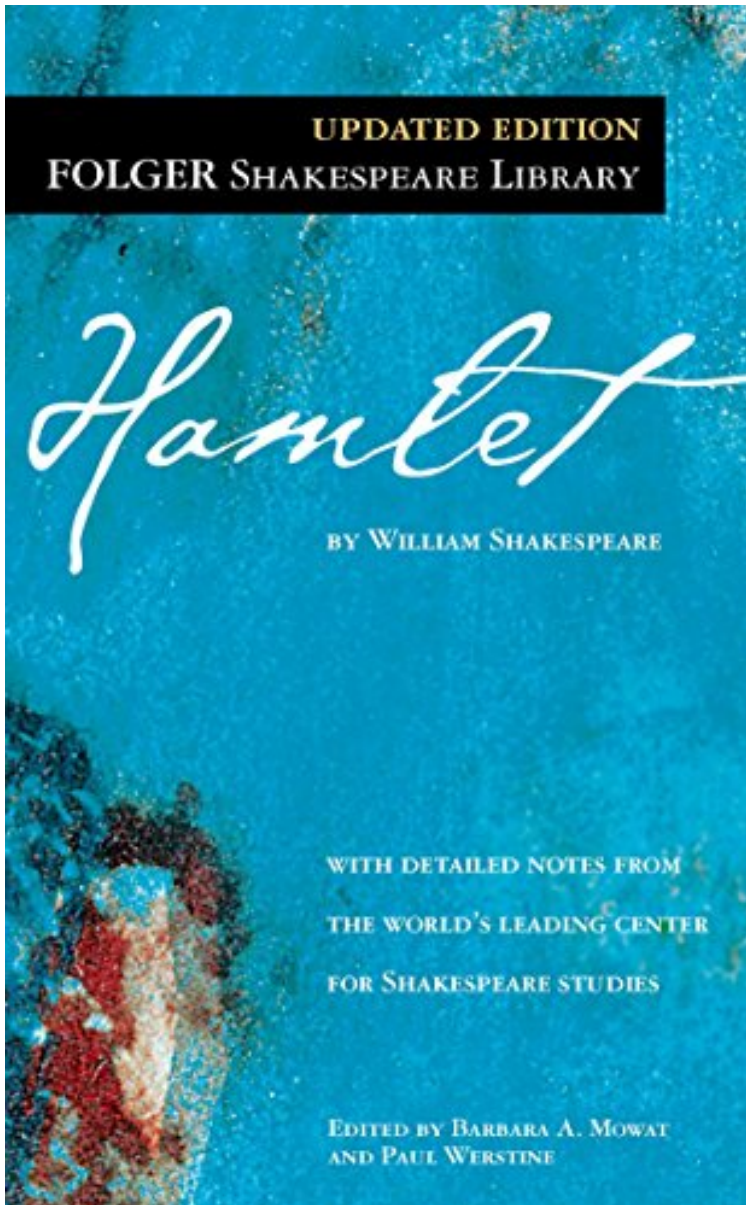


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# Hamlet (Folger Shakespeare Library) (English Edition)



*Par William Shakespeare*  
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by now glossed over the original countenance of Shakespeare's work. Never has there been a Folio available in modern reading fonts. While other complete Folio editions continue to trade simply on the facsimile appearance of the Elizabethan "look," none of them is easily and practically utilized in general Shakespeare studies or performances.

Presentation de l'diteur Hamlet is Shakespeare's most popular, and most puzzling, play. It follows the form of a "revenge tragedy," in which the hero, Hamlet, seeks vengeance against his father's murderer, his uncle Claudius, now the king of Denmark. Much of its fascination, however, lies in its uncertainties. Among them: What is the Ghost--Hamlet's father demanding justice, a tempting demon, an angelic messenger? Does Hamlet go mad, or merely pretend to? Once he is sure that Claudius is a murderer, why does he not act? Was his mother, Gertrude, unfaithful to her husband or complicit in his murder? The authoritative edition of Hamlet from The Folger Shakespeare Library, the trusted and widely used Shakespeare series for students and general readers, includes: -The exact text of the printed book for easy cross-reference -Hundreds of hypertext links for instant navigation -Freshly edited text based on the best early printed version of the play - Newly revised explanatory notes conveniently linked to the text of the play -Scene-by-scene plot summaries - A key to the play's famous lines and phrases -An introduction to reading Shakespeare's language -An essay by a leading Shakespeare scholar providing a modern perspective on the play -Fresh images from the Folger Shakespeare Library's vast holdings of rare books -An annotated guide to further reading Essay by Michael Neill.co.uk

