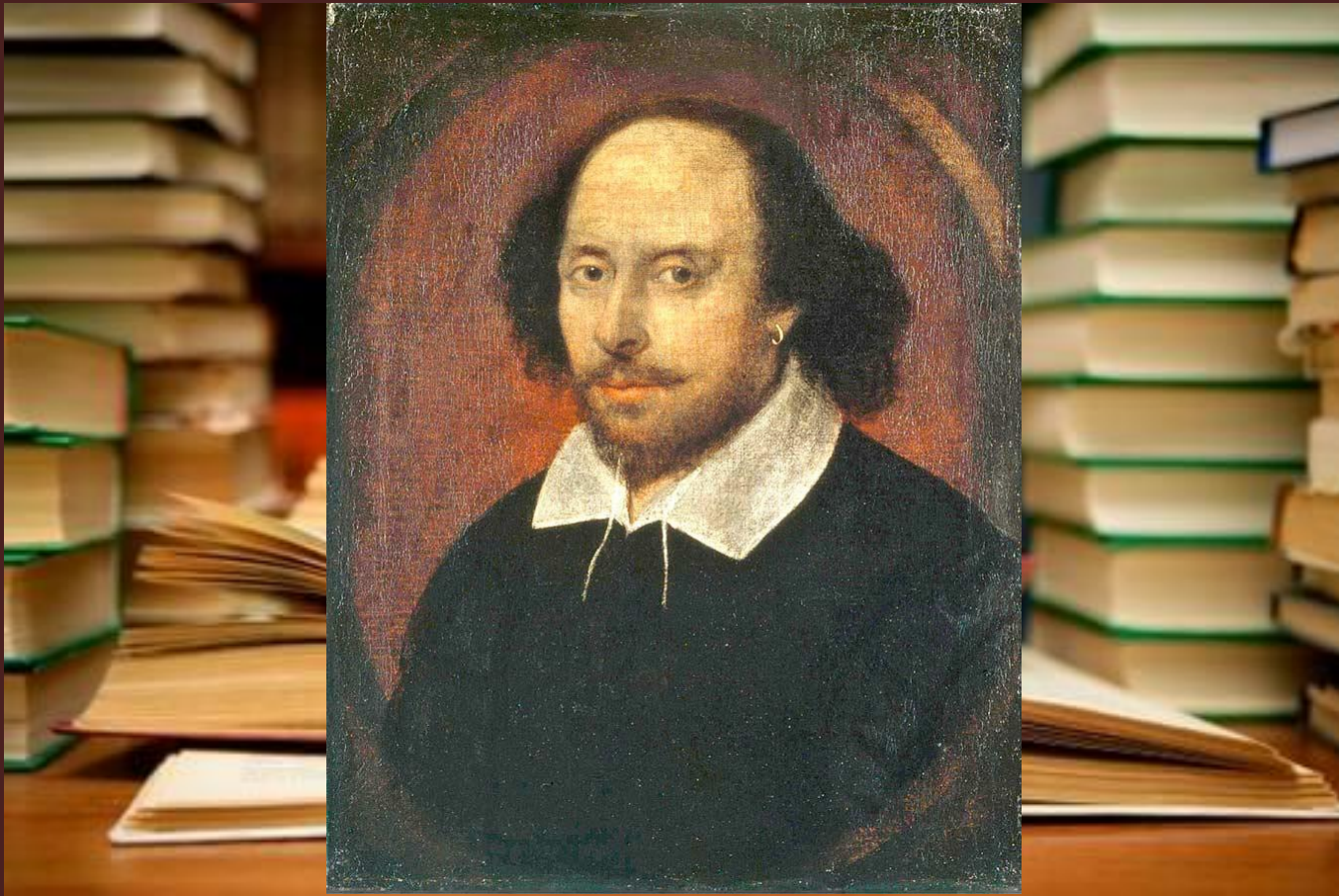


*Перекрестному году культуры
Великобритании и России
2014
посвящается*





«Истина , высочайшая истина – вот отличительный характер его созданий» (В.Г. Белинский)

« Душа нашего века , чудо нашей сцены, он принадлежит не одному веку, но всем временам» (Бен Джонсон, английский драматург)

William Shakespeare

(1564-1616)

When I saw you
I fell in love, and
you smiled
because you knew.
- William Shakespeare

"HAVE MORE
THAN YOU SHOW,
SPEAK LESS
THAN YOU KNOW."
- William Shakespeare, King Lear



"Hell is empty.
All the devils are here."

William Shakespeare
"THE TEMPEST"

"The earth has music for
those who listen."

