's something stain'd—
 With grief, that's beauty's canker,—thou might'st call him
 A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows
 And strays about to find 'em.

MIRA. I might call him
 A thing divine ; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

PRO. (*Aside*) : It goes on, I see.
 As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee
 Within two days for this.

FER. Most sure, the goddess
 On whom these airs attend !—Vouchsafe, my prayer
 May know it you remain upon this island ;
 And that you will some good instruction give
 How I may bear me here : my prime request,
 Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder !—
 If you be maid or no ?

MIRA. No wonder, sir ;
 But certainly a maid.

FER. My language ! heavens !—
 I am the best of them that speak this speech,
 Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PRO. How ! the best ?
 What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
 To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
 And, that he does, I weep : myself am Naples,
 Who with mine eyes,—ne'er since at ebb,—beheld
 The king, my father wrack'd.

MIRA. Alack, for mercy !

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son being twain.

PRO. (*Aside*). The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight (*aside*)
They have changed eyes :—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this !—(*To FER.*) A word, good sir ;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

MIRA, (*Aside*). Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I sighed for : pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way !

FER. (*Aside*). O ! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PRO. Soft, sir : one word more—
(*Aside*). They are both in either's powers : but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—(*To FER.*) One word more : I charge
thee

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

PRO. (*To FER.*) Follow me.—
(*To MIRA.*) Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor—(*To FER.*)
Come :

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No ;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

MIRA. O dear father !
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PRO. What ! I say,
My foot my tutor ?—Put thy sword up, traitor ;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRA. Beseech, you, father !

PRO. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

MIRA. Sir, have pity :

I'll be his surety.

PRO. Silence ! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !

An advocate for an imposter ? hush !

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !

To the most of men this is a Caliban

And they to him are angels.

MIRA. My affections

Are then most humble ; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

PRO. (To FER.) Come on ; obey

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are :

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid : all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of ; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

PRO. (Aside). It works.—(To FER). Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—(To FER.) Follow me.—

(To ARIEL.) Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

MIRA. Be of comfort ;

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,

Which now came from him.

PRO. Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds ; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable.

PRO. (to FER.) Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

THE TEMPEST

7

ACT II.

*Scene II.—Another Part of the Island.**Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo now! lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'
the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like
a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should
thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What
have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell. A
strange fish! Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms!
Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold
it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately
suffered by a thunderbolt. (*Thunder.*) Alas! the storm is
come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;
there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of
the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

STE. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore:—

This is a very scurvy time to sing at a man's funeral;
Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha!
I have not 'scaped drowning to be afear'd now of your four
legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on

four legs cannot make him give ground : and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me : O !

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that : if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, prithee : I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest, He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him : he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways : open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly (*gives CALIBAN drink*) : you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice : it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O ! defend me.

STE. Four legs and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano !

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano !—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo :—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed ! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ?

TRIN. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano ? O Stephano ! two Neapolitans 'scaped !