Undoubtedly the most famous of all of Shakespeare's plays, Hamlet remains one of the most enduring but also enigmatic pieces of western literature. The story of Hamlet, the young Prince of Denmark, his tortured relationship with his mother, and his quest to avenge his father's murder at the hand of his brother Claudius has fascinated writers and audiences ever since it was written around 1600. For many years interest focused on both Hamlet's inability to avenge his father's death, claiming that "the native hue of resolution / Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought", and, according to none other than Freud, his oedipal fixation with his mother. However, more recently critics have turned their attention to Hamlet's bold theatrical self-reflexivity (most famously reflected in the performance of "The Mousetrap"), its fascination with issues of theology and Renaissance humanism, and its dense, complex poetic language. What is so remarkable about the play is the way in which it tends to uncannily reflect the concerns of different epochs. As a result, Hamlet has been at different moments defined as a romantic rebel, an angst-ridden existentialist, a paralysed intellectual and an ambivalent New Man. Whatever subsequent generations make of Hamlet, they are unlikely to exhaust the possibilities of this most extraordinary play. --Jerry Brotton

Extrait Act 1  
Scene 1 running scene 1  
Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels Meeting  
BARNARDO Who's there?  
FRANCISCO Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself.  
BARNARDO Long live the king!  
FRANCISCO Barnardo?  
BARNARDO He.  
FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.  
BARNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.  
FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.  
BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?  
FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.  
BARNARDO Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.  
Enter Horatio and Marcellus  
FRANCISCO I think I hear them.- Stand! Who's there?  
HORATIO Friends to this ground.  
MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.  
FRANCISCO Give you goodnight.  
MARCELLUS O, farewell, honest soldier. Who hath relieved you?  
FRANCISCO Barnardo has my place. Give you goodnight.  
Exit Francisco  
MARCELLUS Holla! Barnardo!  
BARNARDO Say, what is Horatio there?  
HORATIO A piece of him.  
BARNARDO Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.  
MARCELLUS What, has this thing appeared again tonight?  
BARNARDO I have seen nothing.  
MARCELLUS Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us: Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night, That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it.  
HORATIO Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.  
BARNARDO Sit down awhile, And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.  
HORATIO Well, sit we down, And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.  
BARNARDO Last night of all, When yond same star that's westward from the pole Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one-  
MARCELLUS Peace, break thee off.  
Enter the Ghost  
Look where it comes again.  
BARNARDO In the same figure like the king that's dead.  
MARCELLUS Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.  
BARNARDO Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.  
HORATIO Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.  
BARNARDO It would be spoke to.  
MARCELLUS Question it, Horatio.  
HORATIO What art thou that usurp'st this time of

night, Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak!  
MARCELLUS It is offended.  
BARNARDO See, it stalks away.  
HORATIO Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!  
Exit the Ghost  
MARCELLUS 'Tis gone and will not answer.  
BARNARDO How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?  
HORATIO Before my God, I might not this believe  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.  
MARCELLUS Is it not like the king?  
HORATIO As thou art to thyself.  
Such was the very armour he had on  
When he th'ambitious Norway combated:  
So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the steeld pole-axe on the ice.  
'Tis strange.  
MARCELLUS Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.  
HORATIO In what particular thought to work I know not,  
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.  
MARCELLUS Good now, sit down and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land,  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon  
And foreign mart for implements of war:  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:  
Who is't that can inform me?  
HORATIO That can I, At least, the whisper goes so: our last king,  
Whose image even but now appeared to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,  
Dared to the combat, in which our valiant Hamlet -  
For so this side of our known world esteemed him -  
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seized on to the conqueror:  
Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king, which had returned  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same cov'nant,  
And carriage of the article designed,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there  
Sharked up a list of landless resolutes  
For food and diet to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't, which is no other -  
And it doth well appear unto our state -  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and rummage in the land.  
Enter Ghost again  
But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!  
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!  
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,  
Speak to me: If there be any good thing to be done  
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me: If thou art privy to thy country's fate -  
Which, haply, foreknowing may avoid - O, speak!  
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth - [A cock crows]  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death -  
Speak of it: stay and speak! - Stop it, Marcellus.  
MARCELLUS Shall I strike at it with my partisan?  
HORATIO Do, if it will not stand. They attempt to strike it  
BARNARDO 'Tis here!  
HORATIO 'Tis here!  
MARCELLUS 'Tis gone! Exit Ghost  
We do it wrong, being so majestical,  
To offer it the show of violence,  
For it is as the air invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.  
BARNARDO It was about to speak when the cock crew.  
HORATIO And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the day,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine: and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.  
MARCELLUS It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that ever gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad:  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
No fairy talks, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.  
HORATIO So have I heard and do in part believe it.  
But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.  
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen tonight  
Unto young Hamlet, for upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?  
MARCELLUS Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently. Exeunt  
Act 1 Scene 2  
running scene 2  
Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant  
KING Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
Th'imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,  
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along. For all, our thanks. Now

follows that you know young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Colleged with the dream of his advantage, He hath not failed to pester us with message Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, To our most valiant brother. So much for him. Enter Voltmand and Cornelius Now for ourself and for this time of meeting, Thus much the business is: we have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras - Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose - to suppress His further gait herein, in that the levies, The lists and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject. And we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltmand, For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these dilated articles allow. [Gives a paper] Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty. VOLTEMAND In that, and all things, will we show our duty. KING We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. - Exeunt Voltmand and Cornelius And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit: what is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes, That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes? LAERTES Dread my lord, Your leave and favour to return to France, From whence though willingly I came to Denmark To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. KING Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius? POLONIUS He hath, my lord: I do beseech you, give him leave to go. KING Take thy fair hour, Laertes: time be thine, And thy best graces spend it at thy will. - But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son - HAMLET A little more than kin and less than kind. KING How is it that the clouds still hang on you? HAMLET Not so, my lord: - I am too much i'th' sun.

[Aside?] GERTRUDE Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. Do not forever with thy veild lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust: Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity. HAMLET Ay, madam, it is common. GERTRUDE If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee? HAMLET 'Seems', madam? Nay it is: I know not 'seems'. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspiration of forced breath, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, That can denote me truly: these indeed seem, For they are actions that a man might play, But I have that within which passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe. KING 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father: But you must know your father lost a father, That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound In filial obligation for some term To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever In obstinate condolement is a course Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief: It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, An understanding simple and unschooled. For what we know must be and is as common As any the most vulgar thing to sense, Why should we in our peevish opposition Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven, A fault against the dead, a fault to nature, To reason most absurd, whose common theme Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, From the first corpse till he that died today, 'This must be so.' We pray you throw to earth This unprevailing woe, and think of us As of a father; for let the world take note, You are the most immediate to our throne, And with no less nobility of love Than that which dearest father bears his son, Do I impart towards you. For your intent In going back to school in Wittenberg, It is most retrograde to our desire, And we beseech you bend you to remain Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye, Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. GERTRUDE Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I prithee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg. HAMLET I shall in all my best obey you, madam. KING Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply. Be as ourself in Denmark. - Madam, come: This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof, No jocund health that Denmark drinks today But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again, Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. Exeunt. Hamlet remains HAMLET O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon gainst self-slaughter! O God, O God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! O, fie, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely. That it should come to this! But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two. So excellent a king, that was to this Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother That he might not beteem the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth, Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on, and yet within a month - Let me not think on't: frailty, thy name is woman! - A little month, or ere those shoes were

oldWith which she followed my poor father's body,Like Niobe, all tears: why she, even she -O, heaven! A  
beast that wants discourse of reasonWould have mourned longer - married with mine uncle,My father's  
brother but no more like my fatherThan I to Hercules. Within a month?Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous  
tearsHad left the flushing of her gall'd eyes,She married. O, most wicked speed, to postWith such dexterity to  
incestuous sheets!It is not nor it cannot come to good:But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.Enter  
Horatio, Barnardo and Marcellus