**2021 Classic Poetry Lecture 1**

**William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

**Sonnet 18**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?  Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:  Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  And every fair from fair sometime declines,  By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:  But thy eternal Summer shall not fade  Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,  When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. | Сравню ли с летним днем твои черты?  Но ты милей, умеренней и краше.  Ломает буря майские цветы,  И так недолговечно лето наше!  То нам слепит глаза небесный глаз,  То светлый лик скрывает непогода.  Ласкает, нежит и терзает нас  Своей случайной прихотью природа.  А у тебя не убывает день,  Не увядает солнечное лето.  И смертная тебя не скроет тень -  Ты будешь вечно жить в строках поэта.  Среди живых ты будешь до тех пор,  Доколе дышит грудь и видит взор.  (перевод С.Я. Маршака) | |
| **Julius Caesar, Act III, Scene 2, 79-113**  ***Mark Antony:***  Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  The evil that men do lives after them,  The good is oft interred with their bones;  So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;  If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  And grievously hath Caesar answer’d it.  Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, -  For Brutus is an honourable man;  So are they all, all honourable men, -  Come I to speak in Caesar’s funeral.  He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  But Brutus says he was ambitious;  And Brutus is an honourable man.  He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;  Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  And Brutus is an honourable man.  You all did see that on the Lupercal  I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  And, sure, he is an honourable man.  I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  But here I am to speak what I do know.  You all did love him once, not without cause:  What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  O judgement! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,  And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  And I must pause till it come back to me. | **Hamlet, Act III Scene 1, 56-90**  ***Hamlet:***  To be, or not to be: that is the question:  Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  No more; and by a sleep to say we end  The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  Must give us pause: there's the respect  That makes calamity of so long life;  For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  The insolence of office and the spurns  That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  When he himself might his quietus make  With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  But that the dread of something after death,  The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  No traveller returns, puzzles the will  And makes us rather bear those ills we have  Than fly to others that we know not of?  Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  And thus the native hue of resolution  Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  And enterprises of great pith and moment  With this regard their currents turn awry,  And lose the name of action. - Soft you now!  The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  Be all my sins remember'd. |