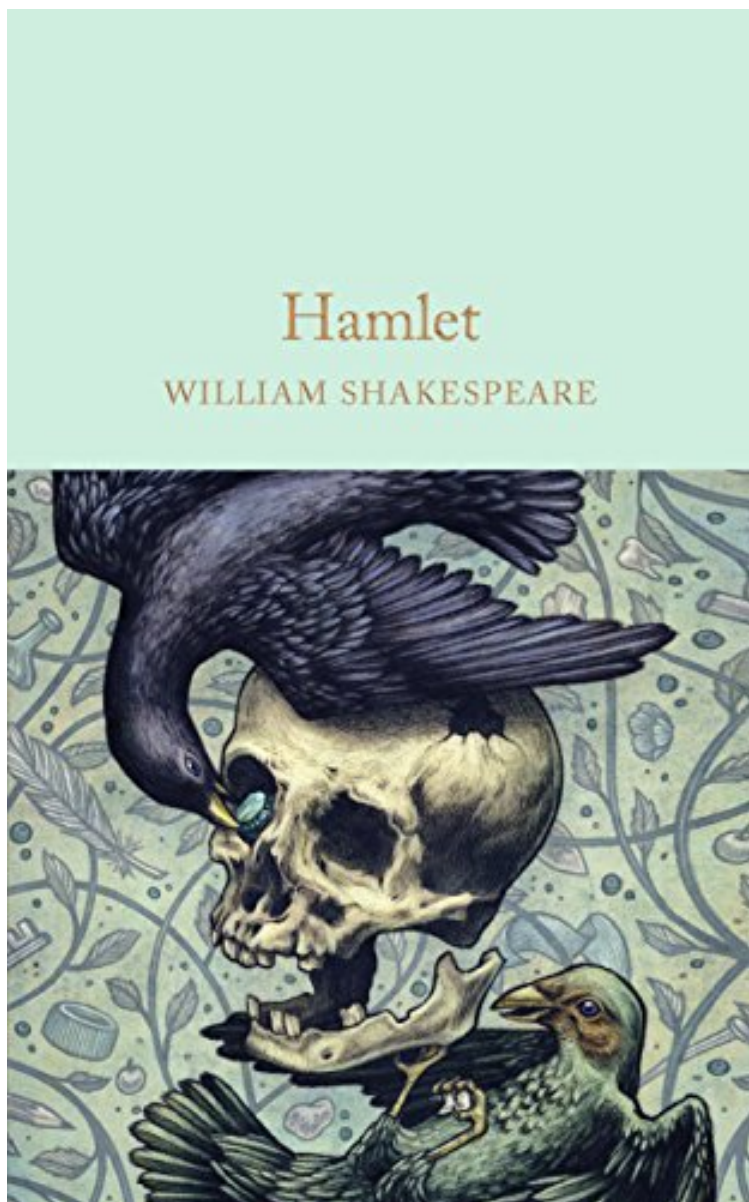


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Description : Description du produitIf there ever has been a groundbreaking edition that likewise returns the reader to the original Shakespeare text, it will be the Applause Folio Texts. If there has ever been an accessible version of the Folio, it 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'diteurA young prince meets with his father's ghost, who alleges that his own brother, now married to his widow, murdered him. The prince devises a scheme to test the truth of the ghost's accusation, feigning wild madness while plotting a brutal revenge until his apparent insanity begins to wreak havoc on innocent and guilty alike. Hamlet's combination of violence, introspection, dark humour and rich language is intoxicating. It remains the world's most widely studied and performed play, and is a cornerstone of world literature. This Macmillan Collector's Library edition is illustrated throughout by renowned artist Sir John Gilbert (1817-1897), and includes an introduction by Dr Robert Mighall. Designed to appeal to the booklover, the Macmillan Collector's Library is a series of beautiful gift editions of much loved classic titles. Macmillan Collector's Library are books to love and treasure..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 thus 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 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 unimprov'd 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: 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 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 galled 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
Horatio, Barnardo and Marcellus