



# TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

BY

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

EDITED BY

C. KINGSLEY WILLIAMS, M.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
GEOFFREY WHITTHAM

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<sup>1</sup>The 2,000 root words of the *General Service List of English Words* of the *Interim Report on Vocabulary Selection*.



## INTRODUCTION

Charles and Mary Lamb were a brother and sister who lived in London a hundred years ago. They were very fond of plays, very fond of boys and girls, and very fond of one another. So the two of them together made a book for boys and girls out of the stories of Shakespeare's plays; which at once became and has since remained a great favourite.

In this book the Lamb's Tales are told in a simpler form; a common word is used where the Lambs used an uncommon one; and long sentences are made shorter.

Only some of the stories are retold in this book. Most of the other ones written by Charles and Mary Lamb are in *More Tales from Shakespeare* in this series.

C.K.W.



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## PRONUNCIATION

One of the difficulties in learning English as a second language is its pronunciation. The same letter may be pronounced differently in different words. For example, "c" is sounded as k in *cat*, but as s in *receive*; "a" is sounded differently in *hat* and *hate*, "th" in *this* and *thank*. What we need is a number of signs, each of which stands for one sound, and one sound only. We have been given this in what is called the Phonetic Alphabet, a "Sounding" Alphabet (Greek *phone*= a sound), which uses the letters of the ordinary English alphabet, and in addition a few extra signs without which we could not show how certain words are sounded.

### Consonants

b, d, f, g, h, k, l, m, n, p, r, s, t, v, w, z are used with their ordinary English sounds; we have also

θ	as in	thank	tʃ	as in	much
ð	„	this	dʒ	„	John
ʃ	„	ship	j	„	yellow
ʒ	„	measure	ŋ	„	song

### Vowels

i	as in	ship	ɔ:	as in	born
i:	„	sheep	u	„	put
e	„	pen	u:	„	boot
æ	„	man	ʌ	„	cup
aɪ	„	dark	ə	„	under
ɔ	„	song	ɜ:	„	bird



## Diphthongs (Double Vowels)

ei	as in	train	ie	as in	ear
ou	„	only	ɛə	„	chair
ai	„	ice	ɔə	„	door
au	„	how	uə	„	poor
ɔi	„	boy			

The proper names in this book are not difficult to pronounce. The main thing is to put the accent or stress on the correct syllable. In the list therefore, the accented syllable is marked thus 'Arden. This means that the accent is on the first syllable.

'Algiers	'ældʒiəz	Grati'ano	græʃi'a:nou
Ali'ena	æli'einə	H'elena	h'einə
Ant'onio	ant'ouniou	H'ermia	h'əmiə
'Arden	'aɪdən	H'ero	h'irou
'Ariel	'ɛəriəl	Ill'yria	il'iriə
'Arragon	'ærəɡən	Leon'ato	liən'a:tou
B'anquo	b'æŋkwou	Lor'enzo	lɔr'enzou
Bass'anio	bas'a:niou	Lys'ander	lais'ændə
B'eatrice	biətris	Macb'eth	mækb'et
Bell'ario	bəl'a:riou	Macd'uff	mækd'ʌf
B'elmont	b'elmont	M'alcolm	m'ælkəm
B'enedick	b'enidik	M'argaret	m'a:ɡrit
Bi'rnam	b'ənməm	Mess'ina	məs'i:nə
Bor'achio	bər'a:tʃiou	P'adua	p'ædiu:ə
	(bər'a:kiou)	P'edro	p'itrou(p'edrou)
C'aliban	k'ælibæn	P'ortia	p'ɔ:ʃiə
C'awdor	k'ɔ:də	Pr'ospero	pr'ɔspərəu
C'elia	s'i:liə	R'obin	r'ɒbin
Ces'ario	sɪz'a:riou	R'osalind	r'ɔzəlind
Cl'audio	kl'ɔ:diou	R'owland	r'oulənd
Dem'etrius	dim'itriəs	Seb'astian	sib'æstjən
Do'nalbain	d'ɔnəlbein		(sib'æstian)
D'unçan	d'ʌŋkən	Sh'ylock	j'allək
D'unsinane	d'ʌnsinein	S'ignor	s'i:znjɔ:
E'geus	'i:ɡiəs	S'ycorax	s'ikæræks
F'erdinand	f'ɔ:di:nænd	Th'eseus	θ'i:siu:z
G'anymede	ɡ'ænimid	Tit'ania	tɪt'a:niə
Gl'amis	ɡl'a:mɪs	U'sula	ə:siu:lə
	(modern gla:mz)	V'enice	v'enɪs
Gonz'alo	ɡonz'a:lou	V'iola	vɪɔulə



## ***THE TEMPEST***

### **THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY**

***Prospero***, the banished duke of Milan

***Antonio***, his brother who is the wrongful duke

***The King of Naples***

***Ferdinand***, his son

***Miranda***, daughter of Prospero

***Ariel***, a spirit serving Prospero

***Caliban***, a monster



## ***THE TEMPEST***

### **THE ISLAND OF SPIRITS**

**THERE** was a certain island in the sea, on which there lived only an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady.

They lived in a cave made out of a rock: it was divided into several parts, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him. For being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, Prospero, by the power of his art, set free many good spirits that Sycorax had shut up in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to do her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little spirit Ariel had no evil in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in troubling an ugly monster called Caliban, whom he hated because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. Prospero had found this Caliban in the woods, a strange twisted thing, far less like a man than an ape. He took him home to his cave, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban had from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or





*Miranda asks Prospero to stop the storm.*



useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious tasks; and Ariel had the duty of forcing him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and did not do his work, Ariel (who could be seen by no eyes but Prospero's) would come quietly up and pinch him, and sometimes throw him down in the mud; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie rolling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp points would prick his bare feet. With many such-like cruel tricks Ariel would often trouble him, whenever Caliban failed to do the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

#### THE TEMPEST

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a great storm; in the midst of it he showed his daughter a fine large ship struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment seemed about to swallow it up; the ship, he told her, was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad trouble. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all be drowned. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than that the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so wild, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You do not know who you



are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came here? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"But what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the memory of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who served me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

#### A WICKED BROTHER

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only child. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of quiet and deep study, I commonly left the governing of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, careless of all worldly ends, buried among my books, gave my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The chance I gave him of making himself beloved of my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud desire to rob me of my dukedom. This he soon did with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Why did they not that hour destroy us?" asked Miranda.

"My child," answered her father, "they dared not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried



us on board a ship, and when we were some miles out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either oars or sails or ropes: there he left us, as he thought, to die. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, food, clothing, and some books which I value above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little angel that preserved me. Your smiles made me to bear bravely my evil fortune. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island; and since then my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and from these lessons you have gained much."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now tell me, sir, your reason for raising this storm?"

"I will," said her father; "by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic stick, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then appeared before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and of what he had done with the ship's company; and though the spirits could never be seen by Miranda, Prospero did not wish her to hear him speaking as would seem to her) with the empty air.

#### ARIEL

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively story of the storm, and of the fears of the seamen; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first



who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves, and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, crying out for the loss of the king, his father, whom he thinks drowned. Not a hair of his head is touched, and his princely garments, though wet in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my good Ariel," said Prospero, "Bring him here: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him drown. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though out of sight is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "your work is faithfully performed: but there is more to do."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me call to your memory, master, you have promised me my freedom. I have done you faithful service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without evil word or thought."

"What?" said Prospero, "You do not call to mind what a pain I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and wickedness was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she?" said Prospero. "I must tell what you have been, which I find you have forgotten. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible for human ears, was driven from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too soft to do her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This pain, remember, I freed you from."