Shakespeare

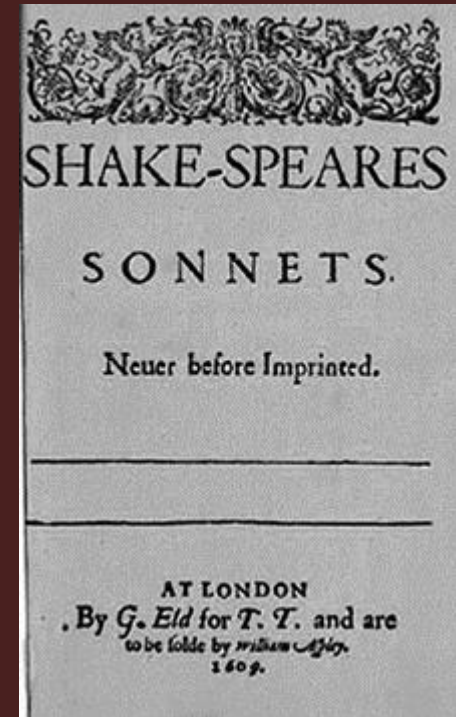
William Shakespeare. Sonnet 91



Кто хвалится родством своим со знатью,
Кто силой, кто блестящим галуном,
Кто кошельком, кто пряжками на платье,
Кто соколом, собакой, скакуном.
Есть у людей различные пристрастья,
Но каждому милей всего одно.
А у меня особенное счастье, -
В нем остальное все заключено.
Твоя любовь, мой друг, дороже клада,
Почетнее короны королей,
Наряднее богатого наряда,
Охоты соколиной веселей.

Ты можешь все отнять, чем я владею,
И в этот миг я сразу обеднею.

