

(Ebook pdf) File size: 72.Mb

Macbeth (English Edition)



WAXKEEP PUBLISHING

Par William Shakespeare
*ePub | *DOC | audiobook | ebooks |*
Download PDF

Dtails sur le produit Publi le: 2013-02-24
Sorti le: 2013-02-24
Format: Ebook
Kindle

(Ebook pdf) Macbeth (English Edition)

Par William Shakespeare : Macbeth (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Macbeth (English Edition):

 Download

 Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurWilliam Shakespeare (1564-1616) is considered by many to be the greatest writer in history. Everyone is instantly familiar with classics such as Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello and many others. In total, the Bard of Avon is credited with almost 40 plays, 154 sonnets and many poems. This version of Shakespeares Macbeth includes a table of contents..comA lush, cautionary tale of a life of vileness and deception or a loving portrait of the aesthetic impulse run rampant? Why not both? After Basil Hallward paints a beautiful, young man's portrait, his subject's frivolous wish that the picture change and he remain the same comes true. Dorian Gray's picture grows aged and corrupt while he continues to appear fresh and innocent. After he kills a young woman, "as surely as if I had cut her little throat with a knife," Dorian Gray is surprised to find no difference in his vision or surroundings. "The roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden." As Hallward tries to make sense of his creation, his epigram-happy friend Lord Henry Wotton encourages Dorian in his sensual quest with any number of Wildean paradoxes, including the delightful "When we are happy we are always good, but when we are good we are not always happy." But despite its many languorous pleasures, The Picture of Dorian Gray is an

imperfect work. Compared to the two (voyeuristic) older men, Dorian is a bore, and his search for ever new sensations far less fun than the novel's drawing-room discussions. Even more oddly, the moral message of the novel contradicts many of Wilde's supposed aims, not least "no artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style." Nonetheless, the glamour boy gets his just deserts. And Wilde, defending Dorian Gray, had it both ways: "All excess, as well as all renunciation, brings its own punishment."

ExtraitDramatis PersonaeDUNCAN, King of ScotlandMALCOLM his sons DONALBAINMACBETH, Thane of Glamis, later of Cawdor, laterKing of ScotlandLADY MACBETHBANQUO, a thane of ScotlandFLEANCE, his sonMACDUFF, Thane of FifeLADY MACDUFFSON of Macduff and Lady MacduffLENNEXROSSMENTEITH thanes and noblemen of ScotlandANGUSCAITHNESSSIWARD, Earl of NorthumberlandYOUNG SIWARD, his sonSEYTON, an officer attending MacbethAnother LORDENGLISH DOCTORSCOTTISH DOCTORGENTLEWOMAN attending Lady MacbethCAPTAIN serving DuncanPORTEROLD MANTHree MURDERERS of BanquoFirst MURDERERS at Macduff's castleMESSENGER to Lady MacbethMESSENGER to Lady MacduffSERVENT to MacbethSERVENT to Lady MacbethThree WITCHES or WEIRD SISTERSHECATETHree APPARITIONS Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, and AttendantsSCENE: Scotland; EnglandLocation: An open place.hurlyburly tumultGrimalkin i.e., gray cat, name of the witch's familiara demon or evil spirit supposed to answer a witch's call and to allow him or her to perform black magic.Paddock toad; also a familiarAnon At once, right away.1.2 Location: A camp near Forres.0.1 Alarum trumpet call to arms1.1 * Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.FIRST WITCHWhen shall we three meet again?In thunder, lightning, or in rain?SECOND WITCHWhen the hurlyburly's done,When the battle's lost and won.THIRD WITCHThat will be ere the set of sun.first witchWhere the place?second witch Upon the heath.third witchThere to meet with Macbeth.FIRST WITCH I come, Grimalkin!SECOND WITCH Paddock calls. THIRD WITCH Anon. ALLFair is foul, and foul is fair.Hover through the fog and filthy air. Exeunt.1.2 * Alarum within. Enter King [Duncan], Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.DUNCANWhat bloody man is that? He can report,As seemeth by his plight, of the revoltnewest state latest news. sergeant i.e., staff officer. (There may be no inconsistency with his rank of "captain" in the stage direction and speech prefixes in the Folio.)broil battle spent tired out choke their art render their skill in swimming useless.The merciless . . . supplied The merciless Macdonwaldworthy of the hated name of rebel, for in the cause of rebellion an ever-increasing number of villainous persons and unnatural qualities swarm about him like verminis joined by light-armed Irish footsoldiers and ax-armed horsemen from the western islands of Scotland (the Hebrides and perhaps Ireland)And Fortune . . . whore i.e., Fortune, proverbially a false strumpet, smiles at first on Macdonwald's damned rebellion but deserts him in his hour of need.well . . . name well he deserves a name that is synonymous with "brave"minion darling. (Macbeth is Valor's darling, not Fortune's.)the slave i.e., MacdonwaldWhich . . . to him i.e., Macbeth paused for no ceremonious greeting or farewell to Macdonwald.nave navel. chops jaws cousin kinsmanAs . . . swells Just as terrible storms at sea arise out of the east, from the place where the sun first shows itself in the seeming comfort of the dawn, even thus did a new military threat come on the heels of the seeming good news of Macdonwald's execution.skipping (1) lightly armed, quick at maneuvering (2) skittishsurveying vantage seeing an opportunityThe newest state.MALCOLM This is the sergeant Who like a good and hardy soldier fought'Gainst my captivity.Hail, brave friend!Say to the King the knowledge of the broil As thou didst leave it.CAPTAIN Doubtful it stood,As two spent swimmers that do cling together And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald Worthy to be a rebel, for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon himfrom the Western Isles Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied; And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak; For brave Macbethwell he deserves that nameDisdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,Which smoked with bloody execution,Like valor's minion carved out his passage Till he faced the slave, Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops, And fixed his head upon our battlements.DUNCANO, valiant cousin, worthy gentleman! CAPTAINAs whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break, So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark. No sooner justice had, with valor armed,Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage, With furbished arms and new supplies of men,Began a fresh assault.Yes . . . eagles Yes, about as much as sparrows terrify eagles. (Said ironically.)say sooth tell the truth cracks charges of explosiveExcept Unless memorize make memorable or famous. Golgotha "place of a skull," where Christ

