Подготовила учитель английского языка О.В.Листратова



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...» y William Shakespeare

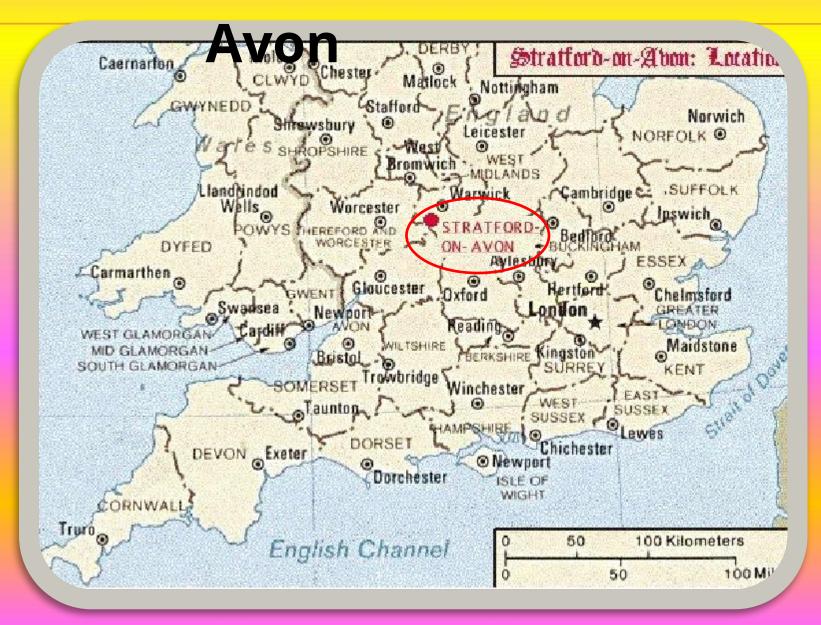
W. Shakespeare, the greatest and most famous English writer and playwright was born on the 23rd of April, 1564, in a small English town Stratford-on-Avon in a family of a glove-maker. William lived in Stratford until he was about twenty-one, when he went to London. We do not know why he left Stratford-on-Avon. We know absolutely nothing about his life for the next seven years.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glove maker and a dealer in wool and other farm products and he had several houses in Stratford.

He was a respected figure in Stratford. William's mother, Mary Arden, was a farmer's daughter of Wilmot, near Stratford.



Stratford on

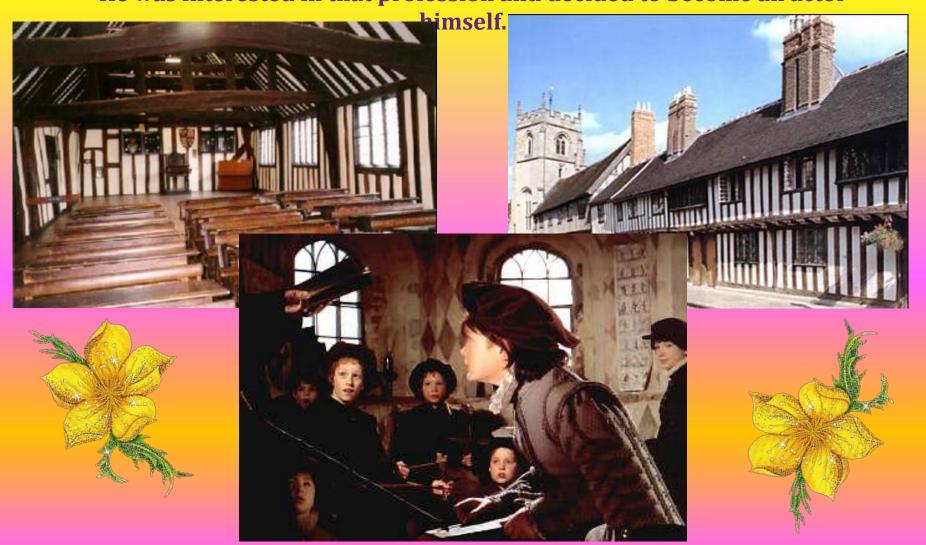


In his childhood William went to the Grammar School where, besides reading and writing, he was taught Latin, Greek, and other subjects.

When he had free time he liked to go to the forest and to the river.

When actors visited Stratford William liked to watch them.

He was interested in that profession and decided to become an actor



In 1582 at just over eighteen Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter. His wife was eight years older than William. He had got three children.