Перевод С. Маршака



26 April 1564, Stratford-upon-Avon

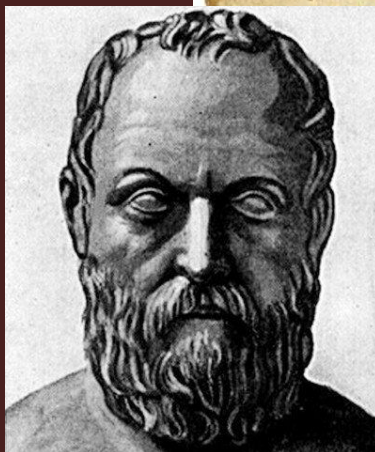




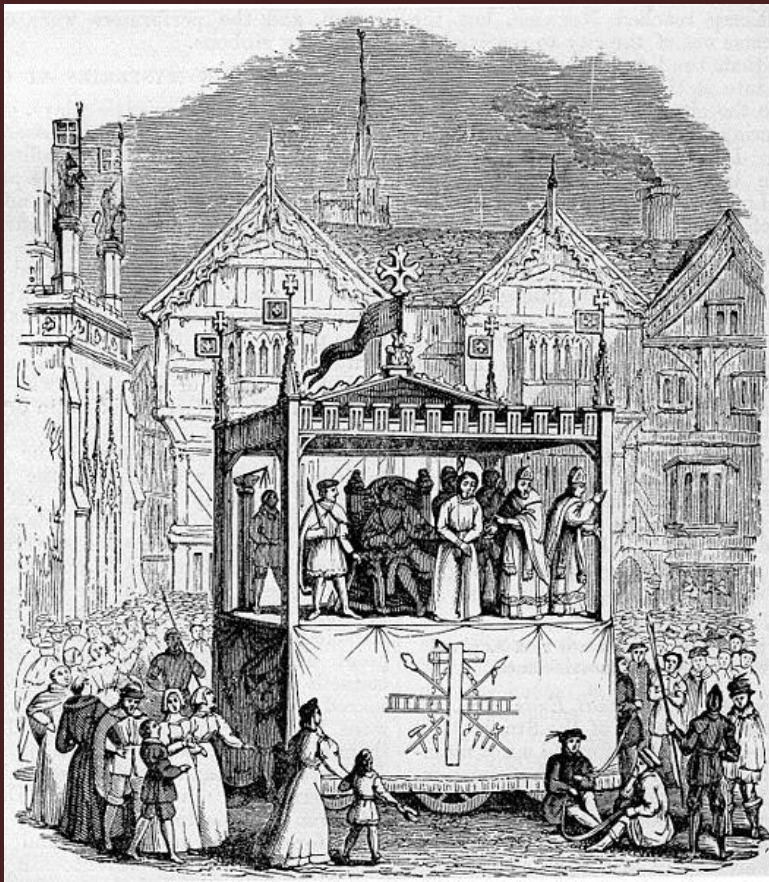
Plautus



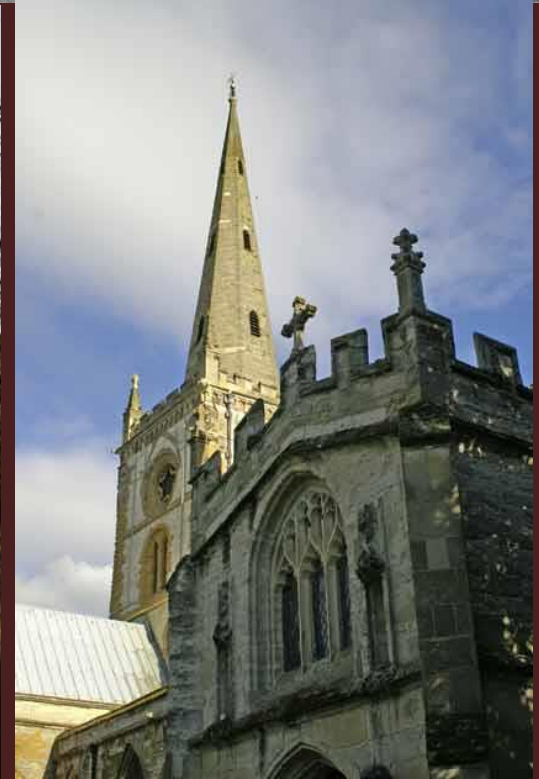
Ovid

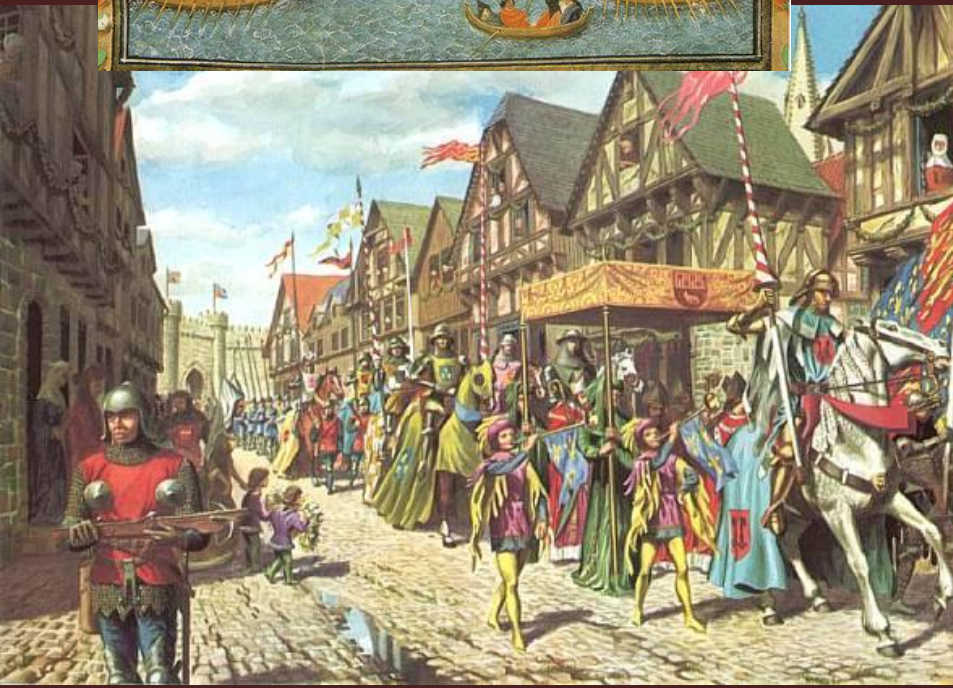


Terentius



Anne Hathaway







Shakespeare. Sonnet 130



My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white; why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go –
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Ее глаза на звезды не похожи
Нельзя уста кораллами назвать,
Не белоснежна плеч открытых кожа,
И черной проволокой вьется прядь.

С дамасской розой, алой или белой,
Нельзя сравнить оттенок этих щек.
А тело пахнет так, как пахнет тело,
Не как фиалки нежный лепесток.

Ты не найдешь в ней совершенных линий,
Особенного света на челе.
Не знаю я, как шествуют богини,
Но милая ступает по земле.

И все ж она уступит тем едва ли,
Кого в сравненьях пышных оболгали.

Перевод С.Маршака







SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

By G. Eld for T. T. and are
to be sold by William Aspley.
1609.



SHAKE-SPEARES, SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Race* might neuer die,
But as the ripen should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lightes flame with selfe substantiall fiewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud burist thy content,
And tender chorde makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

When fortie Winters shall befeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youtnes proud livery so gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed of final worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beauties lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lully daies,
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriflesse praise.
How much more praise deferu'd thy beauties yle,
If thou couldst answere this faire childe of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beaue by succession thine.

B

The



Musick to hear, why hearest thou musick so? why?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst hear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Remembering mine, and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speedious song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: Thine single will prove none.

14



Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flutter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Fanning with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forken world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disguise:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath maskt him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth:
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

42



That you were yoursell that, love, you are,
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet lease your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winters day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unliketh that my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

20





Lafayette - Photo - London,
SARAH-BURNHARDT (HAMLET.)



William Shakespeare. Romeo and Juliet











HAMLET





*Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare ,
To dig the dvst enclosed heare.
Blest be yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.*



Друг, ради Господа, не рой
Останков, взятых сей землёй;
Нетронувший блажен в веках,
И проклят- тронувший мой прах.





Спасибо за внимание!