was crucified. (Mark 15:22.)Thane Scottish title of honor, roughly equivalent to "Earl"seems to seems about to flout mock, insult fan . . . cold fan cold fear into our troops.Norway The King of Norway. terrible numbers terrifying numbers of troops dismal ominousTill . . . proof i.e., until Macbeth, clad in well-tested armor. (Bellona was the Roman goddess of war.)him i.e., the King of Norway. self-comparisons i.e., matching counterthrustsDUNCANDismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?CAPTAINYes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say sooth, I must report they were As cannons overcharged with double cracks, So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell.But I am faint. My gashes cry for help.DUNCANSo well thy words become thee as thy wounds;They smack of honor both.Go get him surgeons.[Exit Captain, attended.][Enter Ross and Angus.Who comes here?MALCOLM The worthy Thane of Ross. LENNEX What a haste looks through his eyes!So should he look that seems to speak things strange. ROSS God save the King!DUNCAN Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?ROSS From Fife, great King,Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky And fan our people cold. Norway himself, with terrible numbers, Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict, Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof, Confronted him with self-comparisons, Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,The victory fell on us.Norways' Norwegians'. composition agreement, treaty of peaceSaint Colme's Inch Inchcolm, the Isle of St. Columba in the Firth of Forth dollars Spanish or Dutch coinsOur (The royal "we.") bosom close and intimate. present immediateLocation: A heath near Forres.Aroint thee Begone. rump-fed runnion fat-rumped baggageTiger (A ship's name.)like . . . do (Suggestive of the witches' deformity and sexual insatiability. Witches were thought to seduce men sexually. Do means [1] act [2] perform sexually.)DUNCAN Great happiness!ROSS That nowSweno, the Norways' king, craves composition; Nor would we deign him burial of his menTill he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch Ten thousand dollars to our general use. DUNCANNo more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceiveOur bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth.ROSS I'll see it done.DUNCANWhat he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.Exeunt.1.3 * Thunder. Enter the three Witches.FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?SECOND WITCH Killing swine.THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?FIRST WITCHA sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me," quoth I."Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed runnion cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'th' Tiger; But in a sieve I'll thither sail,And like a rat without a tail I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. SECOND WITCHI'll give thee a wind.FIRST WITCHThou'rt kind.I . . . card I can summon all other winds, wherever they blow and from whatever quarter in the shipman's compass card.I'll . . . hay (With a suggestion of sexually draining the seaman's semen.)penthouse lid i.e., eyelid (which projects out over the eye like a penthouse or slope-roofed structure). forbid accursed. sev'nnights weeks peak grow peaked or thinWeird Sisters women connected with fate or destiny; also women having a mysterious or unearthly, uncanny appearancePosters of swift travelers overTHIRD WITCHAnd I another.FIRST WITCHI myself have all the other, And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I'th' shipman's card. I'll drain him dry as hay. Sleep shall neither night nor dayHang upon his penthouse lid. He shall live a man forbid. Weary sev'nnights nine times nine Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.Though his bark cannot be lost,Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.Look what I have.SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.FIRST WITCHHere I have a pilot's thumb,Wrecked as homeward he did come. Drum within.THIRD WITCHA drum, a drum!Macbeth doth come.all [dancing in a circle]The Weird Sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about,Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,And thrice again, to make up nine.Peace! The charm's wound up.Enter Macbeth and Banquo.macbethSo foul and fair a day I have not seen.is't called is it said to be choppy chappedfantastical creatures of fantasy or imaginationshow appear.grace honorrapt withal entranced.beg . . . hate beg your favors nor fear your hate.BANQUOHow far is't called to Forres?What are these, So withered and so wild in their attire,That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'earthAnd yet are on't?Live you? Or are you aughtThat man may question? You seem to understand meBy each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,And yet your beards forbid me to interpretThat you are so.MACBETH Speak, if you can. What are you?FIRST WITCHAll hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!SECOND WITCHAll hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!THIRD WITCHAll hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!BANQUOGood sir, why do you start and seem to fearThings that do sound so fair?I'th' name of truth,Are ye fantastical or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope,That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of timeAnd say which grain will grow and