«Я ненавижу, — вот слова, Что с милых уст ее на днях Сорвались в гневе. Но

Она примет

Как придержала язычок, Который мне до этих пор Шептал то ласку, то упрек, А те жестокий приговор.

страненавижу», — присмирев, Уста промолвили, а взгляд Уже сменил на милость гне И ночь с небес умчалась в а «Я ненавижу», — но тотча Она добавила: «Не вас!»

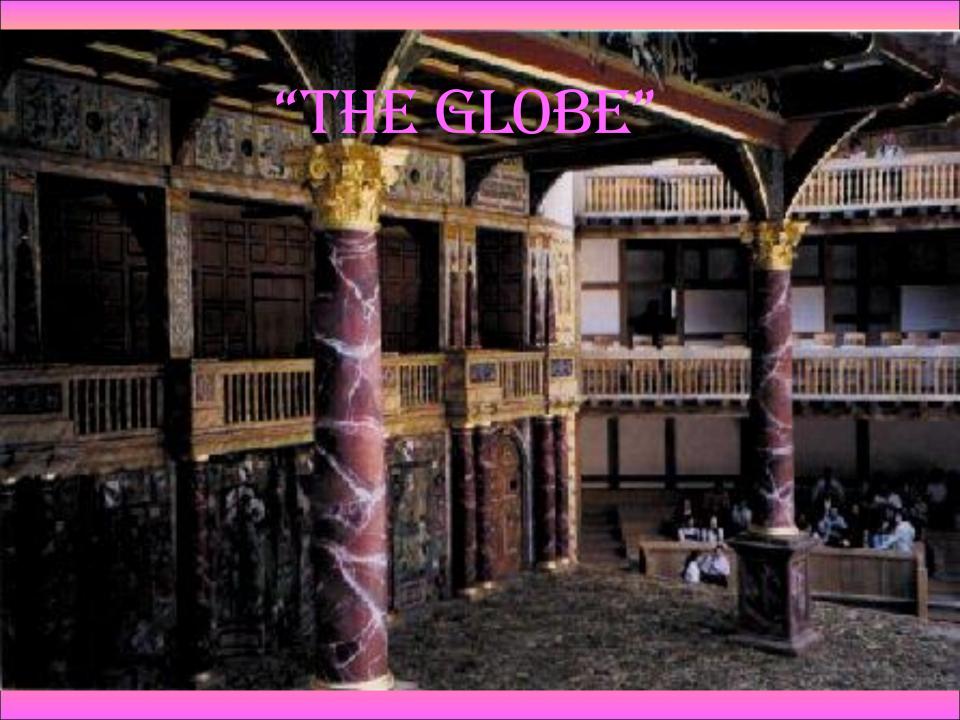
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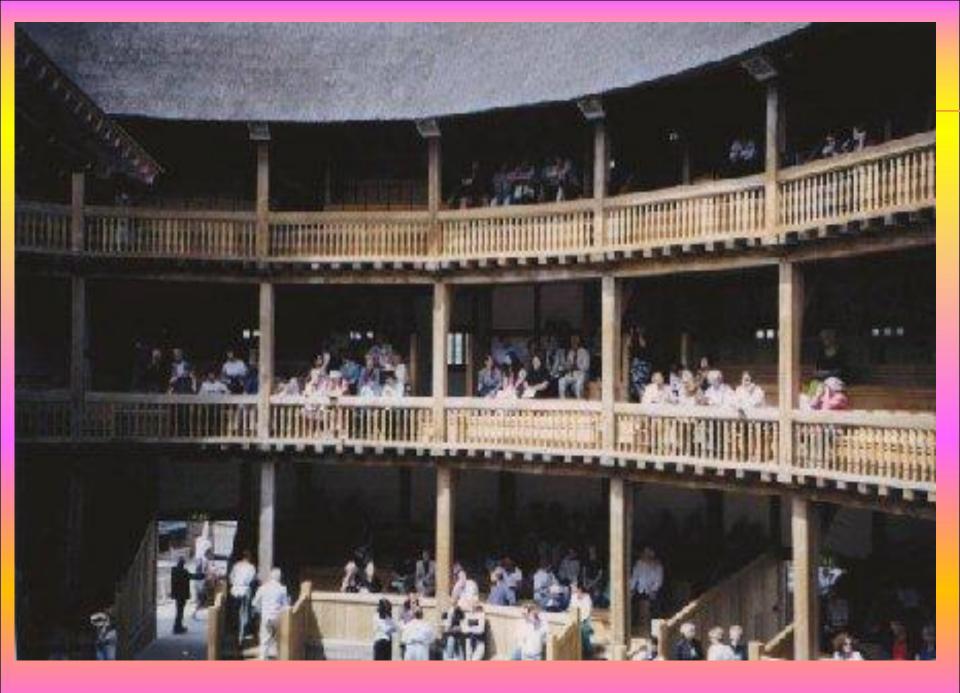


