

TOURING SHAKESPEARE'S PLACES



Mary Arden's house



Mary Arden's house, three miles northwest of Stratford. Here lived Shakespeare's mother. This is a typical farm house of the period.

Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street



John Shakespeare lived and kept his shop in this house. His eight children were born here. Two of them died young.

C 4

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred, -
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

William Shakespeare

Нет старости примет в твоих чертах.
С тех пор, когда впервые, тебя увидел я,
Три лютые зимы наряд лесов сгубили.
Плод осени, сменил цветы весны.
И трижды запахи апреля
Июльским зноем были сожжены.
И трижды красота весны сменилась
холодом зимы.
Как в первый день стоишь передо мною
ты.
Но пробил час и стрелка часовая,
Покинув цифру день к концу ведёт,
Краса твоя такой же остаётся
И не идёт за стрелкою вперёд.
Нет не боюсь светил исчезновения,
Поскольку это было до твоего рождения.

Перевела на русский язык ученица 8 «а»
класса Болотина Евгения.

Shakespeare's schoolroom



This is the schoolroom where Shakespeare was educated, as many people believe. It is still in use.

Anne Hathaway's cottage



Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile from Stratford, where she was born in 1556, and lived until she married William Shakespeare in 1582.

Sonnet 25

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars
Unlooked for joy in that I honour most;

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:

Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Дайте тем, кто рождён под их звёздами
Гордиться славой и не жить под грёзами!
Я жил мечтами не видя ничего
Но она была чудеснейшим истоком для
него...

Под лучами солнца завяли все розы
Во всём пустом саду остались лишь
мимозы.

Розы завянут ,будут гаснуть
И в славе их умрёшь, не успеешь и ахнуть!

После тысячи великих побед
Слава исчезнет, угаснет рассвет!
И всё забыто, потерян след!
И он забыт малый просвет!

Всеми они были любимы
И гаснущие розы будут непобедимы!

Перевод ученика 7 «А» класса Раджаба

Ибрагимова

The place where Shakespeare died



This is place where the house in which Shakespeare died used to be. It was a big house bought by William Shakespeare for his family when he was still in London. Here he spent the last years of his life. Unfortunately, the house was destroyed.



Holy Trinity Church

This is the place where Shakespeare was buried. Visitors coming to Stratford admire the beauty of the church and honour his memory. It's interesting that he died on his birthday, 23 April, 1616

С 90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of Fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah do not, when my heart has scaped this
sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Сонет № 90, Уильям Шекспир

Уж если презираешь - не скрывай!
Скрывать удел лжецов и простодуров,
И вспоминая, глаз не опускай,
И забывая, не шепчи проклятье.
И уходя, не возвращайся больше,
Закрывши дверь - открыть её нельзя,
Не для того я возводил мосты,
Чтобы сожгли их девичьи сердца.
Не мне судить о чувствах, о высоком,
Мне всё одно; пороки за пороком,
В душе моей терзается обман,
Я зло познал, и
Впредь я знаю, что больней всего.

Однажды буду брошен я - признаю,
Но боль моя достанется лишь мне.
И вот тебе моё короткое посланье;
Прими его, и легче станет мне.

Перевод Ястребцевой Юлии, ученицы
9 "А" класса

Royal Shakespeare Theatre



The statue of Shakespeare



The bronze statue of Shakespeare, presented to Stratford by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower in 1888. Shakespeare's figure is high above the ground and on the ground there are small figures of Shakespeare's famous characters.

WHAT
PLAY WAS
WRITTEN
IN

1600

JULIUS

C A E S A R

M E R C H A N T

OF VENICE

KING

L E A R

AS YOU

L I K E

IT

H A M L E T

M I D S U M M E R

NIGHT'S
DREAM

P O E T ' S
CORNER

R O M E O

AND JULIET

M A C B E T H

COMEDY OF

E R R O R S

T W E L F T H

NIGHT