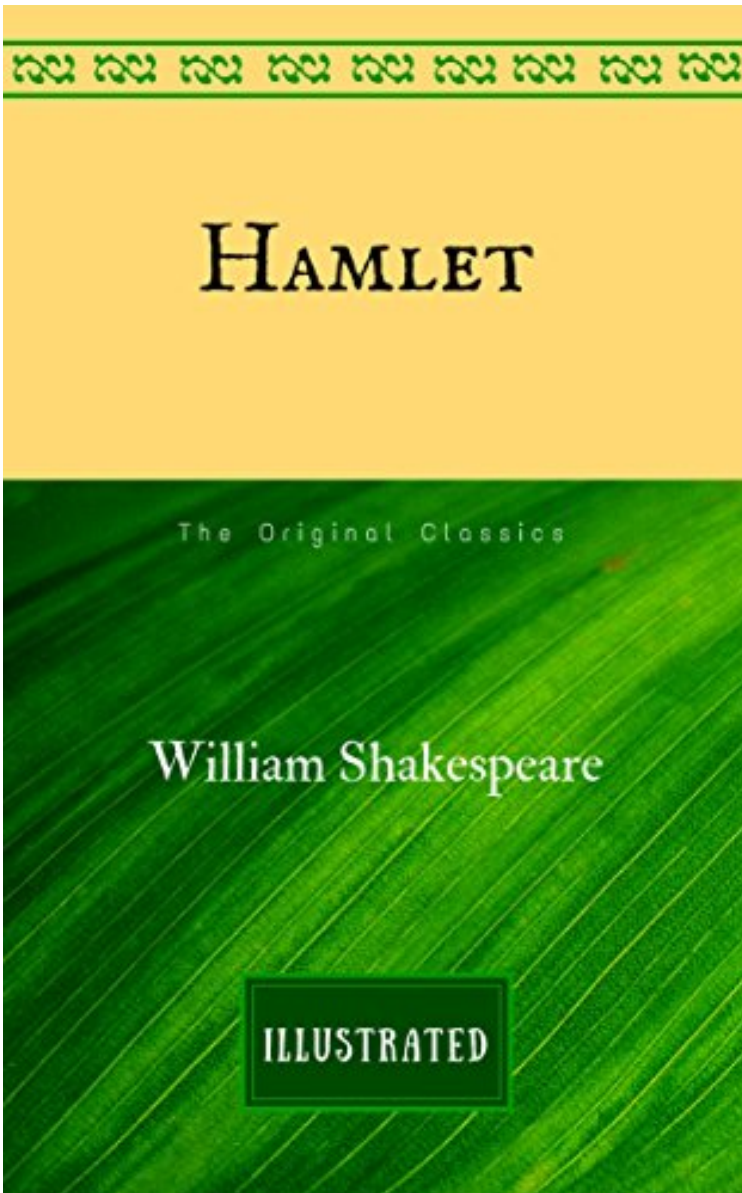


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# Hamlet: The Original Classics - Illustrated (English Edition)



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**Description :** Description du produitIf there ever has been a groundbreaking edition that likewise returns the reader to the original Shakespeare text, it will be the Applause Folio Texts. If there has ever been an accessible version of the Folio, it is this edition, set for the first time in modern fonts.The Folio is the source of all other editions. The Folio text forces us to re-examine the assumptions and prejudices which have encumbered over four hundred years of scholarship and performance. Notes refer the reader to subsequent editorial interventions, and offer the reader a multiplicity of interpretations. Notes also advise the reader on variations between Folios and Quartos.The heavy mascara of four centuries of Shakespearean glossing has

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.

Prsentation de l'diteurHow is this book unique?Unabridged (100% Original content)Formatted for e-readerFont adjustments biography includedIllustratedAbout Hamlet by William Shakespeare One of the greatest plays of all time, the compelling tragedy of the tormented young prince of Denmark continues to capture the imaginations of modern audiences worldwide. Confronted with evidence that his uncle murdered his father, and with his mothers infidelity, Hamlet must find a means of reconciling his longing for oblivion with his duty as avenger. The ghost, Hamlets feigned madness, Ophelias death and burial, the play within a play, the closet scene in which Hamlet accuses his mother of complicity in murder, and breathtaking swordplay are just some of the elements that make Hamlet an enduring masterpiece of the theater..co.ukUndoubtedly 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 ExtraitAct 1 Scene 1 running scene 1Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels MeetingBARNARDO 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 MarcellusFRANCISCO 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 FranciscoMARCELLUS 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 himTouching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:Therefore I have entreated him alongWith 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 poleHad made his course t'illuminate that part of heavenWhere now it burns, Marcellus and myself,The bell then beating one-MARCELLUS Peace, break thee off.Enter the GhostLook 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 formIn which the majesty of buried DenmarkDid 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 GhostMARCELLUS '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 believeWithout 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 gagd 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 unimprovd mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there Sharked  
up a list of landless resolute 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, Collegud 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:

ay, 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  
old  
With which she followed my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears: why she, even she - O, heaven! A  
beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourned longer - married with mine uncle,  
My father's  
brother but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules. Within a month? Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous  
tears  
Had left the flushing of her gall'd eyes,  
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
With 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