which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favors nor your hate. FIRST WITCH
Hail! SECOND WITCH Hail! THIRD WITCH Hail! FIRST WITCH Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. happy
fortunate get be get imperfect cryptic Sinel's (Sinel was Macbeth's father.) Say . . . intelligence Say from what
source you have this disturbing information blasted blighted corporal corporeal on of. insane root root causing
insanity; variously identified SECOND WITCH Not so happy, yet much happier. THIRD WITCH Thou shalt
get kings, though thou be none. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! FIRST WITCH Banquo and Macbeth, all
hail! MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more! By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives A prosperous gentleman; and to be king Stands not within
the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence, or
why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. Witches
vanish. BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Whither are they
vanished? MACBETH Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted, 81 As breath into the wind. Would they
had stayed! BANQUO Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root
84 That takes the reason prisoner? MACBETH Your children shall be kings. banquo You shall be
king. MACBETH And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so? and when . . . his and when he reads of your
extraordinary valor in fighting the rebels, he concludes that your wondrous deeds outdo any praise he could
offer. stout haughty, determined, valiant Nothing not at all As . . . with post As fast as could be told, i.e.,
counted, came messenger after messenger. (Unless the text should be amended to "As thick as hail.") earnest
token payment addition title Who He who combined confederate line the rebel reinforce
Macdonwald BANQUO To th' selfsame tune and words. Who's here? Enter Ross and Angus. ROSS The King
hath happily received, Macbeth, The news of thy success; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the
rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that, In
viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeared of what
thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale Came post with post, and every one did
bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense, And poured them down before him. ANGUS We are sent To
give thee from our royal master thanks, Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee. ROSS And, for an
earnest of a greater honor, He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor; In which addition, hail, most
worthy thane, For it is thine. BANQUO What, can the devil speak true? MACBETH The Thane of Cawdor
lives. Why do you dress me In borrowed robes? ANGUS Who was the thane lives yet, But under heavy
judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined With those of Norway, or did
line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with bothin . . . wrack to bring about his country's ruin
capital deserving death The greatest is behind either (1) Two of the three prophecies (and thus the greatest
number of them) have already been fulfilled, or (2) The greatest one, the kingship, is still to come. home all
the way In deepest consequence in the profoundly important sequel. Cousins i.e., Fellow lordsswelling act
stately dramasoliciting tempting unfix my hair make my hair stand on end use custom. fears things feared
whose . . . fantastical in which the conception of murder is merely imaginary at this point single . . . man
weak human condition function normal power of action. surmise speculation, imaginings And . . . not and
everything seems unreal.