By the year 1592 Shakespeare had arrived in London and became dramatist. He began to write plays to the theatre "The Globe". He was also an actor, but not a first – rate one. During the last years of his life Shakespeare wrote less and less.

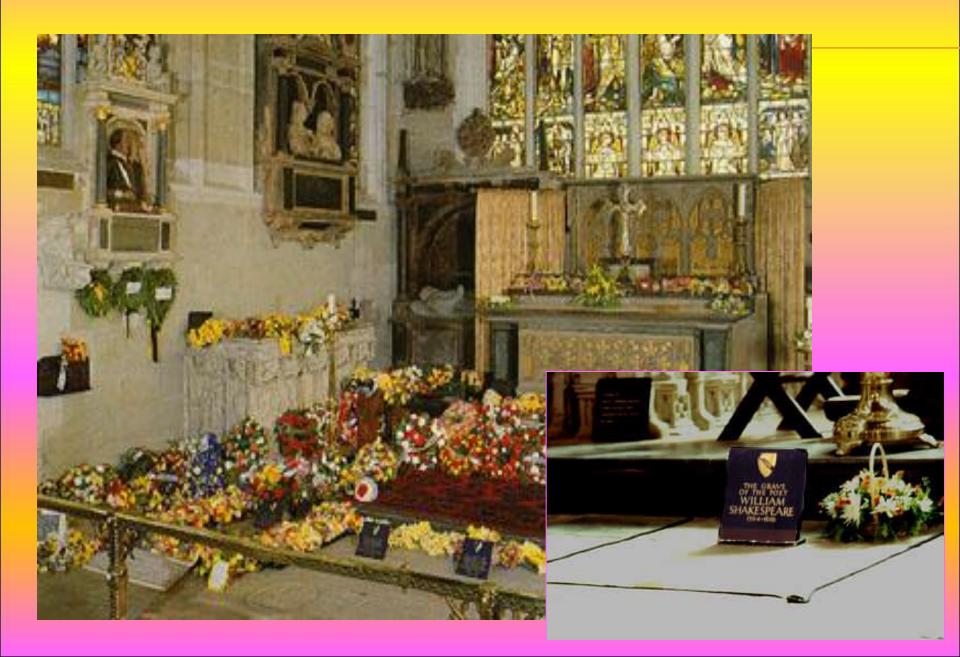
In 1613 after the Globe had been destroyed by the

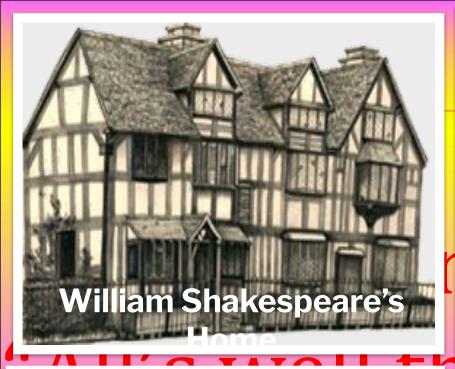


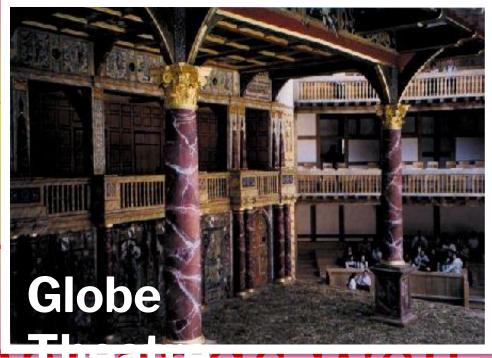




In April 1616 he died and buried in the same church, where he was christened.













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 damask, 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 music hath a far more pleasing sound; I grant I never saw a goddess go; ss, when she walks, treads on the ground. divet, by heaven, I think my love as rare As any she belied with false compare.





his of Juliet and her Ror What a sad story!



